F01022

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts

1886

W. & R. CHAMBERS

LONDON & EDINBURGH

Cloud 91

INDEX.

Familiar Sketches and Essays.

Page

An Angler's Hyll, 41
An Old Tudor Garden, 52
Arachne and Melissa, 80
'Chop with King Jo Ja' 4
Counting days, 21
Conversations Many and Ma 223
Cottage Ideas, by Richard Jeffe 280
Fellow of Housekeeping, 81
Francis without Funds, or, How to Pl at a Company, 2
Fortune, 28
Germanism in of America 80
Hookes at Hornsey, 173 67
Hygeia in the Dog days 181
Instinct and Reason, 218
John Halliday 28
Jock Tell on Winter, by Richard Jefferies, 303
Lady Hilda, 97
Literary Endeavour 61
Modern Slavery a Word for Our Shop assistants, 414
Money Land 417
Our Domestic Cats 53
Our Ways and Theirs, 513
Park Pictures 361
Pictures of Rain, 73
Revolution in Pavements 25
Scottish Inns Half a Century Ago 201
The Old Priory Garden, 4
Two Evenings with Bismarck, 17 81
'Unemployed Sunday' Grant, 102
Unpopular Friendships, 20
What Can I for Dan 81
'Where Ignorance is Bliss,' 344
Winds of Heaven, by Richard Jefferies, 197

Poetry.

A Bright Day in November 708
A Deserted Garden, 32
A Nurse, 172
A Retrospect, 736
A Song of Rest, 544
An Old Climb, 80
At the Mill, 430
At Waking, 64
Autumn Days, 608
Bird Notes, 366
Bonnie Doyle, 198
By the River, 84
Dead Flowers, by Alexander Anderson, 50
Dolly, 116
Dream Fancies, 72
If thou were so 704
In the Distant Years 80
Let there be Light' 324
Lost Sea 36
Love's Seasons, 720
Michaiah 71
Mistletoe, 512
Now will mine Hour 37
Part I 208 180
Perception 360
Poesies 60
Sketch 84
Sylvia 621
Sylvia in Autumn, 255
Spring Violets 192
Sweet Day of Dreams 32
Sweethearts Farewell, 64
The Cart 34
The Lady Vane 32
The Lady's Bridal, 61
The Minstrel, 32
The Mother's Sigh, by Hugh Conway 36
The Old Vicar 173
The Poet's Treasures, 460
The Return 240
The Lovers, 8
The Wall 72
Thy Cherry Blossom, 480
Two Lady, 666
Two Sonnets Sorts, 112
Which? 2
Who Knows? 168
Youth and Age, 184

Popular Science.

Air as a Motive Force, 762
Cocaine 144
Dew of Dust, 6
Dew a New Theory of, 520 621
Earthquake Country, 113
Electric Illusions 121
Food, Economy of, 788
Man like Apes—and Man, 240
Mars Tides, 300
Massage a Mode of Medical Treatment, 13
Mineral Subsidence, 649
Mites Metal, 27
Moth, The Science and Art— Page
Paper Pigeon of Lima—Paraffin as a Successful Preservative—Artificial Imitation of Plants—New Form of Lamp Plant Illumination, Paper—Human Tissue, Lost Sailing Torpedo Boat for Pole Catcher—Ordinary Experiments—New Turning Lathe—Development of Leather Manufacture in Germany—Iron cultivation in Natal—Lithographic Printing from Zinc Plates—Glazing without Lamp, 70—79
Discovery of Roman Relics—Ancient Statue of Hindoo found at Ramleh—Hall of Measures in India—Proposed Chart of the Stars—Earthquake in Cornwall—Thin Photographs—Fly writing Association—Machine for Igniting Wax Department Weights of Sulphuric Acid Stamps—Weight of Telegraph Wire—New Photographic Lenses—Lessons, Wet Grass—New Form Detector—Fresh Water of Lake Baikal, 177—184
Influence in the Minerals of Cape Colony—Water Ice—Chinese of Corinth Canal—Improved Method of Fading Wind in Surface Steel Rails—Lighting for Lawn Stars and Shades—Sea Water Fuel—Aerated Water as a Disinfectant—Successful Inoculation for Hydrophobia—The Microscope as a Criminal Detective Agent—Heating of Public Conveyances—Variations of Light emitted by Celestial Objects—Electric Alarm bell for Railway Crossing—Whitebait—Screw Forging Machine—Important Analysis of Precipitates, 301 305
Chemistry of Aluminium—Petroleum Wells in Egypt—Photographing the Planets—Embryo Growth in an Egg—New Refrigerator—Lighthouse Illuminants—Dentistry in America—Deterioration of Pictures by Exposure to Light—Revival of Pastel work—Harmonic Method of Working in Metals—Prevention of Cholera—Utilisation of London Refuse—Unexhausted Greek and

INDEX

THE MONTH—*continued*

Page

Roman Sculptures—Artificial Reproductions of Ivory 468—471

Discovery of Ancient British Boat and Wooden Causeway—Christy Ethnographical Collection—The National Lifeboat Service—Oyster Spat—Longevity of Life in Pike—Gas in Water pipes—Petroleum Engines—New Uses for Cork—Extraction of Saccharin from Coal tar—Balloon signalling—Value of Bone Cinder as a Manure—Waterproof Paper and Ink—Utilisation of Skim milk in the Manufacture of Cheese—Honey wine 447—450

Sanitary Furniture—Purity of Artificial Ice—Sanitarium Exhibition in London—New Method of Etching on Glass—Ocean Oil mill—Uses of Dynamite—Tetrous Sulphate a Preventive of Potato Disease—Damascening Metals by Electrolysis—Discovery of Old Roman and English Coins—The Electric light at Paddington—Means of Escape from Suffocation by Smoke—Production of Solid Oxygen—Heat value in Fuel—Mummy Wheat—Safety Cartridges for use in Fiery Mines 411—414

Efficacy of Vaccination—The Transbaikal Mineral Springs—Construction of an Observatory at Sonnblick—New Photographic Camera—New Military Shell—Origin of the Germ theory of Disease—Fading of Water colour Paintings—New Process for making Whitelead—Hay leader—Discovery of Ancient Egyptian Palace—Safest Material for Road paving—Small Harvest in France 402—405

Photographic Printing Blocks—Crematory furnaces in Paris—Volcanic Eruption in New Zealand—Ancient Dentistry and Artificial Teeth—Remarkable Cases of Recovery from Bullet wounds—New Style of Footing Iron or Steel with Lead—Durability of Red lead Paint—Upward a Primary Battery—Process before Destructor—Manufacture of Brick Tea 501—505

India rubber and Asbestos—Additions to Armour plating—Explosive—Steel Sleepers for Railway—Black Coal as Fuel for Blast furnaces—Machine for making Wood wool—An Artificial Wheel—Railway Tel. Steamers—Cultivation of Tobacco in Kent—Cr ate a Curl for Lady's dress—Machine for withering Tea 617—619

An efficiency of Tea hand Glass—Dynamite as a Charge for Explosive Projectiles—Electric Boat—New Motive power for Vessels—Marine Boats—Accident at the Crown Quarry—Earthquake Prediction—Fertilising, Effect of Volcanic Dust—Torpedo Experiments—Butterfly Preservation—Wordsworth Issue—A Photographic Phenomenon—Completion of the Suez Canal 701—703

THE MONTH—*continued*

Page

Isthmus of Panama Canal—Colonial Woods—Instinct of Ants—The largest Photographic Negative—Preservation of Plants—Effect of Light upon Lower Animal—Sabbit Alley—Electric Safety lamp—Disposal of Sewage—Sugar and in Making Morin and Cement Casting of Chasses in bold Steel—Deposition of Dust and Smoke by Electricity—Sculpter Ironing Machine—A New Explosive—Continuous Wire netting Machine, 766 767

Japanese Institutions—Carole's Construction of Blues and Party walls in Houses—M. Pasteur on his Treatment of Hydrophobia—A Petroleum Engine—A Motor for Torpedo Boats—Spent Dye Liquors used in the Manufacture of Writing ink—Acclimatisation of Bavarian Fish in England—Successful Experiments of Tobacco growing at Sylhet—New Method of Preserving Objects—Setting a Set by Lamp and Water cartridge—Technical Instruction in Britain—An Anti Diphtheritic Cruiser—Prof. Hughes's Microphone used for Detecting leaks in Water mains—A New Steam valve—Petroleum Springs 806 807

Nothing, New 7 7

Ordnance Survey, its Past and Future 771

Moral Influence of Habit in Health and Disease 111

Sand Musical 427

Science, the Evil use of the 771

Shooting, in Cold Blood 111 205 271

Signalling at Sea 11

Star charts, The Dog Star 742

Subaqueous Excursion a 11

Tales and Other Narratives

A Barrack Ghost Story, 140

A Dead Shot an Incident in 1801, 717

A FRIEND OF THE FAMILY—By Charles Gibbon 501, 522 557 572

A Gallant Rescue, 467

A GOLDEN ANTICIPATION—By Fred M White— 5, 25, 42, 75, 71 90 105, 119, 134

A Humble Sprig of Nobility a Red River Story 786

A Trick at the Helm 396

An Escort Adventure, 444

An Every day Occurrence, 156

BY ORDER OF THE LEAGUE—By Fred M White,— 580 595 614 628 644, 660 675 694 707, 724 741, 756 771, 788 804 819

Cowan George, 714 771

David's Son Solomon, 711

'Doubleworks' a Story of Athlone, 825

George Hannay's Love Affair— 614, 630, 664 681, 809

Great Jewel Robbery, 298

How I became a Convict, 13

How Pat Delaney paid his Rent, 490

IN ALL SEASONS—By Grant Allen

Author of *Babylon*, *Strange*, &c.

Page

Chapter I 1

Chapter II 8

Chapter III 21

Chapter IV 36

Chapter V 51

Chapter VI 66

Chapter VII 83

Chapter VIII 99

Chapter IX 101

Chapter X 116

Chapter XI 131

Chapter XII 147

Chapter XIII 163

Chapter XIV 179

Chapter XV 195

Chapter XVI 197

Chapter XVII 211

Chapter XVIII 214

Chapter XIX 227

Chapter XX 244

Chapter XXI 246

Chapter XXII 261

Chapter XXIII 278

Chapter XXIV 278

Chapter XXV 291

Chapter XXVI 306

Chapter XXVII 323

Chapter XXVIII 340

Chapter XXIX 357

Chapter XXX 371

Chapter XXXI 387

Chapter XXXII 404

Chapter XXXIII 420

Chapter XXXIV 436

Chapter XXXV 451

Chapter XXXVI 453

Chapter XXXVII 466

Chapter XXXVIII 484

Chapter XXXIX 499

Chapter XL 516

Chapter XLI 1

Chapter XLII 547

Chapter XLIII 563

Chapter XLIV 594

Chapter XLV 595

Chapter XLVI 610

Chapter XLVII 611

In at the Death 46

Irish Travelling Theatre, 202

Jack the Bushranger, 415

Lady in Black's Diamond 540

Lord and Hunt, 601

Victory of Death 470

Wise Man and a Discovery 712 729

My Detective Experience 221

My First Patient, 231

Night in a Well 158

Night in an Indian Hill fort 572

Night raid on Dorsal Smugglers, 170

Novel Adventure 809

Ocean Mystery a True Story, 301

Rebel Catching, 618

Son of the Red Indian, 740

Spaniard's Love story 218 231

Some Fairy Legends 173

Spirited Away, 263, 296, 412

Strange Love Affair 780

Tale of Nearby Paid 462

Tale of Two Knaveries 567, 580, 604, 619

That Fatal Diamond a Thief's Confession, 110

The Dutchman's Head a Legend of Shetland, 665

The Haunted Jungle a Legend of North Ceylon, 152 167, 188

The Lady Godiva, 124

Treasure Trove, 361, 376, 391, 409

Wanted, a Clue, 770, 784

Page
Was it Murder! 812
Where the Tracks led to— 124, 430, 458, 172
Will of Mrs Anne Bowden, 250, 264

Notices of Books.

Aberdeen and Inverness, by Rev William Ross, LL.D., .
Anthropoid Apes, by Professor Hartmann of Berlin, .
Bryant and his Friends, by Mr James Grant Wilson, .
Canadian Tour, by the Times Correspondent, .
Chronicles of the Customs, by Mr W D Chesney, .
Coral Lands, by H S Cooper, .
Dickensiana, a Compilation, by Mr Fred G Kitton, .
From Lanyard to Whitehouse, by W W Cheyne, .
Life of John Hullah, by Mrs Hullah, .
Northern-Polar Studies and Researches in the Far North by Professor Wittrich, .
Reports on Destructive Insects, by Mr C Whitehead .
The Coming Dearth of American Petroleum, by Mr Charles Marvin, .
The Kibbitz Arab Expedition, by Mr H H Johnston .
The Ordnance Survey of the United Kingdom, by Lieutenant-col and T P White, .
The Tartans of the Clans of Scotland, .
Via Lucis Horn, by Mr Edward L Anderson, .

Miscellaneous Articles of Instruction and Entertainment.

A Lost Illusion, . . . 660
Absence of Mind, . . . 240
African Mountains, the Monarch of, 101
After an Eclipse, . . . 510
Air as a Motive Force, . . . 712
Amazons the Germanization of, . 46
American Children, Some Anecdotes of, . . . 770
American Trials, . . . 762
American Sons, . . . 70
Ancient Spanish, in, . . . 611
Angus's Idyll, an, . . . 49
Arachne and Melissa . . . 395
Army Pantos, . . . 631, 816
Artists, a Hint to Pick with, . 223
Atlantic Voyage—as it Was and as it Is, . . . 582
Avalanches, . . . 571
Bank Guard, the Dublin, . . 673
Beattie, the Scottish, Half a Century Ago, . . . 299
Bee-hunting, Wild bees and, . 518
Bees and Honey, . . . 153, 764
Bimetallism, . . . 211
Birds at South Kensington, the, 415
Bismarck, Two Evenings with, 17, 56
Bleeding Heart Yard, . . . 651
Blindness in the New-born, Prevention of, . . . 310
Blockades and Blockade-runners, 601
Bread from the Bark of the Fir tree, . . . 319
Butterns, . . . 109, 118
Camp, Holidays in, across the Atlantic, . . . 529
Canadian Progress, Some Aspects of, . . . 811
Canal Navigation, . . . 199
Cars, Stories of, . . . 791
Cave hunting in Yorkshire, . 657
Charity Organisation Society, London, . . . 664
Children, American, Some Anecdotes of, . . . 779
Children's Play, . . . 508
China Grass cloth, . . . 699
Chop with King Jaja, . . . 414
Christmas in a Dak Bungalow, 697
City Inns, 493, . . . 556
Claimants to Royalty, . . . 157
Cloudy Mountain, New Guinea, Ascent of, . . . 405
Coaches, Old, . . . 321
Coal mines, Shot firing in 149, 205, 271
Cobras, . . . 729
Cocoons, . . . 145
Colonial Farm pupils, . . . 115
Comets Earthquakes, . . . 401
Comets and to the Point, . . 651
Cotch the, . . . 475
Cottage Ideas, . . . 281
Counsel and Solicitors, English, 394
Country Fetches, . . . 719
County Cork, Holidays in, . . 246
Customs Officers and Wrecks, . 134
Cycling, as a Health product . 555
Dak Bungalow Christmas in a, 697
Death of Mont Blanc, the, . . 713
Death's Heads, . . . 411
Deer-stalking, Flotsing Island on, 41
Deer Dogs, . . . 9
Destructive Insects, . . . 671
Dew as a Sanitary Force, . . 399, 624
Dream Interpreting, . . . 920
Dog days, Hyena in the, . . . 481
Dublin Bank Guard, the, . . 673
Dwarfs and Horse Dwarfs, . . 166
Earthquakes, Comets, . . . 651
Egypt, Recent News from the Land of, . . . 364
English Counsel and Solicitors, 394
Ethics of Housekeeping, . . 81
Every day Occurrences, an, . 176
Explosion Afterdamp, . . . 310
Fallacies Popular Legal— To Jill, 428, 715, 814
Farm pupil Colonial, . . . 115
Fat Goods, Some, . . . 173
Finance without Funds or, How to Flotation Company, . 257
Fir tree Bark from Bark of the, 319
Fishermen the Herring Fishery and, . . . 195, 138
Fossil Footprints, . . . 120
Fleet Street Marriage, . . . 655
Flotsing Island on Deer-stalking, 41
Flowers, Some Popular Names of, 240
Fortune . . . 240
Foundling Foundations, . . . 710
Fuel, Economy of, . . . 768
Fungus, the Tinder, . . . 9
Fusee Cards, . . . 154
Germanisation of America, the, 103
Gleaning . . . 221
Gordon's College, National Education at . . . 179
Great Unconditional Surrender, 102
Green Silk China, . . . 300
Greek Dresses at Liverpool, . 377
Gretna Green and its Marriages, 193
Haves Captain—A Nineteenth-century Pirate, . . . 702
Hedgehogs, . . . 488
Herring fishery and Fishermen— 205, 338
Holiday in County Cork, . . 246
Holidays in Camp, across the Atlantic, . . . 529
Hops, Kentish, . . . 663
Hot cross Buns, . . . 356, 379
Housekeeping, the Ethics of, . 81
Houses with Secret Chambers, 631
How to Prove a Will, . . . 290
Hullah, John, . . . 186
Hyena in the Dog days, . . 481
Indian Hill fort a Night in an 673
Indian Ink, a Stick of, . . . 187
Indian Servants . . . 208
Innkeeper and Guest the Law of, 716
Inns sign their Origin and Meanings, . . . 493
Insects, Destructive . . . 671
Instinct and Reason, . . . 249
Iron Trade and the Stock Exchange, 123
Ireland, Incidents of Land Agitation in, . . . 700
Irish Trade, the . . . 587
Jaja and Queen Victoria, . . 91
Jottings, Country, . . . 19
Just before Winter, . . . 501
Kentish Hops, . . . 663
Kings Queen Victoria's . . 177
King Jaja, Chop with . . . 413
Laurence Revel, an Old, . . 173
Land of Furs, the, . . . 3
London, . . . 1
Law of Inns Innkeeper and Guest, the 716
Legal Anecdotes, . . . 74
Legal Fallacies, Popular— The Rights of the Eldest Son and their Children and in Estate Owner of Real and Personal Estate, . . . 93
Lending the Book, . . . 115
Underweight and Overweight 216
Equivocal Law and of Fact 317
Inference and Assumption, 424
Devise of Gift and Will, 715 814
Legal Infirmities, a Possible, . 7
Leopard Hunt, . . . 601
Life's Golden Age . . . 97
Lion house at the Zoo, . . 4 9
Literary Sand worm, . . . 63
Lizards, Some Pets, . . . 454
Lloyd's, At, . . . 665
London Charity Organisation Society, . . . 84
Mallow Island, . . . 11
Man, Prehistoric, . . . 417
Man has Apes and Man, . . 240
Manors Prices, . . . 239
Marine Fight for Life the, . 173
Marriage Fleet Street, . . 655
Marriages Gretna Green and its, 193
Mars, Life in . . . 669
Marvellous, Truth is stranger 635
Mawson a Model of Medical Practitioner, . . . 704
Matriarchy and its Victims, the 660
Memory, Wonders of, . . . 94
Mind, Absence of, . . . 240
Mineral Substitutes, . . . 648
Mitis Metal, . . . 537
Monarch of African Mountains, 101
Money Form? . . . 447
Money-spending, Conservative 329
Mont Blanc, the Death roll of, . 513
Month The Science and Art— 76, 157, 207, 308, 347, 411, 463, 533, 617, 701, 764, 829
Musical Sand, . . . 427
Napoleon in Jon Rey, . . . 679
New Hebrides, Notes on the, . 703
Night in an Indian Hill fort, . 673
Norman Stronghold, a, . . . 465
Nose, . . . 4 9
Nothing New, . . . 737

OCCASIONAL NOTES—

	Page
Americanisms,	31
Ancient Boat at Brigg,	496
'Army Panes,'	816
Art-guild, a New,	730
Artillery Experiments,	127
'Atlantic Greyhounds,'	815
Australia, Western, as a Settlement,	16
Automatic Railway Coupling,	63
Bees, Angry,	708
Big Undertakings,	606
Board of Trade Journal, the,	730
Boiler feeder, a New,	208
Docks, Some New,	272
Dorsa,	30
British Colonial Teas, Increased Consumption of,	704
Buttevine, Professor Sheldon on,	448
Canadian Pacific Railway, Travelling Arrangements on the,	767
Canadian Pacific Railway's Western Terminus,	224
Caterpillars, Promissionary,	304
Celery, the Cultivation of,	192
Chess clock, a,	80
Clan Tartans, a Book of,	144
'Clergyman's Sore Throat,'	800
Co-operative Farming as an Experiment in,	480
Dairy Experiments,	144
Dairying, the State's Neglect of,	720
Deserted Wives, the Rights of,	559
Dew, Theories of,	624
Dickens, Charles, at Work,	61
Easter Sunday,	256
Electrical Experiments, M. Dupré',	832
Electrical Furnace, an,	696
Electricity, Novel use of,	800
Emigrants' Information Office,	704
Fish culture,	112
Flax-culture,	576
Foreign Competition,	48
Frost, Crystallisation of,	495
Gas Cooking stoves, Extended use of,	63
Gold fields, the West Australian,	543
Greece, Interesting Discoveries in,	511
Hessian fly, the,	624
How Children Grow,	79
Hudson Bay Route from Canada to England,	271
Infant Hand of Port Jackson,	144
Labour in Australia, Mr G. A. Sala on,	48
Light, a New,	47
Metropolitan Public Gardens Association,	512
Milk diet for Infants,	831
Mission to Deep sea Fishermen,	528

OCCASIONAL NOTES—*continued.*

	Page
Monte Carlo, Some Facts about,	128
Motor, Small,	144
Petroleum Industry, Present Position of the,	495
Pharaoh's House,	703
Photographic Experiments, Novel,	80
Plastering made Easy,	64
'Poor Jack,'	32
Railway Travelling, Safety in,	79
Relics of Ancient Carthage—Mosaics,	496
Russian Method of Preserving Fish,	207
Salmon trap, a National,	32
Scottish Fishing Lifeboat Vessels,	128
'Ship canal,' Another,	752
Ship-canal of Corinth, the Great,	576
Shot firing in Coal-mines,	208, 271
Sphinx, the Great,	560
Stanhope Gold Medal, the,	220
Tea, the Consumption of,	480
Telegraphic Wires, Overhead,	768
Veterinary College, Royal,	544
Woodite,	767
Wood pulp,	831
'On Guard' at Windsor Castle,	769
Ordeal, Trial by,	303
Ordnance Survey, its Past and Future,	771
Otter, Our Domesticated,	64
Our Ways and Theirs,	545
Oxford, Rowing at,	204
Panes, Army,	631, 816
Park Pearls,	861
Parliamentary Tibits,	818
Peat as a Manure,	249
Pet Lizards, Some,	454
Petroleum, Russian,	826
Photographic Star charting,	752
Pig Pin, the,	432
Pirate, a Nineteenth century,	762
Pitmen, Past and Present,	676
Plant life, Influence of Habit in,	113
Portable Theatre, the,	721
Postal Work, a Year's,	609
Prehistoric Man,	417
Pottery Garden, the Old,	264
Prize System, the Modern,	
Proverbs, French and English,	
Provincialisms, Ulster,	
Queen Victoria's Keys,	
Quotations, Sounding,	
Racing Regattas,	
Reason, Instinct and,	345
Rebel catching,	613
Relationships, Unpopular,	703
Rent collection in Ireland, Incidents of,	
Revelation Below stairs,	28

	Page
Rogueries, Jewel and Gem,	551
Rowing at Oxford,	204
Royalty, Claimants to,	587
Rule, the Pleasures of,	756
Russian Petroleum,	[illegible]
Salmon Angling, a Few Words on,	107
Sand, Musical,	427
Scottish Beadle Half a Century Ago,	209
Sealskin Coats, Alive and Dead,	753
Secret Chambers, Houses with,	641
Senses, the Evidence of the,	719
Shop assistants, a Word for Our,	449
Shot firing in Coal mines,	148, 208, 271
Sickroom Fire, the,	224
Signalling at sea,	
Silk Gown, What goes to the making of a,	575
Similes, Some,	367
Slavery, Modern, a Word for Our Shop assistants,	449
Smoking and Snuffing in Church,	429
Smuggling, Past and Present,	273
Snow-blossom,	61
Solecisms, English Counsel and,	590
South Kensington, the Birds at,	415
Spinner, an Amment,	442
Star charting, Photographic,	752
Station No 4,	438
Stock Exchange, Investors and the,	123
Subjectives Evolution, a,	30
Subsidence, Mineral,	648
Swimming,	367
Technical Education at Gordon's College, Aberdeen,	479
'Telegraphed,'	520
Theatre, the Portable,	721
Theatre, the Unseen Regions of a,	817
Tibits, Parliamentary,	818
Tobacco cultivation,	342
Tobacco culture in Scotland,	827
Tom? What Cause of,	381
Tor Bay, Napoleon in,	679
Trees, Old City,	358
Trial by Ordeal,	303
Truth in the Marvellous,	625
Tulip Garden an Old,	526
Turquoise, the,	181
Ulster Provincialisms,	697
'Unconditional Surrender' Grant,	109
Weeds,	478
Whale hunt in the Varanger Fjord,	22
'Where Ignorance is Bliss,'	344
Whiteboys of forty Years Ago,	637
Wild bees and Bee hunting,	534
Will, How to Prove a,	590
Winds of Heaven,	497
Windsor Castle, 'On Guard' at,	769
Winter, Just before,	801
Wonders of Memory,	394
Wrecks, Customs' Officers and,	134
Yorkshire, Cave-hunting in,	687
Zoo, Visits to the,	470

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL
OF
POPULAR
LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART
Fifth Series
ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832
CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECOND SON)
No. 105.—Vol. III. SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1886. PRICE 1½d.

IN ALL SHADES.

By GRANT ALLEN,
Author of 'Babylon' 'Strange Stories,' etc. etc.

CHAPTER I.

About one o'clock in the morning, by a flickering fire of half-dead embers, young men of twenty-five are very apt to grow confidential. Now, it was one o'clock gone, by the marble timepiece on Edward Hawthorne's big mantel-shelf in King's Bench Walk, Temple, and Edward Hawthorne and Harry Noel were each of them just twenty-five, so it is no matter for wonder at all that the conversation should just then have begun to take a very confidential turn indeed, especially when one remembers that they had both nearly finished their warm glass of whisky toddy, and that it was one of those chilly April evenings when you naturally cower close over the fire to keep your poor blood from curdling bodily altogether within you.

'It's certainly very odd, Noel, that my father should always seem so very anxious to keep me from going back to Trinidad, even for a mere short visit.'

Harry Noel shook out the ashes from his pipe as he answered quietly: 'Fathers are altogether the most unaccountable, incomprehensible, mysterious, and unmanageable of creatures. For my own part, I've given up attempting to fathom them altogether.'

Edward smiled half deprecatingly. 'Ah, but you know, Noel,' he went on in a far more serious tone than his friend's, 'my father isn't at all like that, but a never refused me money or anything else I've wanted; he's been the most liberal and the kindest of men to me, but for some abstruse and inconceivable reason—I can't imagine why—he's always opposed my going back home even to visit him.'

'If Sir Walter would only act upon the same principle, my dear boy, I can tell you confidentially, I'd be simply too delighted. But he always acts upon the exact contrary. He's in favour of my coming down to the Hall in the very dismal, dreadful, and dullest part of all Lincolnshire, at the precise moment of time when I want myself to be off to Scotland, deer-stalking or grouse-shooting, and he invariably considers all my application for extra cash as at least inportune—in the papers say—if not as absolutely extravagant, or even criminal. A governor who deals frightfully with remaining permanently invisible on the other side of the Atlantic, appears to me to combine all possible and practical disadvantages.'

'Ah, that's all very well for you, Noel; you've got your father and your family here in England with you, and you make light of the privilege because you enjoy it. But it's a very different thing altogether when all your people are separated from you by half a hemisphere, and you've never even so much as seen your own mother since you were a little chap no bigger than that chair there. You'll admit at least that a fellow would naturally like now and again to see his mother.'

'His mother,' Noel answered, dropping his voice a little with a sort of instinctive reverential inflection. 'Ah, that, now, is a very different matter.'

'Well, you see, my dear fellow, I've never seen either my father or my mother since I was quite a small boy of eight years old or thereabouts. I was sent home to Joyce's school then, as you know, and after that, I went to Rugby, and next to Cambridge, and I've almost entirely forgotten by this time even what my father and mother look like. When they sent me home

those two photographs there, a few months back, I assure you there wasn't a feature in either face I could really and truly recognise or remember'

'Precious handsome old gentleman your father, anyhow,' Noel observed, looking up carelessly at the large framed photograph above the fire place 'Seems the right sort too Fine air of sterling coinness also, I remark, about his gray hair and his full waistcoat and his turn down shirt collar

'O Noel, please, don't talk that way!'

'My dear fellow, it's the course of nature We fall as the leaves fall, and new generations replace us and take our money Good for the legacy duty Now, is your governor sugar or coffee?'

'Sugar, I believe—in fact, I'm pretty sure of it He often writes that the canes are progressing, and talks about rattoons and centrifugals and other things I don't know the very names of But I believe he has a very good estate of his own somewhere or other at the north end of the island'

'Why, of course, then, that's the explanation of it—as safe as houses, you may depend upon it The old gentleman's as rich as Croesus He makes you a modest allowance over here, which you, who are an unassuming, hard working, Chitty on contract sort of fellow consider very handsome, but which is really not one quarter of what he ought to be allowing you out of his probably princely income You take my word for it, Teddy, that's the meaning of it The old gentleman—he has a very knowing look about his weather eye in the photograph there—he thinks if you were to go out there and see the estate and observe the wealth of the Indies, and discover the way he makes the dollars fly, you'd ask him immediately to double your allowance, and being a person of unusual penetration—as I can see with half a glance, from his picture—he decides to keep you at the other end of the universe, so that you may never discover what a perfect Rothschild he is, and go in for putting the screw on'

Edward Hawthorn smiled quietly 'It won't do, my dear fellow,' he said, glancing up quickly at the handsome open face in the big photograph 'My father isn't at all that sort of person, I feel certain, from his letters He's doing all he can to advance me in life, and though he hasn't seen me for so long, I am the one interest he really lives upon I certainly did think it very queer, after I'd taken my degree at Cambridge and got the Arabic scholarship and so forth, that my father didn't want me to go out to the island I naturally wanted to see my old home and my father and mother, before settling down to my business in life, and I wrote and told them so But my father wrote back, putting me off with all sorts of made up excuses it was the bad season of the year, there was a great deal of yellow fever about; he was very anxious I should get to work at once upon my law reading, he wanted me to be called to the bar as early as possible'

'And so, just to please the old gentleman, you left your Arabic, that you were such a swell at, and set to work over Benjamin on Sales and Pollock on Mortgages for the best years of your lifetime, when you ought to have been shooting birds in Devonshire or yachting with me in the *Princess of Thule* off the west coast of Scotland That's not my theory of the way fathers ought to be managed I consented to become a barrister, just to pacify Sir Walter for the moment, but my ideas of barristering are a great deal more elastic and generous than yours are I'm quite satisfied with getting my name neatly painted over the door of some other fellow's convenient chambers

'Yes, yes, of course you are But then your case is very different The heir to an English baronetcy needn't trouble himself about his future, like an ordinary mortals, but if I didn't work hard and get on and make money, I should never be able to marry—at least during my father's lifetime'

'No more should I, my dear fellow Absolutely impossible A man can't marry on seven hundred a year, you see can he?'

Edward laughed 'I said he on seven,' 'very evenly No doubt you could but then you haven't got anybody in your eye while I, you know, am anxious as soon as I can to marry Marian'

Not got anybody in my eye! Harry Noel cried, leaning back in his chair and opening his two hands symbolically in front of him with an expansive gesture 'Oh, haven't I Why there was a pretty little girl I saw last Wednesday down at the Buckleburries—a Miss Dupuy, I think, they called her—I positively believe a countrywoman of yours Edward, from Trinidad was it Martinique? one of those sugary places or other, anyhow, and I assure you I fairly lost the miserable relics of my heart to her at our first meeting She's going to be at the boatrace to-morrow, and—yes, I'll run down there in the dogcart, on the chance of seeing her Will you come with me?'

'What o'clock?'

'Eleven Are you small? hour You don't catch me getting up at five o'clock in the morning and making the historical Noel nose, which I so proudly inherit, turn blue with cold and shivering at that time of the day even for the honour of the old varsity Plenty of time to turn in and get a comfortable snooze, and yet have breakfast decently before I drive you down to-morrow morning in my new dogcart'

'All right I'll come with you, then—Are you going out now? Just post this letter for me, please, will you?'

Noel took it, and glanced at the address half unintentionally 'The Hon James Hawthorn,' he said, reading it over in a thoughtless mechanical way and in a sort of undertone soliloquy, 'Agualta Estate, Trinidad—Why, I didn't know, Teddy, this mysterious governor of yours was actually a real live Honourable What family does he belong to, then?'

'I don't think Honourable means that out in the colonies, you know,' Edward answered, stirring the embers into a final flicker 'I fancy it's only a cheap courtesy title given to

in the West Indies who happen to be members of the Legislative Council.' He paused for a minute, still seated, and poking away nervously at the dying embers, then he said in a more serious voice 'Do you know, Noel, there's a district judgeship in Trinidad going to be filled up at once by the Colonial Office.'

'Well, my dear boy, what of that? I know a promising young barrister of the Inner Temple who isn't going to be such an absurd fool as to take the place, even if it's offered to him.'

'On the contrary, Harry, I've sent in an application myself for the post this very evening.'

'My dear Hawthorn, like Paul, you are beside yourself. Much learning has made you mad, I solemnly assure you. The place isn't worth your taking.'

'Nevertheless, if I can get it, Harry, I mean to take it.'

'If you can get it! Fiddlesticks! If you can get a place as crossing sweeper!' My good friend, this is simple madness. A young man of your age, a boy, a mere child—they were both the same age to a month, but Harry Noel always assumed the airs of a father towards his friend Hawthorn—'why, it's throwing up an absolute certainty, an absolute certainty, mind no mistake about it. You're the best Arabic scholar in England. It would be worth your while stopping here, if it came to that, for the sake of the Arabic Professorship alone, rather than go and vegetate in Trinidad. If you take my advice, my dear fellow, you'll have nothing more to say to the precious business.'

'Well, Harry, I have two reasons for wishing to take it. In the first place, I want to marry Marian as early as possible, and I can't marry her until I can make myself a decent income. And in the second place, Edward wants me to go out as soon as I can and see my father and mother in Trinidad. If I get this district judgeship, I shall be able to write and tell them positively I'm coming, and they won't have any excuse of any sort for putting a stopper on it any longer.'

'In other words, in order to go and spy out the hidden wealth of the old governor, you're going to throw up the finest opening at the English bar, and bind yourself down to a life of exile in a remote corner of the Caribbean Sea. Well, my good friend, if you really do it, all that I can say is simply this—you'll prove yourself the most consummate fool in all Christendom.'

'Noel, I've made up my mind, I shall really go there.'

'Then, my dear boy, allow me to tell you, as long as you live you'll never cease to regret it. I believe you'll repent it, before you've done, in sackcloth and ashes.'

Edward stirred the dead fire nervously once more for a few seconds and answered nothing.

'Good night, Hawthorn. You'll be ready to start for the bostrace at ten to-morrow?'

'Good-night, Harry. I'll be ready to start. Good night, my dear fellow.'

Noel turned and left the room; but Edward Hawthorn stood still, with his bedroom candle poised reflectively in one hand, looking long and steadfastly with fixed eyes at his father's and mother's photographs before him. 'A grand-looking old man, my father, certainly,' he said to himself, scanning the fine broad brow and firm but tender mouth with curious attention—'a grand looking old man, without a doubt, there's no denying it. But I wonder why on earth he doesn't want me to go out to Trinidad? And a beautiful, gentle, lovable old lady, if ever there was one on this earth, my mother!'

CHAPTER II.

You wouldn't have found two handsomer or finer young fellows on the day of the bostrace, in all London, than the two who started in the new dogcart, at ten o'clock, from the door of Harry Noel's comfortable chambers in a quaint old house in Duke Street, St James's. And yet they were very different in type, as widely different as it is possible for any two young men to be, both of whom were quite unimaginable and unknowable young Englishmen.

Harry Noel was heir of one of the oldest families in Lincolnshire, but his face and figure were by no means those of the typical Briton in that distinctively British English county. Sir Walter, his father, was tall and fair—a bluff, honest, hard featured Lincolnshire man, but Harry himself took rather after his mother, the famous Lady Noel, once considered the most beautiful woman of her time in London society. He was somewhat short and well knit, a very dark man, with black hair, moustache, and beard, and his face was handsome with something of a southern and fiery handsomeness, like his mother's, recalling one at times of the purest Italian or Castilian stocks. There was undeniable pride about his upper lip and his eager flashing black eye, while his customary nonchalance and coolness of air never completely hid the hot and passionate southern temperament that underlay that false exterior of Pall Mall cynicism. A man to avoid picking a quarrel with, certainly, was Harry Noel, of the Inner Temple and of Noel Hall, by Boston, Lincolnshire, barrister at law.

Edward Hawthorn, on the other hand, was tall and slight, though strongly built, a grand model of the pure Anglo Saxon type of manhood, with straight fair hair, nearer white almost than yellow, and deep blue eyes, that were none the less transparently true and earnest because of their intense and unmixed blueness. His face was clear cut and delicately moulded, and the pale and singularly straw-coloured moustache, which alone was allowed to hide any part of its charming outline, did not prevent one from seeing at a glance the almost faultless Greek regularity of his perfectly calm and statuesque features. Harry Noel's was, in short, the kind of face that women are most likely to admire. Edward Hawthorn's was the kind that an artist would rather rejoice to paint, or that a sculptor would still more eagerly wish to model.

'Much better to go down by the road, you know, Teddy,' quoth Harry, as they took their seats in the new dogcart. 'All the cads in London are going down by rail, of course. The whole raff raff of our fellow-man that you're always talking about so sympathetically, with

your absurd notions, overflows to day from its natural receptacle in the third class into the upper tanks of first and second Impossible to travel on the line this morning without getting one's self jammed and elbowed by all the tinkers and tailors, soldiers and sailors, butchers and bakers and candle-stick makers in the whole of London Enough to cure even you, I should think, of all your nonsensical rights of man and ideal equality business'

'Have you ever travelled third yourself, to see what it was really like, Harry? I have, and, for my part, I think the third class people are generally rather kinder and more unselfish than the first or second'

'My dear fellow, on your recommendation I tried it last week —But let that pass, and tell me where are you going to look for your beautiful young lady from Trinidad or Mauritius? You made her the ostensible pretext, you know, for going to the Lostrace'

'Oh, for that I trust entirely to the chapter of accidents She said she was going down to see the race from somebody's lawn, facing the river, and I shall force my way along the path as far as I can get and quietly look out for her If we see her, I mean to push boldly for an introduction to the somebody unnamed who owns the lawn Leave the dogcart at some inn or other down at Putney, stroll along the river casually till you see a beautiful vision of sweet sixteen or thereabout, walk in quietly as if the place belonged to you and there you are'

They drove on to Putney through the crowded roads, and put the dogcart up at the *Coach and Horses* Then Harry and Edward took to the still more crowded bank, and began to push their way among the densely packed masses of non descript humanity in the direction of Barnes Bridge

'Stand out of the way there, can't you, cried Noel, elbowing aside a sturdy London rough as he spoke with a dexterous application of his gold tipped umbrella 'Why do you get in people's way and block the road up, my good fellow'

'Where are you a pushin to?' the rough answered, not without reason, crowding in upon him sturdily in defence of his natural rights of standing room, and bringing his heavy foot down plump on Harry Noel's neatly fitting walking shoe 'An who are you, I should like to know, a shovin' about people aside pumpsecious like, as if you was mithally the Prince of Wales or the Duke of Edinboro? I'd like to hear you call me a fellow again, I should!'

'Appears to be some confusion in the man's mind,' said Noel, pushing past him angrily, 'between a fellow and a felon I haven't got an etymological dictionary handy in my pocket I regret to say, but I venture to believe, my good friend, that your philology is quite as much at fault in this matter as your English grammar'

'My dear Noel,' Hawthorn put in, 'please don't add insult to injury The man's quite within his right in objecting to your pushing him out of a place he took up before you came here Pose vous's mine points of the law, you know—ten in the matter of occupancy, indeed—and surely he's the prior occupant'

'Oh, if you're going to hold a brief for the defendant, my dear boy, why, of course I throw the case up —Besides, there she is, Teddy By Jove, there she is That's her Over yonder on the lawn there—the very pretty girl by the edge of the wall overhanging the path here'

'What, the one in blue?'

'The one in blue' Gracious goodness, no The other one—the very pretty girl, the one in the pink dress, as fresh as a daisy Did you ever see anybody prettier?'

'Oh, her, Edward' answered, looking across at the lady in pink carelessly 'Yes, yes, I see now Pretty enough, as you say, Harry

'Pretty enough' Is that all you've got to say about her' You block of ice! You lump of marble' Why, my dear fellow, she's absolute perfection That's the worst, now, of a man's being engaged He loses his eye entirely for female beauty

'What did you say her name was?

'Miss Dupuy I'll introduce you in a minute'

'But my dear Harry, where are you going? We don't even know the people

'Nothing easier, then We'll proceed to make their acquaintance See what a lot of cads climbing up and sitting on the wall, obstructing the view there! First, sit yourself firmly on the top of the wall as they do, then, proceed to knock off the other intruders, as if you belonged to the party by invitation finally, slip over quietly itself, and mix with the lot exactly as if you really knew them there is such a precious crowd of people inside, that nobody'll ever find out you weren't invited I've long observed that nobody ever does know who's who at a garden party The father always thinks he's seen you, and the son always fancies indefinitely you're particular friends of his father and mother'

As Harry spoke, he had already climbed up to the top of the wall, which was steep and high on the side towards the river, but was only about two feet above the bank on the inner side and Edward, seeing nothing else to do but follow his example, had taken with alacrity a convenient seat beside him In a minute more, Harry was busily engaged in clearing off the other unauthorised squatters, like an invited guest and two minutes later, he had transferred his legs to the inner side of the wall, and was quietly identifying himself with the party of spectators on the lawn and garden Edward, who was blessed with less audacity in social matters than his easy going friend, could only admire without wholly imitating his ready adaptiveness

'Miss Dupuy! How delightful! This is indeed lucky How very fortunate. I should happen to have dropped down upon you so unexpectedly'

Nora Dupuy smiled a delicious smile of frank and innocent girlish welcome, and held out her hand to Harry half timidly 'Why, Mr Noel,' she said, 'I hadn't the very slightest idea you knew our good friends the Boddingtons'

'Mr Boddington!' Harry Noel asked with a marked emphasis on the dubious *Mr*

'No, Colonel Boddington, of the Bengal Staff Corps Why, how on earth do you happen not

to know their name even!—You have a friend with you, I perceive'

'Exactly,' Harry said, turning to Edward, who was speechless with surprise 'Allow me to introduce him My friend, Mr Hawthorn, a shining light of the Utter Bar—By the way, didn't you say you came from Trinidad or Mauritius or Ceylon or somewhere? I remember distinctly you left upon me a general impression of tropical fragrance, though I can't say I recollect precisely the particular habitat'

'Trinidad,' she answered, looking down as she spoke—'Why, Mr Noel, what about it?'

'Why, my friend Hawthorn here comes from Trinidad too, so you ought to be neighbours, though, as he hasn't been there himself for a great many years, I daresay we won't know one another'

'Oh, everybody in Trinidad knows everybody else, of course' Nora answered, half turning Edward 'It's such a little pocket colony, you know, that we're all first cousins to one another through all the island I'm not acquainted with all the people in Trinidad myself, naturally, because I haven't been there since I was a baby, almost, but my father would be perfectly sure to know him, at any rate, I mean indeed I don't think I ever heard the name of Hawthorn before—connected with Trinidad, I mean, in fact, I'm sure not—Do your people live out there still, Mr Hawthorn, or have they settled in England?'

'My father and mother are still in the island, Edward answered, a little uncomfortably 'My father is Mr James Hawthorn, of Aquilla Estate, a place at the north side of Trinidad'

'Aquilla Estate, Nora repeated, turning the name over with herself once more dubiously, 'Aquilla Estate I've certainly heard the name of the place, I'm sure, but never of your people until this minute How very strange

'It's a long time since you've been in the island, you say,' Noel put in suggestively, 'and no doubt you've long than Mr Hawthorn's father's name He must be pretty well known in Trinidad, I should think, for he an Honourable, you know, and a member of the Legislative Council

Nora looked decidedly puzzled 'A member of the Legislative Council,' she said in some surprise 'That makes it strange still My papa's a member of Council too and he knows everybody in the place, you know—that is to say of course, everybody who is anybody; and poor mamma used always to write me home the chattiest letters, all about everybody and everybody's wife and daughters, and all the society gossip of the colony and then I see so many Trinidad people when they come home, and altogether, I really thought I knew, by name at least, absolutely every one in the whole island'

'And this proves you must be mistaken, Miss Dupuy,' Noel put in cordially, for he was half jealous that his own special and peculiar discovery in pretty girls should take so much interest in Edward Hawthorn 'But anyhow, you'll know all about him before very long, I've no doubt, for Mr Hawthorn is going to take a judgeship in the uttermost parts of the earth, even Trinidad He'll be going out there, no doubt, from what he tells me, in a month or so from now'

'Going out there!' Nora cried 'Oh, how nice Why, I shall be going out too, in the end of June How delightful, if we should both happen to sail in the same steamer together!'

'I should envy him the voyage immensely,' said Harry 'But you don't mean to say, Miss Dupuy, you're really going to bury yourself alive in the West Indies!'

'Oh, I don't call it burying alive, Mr Noel, it's perfectly delightful, I believe, from what I remember Summer all the year round, and dancing, with all the doors and windows open, from September to April'

'Pray, inform me which is Colonel Boddington,' Harry exclaimed eagerly at this particular moment, as an old gentleman of military aspect strolled up casually to speak to Nora 'Point me out mine host, for mercy's sake, or else he'll be turning a summary action for ejectment against us both as rogues and vagabonds'

'This is he, Nora said, as the military gentleman approached nearer 'Don't you know him? Perhaps I'd better introduce you Colonel Boddington—Mr Noel, Mr Hawthorn

'And I'd better make a clean breast of it at once, Harry Noel continued, smiling gracefully with his pleasant easy smile—Edward would have sunk bodily into the earth alive, rather than make the ridiculous confession 'The fact is, we're intruders into your domain, sir—unauthorised intruders We took our seats on the top of your wall to watch the race, and when we got there, we found a number of roughs were obstructing the view for the ladies of your party, and we assisted the gentlemen of your set in clearing the ground, and then, as I saw my friend Miss Dupuy was here, I made bold to jump over and come to speak to her, feeling sure that a previous acquaintance with her would be a sufficient introduction into your pleasant society here What a delightful place, sir, you've got on the river here

Colonel Boddington bowed stiffly 'Any friend of Miss Dupuy's is quite welcome here, he said with some chilly severity—'Did I understand Miss Dupuy to say your name Rowell?'

'No,' Harry corrected, smiling benignly 'You may possibly know my father Sir Walter Noel, of Noel Hall, near Boston, Lincolnshire

Colonel Boddington instantly 'I am very glad of this opportunity, I'm sure, Mr Noel,' he said with his most gracious manner 'As I remarked before, Miss Dupuy's friends will always be welcome with us Since you've dropped in so unexpectedly, perhaps you and Mr—I didn't catch the name—will stay to lunch with us Our friends mean to join us at lunch after the race is over'

'Delighted, I am sure,' Harry answered, quite truthfully Nothing could have pleased him better than this opportunity 'Here they come—here they come! Round the corner! Cambridge heads the race. Cambridge, Cambridge!' And for five minutes there was a fluttering of handkerchiefs and straining of eyes and confused sound of shouts and laughter, which left no time for Harry or any one else to indulge in rational conversation

After the boats had passed out of sight, and the company had returned to the paths of sanity once more, Miss Dupuy turned round to Edward and asked curiously 'Do you happen to know any people of the name of Ord, Mr Hawthorn?'

Edward smiled as he answered 'General Ord's family? O yes, I know them very well indeed—quite intimately, in fact'

'Ah, then,' she said gaily—'then you are the Mr Hawthorn who is engaged to dear Marian I felt sure you must be, the moment I heard your name Oh, I do so hope, then, you'll get the vacant Trinidad appointment'

'Get it! He'll get it as sure as fate,' Harry said, intervening 'But why are you so anxious he should take it?'

'Why, because, then, Marian would get married, of course, and come out with him to live in Trinidad Wouldn't that be charming?'

'If they do,' Harry said quietly, 'and if you're going to be there, too, Miss Dupuy, I declare I shall come out myself on purpose to visit them'

DESERT DUST

The visitor to the Egyptian Pyramids who gazes in wonder on those colossal structures which remain to attest the activity of races long since passed away, little dreams, perhaps, that in the dust which he treads beneath his feet, or which whirls in wind-tossed eddies round his head, there exist particles of so great antiquity, that the vast age of the Pyramids shrinks into little nous beside it Such particles also may be found by the traveller in the snows which cover the higher slopes of Mont Blanc, and on other parts of the earth's surface

The question arises, What are these particles which thus lie unnoticed in the dust beneath our feet, and which are fraught with such interest to mankind? Dust from the Sahara Desert, or from the upper slopes of Mont Blanc, is found to contain an appreciable quantity of magnetic iron particles Examination by the microscope reveals the fact that the greater part of these are angular in shape, and there can be no doubt that they are simply the debris of terrestrial magnetic rocks But here and there are found mingled with the other particles small but perfect spheres of iron, their spherical condition pointing to the fact that they have at some time been in a state of fusion In speculating concerning their origin we are at the outset reduced to three possibilities—they may be of volcanic origin, or the product of fusion in terrestrial fires, or they may have a non terrestrial origin, and be meteoric A comparison with dust known to be volcanic discovers that these particles have little or no affinity with volcanic ejections But the smoke which issues from the chimneys of our manufacturing districts contains iron particles similar in appearance to those iron particles of the Sahara and Mont Blanc, and although these latter are found far from any of the terrestrial sources which could give them birth, yet these light particles may be wafted by wind currents to such immense distances, that this argument does not come with much strength to support the contention of their non terrestrial origin

The most crucial test is that of comparative chemical analysis, and its application to various of these iron particles reveals the fact, that whilst those known to be of terrestrial origin contained neither nickel nor cobalt, both these metals are found present in the magnetic particles collected at the observatory of Saint Marie du Mont, on Mont Blanc, and a meteoric origin has therefore been assigned to the latter Not is other proof wanting to support this presumption In addition to these particles of cosmic dust, larger masses forming meteorites are not unfrequently found Their general appearance is that of a dull black, but occasionally shining black, irregular exterior, forming a thin crust, which is totally different from the main mass within Examined microscopically, the crust, which is usually one hundredth, but may occasionally rise to one eighteenth, of an inch in thickness, is found to be a true black glass, filled with small bubbles, sharply divided from the interior—facts which indicate that the crust is due to igneous action, under conditions which have little or no influence within the mass The interior usually consists of a stony mass formed of broken or angular particles Here we have two alternatives—either it has been formed by aqueous deposition, or it has had an igneous origin The latter, or fiery, origin is again believed to be the true one, for the reason, that certain microscopic characters always present in water deposited crystalline masses are not seen in these meteorites, and an igneous non terrestrial, rather than an igneous terrestrial, origin is assigned to them, because the glassy spherical structure found in meteorites can only be produced terrestrially by a combination of conditions very rarely found so existent The only instance known where such a combination obtains is in the crater of Kilauea, where the volcanic production known as Pele's Hair somewhat resembles the glassy structure of meteorites. Nor is this all, for, knowing as we do that meteors occasionally reach the earth in the form of substantial masses, the suggestion has been ventured that they fall in sufficient numbers to affect its bulk in the course of ages, and assuming, as we are entitled to assume, that these masses, to which we are unable to assign definitely a meteoric origin, are indeed meteorites, the link connecting them with cosmic (non terrestrial) dust has then been found M Tissandier examining dust which he detached from the surface of a Bohemian meteorite, found its microscopic characters to resemble those of the dust-particles of Mont Blanc, and even more proof is not wanting to vindicate its non terrestrial origin

The connection between cosmic dust and meteors having been thus traced, we may now proceed to a brief consideration of their history ere they find a grave in the earth

On a calm clear night, when above us gleams

> The sky
> With all its bright sublimity of stars,

with their eternal suggestions of peace and

immortality, there comes ever and anon from out the darkness a light darting across the heavens with increasing brightness Sometimes the meteor will traverse a large portion of the heavens, travelling perhaps the entire vault, and then disappearing, while still bright, below the horizon. Occasionally, they may be seen to fall to earth; but more commonly, after a short course, the meteors gleam dim away, leaving us to gaze again at the calm fixed brightness of the familiar constellations The differences between these various classes of meteors are those of degree, and not of kind Omitting for a moment the consideration of their origin, it is obvious that these bodies, no matter how they first originate, come within the attractive force of the earth, and enter its atmosphere in obedience to that attraction The intense rapidity with which they fall generates an ever increasing amount of heat, under the influence of which they become luminous, and begin to be consumed A continuance of this process gradually diminishes their bulk, the smaller ones being entirely consumed high above the earth, and constituting the shooting stars whose passage is as evanescent as a gleam of light It is the dust formed as they are consumed, which, slowly settling to earth, constitutes the cosmic particles to which reference has been made

But whilst on almost any clear night a few meteors may be seen to flash across the sky observation has revealed the fact, that in certain months of the year and on certain dates in those months, shooting stars are much more numerous than in other months and on ordinary nights Herr Schwabe, referring to the discovery of the sun spot period as the result of continuous observation undertaken for the sake of recording phenomena, says 'I went out like Saul to find my father's asses, and lo! I found a kingdom' The remark might be echoed by those who made this discovery of the periodicity of these shooting-stars, leading, as it has done, to the discovery of facts hitherto unsuspected, and pointing to a connection and commonness of origin between phenomena apparently very widely divergent At first, the meteor streams of August 10 and November 14 were alone recognised Soon it was discovered that the month of April was one in which a very large number of meteors were visible, and the 20th was fixed as the date for the maximum shower But not only was it found that these evenings were characterised by large showers of meteors, but the further fact was ascertained, that all the meteors on any given evening emanated from one quarter of the heavens Thus, in the shower which occurs on the 20th of April—although the shower has not been very marked of late years—the radiant point for the meteors is in the constellation Lyra, hence it is termed the Lyrid shower In like manner, the August stream has its radiant point in Perseus, and that of November 14 in Leo It was still, however, thought that the meteors of ordinary nights had no connection of this kind, but later observations revealed the fact that they also are controlled by similar laws, and the further discovery was made that some, notably the mid November swarm, vary in intensity from year to year, in obedience to regular laws, the entire cycle in that instance requiring thirty three and a quarter years for its completion

But although the life history of the cosmic dust particles of the Sahara has thus been traced back until they are found to be component parts of meteor swarms, whose movements are controlled and dominated by definite laws, there yet remains the question of their origin, the explanation of the annual periodicity, and why this secular cycle should exist Meteors being thus found to occur in these streams, it became possible to calculate their orbit, and M Schiaparelli did this with the August swarm A connection had begun to be suspected between meteors and comets, and it was found that the orbit of the August meteors, as calculated by the Italian physicist, coincided with that of a known comet More life being thus given to the hypothesis, the orbit of the November stream was similarly calculated It was found to be almost identical with the independently ascertained orbit of Tempel's comet Other corroborative elements soon followed The April meteors perform their journey in space along the orbit of the comet of 1861, while many other meteor streams have been discovered to be similarly related to other comets With the knowledge of the connection between comets and meteor swarms, and our knowledge of the constitution of meteorites themselves, the vexed question as to the constitution of comets would seem to be rendered more easy of solution, but the subject is beset with many difficulties, and comets well situated for observation do not too often visit our skies

Having traced back the history of the desert dust particles until they have been found to be intimately bound up, if indeed not themselves forming bodies whose motions have been as fixed as planets have, it now remains to take yet another step back into the history of things, and endeavour to form some idea as to their first origin, and the part they have played, or play, in the economy of nature. Many and strange are the hypotheses which have from time to time been put forth Some have held meteors to be the scattered remnants of an exploded planet, 'battered by the shocks of doom' Other speculators have thought that this dust of space originated in eruptions from volcanic vents when the volcanoes which stud the surface of our satellite were in energy But for this to be true, it seems somewhat, though not entirely necessary that the moon's volcanoes should yet be active, whilst the question arises as to the possibility of the eruptive forces on the moon to have expelled matter beyond the influence of its attraction; and those who give most weight to these objections have themselves been inclined to believe that the true origin of meteors is to be found in eruption from one of the minor planets whose attractive force would be less than the moon; but when it is remembered how slight would be the chance of any such matter crossing the earth's path, such a theory loses all probability. There have not been wanting, either, those who, having in mind the brecciated structure of meteorites and the fewness of the characters in which they differ from terrestrial rocks, have boldly proclaimed for them a terrestrial origin, imagining them to have been erupted from volcanic vents at an early period of the world's

history—a view of course not open to the very serious objections which surround the minor planets' hypothesis. Yet another class of theorists hold that the sun itself is the source of these wandering streams, they being continually sent far into space by those mighty eruptions with which we know that orb to be continually convulsed. It is, however, probable that none of these theories of an eruptive origin, whether from satellite, planet, or sun, is the true one—it being more likely that meteors are the residue of nebulous matter not gathered into planets when the different members of the solar system began to exist independently, but which each hour, day, and year is being slowly gathered in by the earth and the other planets in these bodies come within the sphere of their attractive influences. Thus much as to the origin of these meteoric swarms.

The final question now arises as to whether they play any part in the economy of nature. The aggregate weight of these small scattered streams must be beyond comprehension, and is probably to be estimated by billions of tons. These small masses are constantly falling towards the earth, some reaching its actual surface. So it must be with the moon, and with the other planets and satellites which compose the solar system; and this continual impact of meteors, however inappreciable its influence on the earth, cannot be without its heat producing effects on the larger bodies of our system. If this be, how much greater must be the result produced by the enormous number of these bodies which, from a variety of causes, would be incessantly precipitated upon the sun's surface, and the suggestion has been put forward that we may find in this a sufficient explanation of the apparently inexhaustible emission of light and heat which the sun is ever radiating into infinite space.

And if it be true that the meteors have had their origin in solar eruptions, we are brought to the strange reflection, that the matter which in the yesterday of ages was hurled with awful energy from the sun's surface, is being partly returned to it in the present age, as the energy and matter of to-day will be partly returned to feed its fires in the ages of to-morrow. Should these speculations be correct, then our meteor systems do indeed play an important part in the economy of nature. All forms of force on earth, the energies of man himself, have their physical source in the centre of our system; and if it be that the energy of that source is being ever renewed by the physical impact of meteoric masses, they have an equal title with the sun to be regarded as the source of energy, although it must not be forgotten that the rain of meteors on the sun's surface is itself due to the attractive force inherent in the sun itself.

Will the continual gathering in by the sun, the earth, and other planets, gradually lead up to the time when these meteoric swarms shall have ceased to be, and the sun grow cold and dull? Who shall say? There are many causes to delay this end. As the sun, together with the solar system, sweeps through space, it will pass through regions now rich, now poor, in meteoric aggregations, and the total amount of matter which it will gather in will, therefore, vary from century to century, from epoch to epoch. Such are the thoughts up to which we are led in pursuing the history of our particles of dust. But whether or not these speculations be true, the study of this subject teaches many a theme of interest for the leisure hours of our workaday world.

A GOLDEN ARGOSY

A NOVELETTE

BY FRED M. WHITE

CHAPTER I.

THREE o'clock! Before the vibration of the neighbouring chimes had died away, the rain—which had long been threatening over London—poured down for some five minutes in a fierce gust, and then, as if exhausted by its efforts, subsided into a steady drizzle. The waves of light, cast on the glistening pavement from the gas lamps flickering in the wind, shone on the stones, but the unstable shadows were cast back by the stronger refulgence of the electric light at Covent Garden. Back into the gathered mist of Long Acre the pallid gleam receded, while, on the opposite side, the darkness of Russell Street seemed darker still. By Tavistock Street was a gin shop, whose gilded front, points of flame, and dazzling glass seemed to smile a smile of crafty welcome to the wayfarer. A few yards away from the knot of loafers clustering, with hungry eyes round the door, stood a woman. There were others of her sex close by, but not like her, and though her dress was poor and dilapidated to the last degree, the others saw instinctively she was not as they. She was young, presumably not more than five and twenty years, and on her face she bore the shadow of a great care. Gazing, half sullenly, half wistfully, into the temptingly arranged window, her profile strongly marked by the great blaze of light farther up the street, the proud carriage of the head formed a painful contrast to her scanty garb and sorrow stricken face. She was a handsome, poorly dressed woman, with a haughty bearing, a look of ever present care, and she had twopence in her pocket.

If you will consider what it is to have such a meagre sum standing between you and starvation, you may realise the position of this woman. To be alone, unfriended, penniless, in a city of four million souls, is indeed a low depth of human misery. Perhaps she thought so, for her mind was quickly formed. Pushing back the door with steady hand, she entered the noisy bar. She had half expected to be an object of interest, perhaps suspicion, but, alas, too many of us in this world carry our life's history written in our faces, to cause any feelings of surprise. The barman served her with the cordial she ordered, and with a haunting like 'chink,' swept away her last two coppers. Even had he known they were her last, the man would have evinced no undue emotion. He was not gifted with much imagination, and besides, it was a common thing there to receive the last pittance that bridges over the gulf between a human being and starvation. There she sat, resting her tired limbs, deriving a fictitious strength from the cordial, dimly conscious that the struggle against fate was past, and nothing remained for it but—a speedy exit from further trouble—one plunge from the bridge! Slowly

and meditatively she sipped at her tumbler, wondering—strange thought—why those old fashioned glasses had never been broken. Slowly, but surely, the liquid decreased, till only a few drops remained. The time had come, then! She finished it, drew her scanty shawl closer about her shoulders, and went out again into the London night.

Only half past eleven, and the streets filled with people. Lower down, in Wellington Street, the theatre goers were pouring out of the Lyceum. The portico was one dazzling blaze of beauty and colour, men in evening dress, and dainty ladies waiting for their luxurious carriages. The outcast wandered on, wondering vaguely whether there was any sorrow, any ruin, any disgrace, remorse, or dishonour in that brilliant crowd, and so she drifted into the Strand, heedlessly and aimlessly. Along the great street as far as St Clement's Danes, unnoticed and unheeded, her feet dragging painfully, she knew not where. Then back again to watch the last few people leaving the Lyceum, and then unconsciously she turned towards the river, down Wellington Street, to Waterloo Bridge. On that Bridge of sighs she stopped, wishing, had she but known it, for her fate.

It was quiet there on that wet night—few foot passengers about, and she was quite alone as she stood in one of the buttresses, looking into the shining flood beneath. Down the river, as far as her eye could reach, were the golden points of light flickering and swaying in the fast rushing water. The lap of the tide on the soft oozing mud on the Surrey side mingled almost pleasantly with the swirl and swish of the churning waves under the bridge. The dull thud of the cabs and omnibuses in the Strand came quietly and subdued, but she heard them not. The gas lamps had changed to the light of day, the heavy winter sky was of the purest blue, and the hoarse murmur of the distant Strand was the rustling of the summer wind in the trees. The far off voices of the multitude softened and melted into the accents of one she used to love, and this is what she saw like a silent picture, the memories ringing in her head like the loud sea a child hears in a shell. A long old house of gray stone, with a green veranda covered with ivy and flowering creepers, a rambling lawn, sloping away to a tiny lake, all golden with yellow iris and water lilies. In the centre of the lawn, a statue of Niobe; and seated by that statue was herself, and with her a girl some few years younger—a girl with golden hair surrounding an oval face, fair as the face of an angel, and lighted by truthful velvety violet eyes. This was the picture mirrored in the swift water. She climbed the parapet, looked steadily around the lovely face in the water was so near, and she longed to hear the beautiful vision speak. And lo! at that moment the voice of her darling spoke, and a hand was laid about her waist, and the voice said 'Not that way, I implore you—not that way.'

The woman paused, slowly regained her position on the bridge, and gazed into the face of her companion with dilated eyes. But the other girl had her back to the light, and she could not.

'A voice from the grave. Have I been dreaming?' she said, passing her hand wearily across her brow.

'A voice of providence. Can you have reflected on what you were doing? Another moment, and think of it—oh, think of it!'

'A voice from the grave,' repeated the would-be suicide slowly. 'Surely this must be a good omen. Her voice!—how like her voice!'

The rescuing angel paused a minute, struggling with a dim memory. Where had she in her turn heard that voice before? With a sudden impulse, they stared each other, and her towards the nearest gaslight, and there read intently in each other's face. The guardian angel looked a look of glad surprise, the pale face of the hopeless woman was pleaded as she seized her rescuer round the neck and sobbed on her breast piteously.

'Nelly, Miss Nelly, my darling, don't you know me?'

'Madge, why, Madge! O Madge! to think of it—to think of it!'

Presently they grew calmer. The girl called Nelly placed the other woman's arm within her own and walked quietly away from the haunted bridge, and, thoroughly conquered, the hapless one accompanied her. No word was spoken as they walked on for a mile or so, across the Strand, towards Holborn, and there disappeared.

The night traffic of London went on. The great thoroughfares filled their business, unheedful of tragedy and sorrow. A life had been saved, but what is one unit in the great City of the universe? The hunt of life was in it. It was only one of those airy trifles of which life is composed, and yet the one minute that saved a life unravelled the first true thread of a tangled skein that bound up a great wrong.

CHAPTER II.

Two years earlier. It was afternoon, and the sun, climbing over the house, shone into a sick room at Eastwood—a comfortable, cheerful, old room, from floor to ceiling was panelled oak, and the walls decorated with artist proofs of famous pictures. The two large mullioned windows were open to the summer air, and from the outside came the delicate scent of mignonette and heliotrope in the tidy parterres on the lawn. The soft Persian carpet of pale lilac deadened the sound of footsteps, rugs of various harmonious hues were scattered about, and the articles of virtu and costly bric à brac were more suitable to a drawing room than a bedchamber.

On the bed reclined the figure of a man, evidently in the last stage of consumption. His cheek was flushed and feverish, and his fine blue eyes were unnaturally bright with the disease which was sapping his vital energy. An old man undoubtedly, in spite of his large frame and finely moulded chest, which, though hollow and wasted, showed signs of a powerful physique at some remote period. His forehead was high and broad and powerful, his features finely chiselled, but the mouth, though benevolent looking, was shifty and uneasy. He looked like a kind man and

a good friend, but his face was haunted by a constant fear. With a pencil, he was engaged in tracing some characters on a sheet of paper, and ever and anon, at the slightest movement, even the trembling of a leaf, he looked up in agitation. The task was no light one, for his hand trembled, and his breath came and went with what was to him a violent exertion. Slowly and painfully the work went on, and as it approached completion, a smile of satisfaction shot across his sensitive mouth, at the same time a look of remorseful sorrow filled his whole face. It was only a few words on a piece of paper he was writing, but he seemed to realise the importance of his work. It was only a farewell letter, but in those few valedictory lines the happiness of two young lives was bound up. At last the task was finished, and he lay back with an air of great content.

At that moment, a woman entered the room. The sick man hid the paper hastily beneath the pillow with a look of fear on his face painable to see. But the woman who entered did not look capable of inspiring any such sentiment. She was young and pretty, a trifle vain, perhaps, of her good looks and attractive appearance, but the model of what a 'neat handed Phillis' should be.

Directly the dying man saw her, his expression changed to one of intense eagerness. Beckoning her to come close to him, he drew her head close to his face and said, 'She is not about, is she? Do you think she can hear what I am saying? Sometimes I fancy she hears my very thoughts'

'No, sir,' replied the maid. 'Miss Wakefield is not in the house just now, she has gone into the village.'

'Very good. Listen, and answer me truly. Do you ever hear from—from Nelly now? Poor child, poor child!'

The woman's face changed from one of interest to that of shame and remorse. She looked into the old man's face, and then burst into a fit of hot passionate tears.

'Hush, hush!' he cried, terrified by her vehemence. 'For God's sake, stop, or it will be too late, too late!'

'O sir, I must tell you,' sobbed the contrite woman, burying her face in the bedclothes. 'Letters came from Miss Nelly to you, time after time, but I destroyed them all.'

'Why?' The voice was stern, and the girl looked up affrighted.

'O sir, forgive me. Surely you know. Is it possible to get an order from Miss Wakefield, and not obey? Indeed, I have tried to speak, but I was afraid to do anything. Even you, sir ——.'

'Ah,' said the invalid, with a sigh of ineffable sadness, 'I know how hard it is. The influence she has over one is wonderful, wonderful. But I am forgetting. Margaret Boulton, look me in the face. Do you love Miss Nelly as you used to do, and would you do something for her if I asked you?'

'God be my witness, I would, sir,' replied the girl solemnly.

'Do you know where she is?'

'Alas, no. It is a year since we heard.—But master, if you ask me to give her a letter or a paper, I will do so, if I have to beg my way to London to find her. I have been punished for not speaking out before. Indeed, indeed, sir, you may trust me.'

He looked into her face with a deep unfathomable glance for some moments, but the girl returned his gaze as steadily.

'I think I can,' he said at length. 'Now, repeat after me. "I swear that the paper intrusted to my care shall be delivered to the person for whom it is intended, and that I will never part with it until it is safely and securely delivered."'

The woman repeated the words with simple solemnity.

'Now,' he said, at the same time producing the paper he had written with such pain and care, 'I delivery this into your hands, and may heaven bless and prosper your undertaking. Take great care, for it contains a precious secret, and never part with it while life remains.'

The paper was a curious looking document enough, folded small, but bearing nothing outside to betray the secret it contained. We shall see in the future how it fared.

The girl glanced at the folded paper, and thrust it rapidly in her bosom. A smile of peace and triumphant passed over the dying man's face, and he gave her a look of intense gratitude. At this moment another woman entered the room. She was tall and thin, with a face of grave determination and a mouth and chin denoting a firmness amounting to cruelty. There was a dangerous light in her basilisk eyes at the moment, as she gave the girl a glance of intense hate and malice—a look which seemed to search out the bottom of her soul.

'Margaret, what are you doing here? Leave the room at once. How often have I told you never to come in here'

Margaret left, and the woman with the snaky eyes busied herself silently about the sickroom. The dying man watched her in a dazed fascinated manner, as a bird turns to watch the motions of a serpent, and he shivered as he noticed the feline way in which she moistened her thin lips. He tried to turn his eyes away, but failed. Then, as if conscious of his feelings, the woman said, 'Well, do you hate me worse than usual to day?'

'You know I never hated you, Selina,' he replied meekly.

'Yes, you do,' she answered, with a sullen glowering triumph in her eyes. 'You do hate me for the influence I have over you. You hate me because you dare not hate me. You hate me because I parted you from your beggar's brat, and trained you to behave as a man should'

Perfectly cowed, he watched her moistening her thin lips, till his eyes could no longer see. Presently, he felt a change creeping over him; his breath came shorter and shorter, and his chest heaved spasmodically. With one last effort he raised himself up in his bed. 'Selina,' he said painfully, 'let me alone, oh, let me alone!'

'Too late,' she replied, not caring to disguise her triumphant tone.

He lay back with the dews of death clustering on his forehead. Suddenly, out of the gathering darkness grew perfect dazzling light, his lips

moved, the words 'Nolly, forgive!' were audible like a whispered sigh. He was dead.

The dark woman bent over him, placing her ear to his heart, but no sound came. 'Mine!' she said—'mine, mine! At last, all mine!'

The thin webs of life's weaving were in her hand securely—all save one. It was not worth the holding, so it floated down life's stream, gathering as it went.

THE MALDIVE ISLANDS

An interesting monograph, by Mr H. C. P. Bell, C.C.S., has been published by the Ceylon government, which throws a flood of light on the Maldive islands and their history. They seem to have been colonised about the beginning of the Christian era, but until the beginning of the thirteenth century, nothing certain can be established. At that time, however, the people seem to have been converted to Mohammedanism, and a connection established with the Malabar State of Cannanore, which lasted, with occasional interruptions, till about the beginning of the seventeenth century, when, with the rise of the Portuguese power in the East, the suzerainty over the group was assumed by them. With the decline of Portuguese authority and the rise of Dutch ascendancy in Ceylon in the beginning of the seventeenth century, the connection with the Maldives was assumed by the latter, and remained in their hands until 1796, when it naturally passed to the English on their acquisition of Ceylon, and has continued undisturbed till the present day. The political connection, however, has been in the hands of the English almost purely formal, no interference with the internal administration of the group having been attempted.

The people are very timid, and averse from intercourse with Europeans. The only sign of dependence on Ceylon is the yearly Embassy, conveying the usual letter from the sultan to the governor of Ceylon, with the nominal tribute, consisting principally of Maldive mats and sweetmeats. A reply is sent, and a return present made of betel nuts and spices, &c. The presentation of the letter to the governor is rather curious and interesting. The Embassy lands at the custom house at Colombo, when a procession is formed, headed by a native Ceylon force called Lascareens of the guard, venerable as a remnant of the old days of the Kandy kings, but only formidable now from the excessive rising nature of their music. Then follow Maldivian and Ceylon officials, in front of the ambassador, who, clad in a long silk robe, carries the letter on a silver tray on his head. Other officials follow, and the whole procession is closed by the Maldive boatmen carrying the presents. The audience is over in a few minutes; and then, in a few days, when they have got the governor's reply, the Maldivians return to Mala, and nothing more is heard of them for another year, except in the way of trade.

Having secured a letter of introduction from the government of Ceylon to the sultan, I chartered a schooner of about ninety tons, called the *Josephine*, and provisioned her for a long trip, as it was very uncertain when I would be able to get back, as the archipelago are the currents in those seas. I engaged a European to navigate the schooner, and the native crew consisted of five men and two boys. I had likewise a cook and two boys for our own mess. The cabin was pretty roomy, but it was stuffy and hot, and full of all kinds of creeping things, so that I went into it as seldom as possible, and lived day and night under an awning on the poop. We had an uneventful voyage across, light winds and calms prevailing all the way, the only things that occurred to interest us being the glorious sunrises and sunsets. One night, however, when lying becalmed, we were startled out of sleep by a tremendous swishing of water, and there, two hundred yards from us, we saw a water spout breaking up. The cloud was close down on the surface of the water, and condensation was so rapid that in twenty minutes it had entirely disappeared. By and by we sighted the north end of Mali Atoll, and here we first realised the force of the currents, for on trying to make our entrance into the lagoon, we were carried past the channel, and had to put about sharp, to avoid going on to the reef, on which the heavy swell from the open sea was breaking. We then ran for the channel between Mali and Gafar Atolls, and getting a pilot at the latter, we again tried to work into the lagoon in the former through a narrow opening. Here the schooner missed stays in one of our tacks, and before we could get way on her and try to get her round again, we were on the top of the reef. Luckily, we were in a sheltered position, but the current was running like a sluice, rendering us quite helpless, and the teeth-like points of live coral projecting upwards from the bottom looked very dangerous. Presently we caught on one, and dreading a capsize, we lumbered the boats at once, for there was not a point of the reef above water for miles, and no swimmer could have reached dry land in such a current. After a few anxious moments, the schooner swung free, and we dropped the anchor in a sort of pool. All the afternoon we were engaged in kedging out into the channel, and finally, after enormous labour, we got into deep water, where we anchored for the night.

The beauty of these coral reefs is something indescribable; nowhere else, either on sea or land, are such colours to be seen. On the inner edge, where there is considerable depth of water, the shade is of the deepest green; and as the water gets shallower towards the sea face, it is lighter and lighter, till it is almost yellow just where the rollers form a fringe of white foam; and beyond all, there is the deep blue of the open sea. The whole has a sort of metallic sheen, wonderfully weird and unearthly. Curiously, too, it is only when there is a slight

ripple that one can see the reefs at a distance from the deck of a vessel. When it is a dead calm, you cannot see them until you are close above them. On Gifoo Atoll we saw the wreck of the screw steamer *Seagull*, lost some years ago, but still standing up on the reef, as when first she struck.

Next day we got into the lagoon, and with a fair wind, made rapid progress for a time, but the navigation was intricate, and it was next evening before we finally cast anchor at the sultan's island. The following day, I delivered my letter of introduction, and sent my presents to the sultan and the higher officials. During the next fortnight, whilst we lay at anchor, I received the greatest kindness and hospitality from the Maldivians, official visits were paid and returned, and all the time the sultan's barge, rowed by sixteen men, was at my disposal. The barge was of great length, but narrow beam, and at the stern was a broad platform, projecting over the sides, with a stout post in the centre to hold on by—a necessary precaution as the jerk of sixteen oars was very great. When I called at a house, no matter what was the hour, I was obliged to partake of tea and biscuits, and it was rather curious to see, in such remote and unfrequented places, tins of Huntley and Palmer and Peek Frean figuring on the table. After refreshments, capital Manilas were handed round, and Maltese cigarettes. On the officials returning my visits on board the schooner, the teapot was brought out, and it was a treat to see how my preserves and tinned fruits were enjoyed. But what pleased them most of all was a bottle of soda water, and after tossing off the glass, they would rub their stomachs and say 'Pata ka waste hahut achcha hai, meaning, 'Good for the stomach.'

The Maldivians are a quiet peaceable folk, very hospitable, though extremely afraid of Europeans, and averse from having intercourse with them. They are noted for their kindness to shipwrecked mariners, and have repeatedly earned the thanks of the Ceylon government for their conduct in this respect. They are of small stature. The women are rather inclined to plumpness, whilst many of them are very good looking. In colour they are of a dark olive, and I noticed a good deal of mixture of race among them. They are strict Mohammedans, but the women are not kept in such seclusion as on the continent of India. Children were very numerous, and sound, fat, healthy toddling things they were. The town of Male is fairly well laid out, with good broad streets, and as the soil is pure sand, and only trodden by naked feet, cleanliness is the rule. In the houses, everything looks neat and in good order, but I must admit that I only saw those of the better class. The houses are mostly of wattle and daub, with thatched roofs overhanging the eaves, and the compounds were inclosed by a fence of cocoa-nut leaves, prettily plaited at the top.

The people live mostly on fish and rice. All the atolls swarm with various kinds of fishes, amongst which the bonito predominates, and they are very cheap. For one rupee we got almost as many as we liked to take, and for the same sum, were offered turtles that would have made an alderman's mouth water. Cocoa nuts abound of course, but plantains are scarce, and the only other fruits I saw were limes and melons.

The Maldivians are capital boat builders. I was surprised to see the graceful lines of the smaller craft, and the skilful way they are handled, with the mat sails, and heavy loads piled up above the gunwale. The sea going vessels called *dhonas* are not so handsome, but their huge lateen sail looks very well, and we found that they could go closer to the wind and sail better than our *Josephine*, smart though she was, and esteemed the fastest schooner in Colombo.

Common cotton cloth is woven on the atolls, and Maldivian mats are justly celebrated for the beauty of their designs and harmonious colours. They are woven with a kind of rush on a warp of cotton fibre. The exports from the islands consist principally of dried fish, cocoa nuts, coir fibre and cotton yarn. For imports, rice is the principal item, together with areca nuts, sugar, cotton cloth, &c.

The botany of the Maldives is very simple, the prevailing feature being cocoa nut trees, which grow wherever there is foothold for them. I saw also the bread fruit tree, and several members of the Ficus tribe, such as *Ficus indica*, *Ficus religiosa*, banian, &c., also the common bamboo, mimosa, *Thespesia populnea*, *Plumeria*, tapiocca, cassava or *Manioc colocassia*, &c. Roses were cultivated with some success. No doubt, most of the trees have been imported, though the ocean currents must also have conveyed seeds from other countries.

Of animals, there are no indigenous species. The sultan has a few imported cows of the Brahminee kind, and a horse a present from the Ceylon government some years ago. Goats are plentiful. I saw neither dog nor cat, but a kind of rat is said to commit great havoc among the cocoa nut trees, which they climb, and destroy the nuts. Lizards swarm in immense numbers, and when going along with a crowd, one could hardly step without putting one a foot on a fat long-tailed specimen. Of birds there were a great many of the aquatic kind, gulls, gannets, noddies, herons, &c., and among land birds, of course the ubiquitous crow soon makes its appearance. The kite also is seen sailing about and picking up any garbage that comes in its way. Plovers, sand pipers, &c., are also said to frequent the group, but I saw none of them. Of fishes, sharks are plentiful, and the bonito literally swarms in the lagoons. We saw also several varieties of the perch, the wrasse, &c. Turtles abound.

The configuration of the Maldive group is singular, the northern and southern portions lying in a single line of atolls, whilst in the centre there is a double row. Nearly all are of an oval shape, with the longest axis north and south. They all consist of an annular ring of coral reef, a quarter to half a mile broad, with a lagoon in the centre, of the almost uniform depth of twenty three to twenty five fathoms. There are many openings from the open sea to the interior, through which the currents rush with great violence. The soundings on the outer face of the reef are about two hundred and fifty to three hundred fathoms sheer, whilst at a cable's length from the edge they are still more profound. On the inner edge, the reef drops sheer to the usual depth of the lagoon. In some of

the narrow channels between the atolls you get four or five fathoms on one side of the vessel, when you can see the smallest object on the white bottom, and on the other side the line goes down to a hundred fathoms. All through the lagoons there are numerous islands dotted about, forming beautiful objects in the placid blue waters, with their pure white strip of sandy beach, then a margin of scrubby jungle, the centre being filled up with a dense thicket of cocoa nut trees. There are also numerous patches of reefs, some of them perfect little atolls.

Notwithstanding the more modern notion of the formation of coral reefs on a foundation that is gradually rising, as exemplified by the Tortugas group, I think these Maldivian atolls are perfect examples of Darwin's theory, that they are generally formed on land that is sinking gradually. How, otherwise, can you account for the profound depths on the outer face or the comparatively deep water on the inner edge, and all through the lagoon, when it is admitted that the little coral insect builder cannot work in anything over ten or twelve fathoms? All the patches of reefs in the lagoons have a sheer drop to the general level of the floor. There is not a point on any of the atolls more than six to eight feet above the sea, and these only where vegetation has managed to get a hold, and in the course of time gathered a little soil about it, as leaves decayed and old plants died down and made way for fresh generations. It is said, indeed, by the Maldivians that some of the atolls show cocoa nut trees entirely partly submerged but of this I can give no testimony from personal observation.

We left Mali amid the openly expressed regret of many of the officials, and the sultan and others sent us various presents of mats, fruits, &c. Part of the sultan's present consisted of a young bullock, which we carried to Colombo, as it was hardly fat enough to be worth killing. We had great difficulty in getting out of the atoll, in consequence of the frightful currents and light wind, and we took two days to do about twenty miles. On entering the Tulsada channel, we ran into frightful danger, for though we thought we had given a wide berth to three contiguous patches of coral, we were right in among them before we knew what we were about. The water was rushing over them like a sluice, and although the wind was fair, our schooner yawed about so terribly, that every moment I thought we would be dashed to pieces on one of them, when she took one of her wild rushes. However, we gradually worked our way into the channel. Our great object now was to keep close up to the northern shore, so that when we got into the southerly set of the current outside, we would be able to give a wide berth to the point on the other side, and on which the heavy rollers from the open sea were breaking with great violence. In spite of every effort, however, we were gradually borne over towards the dreaded point, until at one moment, when we were on the top of the swell, we looked down the slope of it to the rugged edge of the reef, as the momentarily retreating water laid it bare. It was a bad quarter of an hour for me, and the relief was intense when I saw that at last we were steadily drawing away from the terrible danger. Another five days took us to Colombo, without anything happening which would be worth writing here, and next day I paid off the schooner, after having spent seven pleasant weeks on board of her.

HOW I BECAME A CONVICT

I was born on the estate of Lord ——, in the north of England. My father was one of the under gardeners, and lived in one of the lodges on the domain. As soon as I entered upon my teens, I was taken into the great house as a sort of page, where I was treated with much kindness and favour. In a while I outgrew my 'buttons,' and was then sent to the stables as an under groom. Before I had reached my eighteenth birthday, my noble master died. The son who succeeded to the title and estates was quite unlike his father. A clean sweep was made in the establishment; the racing stud was done away with, the older servants discharged, a retrenchment was made all round, and in the change I was one of the many who had to seek work elsewhere.

My lot was next cast in the large town of B——, whither I had gone to seek employment. A successful shopkeeper who advertised his wares by sending round the town a showy van drawn by two handsome horses, driven by a good looking, well dressed coachman, wanted a suitable groom to complete the show. Coming fresh and ruddy from Lord ——'s stables, I obtained the post without any trouble, and added very much, I think, to the attraction of the shopkeeper's show as I, in the bloom of youth and country air, remained on my hands. But I found the new life very different from the old one. Coach and I had more than was good for us in this perambulating business. Hurry was no part of our duty in the delivery of parcels, and so our driver frequently turned aside into some by treat to indulge his weakness for drink. I had been accustomed to have my glass of home brew in the servants' hall and up to this time I can truly say that my habits were sober. But companionship with my new fellow led me to join him in his tippling, until at length I was almost as bad as himself. One evening, after the usual calling at our favourite houses, we were both without a copper to take a parting glass for the night. In the stable loft, at the back of our master's premises, a pier glass had been stowed. It lay there for several weeks. We were in doubt about its ownership, and in our need of cash, the coachman suggested that we might raise a few shillings upon it. At first, I hesitated to take any part in the matter, but my scruples and fears were overcome by my companion. 'Nay, lad, you have nought to fear. On pay day we'll get it out of pawn, and no one will be any the wiser.'

Thus persuaded, I joined in the first dishonest act of my life. As fate would have it, the pier glass was wanted before pay day came round.

the guilt was brought home to our door, and the coachman and myself had to change our livery for a prison dress. 'Three months hard labour,' came like a death knell upon my ears, and with a choking lump in my throat, I was lodged in the borough prison.

After the expiration of my sentence, the shame of my disgrace prevented me from going back to my father's cottage. All the people on the estate must have heard of my crime, and how could I dare to show myself there? Much down hearted, I walked back to the town from which I had been imprisoned. The only opening that occurred to me was to join the army. I could hide myself there, I thought. So I walked to the recruiting quarters, took the Queen's shilling, and enlisted.

I was then under twenty years of age, and 'a promising young ter,' as the sergeant said. All in good time, I was sent to Aldershot. A few months stay there made me homesick. I repented of the step I had taken, and I made up my mind to give up soldiering as soon as I got the chance. My difficulty was to get the old thing of a civilian. I dare not buy clothes, for my purpose would thus be made known, neither could I take a comrade into my confidence. I resolved at length to bolt and take my chance. Passing through a Hampshire village, I saw a countryman's smock and trousers drying on a cottage hedge. The very thing, I thought, 'all is fair in war,' and with such notions in my mind, I stole the articles and made off. But luck was against me. The theft was soon discovered, and I was pursued and arrested before I had gone far on the road. For this offence I was sent to Winchester jail for a couple of months. It also brought about my dismissal from the army, for the regiment was too respectable to keep a felon in its ranks.

During my imprisonment at Winchester, a circumstance took place, which, though trivial at the time, had much to do with me some time afterwards. One day, as I was taking exercise in the ring, a visitor stepped on to the ground. I immediately recognised in the stranger the chief superintendent of the prison where I had served three months. It seems that he had come from the north to prove a conviction against a man then awaiting trial in Winchester. He recognised me as quickly as I recognised him, but little thought that such a meeting would affect my destiny. How? You shall know in good time.

From Winchester I made my way back to the north, to the town where I first fell into trouble, and was lucky enough to get employment as a 'striker' in some large iron works. With wages at four shillings a day, I managed very nicely, and was comfortably off. After a while another labourer in the same works, Joe Smith as he called himself, came to lodge in the same house as myself. Naturally we became somewhat familiar, but he was very silent about himself, so that I never got to know where he came from, or anything of his history. One day I saw that he had got possession of a watch, a far better looking thing than I had been accustomed to see among working men. 'Hallo, Joe,' said I, 'you're getting smart. Where did ye get that ticker from?'

'Oh, I won it in a shilling raffle. It's a beauty, isn't it?'

The following Saturday afternoon, just as I was leaving the house for a stroll, Joe met me rather hurriedly, saying 'Tom, I'm going to Manchester till Tuesday. I haven't much time to catch t' train, and I just want one or two things in t' house, and a few shillings extra like. Just run and pawn this watch for me, there's a good lad, and we'll both go to station together.'

'All right, Joe,' I said, 'give it to me.'

'I'll follow thee in a minute,' he shouted, as I hurried to the nearest pawnshop.

When I handed the watch to the shopman, he examined it closely, and on a or twice looked rather queerly at me. 'Where did you get this?' he asked.

'A mate of mine just gave it me to pawn,' I answered. 'He won it in a raffle, I expect him here directly.'

'Boy!' he shouted to an assistant in the shop, 'I shall want some change, run and get some as quick as you can.'

In a few minutes the boy came back with a policeman—the 'change' he was sent out for, as it proved.

'Officer,' said the shopman, 'this young man has just handed in a watch that's wanted. Here's the notice of warning sent round from the police office.'

'What have you got to say?' said the policeman.

'I know nothing about it, I will take it directly to the man who gave it me.'

Put on going into the street, nothing was seen of Joe. We went to the lodgings, but no Joe was there. He must have seen the officer take to the shop, and then thought it best to run away.

'Well, young man you must come with me to the station. The watch is stolen, and has been found upon you,' said the officer, as he laid hold of my arm to take me to the lock up.

In due time I was brought before the magistrates, charged with having stolen a watch. I told my story, which, from the smiles on the faces in court seemed to be a very stale one.

'Is anything known of this man?' sharply asked one of the magistrates.

'Yes, your worship,' answered an official, as he read from a large book. 'Convicted for stealing a pier glass, April 19, 1867, and sentenced to three months hard labour.'

It was now October 1868, only about eighteen months after my first appearance in the same dock. I saw that this fact told against my tale.

'You stand committed to the sessions,' was the reply of the Bench, and I went down below, lamenting my hard luck.

A day or two after my committal to the borough prison, the chief superintendent visited my cell, note book in hand. 'You have been previously convicted,' he said. 'Once in this prison last year. Haven't you been in Winchester jail since?'

I saw it was useless to deny it, and now I began to realise the seriousness of my position. The superintendent was getting up my criminal history for the recorder, and two convictions so so short a time would certainly insure for me a long sentence. The knowledge of my innocence

in the present case made my position all the more grievous.

Each of the cells in this prison was provided with a small cistern for water, let into the outside wall, but with one of its sides flush with the interior wall. I found one of the screws, by which it was fastened, loose. Curiosity led me to try and loosen the others. This I at last accomplished. Then I took the cistern out, and saw a space in depth more than half the thickness of the wall, and large enough to admit the passage of my body. The thought of escape at once suggested itself, and I resolved to make the attempt. I carefully put back the cistern, replaced the screws, and covered them with whitewash from the walls.

Having several weeks to wait for trial, I was taken out of the cell a good deal, and was employed in many ways. One day, as I was doing a light job in the basement, I saw an iron bar about three feet long lying about. This I concealed in my clothes, and safely carried to my cell. My first object was to break the bar in two, but how was it to be done without a file? My eyes lighted upon the scrubbing stone used for cleaning the floor. I tried the hardest piece I could find, and rubbed away with all my might. Imagine my delight when I found the iron showing signs of wear! Stone was to be had in abundance, and I persevered until success crowned my work, and the iron bar lay in two pieces. I then began my attack upon the wall. The dinner hour was usually a very safe time for prisoners to play pranks. Only one or two warders were left in charge, though the prison was a very large one and pretty full. Fortunately for my schemes, my cell was situated on the fourth landing from the basement, and in the reception ward, which at this time contained very few persons awaiting trial. Every dinner hour, therefore, I pulled out the cistern and set to chipping away the brick wall behind it. The rubbish was carefully kept in the space thus made, and no suspicion seems to have been aroused of my movements. By the end of the week or so, I had broken away all but the thin outer edge, so that a vigorous shove would send the remaining part out.

The question now was how to get down to the ground outside. The distance from the hole to the yard below was fully sixty feet. A rope I must have somehow. All my ingenuity was called into play to get one. The rugs of my bed were double, and fastened together as if one was the lining of the other. The under ones I tore off and made into strips, which I plaited into a rope. Sundry other little things, which I found from day to day in my work about the corridors, were stealthily put aside and changed into rope. At length I had plaited what I thought sufficient. My materials were stowed away behind the cistern, and I determined to attempt an escape on the next Saturday evening. I chose that evening because it was usually the most free from any chance of interruption from the officers, and the most favourable for escaping detection, if I succeeded in reaching the crowded thoroughfares of the town.

Saturday came. Supper was served at five, the cells were locked up for the night, and by six o'clock the officers, excepting a couple left in charge, had left the building. 'The night watchman will be on duty outside at eight,' I said to myself, 'I must be out of this before then. Now for it!' I removed the cistern for the last time, pulled from their hiding place the coils and irons, and with a thrust or two sent the thin portion of wall into the yard below. I then fastened a bar of iron to each end of the rope. One of them, placed across the opening, on the inside, afforded a safe holding; the other kept the hanging rope steady. I put my legs through the opening to descend, and managed to get through, and to hold the basement yard, though not without fear and trembling. By a shake of the rope, the iron bar fell from its holding, and I was able to pull it down for my further use in scaling the outer wall. It was a November night—dark, cold, and windy. I now made for a part of the outer wall which separated the chaplain's garden from the prison, and where there was a suitable corner for the use of my rope. I had frequently noticed this spot from the reception ward, and guessed its height to be about fifteen feet. Over this spot I threw the iron bar at the end of the rope, by good luck, it caught somehow on the other side. I mounted quickly, sailor fashion, and in another minute I was free.

The by-road from the prison joined the highway to the town about six hundred yards off, and skirted the warders' cottages. When I reached the junction I saw under the gas lamp one of the warders smoking and chatting with a policeman. At the sight my heart sank, but I quickly recovered nerve, crossed the road, swinging my arms about in a careless way, and passed on safely towards the town. As I proceeded, it struck me as very foolish to venture into the lighted streets in prison dress, besides there was no one in the town that I particularly cared to see. I therefore turned my steps in an opposite direction, and marched northwards into the country. After walking about seven miles, I took refuge for the night in an outhouse belonging to a small farm on the roadside. I hid myself in the left among the hay and straw, and slept like a top. Early on the Sunday morning I was aroused by some one coming to milk the cows. I kept close under cover, but no one came into the loft.

As soon as darkness came on, I slipped away, and went on still northwards. All that night I tramped, scarcely meeting with a soul. By daybreak I had reached the outskirts of a large town, whose name I did not know. An empty house offered an enticing place of rest, and in I went for a few hours. By this time, I knew that the hue and cry would be abroad. Without a disguise, my liberty would be but short. The police of this unknown town would, I am sure, be now on the lookout, for the prison could not be thirty miles off. An empty house could supply me with nothing, so I resolved to go prospecting. I got through an attic window on the roof, and crawled to the nearest inhabited house. Looking through its attic window, I saw on a chair a suit of clothes—evidently some one's Sunday suit, not yet put away. They were quickly in my grasp, and a few moments found me back again in my refuge. I was, indeed, in luck's way, for in the trousers' pockets

ve twenty three shillings I stowed the prison
ithes up the chimney, and walked into the
eet dressed in the stolen suit I hailed a
coming down the road, and after one or
questions for information, I directed him
drive me to the barracks Strange to say,
cabman was the owner of the clothes I
d on You may scarcely believe it, but it
quite true, as after events proved And I
d the poor fellow with his own coin!

I enlisted in a foot regiment, under a feigned
me of course For a fortnight or so I kept
etty close to barracks, I then foolishly asked
a mate of one of the sergeants to pawn the
olen clothes It was the story of the watch
er again The theft had been reported to
e police, the pawnbrokers had been warned,
d now the woman's errand transferred me from
e barracks to the police station My photo
aph was taken and circulated It was not
sed at the prison from which I escaped In
day or two I was visited by my old friend
e chief superintendent, who claiming me as
s property, took me forthwith back to my old
nters

'Young man,' said he, 'do you know what
u are likely to get for this?'

'A few months extra, I suppose,' I answered

He smiled grimly, saying, 'Seven years, as
re as anything.'

'What! penal servitude?' I gasped 'I never
ought of that

And so it came to pass I was sent need to
ven years' penal servitude for 'breaking out
prison' Thus I became a convict

WESTERN AUSTRALIA AS A SETTLEMENT

In an address, some time ago, at the Royal
stitute, Sir F Napier Broome, governor of
Western Australia, spoke of the colony of Western
Australia as one of the few remaining parts of
e British empire in which there was still ample,
most boundless scope for enterprise and settlement
We are likely to hear a good deal about
e possibilities of the country for British emigrants,
in the near future According to the
ntract signed by Mr Herdern for a railway of
o hundred and twenty miles between Albany
d Beverley, the contractor engages to introduce
within seven years five thousand adults
the country The contractor receives twelve
ousand acres of land for every mile of railway
mpleted, as payment from the government
ns important railway, connecting Beverley with
Albany, at the head of King George's Sound,
ves through communication from this port of
ll of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's
amers, to Perth and Freemantle, saving the
ugh passage round Cape Leeuwin in a coasting
amer, or the no less rough overland journey by
ach

In the light of this and other enterprises of
like kind, a few notes from Governor Broome's
dress may be instructive and interesting at
is time Founded in 1829, and therefore fifty
r years old, the colony of Western Australia
d, until lately, made but slow progress At
is day, only thirty two thousand settlers are
only scattered over the occupied portion of her
st expanse The most pressing want of the
colony, the one great need, is more people, of
the right sort of course, not only more hands to
labour, but more capitalists to employ them.
The development of valuable industries lying
ready to hand is hampered at every turn by this
want of population In round figures, the extent
of Western Australia is a million square miles,
the chief centres of settlement being in the south
west corner It is the largest of the Australian
colonies, and about eight times bigger than the
United Kingdom In the whole of the tract north
of the Murchison River there are only seven
hundred white people, scattered in four or five
very small townships, and on the sheep runs
into which the occupied country is parcelled
The flocks in this northern territory are almost
entirely shepherded by aboriginal natives In
the southern districts, there are some thirty
towns and villages, ranging from Perth, the
capital, with six thousand inhabitants, Freemantle, the chief port, with five thousand inhabitants, to such hamlets as Beverley and Kojonup,
with their ten or twelve houses apiece Of the
total territory, two thousand seven hundred square
miles have been sold or granted away Of the
land still owned by the Crown, two hundred and
fifty thousand square miles have been leased for
sheep and cattle runs, and the colonists own a
million and a half of sheep, seventy thousand
cattle, and thirty five thousand horses There
is a considerable export trade in horses to India,
the Straits, and Mauritius About seven hundred and fifty thousand square miles of Western
Australia are still unathirsted, and in great part
unexplored

The principal industry is wool growing, the
northern districts being particularly favourable
to stock of all kinds There are waterless areas,
as elsewhere in Australia, and districts in which
water is salt, or scarce, but boring for water
and the storage of water, which had as yet
scarcely been attempted, would give a value to
what were now worthless tracts No part of
the world could boast finer or more easily grown
crops The south west corner of the colony is
rich in timber A very good opening exists for
immigrants at Albany The Peninsular and
Oriental Company's steamers touch at Albany
once a week on their way to or from Ceylon,
this being their first and last port of call in
Australia

The Hon John Forrest, Commissioner of Crown
Lands and Surveyor general for the colony, has
published a concise pamphlet giving notes and
statistics about the colony, from which it appears
that the legislature has voted twenty thousand
pounds for the encouragement of emigration
Free passages are granted from London by the
Crown agents, under certain conditions, and
three hundred and fifty-seven immigrants were
introduced last year, at a cost of four thousand
eight hundred and sixty pounds

We understand that the land regulations of
the colony are liberal, and specially adapted to
induce settlement The conditions for settlement in Western Australia may be learned from
the Emigration Agency of Western Australia,
Crown Agents Office, London, S W.

Printed and Published by W & R Chambers, 47 Paternoster Row, London, and 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

All Rights Reserved.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL
OF
POPULAR
LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART
Fifth Series
ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS 1832
CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECOND SON)
No. 406.—Vol. III. SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1886. Price 1½d.

TWO EVENINGS WITH BISMARCK.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

THE surprises that await the deputies and representatives of the North German League, when, after a hard day's work and a late supper, they return, wearied in body and mind, to their Berlin penates, are, as a rule, of a very cheerful description. They generally consist of large unwieldy packets of printed matter, which contain the orders for the next day's imperial Diet, and a mass of amendments on the coming motions, &c. Letters also, especially from wives, form no small portion of the evening's recreation. One may judge, therefore, of the special surprise, when, among the pile of evening correspondence, a short note arrives from Prince Bismarck to the effect that 'he would be greatly obliged if Deputy or Privy Councillor So-and-so will give him the pleasure of his company every Saturday evening at nine o'clock, commencing from the 24th April, as long as the session of the imperial Diet lasts.'

What more natural than that the Chancellor should wish to assemble at his own familiar hearth, all those representatives of the nation who for the most part gladly accompany and support him on the rough and stony paths of German politics that he is treading, and to want to spend a few hours with them in pleasant social intercourse, after the many weary hours of heavy parliamentary work?

The same need was equally felt by most of the deputies and councillors and other members of the imperial Diet, who all equally looked forward to the coming evening.

As everything connected with the Diet is carried out with military precision, so here, also, the hour of nine had hardly finished striking, ere the guests began to arrive at the well known modest two-storied building in the Wilhelmstrasse, which the Prussian government assigns to its Minister for Foreign Affairs as his official residence, and which Prince Bismarck inhabited in his threefold capacity of Minister for Lauenburg, Prussian President Minister, and Chancellor of the North German League. Having entered the ground floor of the long and low building, we find the workrooms of the Prussian ministerial officials. On the first floor are the work and reception rooms of Bismarck, as well as his private family apartments. At the back of the house, where the noise and turmoil of the great busy city never penetrates, lies one of those beautiful shady old timbered parks, such as is the real crown of Prussian possessions, between the Wilhelmstrasse and the Königgrätzstrasse—an all about which is Paradise.

At the entrance we find the invariable constables, saluting the guests as they arrive. Numerous lackeys in livery hurry down the wide flight of stairs into an elegantly furnished antechamber, where those who want to see the Chancellor on business can, while in the midst of the most luxurious surroundings of rich carpets, silken hangings, and luxurious seats, speculate as to what possible connection the stuffed bear standing so prominently forward on the sideboard can have with the family of Bismarck.

A more interesting sight, however, now greeted us. The Chancellor's wife, a tall aristocratic looking woman, with decided but pleasing features, and in an elegant though simple toilet, received each guest as he arrived with gracious affability. Standing close beside the open portières, past which the eye glanced into the family living rooms, she was a true type of the position she holds both in home and public life. A noble wife and mother, she has faithfully stood by her husband's side from the very commencement of his political career. A Chicago paper declares that Bismarck's wife is her husband's private secretary! How far this statement is true, we do not pretend to say; but an old friend of the family has repeatedly told us that during the saddest time that Germany has witnessed for the last fifty years, when Bismarck, disheartened and disgusted, retired to his small property of Schönhausen, there to vegetate as a small Prussian

landowner, while brooding moodily over all his grand political schemes, his wife never for a moment lost heart, but was able to inspire her husband with ever fresh courage and hope.

A number of old friends and acquaintances quickly surrounded the noble hostess, while the remainder of the guests streamed on towards the billiard-room to the right, the windows of which look out on the street. In front of one of the sofas hung a handsome bearskin—the animal was slain by Bismarck's own hand, and on a bracket stands the magnificent vase, with the king's portrait and a view of his castle which King William presented to the Prince after the wars of 1866. The crowd and the heat increased every moment. The Prince, we were told, was in the big saloon. Hurrying thither, we saw our noble host, standing just inside the door in animated converse with some earlier arrivals, yet, notwithstanding, quite ready to greet every new comer—sometimes even stretching out both hands to right and left with hearty welcome. How well and bright he looked! That was always the first thing that struck one on seeing this man. His face, from his long country sojourn at Varzin, has regained its healthy colouring, the eyes are no longer so deeply shadowed by the overhanging brows or the furrowed forehead of last year, his hair is of that light brown hue which defies both Time and impertinent curiosity, and the figure is as firm and upright as the young student there present. On this evening he also wore his favourite and most comfortable dress—that is, uniform, but not in strict accordance with Regulation.

Mother's fine thin lip is curved with an amused smile, as he observes the Princess unmilitary get up. The short smart tunic is worn open, innocent of either sword or sword belt, displaying an ordinary black cloth evening waistcoat underneath. Only the most necessary orders are worn, among them, some of those of the smaller states peep coquettishly forth. Are these meant to fascinate the hearts of the minor invited deputies?

Those who have only seen Bismarck in pictures or heard him speak in the Diet, or even met him in his walks, only know him from his official side, and as the great statesman and dignitary. But here, inside his own four walls, with ample leisure, and surrounded by celebrated and patriotic men, who all, more or less, have helped to advise, combat, or further his work, one learns to know and recognise in this Prince the real man and intelligent companion whose mighty intellect wields the affairs of nations. We have often heard visitors who were present at the sittings of the Diet declare that nothing surprised them so much as the intonation and pathos of Bismarck's voice when speaking. His height, his brows, his forehead, his chest, his speeches, were all far greater and more powerful than they had imagined, but his voice, either when giving utterance to the driest details, or when startling his audience by some passionate appeal, had something marvellously soft and winning in it. And they are not far wrong. One can always tell from the Prince's words, by the sound of his voice, what his feelings are at the time, no matter how moderate his speech may be, and never was this more distinct and vivid than on these Saturday evenings.

Now he approaches our circle. 'I wished much to see you, but gentlemen. It is so much easier to talk and understand one another here, than in the Diet House!'—and he shook hands all round. 'Best, now, if you want to interpellate me, or one of the deputies or privy councillors, you can do so quietly and at your ease in a corner, and settle the whole affair in a few minutes.'

The Prince was right. Never before had the necessity of familiar and friendly intercourse been more apparent than during this session. From various untoward causes, the most crying disorder had arisen between the deputies and the Diet, chiefly owing to neither party thoroughly understanding the other.

From small thoughtlessness of deputies and councillors, emanated the painful form of the brave 'Red Becker' read in hundreds of newspapers, which, proof that even an unknown democrat and agitator can attain a very comfortable retirement, Becker had surprised himself that morning in the Diet. If as the permanent reporter of the Chamber of Deputies and the Diet, on all political, telegraphic, and railway matters, had actually learnt the frightful misuse with part of the privately houses of Germany of their right to free carriage and telegraph. If had shown how the whole of the royal bill of fare had been telegraphed free of charge, how endless telegraph messages and dispatches orders had been sent free between the German courts and Paris, while the citizens dispatch, on which probably hangs both life and property must wait till the official clerk has ordered and filled a form of priority by telegraph, how, after that, all these large parcels had to be sent carriage free to their destination, and finally, he had proved, to the great amusement of the House, by the gendarmerie almanac, that in Hippe alone, no fewer than sixty princes and princesses had this inborn right to postal freedom.

He now placed himself directly in front of the Chancellor, in his favourite attitude, with his hands behind his back, and looked up at him with an expression which seemed to say 'Now, had you any idea that this royal prerogative of free post and telegraph had been so shamefully abused?'

But Bismarck only laughed heartily, saying 'My dear Becker, believe me, I know of far worse things.'

'Indeed! Pray, then, tell us some, Your Excellency!' said 'Red Becker' with great animation.

'Nay, that I cannot do,' replied Bismarck. 'My information comes from the Postmaster-general at Philippsborn; and he knows far worse things than I do.'

A group of people had now come in between us and the speakers.

A servant handed round tea, but, strange to say, there was no rum, so little has Bismarck imbibed of Russian habits and tastes, in spite of his long sojourn at St Petersburg.

Here, again, in front of one of the couches, lay the head and skin of a splendid elk, in their trophy of Prussian prowess as a sportsman. The walls of this room were hung with yellow Gobelins of 'Chinese patterns,' and furniture to correspond. Pendants, all the guests had gradually congregated in the room—Prussian officers, ministers, attachés, secretaries, all mingled together. There was none of that reserve and stiff etiquette with which Germans usually love to surround themselves, like a wall of division between them and the people; very pleasant, none of that exclusiveness and party spirit which, as a rule, is so very prominent in Berlin. Very few uniforms were visible among the guests. The hall and room, in which a reading to Bismarck's own world, the great album of the state, all the staff and aides, in five minutes, were now all full and busy, talking groups of Liberals and Conservatives, as the leaders of the different parties. The room was in an uproar, although it was crowded in a pretty loud and rather tumultuous way, and with any respect for their chief's nerves, there does not hold every to and in every room—room of the imperial parliament, some in shouts, reporter for the pr

'Who is that tall man with the white beard and short hair? He is talking with Prince Bismarck and the Crown Prince, the Prince of the Third Reich. He is trying to disguise his identity.'

'Is it possible you do not know him? This man, whom Bismarck's son in his last pamphlet describes as the greatest man of his century, father of millions of—railway shares. Do you really mean to say you do not know him? Well, then, my dear sir, you see before you Dr Strousberg, formerly Baron Hirsch Strousberg, of the firm of Dr Ujest, Strousberg & Company—shall I introduce you?'

But the subject of this discourse had already joined that arch-statesman, Von Unruh Magistrum, the President of the Constitutional Prussian National Assembly. Beside him appeared the venerable head of Simson, the perpetual President of the German parliament.

'Do you know the best way of conferring respect upon our noble neighbours the Russians?' asked my companion—'I thought of our millions of soldiers, but he continued 'You need only tell them that our three Presidents, Simson, Ujest, and Bennigsen, have twenty-seven billion between them—nine each.'

Meanwhile, the servants again came round with refreshments for the guests, this time it was *Maitrank*,* in long Venetian glasses, and magnificent silver tankards filled with sparkling ale.

* A cool summer drink or cup made of Rhine wine, which the herb *Waldmeister* plays a prominent part.

But the heat still continued to increase, and became almost unbearable. Lasker was the first to move an amendment, to dispense with kid gloves; and like most of Lasker's motions, this proposition found plenty of support among the deputies, and in this instance, even among the counsellors.

And now the intimate friends and relations of the Chancellor invite the rest to adjourn to the hunting-room, which is the last of the long row of apartments which had up till now passed through. Thither, in long procession, pass the guests, last of all, at the farther corner, only a narrow door, with the Chancellor himself. The room is fitted up for the hunting, which differs entirely from all the rest of the house. It has been kept exactly in same as when Bismarck took it over from his predecessor, as, in fact, for fifty years this apartment has remained unchanged. There is the mantelpiece, the mantelshelf with its forty-eight coats of arms, the same white-shaped lamp, the same small painted panes that were there when Hardenberg, Manteuffel, and Schleinitz, the ministers, met.

'The last time I was here I was under Manteuffel,' says old Count Schwerin, the head of the Liberal party to me, touching in his favourite position with both his hands in his waistcoat pockets.

He first led me, followed by a chain of men, to a small table, with a few minutes before, with which the long, entire table was taken, was filled in quite it. From the modest Saxon gives an idea of the minutes before had retained him in the table and the invitation with a polite wave of the hand and a 'No, no, thank you, now I have in the war-path of the prince for a'. There was a time or so I think of sitting down, with a helpful hand lifted to a plate from the pile, placed in reaching on the table, there with the necessary tall requisites and hitched to pattern of the table that had been placed for his delectation. A party of Saxon and Bavarian gentlemen had secured an entire possession of a side table, and they, and all that were they interested them, against the innovation taken of the North German Reign appetites, gorging, all that provisions through the proper constitutional channel of the Bismarckian digestion.

Meanwhile, as I have so often observed before, a middle of venison is a most fruitful source for stirring hunting adventures, and so it proved in this case. My old friend, worthy Dr Neubronner from Nassau, whom no one would have accused of being a bloodthirsty huntsman by nature, was no sooner presented to Bismarck, than he reminded the minister how, in former days, when he, Bismarck, was representative at Frankfort, they had hunted together in the neighbourhood of that town.

'Of course I remember it, and very pleasant days they were,' replied Bismarck, and he forthwith proceeded to describe, greatly to the amusement of the present deputies of the annexed province of Nassau, the celebrities and oddities of the Nassau and Frankfort of that day, with

so much life and humour, that the merriment of this South German group attracted general attention. The account of *dad* (poetly) Diumer's intense fear of death or anything connected therewith, specially amused the sons of the new Prussianised district of Wiesbaden. Bismarck continued: 'One fine autumn morning, I was out hunting with "dicke Diumer" in the neighbourhood of Frankfort. After a long and tiring climb among the mountains, we sat down to rest on the edge of the forest, when, to my horror, I found I had brought no lunch with me. "Dicke Diumer," however, bore forth a mighty sausage, and, in the most noble and munificent manner, offered me half of it. Now, gentlemen, I frankly confess to having a very good appetite, which the morning excursion in the keen mountain air had by no means lessened. The whole sausage would barely have sufficed to satisfy my hunger. Our meal commenced, I saw the end of my piece of sausage approaching, I was getting desperate. Then suddenly turning to "dicke Diumer," I ask in the most innocent manner possible, "Can you tell me, Herr Diumer, what that white thing down there among the plum trees?"

"Good gracious, Your Excellency, you just take away once appetite!" said Diumer who so dreaded his latter end. "Why, that is the churchyard!"

"Is it really, now? Why, Herr Diumer, it looks so pretty! let us go down and look out some nice secluded shady nook. How delightful it must be to rest in so sweet a spot!"

"Oh, Your Excellency—that—that would put down the sausage. "I cannot touch another mouthful!"

'And off Diumer ran and fled from us. So you see, gentlemen, I had a good lunch after all!'

Universal laughter greeted this anecdote.

'How is it one never sees you now in the House?' I ask a young Thurinian who has made a name for him if both as a prominent lawyer and writer.

'Oh, I am busy all day now in the European "Last Court of Appeal," he replied.

'And pray, what may that be?' I ask.

'Why, my dear sir, did you not know that is the name the Berlinner wits have given to the International Assistance for the care and nursing of wounded soldiers?'

Two of the greatest lawyers in the world stand close beside me deep in conversation. Every ten minutes, a fresh world is rifled to a paragraph for the future North German paper. Herr Braun Wiesbaden approaches and joins the conclave, which is just discussing that much vexed question, the abolition of capital punishment.

'You may make your minds easy, gentlemen, and settle to abolish capital punishment,' he said.

'In bed!' Have you, then, found a sure guide?'

'I have.'

'Well!' ask the exasperated lawyers with unbelieving curiosity.

'Why, you have only to send the delinquents to the "North German Commission for the Better Regulation of Trade"—that will settle them!'

But I hear Bismarck's voice again close behind me. 'Let us drink to the welfare of the old blue and gold colours of the Hannovera of Gottingen!' he called out to his old fellow student, the Burgmaster Ironsmit of Lunebing. And the two 'old collegians' while emptying their glasses of sparkling Rhine wine, chat over the pleasant days of their youth.

Even as far back as that time, whenever Bismarck was asked what he was studying, his answer invariably was 'Diplomacy.' He was then a very slight overgrown young student, with a fair sprouting moustache—known everywhere by his magnificent Newfoundland dog and much feared on account of his skill with the sword, having, which still an under tribute, come off victor in sword duels with members of opposition corps, though his scars on his left cheek bear testimony to the numerous attempts the foe of even the most skilful fencers. The antagonist who inflicted this 'quart' now enjoys the confidence of that part of the North German population, numbers, that he was elected representative for the Diet.

When he was first presented to Bismarck, the latter, pointing to the scars, asked 'Are you *the* one?'

'Yes, Your Excellency.'

'Well, you certainly *did* give it me rather hot.'

'Yes, Your Excellency—that was what you said at the time, but the "duel" I did not consider it a little thing, have you got.'

But the duel matter stands, it is a thing to have some visible limits. It is only a pity that the multifarious duties of his threefold office of minister, chancellor and family detailer—for he has been installed for over twenty years—prevent the Iron Chancellor from forward with the office of practical diplomacy. Many a professor than would be spent hour.

The theme of the Prince's diplomatic lecture this evening, was 'the blue books,' a subject he had already sketched the day before in the Diet, in a thoroughly Italian.

'Well, gentlemen, if you also lately wish to have a "blue book," I will and will you next year to provide one that will at least be harmless,' he laughed and the Landtag of the House.

Now he is an example of the doubtful value of the 'call for despatches.' Say, for example, I call for a blue book to come to me and ask me whether I am disposed to hear a private letter from his minister, Lord Clarendon. He then read me a short epistle in the noble lord's own handwriting, and we talk the matter over quietly for about an hour. Five days after, he is again announced. This time he comes armed with a huge official despatch from the English Foreign Office. He commences to read. 'I beg your pardon, Your Excellency,' I interrupt him, 'but you told me all that last Monday.'

'Yes, I did, but now the despatch has to go into the blue book.'

'Then I suppose I must now repeat my answer all over again, for the benefit of your blue-book?'

'Certainly, if Your Excellency sees no reason against it—that is what is required.'

'Well, I suppose I must let you have it,' and so I have to give up another hour to him just for the sake of the blue book, and have in addition

thing going so far away from all one's friends and relations and so forth. Though, of course, with Edward to take care of me, I wouldn't be afraid to go anywhere.'

'Of course not,' said Nora confidently. 'And I shall be there, too, Marian, and we shall have such lovely times together. People have no end of fun in the West Indies, you know. Everybody says it's the most delightful place in the world in the cool season. The floors are kept polished all the year round, without any carpets, just like the continent, and so you can have a dance at any moment, whenever people enough happen to drop in together accidentally of an evening. Mamma used to say there was no end of gaiety, and that she never could endure the stiffness and unsociability of English society, after the hospitable habits of dear old Trinidad!'

'I hope we shall like it,' Marian said, 'if Edward really succeeds in getting this appointment. It is a great trial to me the pain of parting with our friends here, if you know, to be there to, Nora.'

'Yes, my dear, you must get married too, and we must arrange somehow to go out to Trinidad together in the same steamer. I am so to have a deal of fun going out. And when you get there, of course you will be all to me, dear, you and Mr Hawthorne and all the society in the island. I call it quite delightful.'

At that moment, the servant came and announced Mr Hawthorne.

Marian rose from her seat and went forward to meet him. Edward had risen, offered her some flowers in his hand, with a large fresh rose and red sealing-wax on the letter, and the important words, 'On Her Majesty's Service,' printed in very big letters at the left hand corner. Marian trembled a little with excitement, not unmixed with fear, as she took it.

'Well, my darling, can I have you in spite of Nora's presence,' 'cos all is right, I get the job, hip! And now, Marian, we shall be able to get married immediately.'

A woman always succeeds in doing the most incomprehensible and unexpected thing under all circumstances, and Marian, having now for the first time that her heart's desire was at last in a fair way to be accomplished, did not exhibit those emotions Edward might have imagined she would do, but fell back upon the sofa, half faint, and burst out suddenly crying.

Edward looked at her tenderly with a mingled look of surprise and sorrow. 'Why, Marian,' he said, a little reproachfully, 'I thought you would be so delighted and rejoiced to hear the news, that I almost ran the whole way to tell you.'

'So I am, Edward,' sobbed Marian, sobbing, 'but it's so sudden, so very sudden.'

'She'll be all right in a minute or two, Mr Hawthorne,' Nora said, looking up at him with an arch smile as she held Marian's hand in hers and bent over her to kiss her forehead. 'She's only taken aback a little at the suddenness of the surprise.—And now, Marian, we shall all be able actually to go out to Trinidad together in the same steamer.'

Edward's heart smote him rather at the strange way Marian had received the news that so greatly delighted him. It was very natural, after all, no doubt. Every girl feels the wrench of having to leave her father's house and her mother and her familiar surroundings. But still, he somehow felt vaguely within himself that it seemed like an evil omen for their future happiness in the Trinidad judgeship, and it dashed his joy not a little at the moment when his dearest hopes appeared just about to be so happily and successfully realised.

A WHALE HUNT IN THE VARANGER FJORD

BY A NORWEGIAN.

There seems, indeed, to be no limit to the part man is destined to play in the pursuits of mankind, but that it should lead a band in killing the leviathans of the sea, would hardly have been credited a few years ago. This is, however, now a fact. All in the bays of Arctic Norway, in latitude seventy to seventy-one degrees north, whale hunting takes place annually by means of steamers and a cleverly contrived piece of ordnance. The steamers are seventy of eighty feet long, with very powerful engines, the number of men employed on this pursuit being about thirty, most of which belong to the indefatigable hunter, Svend Foyn, of Tønsberg, the inventor of the gun in connection with this important industry. The man, who plays the leading part in the pursuit, is mounted on a platform in the prow of the vessel, so as to have an all-round view. A shaft is placed into the muzzle, having a small platform outside the muzzle, carrying four movable harpoons, to the gun, and placed so as, when the hook hits an object, it makes him. In front of these, a large iron bolt, or shell, with a metal point is fitted, filled with an explosive substance. On the butt runs an iron rod, which could be attached about the thickness of a man's arm, which, when the shaft is placed in the gun, is run up to the muzzle, and secured by a cord. When the terrible projectile launch into the animal, the jerk of the rope is immediately by the cord holding the ring breaking, which latter thereby runs up to the top of the shaft. As soon as the animal feels the wound, it makes a sudden bound, whereby the hooks on the shaft spring into a horizontal position, by which action, again, through an ingenious piece of mechanism, the explosive in the shell is fired, and the latter bursts with such a force that death is almost instantaneous. This is Foyn's invention, on which he has spent large sums of money and many years of his life. It may hardly be said that the gun was, when first invented, not so perfect as at present, but Svend Foyn has gradually improved it.

The kinds of whales hunted in Finmarken belong to the family of 'fin' whale, the largest of them all being the 'blue' whale. The colour is bluish grey, lighter on the under side, with long white furrows or folds, the use of which to the animal, zoologists have not yet discovered. The whale lives, as far as we know, solely on 'krill,' a tiny crustacean, which also serves as food for the cod. It comes inshore in Finmarken towards the end of May, and again goes to sea

in the latter half of August, whence it is also called 'summer' whale. It is generally this kind of whale which is seen by travellers to the North Cape. The next variety is the common fin whale, which attains a length of sixty to seventy feet, is more slender in build than the other, black on the back, and light below. It moves very swiftly, and is probably found off the Norwegian coast all the year round. Its food is tiny fish and 'krill.' There are, besides these, two other varieties in the same seas, of which the largest is caught. Finally, there is the 'grönland whale' or 'humpback,' fifty to fifty feet in length. It is exceedingly lively, and, when briskly pursued, shields and lashes the sea to froth with its tail. It is, however, not very common on the Norwegian coast.

It is generally believed that the whale in spite of its enormous size, is timid and easily put to flight, but that this is not always the case, will be seen from some stories I was told of its stupidity or viciousness by the fisher men last summer. Several boats, they stated have been struck or run down by whales, sometimes resulting in loss of life, in consequence of which they are not loved by the crews of the deep. On an occasion in May last a whale was shot from one of the steamers which lie taking refuge night and in the storm of the wind succeeded in breaking the rope, as the captain was afraid of losing his screw, it seems. If whale feeling, for it is a few times and then in full tilt at the steamer, with such force, that the keel was bent for several yards, and screw and rudder carried away. Having thus satisfied its revenge it made leisurely for the open.

With these preliminary observations I will proceed to tell a whale hunt on the lines of the Land of the Midnight Sun as taken in my own experience of the summer.

It is close to midnight when we set sail from one of the pretty little fjords in the South Varanger. The air is clear and balmy and the sea lies before us transparent as a mirror, dark green in colour. The mountains in the south stand out through and in the dark background, while their shapes come sharply out in the mirror at their feet. Not a patch of snow or ice is seen anywhere. By degrees, the copse covered hills and birch groves at the bottom of the fjord are lost in the distance, and through its mouth we look out the broad majestic Varanger fjord, the greatest in Northern Norway. To the north, the view is arrested by lofty mountains enveloped in a mantle of snow, the sun is still high in the sky, though it is past eight o'clock, and to the west we look down into the Varanger fjord, whose giant chains of sombre cones stand out in picturesque contrast to the view before us. To the east, there is but one view—sky and sea. We are on the confines of the great Arctic Ocean. Under these promising auspices, we anticipated a good and quick catch, as the whale has that feeling in common with man, that he loves sunshine and a calm sea. In such weather he comes inshore, gambolling in the sunny bays, whilst from time to time leisurely disposing of a few bushels of 'krill' for supper, before proceeding to sea for the night. (By the bye, when travelling for pleasure in Arctic Norway, the period July-August should be chosen. True, one runs the risk of not seeing the midnight sun, which disappears in the latter half of July, but by way of recompense, there is no time of the year when nature in the Arctic regions stands forth in such colours as just then.) However, just now the Varanger seems rather out of temper, the weather thickens a little, and it begins to blow. No whale is in sight. A little while ago, there were a few 'puffs' down in the eastern horizon, but they are gone now, perhaps the supper has not been dainty or plentiful enough about us, there is no other whale not but to be seen. From time to time, a solitary seabird flits rapidly by, towards shore, he has been fetching his supper. Night slowly sets down over the sea. We are soon far enough out, so the engines are ordered 'slow,' and everybody turns in who is not on the watch. We (officers and the writer) go aft to the captain's cabin, where we make ourselves as comfortable as circumstances will permit, in order to snatch a few moments of rest, in which we soon succeed, lulled to sleep by the gentle rippling of the waves as they lick the sides of the vessel.

At last a shrill cry from the crew arouses us. We are in the whales about. The boilers are in full blast, we turn out, and see at a great distance some 'puffs.' At the captain remarks that they are only a few miles off the fjord. They are on the south, it is no use at night to follow them. We again lie down to rest, but in vain—up he rises. We dress, and he shifts his course. The wind appears with a steamer, just blows and fresh breezes—a time heavier. On the 'puffs' then being, a quick and well manned boat is launched, but the whale is soon out of sight, and the demand of the harpoon being, satisfied the mind also is satisfied, and a pipe makes it contented. The air is fine, indeed, very fine, but a pipe is far preferable, and I take mine. Perhaps too towards noon we are off beyond the Pole star (the harpoon gunner). The gunner is very low and sandy, and we see a deal of mountains, and all the sands of islands which with primitive cut in wood and stone. They are, however, very plentiful here, at times, there are even enormous heads of them, particularly when the helm drives eastwards, in the bay is then found here, which is what the whale likes. But now, during the summer months they are most scattered. It is already past the midday meal, and still we have seen nothing. We go below a little disappointed, whilst the steamer's course is shaped for home. Since last night there has been blowing a stiff breeze, and the sea is in foam in some places. The waves increase in size, and the steamer begins to roll. The smoke and the rest below are of short duration, so we go again on deck to look for 'puffs.' Now and then, the ship is over a hundred or two of water comes swishing over the port bow, but does no harm, as we are dressed in sailor's boots, a thick coat, and sou'wester. I stand till I am tired at the green sea and the foam crested waves, as they come rolling towards the vessel. My

face becomes coated with a layer of salt, which settles there, when the foam of the waves is swept on board, as the ship plunges into the trough of the sea. If not accustomed to the arctic sea air, one soon gets frightfully tired, and is obliged to rest so, after being on the watch for a while, I went below and lay down. Soon sleep irresistibly overpowers me, the nights become dreams, while the rolling of the ship feels like the gentle swing in a hammock. In fact, I am fast asleep when a voice thunders down the companion 'Turn out—whales in sight!' I jump up with a start, unable at first to remember where I am, but soon the consciousness of being on a whale hunt becomes clear, and I rush on deck fearing to lose any part of the grand spectacle.

What a change! Now, every wave has a snow white top, they twist high on all sides, and the vessel is tossed to and fro like a toy. Gulls and terns sweep by us, the furrows between the waves seem nearly perpendicular as the wave leaps and just clearing the comb, dive into the next watery valley. 'Look, look what a tremendous puff!' 'That's a big one.' 'Look, look puff, puff!' 'There are a good many here.'

We are in the middle of a flock of the giants of the sea. The enormous brown and blue backs rise out of the sea, the back is bent upward—it looks like the bottom of a capsized ship—it disappears, but the sea becomes almost calm where the whale went down, and several minutes elapse before the waves are able to conquer the calm. From time to time deep dull sounds are heard, thundering and rumbling, as if the deepest strings of a dozen double basses were being played down below, and at others, a shrill whistling sound like an immense fountain suddenly set to play, and a column of crystal spray ascends in thirty feet into the air. The glittering glistening body appears on the surface, the back is bent upwards a second and it again disappears. It looks as if the whale was warm and comfortable enough, the sea water, to us looking so cold plays pleasantly around it, hot steam issues in its dilated nostril, and it seems like a man enjoying a refreshing morning dip.

During the last quarter of an hour we have seen some forty whales, but none has come within range. The gun has no certainty much beyond thirty yards so that the whale must be nearly under the ships bow when firing. A wonderful looking at this magnificent spectacle, the water close round the ship suddenly becomes light green in colour and somewhat calm. Then a deep hollow thunder, the ship trembles from stem to stern, a great column of dampness is shot into the air, trembling as all, a dull snort, and an enormous blue whale rises out of the sea a few yards on our starboard side. Now the captain will fire, we think, involuntarily holding on to the wire rigging, but he gun stands by his gun without making the least movement, and the next second the whale again descends into its watery home. The range was probably not a good one. A few minutes after, the same thunder, the same sensation, the same column, and the same snort—another whale appears clear on the port side. The captain turns the gun, whilst we watch with beating hearts the movements of the animal as well as his own. Every second seems an eternity. He raises the gun, aims. Alas! a heavy sea strikes the vessel, heels her over, the gun is lowered, but the whale is gone. They seem all to have disappeared now, not a puff to be seen. We stand and talk about the incident, and somebody suggests to go aft and 'have a smoke,' when suddenly two whales are seen some distance off, now going side by side, now behind each other. The helm is turned, and we follow them in hot haste through wind and waves. A complete silence reigns on board during the pursuit, only now and then broken by the captains short words of command, who stands calmly watching the animals. Now the vessel heels over—the whales are within range. 'Stop,' sounds in the engine room. But the speed was too great, and we shoot past them. 'Full speed ahead,' sounds again. 'Two men at the helm!' The vessel turns swiftly, and we separate the couple. The whales disappear. We follow the direction they are taking, and look—little before us the sea becomes emerald green. 'Slow,' again. The vessel moves slowly forward, and the whale reappears twenty yards off. 'Stop,' shouts the captain. The gun is turned, raised, and again lowered—not a sound is heard on board—the whale has puffed—the back is bending, the captain aims—and a thundering report rends the air, and with a the vessel trembles in every section. We have watched all this with every nerve strained, and hardly feel the joy from of the sea which bedews the cheek and benumbs the hands.

'Did you hit him?' we shout to the captain.

'Don't know,' is the laconic answer. 'Almost dismal to attempt it in such a sea one risks losing the gear and frightening the whale.'

In the meantime all the crew are busy clearing the line of the harpoon, and we are still in doubt whether we have hit him, but the suspense does not last long, as immediately a 'look out!' is shouted by the captain, and the line runs out with terrific speed and a great noise. 'Full speed ahead,' is shouted below, but the ship is running double her highest speed, such is the strength of the whale which has her in tow. The animal is fleeing at the top of its speed, and we fall wildly through the breaking seas. Ten minutes pass by—they seem ten hours—when suddenly a blood stained column of water is seen on the horizon. It is our whale! Another moment, and a clear one is seen. It is his companion, which follows her wounded mate. Fresh go down, the line does not run out so fast, the wounded whale appears once or twice more, when it sinks. The whale is dead. After a while, the hauling in begins very carefully, and finally the great body rises to the surface, the ship heeling over. After a few hours' hard work in securing the monster to the vessel with chains and ropes, the course is shaped for home.

'What do you think of it, captain?' I ask.

'Not bad,' he answers simply.—'Steward, give the crew a drink all round.' 'And let us have something to eat.'

The whale measured more than eighty feet in length.

Once more his widowed mate takes a turn

round the ship, when she stands out to sea, whilst we, with our noble spoil in tow, slowly make for the whale station in South Varanger.

A GOLDEN ARGOSY

A NOVELLETTE

CHAPTER III.

Mr Carver of Bedford Row, in the county of Middlesex, was exercised in his mind, and the most annoying part of it was that he was so exercised at his own trouble and expense, that is to say, he was not elucidating some knotty legal point at the charge of a client, but he was speculating over one of the most extraordinary events that had ever happened to him in the whole course of his long and honourable career. The matter stood briefly thus. His client, Charles Morton, of Eastwood, Somersetshire, died on the 9th of April in the year of grace 1882. On the 1st of May 1880, Mr Carver had made the gentleman's will, which left all his possessions, to the amount of some forty thousand pounds, to his niece, Eleanor Atwood. Six months later, Mr Morton's housekeeper, Miss Wakefield, took up her residence at Eastwood, and from that time everything had changed. Eleanor had married the son of a clergyman in the neighbourhood, and at the instigation of his housekeeper, Mr Morton had disinherited his niece, and one year before he died, had made a fresh will, leaving everything to Miss Wakefield. Mr Carver had remarked, strongly objected to this injustice, seeing the baleful influence which had brought it about, and had been able to find Eleanor. He hoped to alter the unjust state of things. But she disappeared with her husband, and left no trace behind her, so the obnoxious will was signed.

Then came the most extraordinary part of the affair. With the exception of a few hundreds in the bank at Eastwood, for household purposes, not a single penny of Mr Morton's money could be found. All his property was mortgaged to a large amount, all his securities were disposed of, and not one penny could be traced. The mortgages on the property were properly drawn up by a highly respectable solicitor, at least of the money advanced by a man of unblemished probity, and further, the money had been paid over to Mr Morton one day only in the year 1881. Advertisements were inserted in the papers, in fact everything was done to trace the missing money, but in vain. All Miss Wakefield had for her pains and trouble was a poor sum of about eleven hundred pounds, so she had to return again to her genteel poverty in a cheap London boarding-house.

This melancholy fact did not give Mr Carver any particular sorrow, he disliked that lady, and was especially glad that her deep cunning and underhand ways had frustrated themselves. In all probability, he thought, Mr Morton had in a fit of suspicion got hold of all his ready cash and securities, for the purpose of balking the fair lady whom he had made his heiress, but nevertheless the affair was puzzling, and Mr Carver hated to be puzzled.

Mr Carver stood in his office in Bedford Row, drumming his fingers on the grimy window-pane and softly whistling. Nothing was heard in the office but the scratch of the confidential clerk's quill pen as he scribbled out a draft for his employer's inspection.

'This is a very queer case, Bates, very queer,' said Mr Carver, addressing his clerk.

'Yes, sir,' replied Mr Bates, continuing the scribbling. That gentleman possessed the instinct of always being able to divine what his chief was thinking of. Therefore, when Mr Bates said 'Yes, sir,' he knew that the Eastwood mystery had been alluded to.

'I'd most cheerfully give—let me see, what would I give? Well, I would not mind paying down my cheque for'——

'One thousand pounds, sir.' 'No, sir. I don't think you would.'

'You are a wonderful fellow, Bates,' said his admiring master. 'Upon my honour, I do, that is the exact sum I was going to mention.'

'It is strange, sir,' said the impenetrable Bates, 'that you and I always think the same thing. I suppose it is being with you so long. Now if I were to *think* you would give me a partnership, perhaps you would think the same thing, to.'

'Bates,' said Mr Carver earnestly, never noticing, as was his wont, at his clerk's quaint leanings, 'if we unravel this mystery, I hope we may, I'll tell you what Bates, I don't be surprised if I give you a partnership.'

'Ah, sir, if we unravel it. Now, if we could only find'——

'Miss Eleanor. Just what I was thinking.'

At the moment a gaunt clerk put his head in at the door.

'Please, sir, a young person at the name of Smith.'

'It is Miss Eleanor, by Jove,' said Bates, actually excited.

'Wonderful,' said Mr Carver.

In a few seconds the door was thrown open to the presence of Mr Carver. She was tall and fair, with a style of beauty uncommon to the people of to-day. Clad from head to foot in plain black, hat, jacket, and dress, with a simplicity almost severe, and relieved by a white collar at the throat that was something in the nun and Quaker, which spoke of a natural and fitting neatness, but nevertheless unmistakable. It was a fine and frank face that man would look at and turn again to watch even in the busy street. Her complexion was almost painfully perfect in its clear pallid whiteness, and the large dark lustrous eyes shone out from the marble face with startling brightness. She had a perfect abundance of rich golden hair, looped up in a knot behind, but the rebellious strands strayed down over her broad low forehead like an aureole round the head of a saint.

For a few moments she regarded Mr Carver with a faint wavering, uneasy look. That gentleman tried to speak, and then blew his nose with unnecessary and ostentatious vehemence.

'Don't you know me, Mr Carver?' she said at length.

'My dear Eleanor, my dear Eleanor, do sit down.' This was the person whom he had been longing for two years to see, and Mr Carver, cool as he was, was rather knocked off his balance for a moment.

'Poor child!' Why, why didn't you come and see me before?'

'Pride, Mr Carver—pride,' she replied, with a painful air of assumed playfulness.

'But surely pride did not prevent your coming to see your old friend?'

'Indeed, it did, Mr Carver. You would not have me part with one of my few possessions?'

'Nonsense, nonsense!' said the lawyer, with assumed severity. 'Now, sit down there, and tell me everything you have done for the last two years.'

'It is soon told. When my uncle—poor deluded man—turned me, as he did out of his house, on account of my marriage, something had to be done, so we came to London. For two years my husband has been trying to earn a living by literature. But better had he stayed in the country and taken to breaking stones or working in the fields. It is a bitter life, Mr Carver. The man who wants to achieve fortune that way must have a set at heart, he must be devoid of pride and call us to failure. If I had all the disjunct of a fortune at my command, I could not sum up two years of privation and bitter miserable poverty and disappointment better than in the few words, "Trying to live by literature."—However, it is useless to struggle against my destiny. Mr Carver, sorely against my inclination, I have come to you to help us.'

'My dear child,' said Mr Carver huskily, 'you hurt me. I do indeed. For two years I have been searching for you everywhere, hoping only to aid you. And you know anything, I can I will?'

'Good!' replied Eleanor, with the faintest trace of a smile in her eyes. 'I know you will. I know that when I came here. How can I thank you?'

'Don't do anything of the sort. I don't want any thanks. But let me, if you go, I will do something for you. Now, listen to me. Before your uncle died——'

'Died! Is he dead?'

'How stupid of me! I didn't know——'

Mr Carver stopped abruptly, and paused till the natural emotions called forth in the young lady's mind had had time to expend themselves. She then asked when the event had happened.

'Two years ago, said Mr Carver. 'And now, tell me—since you last saw him, had you any word or communication from him in any shape or form? Any letter or message?'

Eleanor shook her head, half sadly, half scornfully.

'You don't seem to know Miss Wakefield,' she said. 'No message was likely to reach me, while she remained at Lastwood.'

'No, I suppose not. So you have heard nothing? Very good. Now, a most wonderful thing has happened. When your uncle died and his will came to be read, he had left everything to Miss Wakefield. No reason to tell you that, I suppose? Now comes the strangest part of the story. With the exception of a few hundreds in the local bank, not a penny can be found. All the property has been mortgaged to the uttermost farthing, all the stock is sold out, and, in fact, nothing is left but Lastwood, which, as you know, is a small place, and not worth much. We have been searching for two years, and not a trace can we find.'

'Perhaps Miss Wakefield is hiding the plunder away,' Eleanor suggested with some indifference.

'Impossible,' eagerly exclaimed Mr Carver—'impossible. What object could she have in doing so? The money was clearly left to her, and it is not likely that a woman so fond of show would deliberately choose to spend her life in a dingy lodging house.'

'And Lastwood?'

'Is empty. It will not let, neither can we sell it.'

'So Miss Wakefield is no better off than she was four years ago!' Eleanor said calmly. 'Come, Mr Carver, that is good news, at anyrate. It almost reconciles me to my position.'

'Nilly, I wish you would not speak so,' said Mr Carver crossly. 'It hurts me. You were not so hard at one time.'

'Forgive me, my dear old friend,' she replied simply. 'Only consider what a life we have been leading for the past two years, and you will understand!'

'And your husband?'

'Killing himself,' she said, 'wearing out body and soul in ceaseless struggle for existence. It hurts me to see him. Always pining, and always working, always smiling and cheerful before me, and ever the best of men and husbands. Dear friend, if you knew what he is to me, and saw him as I do day after day, literally wearing out, you would only see my coming hardness pardoned. I am rebellious, you know.'

'No, no,' said Mr Carver, a suspicious gleam behind his spectacles, 'I can understand it. The only thing I blame you for is that you did not tell me before. You know what a lonely old bachelor I am, and how rich I am. It would have been a positive kindness if you to come and see me.—Now, listen. On Sunday, you and your husband must come and dine with me. You know the old Russell Square address?'

'God bless you for a true friend!' said Eleanor, her tears flowing freely now. 'We will come, and I may bring my little girl with me?'

'Eh, what?' replied the lawyer—'little girl? Of course, of course! Then we will talk over old times, and see what can be done to make those cheeks look a little like they used to do.—So you have got a little girl, have you? Dear, dear, how the time goes! Now, tell me candidly, do you want any assistance—any, ah—that is—a little—in short, money?'

Eleanor colored to the roots of her hair, and was about to reply hastily, but said nothing.

'Yes, yes,' said Mr Carver rapidly—'I think, Bates'——

But Mr Bates already had his hand on the cheque book, and commenced to fill in the date. Mr Carver gave him a look of approbation, and flashed him a sign with his fingers signifying the amount.

'I suppose you have some friends?' he continued hastily, to cover Eleanor's confusion. 'It's a poor world that won't stand one good friend.'

'Yes, we have one,' replied Eleanor, her face lighting up with a tender glow—'a good friend.

You have heard of Jasper Felix the author? He is far the best friend we have.'

'Heard of Felix! I should think I have. Read every one of his books. I am glad to hear of his befriending you. I knew the man who writes as he does must have a noble heart.'

'He has. What we should have done without his assistance, I shudder to contemplate. I honestly believe that not one of my husband's literary efforts would have been accepted, had it not been for him.'

'I can't help thinking, Nelly, that there is a providence in the thing, and I feel that better days are in store for you. Anyway, it won't be my fault if it is not so. I have a presentiment that things will come out all right in the end, and I fancy that your uncle's fortune is hidden away somewhere, and if it is hidden away, it must be, I cannot help thinking, for your benefit.'

'Don't count upon it, Mr Carver,' said Eleanor calmly. 'I look upon the money as gone.'

'Now, now!' said that genial man cheerfully, 'while there is life there is hope. I begin to feel that I am playing a leading character in a romance. I do, indeed! Briefly, your uncle dies, and his fortune is lost, secondly, you disappear, and at the very moment I am looking—literally looking—for you, you turn up. Now, all that remains is to find the hidden treasure, and to be happy ever afterward, like the people in a novel.'

'Always enthusiastic! Impulsive! Romantic! All we have to do is to discover a treasure in a buried chest of diamonds, only that!'

'Pray my word for it, you know I really think you have hit it,' replied Mr Carver with great solemnity. 'Now, at the time you left Lastwood, you remember Margaret was in the house, and then your uncle died. He happened to me you all found out in the back room alone with your uncle the day he died.'

'Alas! and then disappeared, and I too, all trace of poor Nelly gone, and her eyes burn, with tears!'

'Alas! Now, if we could only find Margaret Boulton—'

Eleanor rose from her seat and approached Mr Carver slowly. Then she said slowly: 'There is no difficulty about that, she is at my house now. I found her only last night on Waterloo Bridge—in fact, I saw that.'

'Good heavens! Did I say there was a prodigal daughter?' exclaimed he.

'From suicide.'

A quarter of an hour later, Eleanor was standing outside Mr Carver's office, evidently seeking a companion. From the bright flush on her face and the sparkle in her eyes, hope—and a strong hope—had revived. She stood there, quite unconscious of the admiration of passers-by, sweeping the street in search of her quest. Presently the object she was seeking came in view. He was a tall man, of slight figure, with blue eyes deeply sunk in a face far from handsome, but full of intellectual power and great character, a heavy, carelessly trimmed moustache hid a sensitive mouth, but did not disguise a bright smile. That face and figure was a famous one in London, and people there turned in the busy street to watch Jasper Felix, and admire his rugged powerful face and gaunt figure. He came swinging down the street now with firm elastic step, and treated Eleanor to one of his brightest smiles.

'Did you think I had forgotten you?' he said. 'I have been prowling about Grays Inn Road, for, sooth to say, the air of Bedford Row does not agree with me.'

'I hope I have not detained you,' said Eleanor timidly, 'I know how valuable your time is to you.'

'My dear child, don't mention it,' replied the great novelist lightly, 'my time has been well occupied. First, I have had an hour's fight between two papers. Do you know it is quite extraordinary how the two powerful men can knock each other about without doing much harm. Then I have been having a long chat with an intelligent chimney sweep—a clever man, but a great Radical. I have spent quite an evening altogether.'

'A holiday!' 'Have I been so long?' 'Mr Felix, I am quite horrified at having taken up so much of your time.'

'Awful, is it,' he laughed lightly. 'Well, you won't turn me much longer, for here you are. Come, let me see, I will just run into Fleet Street on my own business, and try and sell this little piece of our business at the same time. I'll be in this afternoon, only, mind, you must look as happy as you do now.'

'Hope Felix will have way through and into Fleet Street, and then busy thoroughfare till he turned down Chancery Lane. Crossing the street by the time he began, and in one of the quaint nooks out of Chancery Lane, Samuel Johnson's favourite pleasantry, Fleet Street. The object of his journey was here. On the door plate was the inscription, 'Mr Walter Marsh, and beneath the legend, 'Fleet Herald.' According the direction which in what latter was written in the word 'Editor.' At this door he knocked. It was not the timid rap of literary aspirant, but the firm, resolute tap of a man who knew that he was welcome. Without pausing, for a reply, he pushed open the door.

'How do, sir?' said Mr Felix, with a look of amusement in his eye.

'Glad to see you, Felix,' said the editor of the Walter Marsh. 'I thought you had forgotten us. I hope you have some thing, for our journal in your pocket.'

'I have something in my pocket to show you,' answered Felix, 'and I think you will appreciate it.'

'Is it something of your own?' queried the man of letters.

'No, it is not, and, what is more, I doubt if I could write anything so good myself. I know when you have seen it, you will agree with me.'

'Um! I don't know,' replied the editor dubiously. 'You see I am simply inundated with amateur efforts. Of course, sometimes I get something good; but usually—. Now, if the matter in discussion was a manuscript of your own'—

'Now, seriously, Simpson, what do you care for me or anything of mine? It is the name you want, not the work. You know well enough what sells magazines of the *Medea* type. It is not so much the literary matter as the name. The announcement that the next month's *Medea* will contain the opening chapters of a new serial by some one with a name, is quite sufficient to increase your circulation by hundreds.'

'Upon my honour, you're very candid,' rejoined Mr Simpson. 'But what is this wonderful production you have?'

'Well, I'll leave it with you. You need not trouble to read it, because, if you don't take it, I know who will.'

'What do you want for this triumph of genius?'

'Well, in a word, ten pounds. Take it or leave it.'

'If you say it is worth it, I suppose I must oblige you.'

'That is a good way of putting it, and it will oblige me. But mark me—this man will some day confer favours by writing for you, instead of, as you regard it at present, favouring him.'

The proprietor of the *Medea* sighed gently. The idea of paying over ten pounds to an unknown contributor was not nice, but the fact of often being Felix was worse.

'It said he, harping on the old string, and shaking his head with a gentle deprecating motion—'if it was one of yours now ——

'What confounded nonsense you talk!' exclaimed Felix impatiently.

'Don't get wild, Felix,' replied Mr Simpson sweetly. 'I will take your protégé off my hands to oblige you.'

'But I don't want you to oblige me. I want you to accept—and pay for—an article good enough for anything. It is a fair transaction, and if there is any favour about it, then it certainly is not on your side.'

Mr Simpson showed his white teeth in a dazzling smile. 'Well, Felix, I do admire your assurance, he said softly. 'I never heard the matter put in that light before. My contributors, as a rule, don't put their minds into it my head metaphorically, and demand speedy insertion and prompt pay.—Do you want a cheque for this manuscript now?'

'Yes, you may as well give me the cash now.'

Mr Simpson drew a cheque for the desired amount, and passed it over to Felix who folded the pink slip and placed it in his pocket, whereupon the conversation drifted into other channels.

REVOLUTION BELOW-STAIRS

The relations of employer and employed in private life and in public are in a state of transition. The foundations of society itself are undergoing drastic modifications, which will either sap or enhance its strength. The air is charged with reform in every department of social life. The very conditions of existence are more or less in the crucible. The connection between man and man, between woman and man, between man and the State, or woman and the State, are every one of them passing through an ordeal of stringent examination. In no direction is the old order of things vanishing more rapidly than in the household. The relations of mistress and maid are not to day what they were yesterday, or what they will be to-morrow. A hundred years ago, servants were more part and parcel of the establishment than they are now. They entered a family, in the majority of cases, whilst they were young, and marriage or death was the only cause of separation in general. It never occurred to the domestic of the past to 'give notice,' any more than it occurred to the mistress to dismiss her servants, on the slightest provocation.

We need not travel far to ascertain what are the agencies which have wrought the change. The same influences which are every day giving the working classes increased power have affected in at least an equally pronounced degree the domestic employee. In 1886, the footman or the housemaid, the butler or the cook, is perhaps as well educated as were many heads of households in 1786. If the upper classes are now more cultured than they were in the olden days, so are the lower classes. Advertising mediums, cheapness and ease of locomotion, and the overspreading education of the masses, were boons undreamed of by the 'Jeames' whom Thackeray portrayed. Before those results of our progress were realised the sphere within which the interests of servants found play was exceedingly limited. Beyond the locality in which they lived and the immediate circle of their master's acquaintances the world was to them little more than a blank and a mystery. To day, they are nearly as familiar with the world as are their masters.

The sooner this is understood and appreciated, the better for the peace and stability of households. It is an invariable rule that the most contented homes are those in which the servant is treated with the greatest respect. Servants must be servants. No one but a lunatic would suggest that they had any right to enter the drawing room on the dining room on a footing of equality with its owner. But not less absurd is it to imagine that they will much longer consent to be regarded as only one degree removed from the beast of burden. Their opportunities for acquiring knowledge are so manifold that it would be wonderful if this were not the case. Ladies and gentlemen sitting round their table are apt to forget that the man or maid waiting upon them has ears, and that their comments on life and the way the world is wagging, cannot fail to excite attention on the part of the domestic. Topics thrashed out in the dining room or drawing room are frequently carried below stairs, and there subjected to a similar process, though it may be on very different lines. The result, equally with that of love as defined by Kenelm Chillingly, must inevitably be 'a disturbance of the mental equilibrium.'

The unrest which characterises society itself characterises every section of the community. To 'better' themselves is the lifelong aim of servants in the last quarter of the nineteenth century. Good servants are already at a premium. The complaint is constantly made that whilst domestics are more independent than of yore, their

work is less carefully attended to. Those who understand the finesse at work in our midst have no difficulty in recognising that, as time goes on, first class servants will become rarer still. Preposterous as it may seem, this phenomenon is only another phase of the 'social status' question. There is, quite without reason, attaching to service a certain disposition on the part of many of our domestics to resent the washing up of dishes or the cleaning of a floor.

The rule is not, of course, absolute, and there are many really good servants who enter a family and stay in it a number of years. But the tendency of the period is nomadic. In some quarters, there is a disposition to account for the perpetual changing of servants on the ground that servants love change. This is not altogether accurate. Many dislike nothing so much as fresh faces and fresh work, and are by no means eager to enter upon the duties of their new home. Others, however, leave one situation with the express hope that they may never enter in that and if employment of a different kind offers eagerly avail themselves of it albeit generally to their own disadvantage. Thousands of young men and women in every way qualified for service are swamping many callings. Milliners, dressmakers, clerks, shop assistants—what a host might be found in the ranks of those who would constitute first class recruits for private service! It is a fact, that whilst their numbers are in the increase, the numbers of domestics are almost stationary. During the decade 1871 to 1881, the census provide that indoor servants had increased by only one per cent, and consequently, proportionately to the increase of population, were fewer in 1881 than ten years before. On the other hand clerks had doubled, milliners had increased by nearly nineteen per cent, dressmakers by nearly eight per cent, and seamstresses, by over five per cent.

These figures afford food for reflection. A large proportion of the young men and women to whom they refer are coming barely enough to keep body and soul together. In most cases they are a load upon the shoulders of their friends. For some months of the year the majority are without work. When they are in work, their money will never more than cover immediate wants. Would they not be better off beneath the roof of a master with regular food and regular money? No one who knows anything at all about them will hesitate for a moment to reply in the affirmative. 'Why, then, it will be, and often is asked, 'if they don't go into service?' It would be found that if they applied for a situation in the household to-morrow, they would want to become ladies maids or valets. This disposition is to be explained on two grounds. First, exceptional privileges attach to the personal attendant, secondly, the lower grades of the domestic calling are still regarded with the feelings to which George Eliot gave expression in her dissertation on servants' lace. The ordinary servant is too frequently and often unjustly branded with the mark of servility and ignorance not only among the upper classes, but to some extent among the industrial classes. To be 'only a servant' is, in the society in which the artisan or the clerk moves, to be entitled to less consideration than is given to those who follow a more independent calling. Just as it is the genius of the stage who alone is regarded in the best society, so it is only a few servants who have the power of impressing those with whom they come in contact with their worth, who secure friends outside the domestic circle.

The growing antipathy to service is a sign of the times which has to be reckoned with. Nor is this wonderful. No class of the community are kept to so perpetual a round of labour as the domestic servant. With the exception of one casual afternoon or evening—often it is not more than once in a fortnight—those who live below stairs rarely have an hour which they can call entirely their own. They may perhaps frequently have an opportunity of getting through their work early in the day, but they must not leave the house till they have asked permission. Again, they may stay in the same family for many years. But what do they gain by it? There is in England no such recognition of long and faithful service as exists in Germany. Seventy years ago, the Empress of the Fatherland instituted a Long Service Order, and since that time many hundred of domestic servants who have lived with the same master and mistress for fifty years, have received from royalty diplomas and golden crosses.

Is such an Order impossible in Great Britain? Could we not modify and adopt it to ourselves? If a person is to work well for any length of time, one motive must be found. Why should not a system of reward be adopted? No one can doubt that if a lady, when engaging a domestic said, 'Suppose, if you stay with me and perform your duties to the best of your ability for ten years, I will in consideration thereof present you at the termination of your engagement with twenty five pounds, the effect would be beneficial. On condition of being asked that the money will, many servants, for the sake of the bonus, would consent to accept lower wages than they receive at present. Even though the plan now suggested cost a few pounds more, than would be spent under existing circumstances would not the freedom from worry and anxiety amply compensate? The outlay, however, would probably amount to little more than is now expended in advertising in papers, fares to and from the house for the purpose of interviews, and in various other ways incidental to the constantly recurring necessity of engaging servant.

Further, there can be no reason why mistresses should not agree to let each of their servants have a certain number of hours during the week which they may consider their own. The one drawback to service, in the eyes of many who would be better off in service than they are now, is, that they cannot have the comforts which at present are at their disposal. If the housewife gives the matter a little thought, she will see that this is an enigma the solution of which is not impracticable. The future must be pregnant with reform in the relations between the occupants of the drawing room and of the servants' hall. If masters and mistresses are wise, they will rub the revolutionary spirit of the age of any force it may have, by substituting in a generous and liberal handed manner

claims which, if ignored, may result in a condition of things as unfavorable as that which to-day obtains in Australia, where servants, at least as they are known in the old country, are non existent

A SUBAQUEOUS EXCURSION

Our good fortune in obtaining permission to descend a caisson of the gigantic Forth Bridge which when completed will be one of the most stupendous railway viaduct in the world—claimed additional zest from the fact that comparatively few structures are founded on what is termed the pneumatic principle in this country the employment of compressed air being more in vogue on the continent—and still rarer an opportunity for the passing visitor, unfamiliar alike by professional or scientific art

Arrived at North Queensferry, on the Fife side of the Firth of Forth, we embark for the island in mid channel and running the easternmost promontory of the rock, see before us a huge iron cylinder, which but for the incongruity of its position we should take for a gasometer, and not a caisson We land, and are forthwith marshalled by the engineer in leathern caps and garments of a similar hue we donned, and we are ready to descend Before, however, proceeding a brief outline of the working of a caisson in the end in view, and the means adopted in the attainment of that end may be given, which will enable the reader to follow our movements

Over the site of the proposed pier, a large circular cylinder is sunk, which rests on the rock bottom, and has its upper edge slightly above high water A horizontal floor divides the cylinder into two chambers The lower chamber seven feet in height is charged with compressed air by machinery situated on shore, and connected with it by flexible hose The air under pressure excludes the water, enabling workmen to descend into the lower chamber—which is, in fact, a large diving bell—and to excavate the rock on which the caisson rests The excavated material is drawn up in buckets or 'skips' and thrown over, whilst the caisson gradually descends by its own weight until a level bed is formed The upper and lower chambers of the caisson are then filled with concrete, and thus circular monolithic foundation carries the granite pier on which rests the steel superstructure A tube, connecting the air chamber below with an air lock on the upper platform of the caisson, gives access to the working beneath In principle, the air lock of a caisson in no way differs from the well known lock on a canal The air lock is formed by a tube of larger diameter, which surrounds the upper end of the vertical tube leading to the air chamber

Having entered this outer chamber, the door is closed behind us, and our connection with the outer world severed A cock is turned, and with a steady hiss, the compressed air enters, a fact of which we soon become painfully conscious by the pressure that is brought to bear upon the drum of the ear We follow the directions previously given us, and by copiously swallowing the compressed air and forcing it into the ears, with closed nostrils, we equalise the pressure on both sides of the drums, and succeed in accommodating ourselves to the novel atmospheric conditions The inrush of compressed air at length ceases; and the pressure being now equal in the outer chamber—in which we are—and the internal tube, the door between them opens without difficulty We enter, and descending a vertical ladder some ninety feet, we find ourselves in the air chamber, and standing on the solid rock bed of the Firth of Forth fifty feet below water level The scene is as striking as it is novel A circular iron chamber, seventy feet in diameter and seven feet high, brilliantly illuminated by arc lights suspended from the roof Groups of foreign workmen—enlisted for this service, owing to continental experience in this class of work—are busily engaged in levelling the surface of the rock The majority of these men wield pick and bar, whilst others fill the iron tubs or 'skips' with the fragments of rock, which are then drawn to the surface, passing through a lock similar in principle though differing slightly in design from that we have ourselves traversed, and having discharged their contents over the edge of the caisson, return for another load

We would fain linger amid a scene so weird and wonderful but time fails, and we must return to 'shore We take a last look at the air chamber with its busy occupants, and ascending the ladder, not without exertion, for a vertical ladder at all times calls muscle into play, and the pressure we are under by no means lightens our labour we find ourselves again in the air lock The reverse process now takes place The inner door is closed, the compressed air is allowed to escape from the outer chamber in which we now are, and causes a thick mist, cold and chilly Before long, the pressure ceases, the outer door opens, and we again tread terra firma The pressure gauge records thirty pounds per square inch

We now discard our exploring garments, and having enjoyed a not unmeritful wash, we quit the works, and returning homewards, congratulate each other on having trodden the very foundations of the wonderful Forth Bridge, and ponder how little the future travellers, as he lightly skims the estuary at sixty miles an hour, will think of the practical ingenuity and patient labour that wrought, deep down beneath the waters of the Forth, the foundations on which repose the huge structures through which the flying express is whirling him

OCCASIONAL NOTES

BORAX

We learn from a contemporary a good deal that is interesting about the history and preparation for the market of the borax of commerce In 1874 Mr A Robottom, prospecting for commercial purposes some of the vast tracts of unoccupied land in Southern California, came across a long deep valley, about fifteen by eight miles, which was apparently the basin, or series of basins, of once active volcanoes This valley was covered with crude borates, combined with earthy impurities The heat was oppressive, one hundred and nineteen degrees in the shade, and the atmosphere so dry, that even breathing was difficult At this time, the explorer's attention

was drawn to a dark object lying upon the ground, upon which he seated himself, and found it was a dead horse. He was naturally surprised that no smell emanated from the carcase, and taking out his knife, he cut to the bones, only to find that the flesh was quite sweet. The explanation of this was that the boron from the borax land had saturated it thoroughly. He learned afterwards that the carcase of this horse had lain there for seven months having been left by a party of emigrants. The remarkable antiseptic powers of boron in its crude state having thus been proved to him, he took over this Lerna Valley for the State of California, and arranged with a company in London to make it available for commercial purposes.

As it reaches this country, California borax, after being freed from its earthy elements at the Borax Lake is put up in small bags and packets of pure white crystal which are crushed into a fine, white, almost impalpable powder in the factories. After undergoing various processes it comes out eventually to the outside world as borax extract of soap, borax dry soap, washing powders, &c. In one factory, over thirty-seven million of pounds are turned out annually. This prepared California borax is used in the laundry, for washing cloth, for bleaching, to heal wounds, and many other household purposes. Its virtues in preventing decomposition in hams and salted meats are also well known. Water containing one per cent of borax will keep pure and sweet for years, and remain soft for drinking.

The soap prepared with borax, however, has been thought by some to have a more corrosive influence on fabrics than common soap. In Germany, powdered borax is used for washing purposes, with a view to economise soap, while in Sweden, meat and milk are largely preserved by means of boracic acid, its use in no way interfering those articles wholesome. It is also valuable for hard soldering, and is in use for pottery glazes and enamels.

In addition to the natural supply of crude borax already mentioned, this substance is largely made from boracic or boric acid, found among the matters ejected around the craters of volcanoes. Works for utilising and preparing it exist in the Maremma of Tuscany, where the acid is condensed from the boiling springs and heated gases issuing from fissures in the rocks. It is also found in Central Asia, Canada, Peru, and in Nevada, United States.

AMERICANISMS

The *Gleaner*, in an article by an 'American Journalist,' says: 'The opportunity may here be taken to gently suggest that the word Yankee is very often misapplied on this side of the Atlantic. It is a genuine American word, but it only applies to the inhabitants of a certain [illegible] would stand a good chance of a broken head, or even worse. As a matter of fact, the Yankees are the people who inhabit the New England States, and the title is considered a term of reproach, not to my insult, by all others. This, however, is all by the way. There are three terms very often quoted as American "slang," which possess certain peculiarities of locality. These are "guess," "calculate," and "reckon." One may travel the length and breadth of what are known as the Southern States for five years and never once hear either of the first two words, unless spoken by a Northerner or a man from the West. The Southerners "reckon" everything, except, perhaps, consequences, and they are left to take care of themselves. "Guess" is more or less universal in the States, and "calculate" is common only to the North and extreme West. "Stranger" is frequently erroneously used by English writers and speakers as an ordinary colloquialism of all Americans. It is the property of the South and South-west only, and even there is rapidly becoming obsolete. Let to these expressions it is hardly fair to append the stigma of "slang." Now there are plenty of slang words and phrases in vogue in America which probably are meaningless to English minds. A lady has purchased an article for considerably more than its value, she shows it to her husband, proclaiming its beauty and cheapness. He, seeing, that she has been overcharged, endeavours to persuade her that such is the case, vainly, for she is quite satisfied with her bargain. "All right," says he, "it's not my funeral." This is slang, pure and simple, but it has a derivation. It is an unintentional pro test against the elaborate obsequious ceremonies indulged in by all classes in the United States, and it is a gentle reference to one of the most unfrequent shockings that take place in Western bar-rooms, from which the man who escaps with whole skins have reason to think themselves that 'it is not their funeral.' Many are the political and party expressions which may well come under the head of slang terms, such as 'log-rolling,' 'the bloody shirt' (a reference to the late civil war—"mugwumps"—a name given in derision to independent voters—"ballot," meaning the list of candidates recommended for election by either party, and so on. The speculative nature of nearly all Americans has contributed the expression "you bet," which, with the aid of many phrases, as "you bet your life," "bet your life," "bet your bottom dollar," "bet your boots," "take your pick," "go the lot on that." Favourite games of cards have caused such expressions as "call bluff" to signify that one is expected or threatened. "I pass," meaning that one declines further conjecture or speculation, "let's make a dark pot," a proceeding in the game of poker similar to making a pool, "putting the issues, denoting an intention or proposal to put all the results of some action together and "divvy up" or divide equally among the partners. To "catch on" means to understand or comprehend quickly, and has its parallel on this side of the Atlantic in "do you catch my meaning?" It is usual in the States to call railways "railroads," railway lines "tracks," carriages "cars," and stations "depots." Tramway carriages are referred to as "street" or "horse" cars, in contradistinction to "steam cars" or railway trains. A railway engine is known as a "locomotive," in opposition to a stationary engine. The guards are all "conductors," and there is no luggage, but all "baggage," and hence porters are called opprobriously "baggage smashers," from their anything but gentle handling of the baggage. The speed of the trains has given rise to the

phrase "to railroad a thing through," meaning to get a thing done quickly, and the huge lamp which flashes along the line from the front of the engine has given its name to a special lamp oil called "headlight oil." Very nearly every State has its special provincialisms, and they are as numerous as the words peculiar to the counties of England. Climate has had a great deal to do with many of these peculiarities, the languid heat of the Southern States having induced a soft drawling accent and a habit of slurring over certain letters, syllables, and sounds.

A NATURAL SALMON LEAP.

The salmon, the cousin of the trout, is famous for its method of leaping up streams. It darts at falls ten or twelve feet high, leaps into the air, and rushes up the falling water in a marvellous manner. So determined are the salmon to attain the high and safe waters, that in some localities nets are placed beneath the falls, into which the fish tumble in their repeated attempts to clear the hill of water. Other than human hunters moreover profit by these annual leaps up hill. Tradition says that on the banks of the Upper St John River, in Canada, there was once a rock in which had been a circular well, or pot hole, had been worn by the action of the water. At the salmon season, this rock proved a favourite resort for bears, and for a good reason. Having an especial taste for salmon, the bears would watch at the pot hole, and as the salmon, dashing up the fall, were thrown by it for a time into the rocky basin, the bears would quickly scrape them out of the pot hole and the poor salmon would be eaten before they had time to wonder at this unlooked for reception. The Dominion government finally authorised a party of hunters to destroy the pot hole, and thus break up the bears' fishing ground.

'POOR JACK.'

A correspondent sends us the following. He says:

Reading the interesting article entitled 'Poor Jack' in the *Journal* of the 7th November, I venture to send you a few notes, thinking that an excerpt from them may possibly be of interest to your readers. As the writer states, Jack is, thanks to the Board of Trade, much better off than he used to be. At all ports where there is not a separate Mercantile Marine Office, the cust in house is used as one and the customs officials discharge the necessary duties. It is only at large ports that sailors are enabled to proceed home at once, if they *do* reside—as is generally the case—at a seaport town. They receive a document from the Board of Trade officer, which they present to the officer at the port where they live, and he, being advised through post by the officer at the arrival port, pays the amount of wages due. Here Jack is protected thoroughly from all temptations, and usually arrives at home sober, with his hard earned wages safe in his pocket. This beneficial system, however, is not extended to the middle-class and small ports, and at these places Jack too often falls a ready prey to the land-sharks. Usually, when a foreign-going ship arrives in port, some hours—or perhaps a day or two—elapse before Jack is paid off. In the meantime he has his liberty, and it is then that the land-sharks are on the lookout for him. They entice him to their houses and give him drink, and so manage matters that, when the ship is paid off and he receives his wages, he is already considerably indebted to them, and perhaps is in such a muddled condition as to be incapable of taking care of his money. Seamen's Money Orders are of great service in rescuing Jack's wages from the clutches of these plunderers. They are obtained free of charge and for any amount at the time the ship is paid off, and steady seamen generally make use of them. They can be drawn on any Mercantile Marine Office, and as the seaman can make them payable to himself if he is not married, they enable him to get a good portion of his wages home in safety without any expense or risk. What is wanted in many places is that some one concerned in the mission work amongst sailors should be on the lookout when a ship arrives in port with a crew to pay off, and see the men lodged in respectable boarding houses or sailors' homes, so that they can send their wages home by means of the Money Orders, and also to see them safely to the railway station. It is grievous to think that the wages of many of our sailors, who have perhaps been out on a voyage of many months' duration, should be dissipated in a few days, and most of it fall into the hands of the worthless creatures who live by this species of plunder.

A DESERTED GARDEN.

THE ivy or ape and tumes
Where once blooms I my lady's flowers,
And the twisting wild woodbines
Weave over all their clustering towers,
And the fruit trees from the wall
Droop forgotten and forlorn
And the rose trees, thick and tall
From their trellis work are torn
Dusty paths—once velvet smooth
For the dainty steps of youth—
Weedy now and overrown
With the rank grass all unmown

Here and there, in confusion,
Gleams a berry scarlet hue!
And pale tradwed in profusion
(By the summer heat cast wooed),
Creeps where once verbenas grew,
Or the myrtle flowered so fair
In the warm and scented air,
And the spot is all—deepest blue—
Shaken its fruit flowers everywhere!

So, amid these paths—all haunted
By the memory of old flowers—
Grow these wild wood blooms unwanted,
Through the glowing autumn hours.
Ah! how long ago it seems
Since bright faces glowed and smile!
In this garden of our dreams
Now so desolate and wild!
They will come again no more,
And no time shall e'er restore
Golden days and fairy flowers
To these wearied hearts of ours

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Princes Street, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

All Rights Reserved.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL
OF
POPULAR
LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART
Fifth Series
ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832
CONDUCTED BY R CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)
No 107 —Vol III SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1886 Price 1½d

SIGNALLING AT SEA

The wonderful improvements which have been effected in modes of communication during the latter part of the present century have resulted in bridging over space, and bringing the dwellers on this planet into closer and more constant intercommunion Submarine cables, telegraphs, and telephones have each contributed their aid towards the realisation of Puck's idea of putting 'a girdle round the earth,' and, as might have been expected, the inventive faculty has been directed, in some measure at least, towards enabling those 'who go down to the sea in ships' to communicate with each other on the ocean highways with such facility as might be found practicable under the ever varying conditions which obtain at sea.

At no very remote date, the appliances at the command of a shipmaster who might desire to convey a request to a passing vessel consisted mainly of a pair of strong lungs and a speaking trumpet A variation was occasionally attempted by the introduction of a plank and a lump of chalk The writer remembers having seen an English brig in the South Atlantic, during a strong gale, attempting to convey to a stately frigate an intimation that the brig's chronometer was broken, and that, in consequence, her worthy captain was at sea, in more sense than one The brig, which had been running before the wind, hauled up on the port tack, and ran as close under the frigate's stern as was deemed prudent under the circumstances The captain, clinging to the weather main rigging with one hand, and using the other as a speaking trumpet, yelled forth a sentence or two which met the fate of most utterances under similar conditions 'I'—'of'—and 'the' were faithfully re-echoed from the hollow of the frigate's mainsail, but the vital words of the message were borne away on the wings of the gale A similar attempt failed, and finally it occurred to the skipper to write with chalk upon a tarpaulin hatch cover the words, 'Chronometer smashed, bound Table Bay' The tarpaulin with the foregoing legend was exhibited over the side for a few brief seconds, till a fiercer blast than usual whirled it high in air, and then bore it away to leeward Fortunately, the purport of the writing had been understood on board the frigate, and no time was lost in displaying a black board with the latitude, longitude, and magnetic course for Table Bay inscribed thereon Now, if the brig had been provided with the International Code of Signals, the trouble and delay involved in the attempts to communicate by hailing or by written signs, would have been obviated, and whilst holding on her course, the hoisting of a few flags would have completed the entire business in less than five minutes. The Code was certainly in existence at the date referred to, but its use was neither general nor compulsory

The peculiar requirements of the service upon which ships of war are engaged, and the practice of cruising together in fleets or squadrons, necessitate the establishment of a system of signalling which shall be both rapid and effective Such a system has been in operation in the Royal Navy for many years Numerous modifications have been made latterly in the Admiralty signal books, these changes being rendered necessary by the altered conditions of naval warfare and the scientific precision which is desirable in the movements of a fleet of warships An admiral in command of a fleet has now at his disposal such an effective equipment and complete organisation as would enable him to manœuvre his ships in presence of the enemy with almost mathematical exactitude The 'signal staff' on board the ship which carries the flag of the commander in chief consists of about twenty persons, officers and men, whose duty it is to convey the admiral's orders to the captains under his command by the varied systems of signalling prescribed for use in Her Majesty's ships. The 'staff' is divided into 'three watches,' and by day and night, in harbour and at sea, a vigilant 'lookout' is kept, not only on board the flagship, but on every vessel in the fleet. Each ship on

being commissioned is provided with a General Signal Book, Vocabulary Signal Book, and a semaphore. For use at night, a flashing lamp, and recently, an electrical apparatus, are supplied. By an ingenious arrangement, any of the signals contained in the books may be made during thick weather by the steam whistle or the fog horn.

Before putting to sea, a 'fleet number' is assigned to each ship, the admiral's ship being No. 1, the remaining numbers being distributed according to the seniority of the respective captains. If the commander-in-chief wishes his squadron to sail in one line, he makes the signal, 'Single column in line ahead,' by means of three 'numeral' flags. This signal, like every other evolutionary signal, is kept flying at the mast-head until the signal officer reports, 'All answered, sir.' The fact that the admiral's signal is seen and understood is signified in the case of tactical orders, by each ship repeating the flags. When the proper moment arrives for executing the movement, the flagship's signal is swiftly hauled down, the helms are put 'hard over,' the ships swing round in the admiral's wake, and the evolution is complete.

Communication between the vessels of the fleet is effected at night by means of the flashing light worked on the short and long flash principle, invented by Captain Colomb, R.N. There are few sights more suggestive of the advance in modes of communication and the development of the inventive faculty than that of the admiral 'talking' to his captains by means of the flashing lamp in the darkness of the night and far out on the trackless ocean. It may be necessary during the night to alter the course of the squadron. If the course indicated at sunset be due north, and it be required to alter the direction to west, all lights on board the flagship, except the flashing light, are carefully obscured, and the brilliant rays of a solitary lamp leap through the darkness conveying the order, 'Alter course to west.'

The instructions contained in the General Signal Book are varied and comprehensive. Upwards of a thousand separate signals, adapted to every probable change of condition and circumstance in times of peace and in the exigencies of battle, are concisely set forth, every tactical order being elucidated by diagrams showing the direction to be taken and the position to be assumed by each ship. The Vocabulary Signal Book, as its name indicates, is a sort of dictionary, but possessing also the character of a lexicon, as not only words in alphabetical order, but phrases under their proper heading, are methodically arranged in its pages. For example, under the heading of 'Admiral,' which word is represented in 'flag language' by A H V, will be found, 'Admiral desires,' 'Admiral intends,' and the cheerful announcement, 'Admiral requests the pleasure of your company to dinner.'

It will be seen from the foregoing observations that the signal system adopted in the Royal Navy approaches as near to perfection as is possible under the circumstances, and therefore, when the occasion arose for a revision of the mercantile signal code, the Committee appointed by the Board of Trade for that purpose had recourse to the Admiralty Codes as a basis for the International Code of Signals, which is now used by most of the maritime countries of the world. This Code is the universal means of communication between the ships and signal stations of all nations. Translations of it have been made by France, Germany, Italy, Austria, Denmark, Holland, Spain, Portugal, Sweden, and Norway. The captain of a British vessel being desirous of conveying a message to an Italian ship, for example, may do so by simply hoisting the flags indicating the letters which are found opposite the words that express his meaning in the Code, and, similarly, vessels of any nationality may communicate with the utmost facility, although the parties to signalling may be totally unacquainted with any language but their own. For signalling purposes, eighteen flags and a copy of the Code are required. The combinations which are possible with that number of flags amount to the extraordinary number of seventy-eight thousand six hundred and forty-two, using two, three, and four flags at one hoist. The Code is divided into four parts: (1) brief signals, (2) vocabulary, (3) distant and boat signals, (4) an appendix containing the distinguishing letters of every vessel to which a Code signal has been allotted. 'Urgent signals' are made by means of two flags only, and in the following manner: J D, You are standing into danger; N S, I have sprung a leak; H M, Man overboard; P C, Want assistance; mutiny. The square shape of the uppermost flag, and the number of flags used, indicate the urgent character of the message, and its specific meaning is ascertained by reference to the book. Latitude and longitude, geographical and time signals, are made by three flags. A vocabulary message is transmitted by using four flags, thus: D R Q L, If you do not carry sail, we shall put company.

The vocabulary section of the Code is frequently used for messages which do not strictly refer to matters maritime. The valedictory 'Farewell' or the cheerful 'Welcome' may be transmitted with quite as much ease as the purely nautical 'Square your mainyard.' Even in departments of human activity so far removed from marine affairs as art or politics, the Signal Code may find some application. During the summer cruise of the British fleet in the Mediterranean in 1869, and whilst the ships were steaming through the Straits of Messina, a steamer flying the Turkish flag was sighted steaming towards the harbour. The Code 'pennant' hoisted under her ensign indicated a desire to communicate, and on the signal being answered from the flagship of the commander-in-chief, the Turkish vessel made the following communication: D G N H = Irish, C P B R = Church, C S L P = dislocated, D I K P = Her Majesty's government, D M G T = surplus. This being rendered into the vernacular, was understood to mean that the Irish Church Disestablishment Act had been passed by a large majority. The captain of the steamer, who was an Englishman in all probability, was laudably anxious to communicate a piece of information which could not fail to be full of interest to the people of the English squadron. His use of the verb 'dislocated' was forced upon him by the absence of the word 'disestablished' from the Code; and a similar reason necessitated the substitution of 'surplus' for 'majority.' Having regard to the

circumstances, it will probably be admitted that the courteous captain's arrangement, if not strictly syntactical, was certainly apposite.

Strenuous efforts have been made by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, the Board of Trade, and the Committee of Lloyd's Registry to instruct the officers of the mercantile marine in the use of the International Code. The Admiralty has ordered that all men belonging to the Royal Naval Reserve shall receive instruction in its use, and all candidates for officers' certificates of competency are required by the Board of Trade to pass a satisfactory examination in signalling. Notwithstanding these regulations, there is good reason for believing that many officers in the merchant service are not so well acquainted with the working of the Code as they ought to be. Blunders are frequently committed, either in selecting the wrong signal or confusing the flags, which lead to serious inconvenience, not to say danger. A very superficial acquaintance with the Signal Book led the captain of an English steamer to neglect the 'vocabulary' part of the Code, and have recourse to the singular expedient of using the flags as a medium for spelling his communication. As read on board the New York liner to which the signal was directed, it took the cabalistic form of 'MCHDRGDWNTW.' As no flags denoting the vowels are contained in the Code, the difficulties of spelling were obviously increased, and it was only by the ingenuity of a passenger on board the liner that a translation was effected in the shape of, 'Machinery damaged, want tow.' On another occasion, the master of a timber laden ship bound from Quebec to Liverpool had been prevented by foggy weather from taking solar observations for the purpose of verifying his position, and having sighted a steamer bound to the westward, he hoisted the prescribed signal, asking the steamer to indicate the latitude and longitude at the time of meeting. Either through carelessness in manipulating the flags or from an imperfect acquaintance with the Code, a position was signalled which located the ship in the immediate vicinity of Mont Blanc!

Upwards of thirty signal stations have been established at various points on the coasts of the British Isles, where messages may be transmitted from passing vessels by means of the International Code, and there are twenty stations in various parts of the world, as widely apart as Aden, Ascension, Malta, St Helena, the Cape of Good Hope, and Skagen in Denmark, where communication may be effected by the same means. Many of these stations have direct telegraphic connection with London, so that shipowners may be kept acquainted with the movements of their vessels, and may also transmit instructions for the guidance of their captains. It is matter for wonder and regret, notwithstanding the existence of a carefully elaborated system of signals and a world-wide network of shore stations, that the use of the Signal Code is not in any sense compulsory on the part of ship owners. Considering the innumerable advantages which a speedy means of communication must afford to all concerned, it is with surprise that one learns, from a note prefixed to the official Maritime Directory for the past year, that 'cases have been reported in which officers at the signal stations have hoisted the International Code Signals warning ships of danger, and the ships have been afterwards lost, from the inability of the masters to read the signals.' This is a state of affairs which ought not to be permitted to continue in the interests of the men whose lives are at stake. Another and still more serious defect in a system which is admirable in many respects, is the total absence from the Code of any method of signalling at night. As we have seen, Her Majesty's ships are provided with appliances for this purpose which are skilfully adapted to the end in view, but merchant vessels are absolutely without the power of communicating after darkness sets in. It is true that by private arrangement with the shore stations on several parts of the coast, the steamers belonging to the great Companies may by the use of certain lights indicate their names and the Company to which they belong, but this cannot, save in the most elementary sense, be regarded as a satisfactory method of communication. It is probable that the night signals in use in the Royal Navy are too complicated in character to permit of their being learned and worked efficiently without much more study and practice than can reasonably be expected from the master of a merchant vessel. Still, it ought to be within the power of science to suggest some plan for enabling a vessel to signal to ship or shore during the hours when the perils of the sea are rendered more terrible by darkness.

In these days, when our ocean highways and harbours are crowded with shipping, a collision between two of our large iron or steel vessels, which might happen at any time, would send one of them to the bottom in a few minutes. Two vessels, each going at a speed of twenty miles an hour, and sighting one another at two miles off, with this joint speed of forty miles an hour, would meet in about three minutes. Hence the importance of a ready and efficient method of signalling.

By the present system, red and green lights are placed on each side of the vessel, a green light on the starboard side, and a red light on the port side, with a hood shutting off each light from the opposite side. An officer seeing a colored light at a distance of two miles has no indication what course the vessel is steering. Hence the importance of the apparatus invented by The Right Hon. J. H. A. Macdonald, Q.C., M.P., Edinburgh, an Associate of the Society of Telegraph Engineers and Electricians, which he calls the Electric Heliphote Course indicator, for the prevention of collisions at sea.

By means of a powerful electric light, the approach of another vessel is indicated, and information is given at the same time as to what course she is on and what course she intends to hold to. The light is also useful for illuminating the water immediately before the ship, and is also valuable when passing down a river, through shoals, or close to a lee shore. The instrument consists of a strong reflector, with an arc light placed in the middle of it, which is affected by every movement of the helm. As long as the helm is amidships, the handle cannot be moved at all, but is held firm by two pegs. But if the helm is moved from amidships, an electric circuit is formed, which actuates an electro-magnet, and thereby removes one of

the peg. When the helm is ported, the reflector is set free by the removal of one of the pegs, so that by working the handle, the light can be swept from amidships over the starboard bow, and brought back again. If the helm be starboarded, the reflector is freed from the other peg, so that the light can be swept from amidships over the port bow and back again. But as this is a mere side to side movement, means are provided for giving more intelligible information, such as a driver gives when waving his hand to indicate his course, by a shutter connected with the reflector in such a way that when the beam has completed its side movement, the shutter rises up and obscures the light, and does not drop again until the reflector has been turned back to its middle position. The shutter then falls down, and the light being again exposed, the process of sweeping round to starboard, screening and bringing back to amidships, can be repeated as long as the helm remains at port. When the helm is starboarded, the light can be swept round to port in the same way. The light is immovable when the helm is amidships, and can be swept only over the starboard bow when the helm is ported and only over the port bow when the helm is starboarded. In order to guard against the risk of the reflector being carelessly worked by not completing its sweep either way, the instrument is provided with two bell tale bells, which will enable the officer on the bridge to check the working of the reflector.

In foggy weather, when the light would be ineffective, two steam whistles can be shunted into action by the reflector handle, one giving off a succession of short shrill notes, the other a succession of deep long notes, according as the helm is to starboard or port. This invention has been awarded a medal at three Exhibitions, including the Inventories, while Admiral Bedford Pim, one of the nautical jurors, has styled it an 'excellent course indicator.'

IN ALL SHADES.

CHAPTER IV.

It was a brilliant, cloudless, tropical day at Agualta Estate, Trinidad, and the cocoa nut palms in front of the pretty, picturesque, low roofed bungalow were waving gracefully in the light sea breeze that blew fresh across the open cane pieces from the distant horizon of the broad Atlantic. Most days, indeed, except during the rainy season, were brilliant enough in all conscience at beautiful Agualta: the sun blazed all day long in a uniform hazy white sky, not blue, to be sure, as in a northern climate but bluish and cloudless, and the sea shone below hazy-white, in the dim background, beyond the waving palm trees, and the broad leaved bananas, and the long stretch of bright green cane pieces that sloped down in endless succession towards the beach and the breakers. Agualta House itself was perched, West India fashion, on the topmost summit of a tall and lonely rocky peak, a projecting spur or shoulder from the main mass of the Trinidad mountains. They chose the very highest and most beautiful situations they could find for their houses, those old master of fact West Indian planters, not so much out of a taste for scenery—for their mental horizon was for the most part bounded by rum and sugar—but because a hilltop was coolest and healthiest, and coolness is the one great practical desideratum in a West Indian residence. Still, the houses that they built on these airy heights incidentally enjoyed the most exquisite prospects, and Agualta itself was no exception to the general rule in this matter. From the front piazza you looked down upon a green ravine, crowded with tree ferns and other graceful tropical vegetation, on either side, rocky peaks broke the middle distance with their jagged tors and precipitous needles, while far away beyond the cane grown plain that nestled snugly in the hollow below, the sky line of the Atlantic bounded the view, with a dozen sun smit rocky islets basking like great floating whales upon the gray horizon. No loveliier view in the whole of luxuriant beautiful Trinidad than that from the cooper covered front piazza of the white bungalow of old Agualta.

Through the midst of the ravine, the little river from which the estate took its Spanish name—curiously corrupted upon negro lips into the form of Wagwagtee—tumbled in white sheets of dashing foam between the green islands, 'in cataract after cataract to the sea.' Here and there the overarching clumps of feathery bamboo hid its course for a hundred yards or so, as seen from the piazza, but every now and again it gleamed forth, white and conspicuous once more, as it tumbled headlong down its steep course over some rocky barrier. You could trace it throughout like a long line of light among all the tangled, glossy, dark green foliage of that wild and overgrown tropical gully.

The Honourable James Hawthorn, owner of Agualta was sitting out in a cane armchair, under the broad shadow of the great mango tree on the grassy terrace in front of the piazza. A venerable gray haired, gray bearded man, with a calm, clear cut, resolute face, the very counterpart of his second dwarfed, only grown some thirty years older, and sterner too, and more unbending.

'Mr Dupuy's coming round this morning, Mary,' Mr Hawthorn said to the placid, gentle, old lady in the companion chair beside him. 'He wants to look at some oxen I'm going to get rid of, and he thinks, perhaps, he'd like to buy them.'

'Mr Dupuy!' Miss Hawthorn answered, with a slight shudder of displeasure as she spoke. 'I really wish he wasn't coming. I can't bear that man, somehow. He always seems to me the worst embodiment of the bad old days that are dead and gone, Jamie.'

The old gentleman hummed an air to himself reflectively. 'We mustn't be too hard upon him, my dear,' he said after a moment's pause, in a tone of perfect resignation. 'They were brought up in a terrible school, those old time slavery Trinidad folk, and they can't help learning the impress of a bad system upon them to the very last moment of their existence. I think so meanly of them for their pride and intolerance, that I take care not to imitate it. You remember what Shelley says: "Let scorn be not repaid with scorn." That's how I always feel, Mary, towards Mr Dupuy and all his fellows.'

IN ALL SHADES.

Mrs Hawthorn bit her lip as she answered slowly 'All the same, Jane, I wish he wasn't coming here this morning, and this the English mail day too! We shall get our letter from Edward by and by, you know, dear I hate to have these people coming breaking in upon us the very day we want to be at home by ourselves, to have a quiet hour alone with our dear boy over in England'

'Here they come, at anyrate, Mary,' the old gentleman said, pointing with his hand down the steep ravine to where a couple of men on mountain ponies were slowly toiling up the long zigzag path that climbed the shoulder 'Here they come, Theodore Dupuy himself, and that young Tom Dupuy as well, behind him There's one comfort, at anyrate, in the position of Agualta—you can never possibly be taken by surprise, you can always see your visitors coming half an hour before they get here—Run in, dear, and see about having enough for lunch, will you for Tom Dupuy's sure to stop until he's had a glass of our old Madeira

'I dislike Tom Dupuy, I think, even worse than his old uncle, Jamie, the bland old lady answered softly in her pleasant voice, exactly as if she was saying that she loved him dearly 'He's a horrid young man, so selfish and narrow minded, and I hope you won't ever ask him again to come to Agualta I can hardly even manage to be decently polite to him'

All two strangers slowly wound their way up the interminable zigzags that led along the steep shoulders of the Agualta peak, and emerged at last from under the shadow of the green mango grove close beside the grassy terrace in front of the house The elder of the two, Mrs Hawthorn's father, was a jovial, round faced, close shaven man, with a copious growth of flowing, white hair, that fell in long patriarchal locks round his heavy neck and shoulders, a full blooded, easy going, proud face to look at, yet not without a certain touch of gentlemanly culture and old fashioned courtesy The younger man, Tom Dupuy, his nephew, looked exactly what he was—a born boor, awkward in gait and hobbledy in features, with a heavy hanging lower jaw, and a pair of sleepy boiled fish eyes, that stared vacantly out in sheepish wonder upon a hopelessly dull and blank creation

Mr Hawthorn moved courteously to the gate to meet them 'It's a long pull and a steep pull up the hill, Mr Dupuy' he said as he shook hands with him 'Let me take your pony round to the stables Here, Jo!' to a negro boy who stood showing his white teeth beside the gateway, 'put up Mr Dupuy's horse, do you hear, my lad, and Mr Tom's too, will you!—How are you, Mr Tom? So you've come over with your uncle as well, to see this stock I want to sell, have you!'

The elder Dupuy bowed politely as Mr Hawthorn held out his hand, and took it with something of the dignified old West Indian courtesy, he had been to school at Winchester forty years before, and the remote result of that half forgotten old English training was still plainly visible even now in a certain outer urbanity and suavity of demeanour But young Tom held out his hand awkwardly like a born boor, and dropped it again snappishly as soon as Mr Hawthorn had taken it, merely answering, in a slow drawling West Indian voice, partly caught from his own negro servants 'Yes, I've come over to see the stock, we want some oxen Cane's good this season, we shall have a capital cutting'

'Is the English mail in?' Mr Hawthorn asked anxiously, as they took their seats in the piazza to rest themselves for a while after their ride, before proceeding to active business That one a hairy fortnightly channel of communication with the outer world assumes an importance in the eyes of remote colonists which can hardly even be comprehended by our busting, stay at home English people

'It is, Mr Dupuy replied, taking the proffered glass of Madeira from his host as he answered Old fashioned wine drinking hospitality still prevails largely in the West Indies 'I got my letters just as I was starting Yours will be here before long, I don't doubt, Mr Hawthorn I had news, important news in my budget this morning My daughter, sir, my daughter Nora, who has been completing her education in England is coming out to Trinidad by the next steamer'

'You must be delighted at the prospect of seeing her' Mr Hawthorn answered with a slight sigh 'I only wish I were going as soon to see my dear boy Edward

Mr Dupuy's lip curled fearfully as he replied in a careless manner 'Ah, yes to be sure Your boy is in England, Mr Hawthorn isn't he? If I recollect right, you sent him to Cambridge—Ah, yes, I thought so, to Cambridge A very excellent thing, for you to do with him If you take my advice, my dear sir, you'll let him stop in the old country—a much better place for him in every way, than this island

'I mean to, Mr Hawthorn answered in a low voice 'God knows that I should care to be a party to bringing him out here to Trinidad'

'Oh, certainly not—certainly not I quite agree with you For better for him to stop where he is, and take his chance of making a living for himself in England Not that he can be at any loss in that matter either You must be in a position to make him very comfortable too, Mr Hawthorn Fine estate Agualta, and turns out a capital brand of rum and sugar'

'Best vacuum pan and centrifugal in the whole island, Tom Dupuy put in parenthetically 'Turned out four hundred and thirty four hogsheads of sugar and three hundred and ninety puncheons of rum last season—largest yield of any estate in the Windward Islands except Mount Arlington You don't catch me out of it in any matter where sugar is in question, I can tell you'

'But my daughter, Mr Hawthorn, the elder Dupuy went on, smiling, and sipping his Madeira in a leisurely fashion—'my daughter means to come out to join me by the next steamer, and my nephew Tom and I are naturally looking forward to her approaching arrival with the greatest anxiety A young lady in Miss Dupuy's position, I need hardly say to you, who has been finishing her education at a good school in England, comes out to Trinidad under exceptionally favourable circumstances She will have

much time to interest her in society, and we hope she will enjoy herself and make herself happy'

'For my part,' Tom Dupuy put in brusquely, 'I don't hold at all with this sending young women from Trinidad across the water to get educated in England—not a bit of it What's the good of it?—that's what I always want to know—what's the good of it? What do they pick up there, I should like to know, except a lot of trumpery fal lal, that turns their heads, and fills them brimful of all sorts of romantic topsy turvy notions? I've never been to England myself, thank goodness, and what's more, I don't ever want to go, that's certain But I've known lots of fellows that have been, and have spent no end of a heap of money over their education too, at one place or another—I don't even know the names of 'em—and when they've come back, so far as I could see, they've never learnt a bit more about rum or sugar than other fellows that had never set foot for a single minute outside the island—no, not for that matter, not so much either Of course, it's all very well for a person in your son's position, Mr Hawthorn that quite another matter He's gone to England, and he's going to stay there If I were he, I should do as he does But what on earth can be the use of sending a girl in my own Nora's station in life over to England just on purpose to set her against her own flesh and blood and her own people? Why, it really passes my comprehension

Mr Dupuy's forehead puckered slightly as Tom spoke, and the corners of his mouth twitched ominously but he answered in a tone of affected nonchalance 'It's a pity, Mr Hawthorn, that my nephew Tom should take this unfavourable view of an English education, because, you see, it's our intention, as soon as my daughter Miss Dupuy arrives from England, to arrange a marriage at a very early date betwixt himself and his cousin Nora Pimento Valley, as you know, is entailed in the male line to my nephew Tom, and Orange Grove is in my own disposal, to leave, of course, to my only daughter But Mr Tom Dupuy and I both think it would be a great pity that the family estates should be divided, and should in part pass out of the family, so we've arranged between us that Mr Tom is to marry my daughter Nora, and that Orange Grove and Pimento Valley are to pass together to them and to their children's children

'An excellent arrangement,' Mr Hawthorn put in, with a slight smile 'But suppose—just for argument's sake—that Miss Dupuy were not to fall in with it?'

Mr Dupuy's brow clouded over still more evidently 'Not to fall in with it?' he cried excitedly, tossing off the remainder of his Madeira—'not to fall in with it!—Why, Mr Hawthorn, what do you mean, sir? Of course, if her father bids her, she'll fall in with it immediately If she doesn't—why, then, sir, I'll just simply have to make her. She shall marry Tom Dupuy the minute I order her to She should marry a one eyed man with a wooden leg if her father commanded it. She shall do whatever I tell her. I'll stand no refusing and shilly-shallying. Let me tell you, sir, if there's a vice that I hate and detest, it's the vice of obstinacy. But I'll stand no obstinacy'

'No obstinacy in those about you,' Mr Hawthorn put in suggestively.

'No, sir, no—not in those about me Other people, of course, I can't be answerable for, though I'd like to fling every obstinate fellow I come across, just to cure him of his confounded temper. O no, sir, I can't endure obstinacy—in man or beast, I can't endure it'

'So it would seem,' Mr Hawthorn replied drily 'I hope sincerely, Miss Dupuy will find the choice you have made for her a suitable and satisfactory one'

'Suitable, sir! Why, of course it's suitable; and as to satisfactory, well, if I say she's got to like him, she'll have to be satisfied with him, willy nilly!'

'But she won't!' Tom Dupuy interrupted sullenly, flicking his boot with his short riding whip in a vicious fashion 'She won't, you may take my word for it, Uncle Theodore I can't imagine why it is, but these young women who've been educated in England, they'll never be satisfied with a planter for a husband They think a gentleman and a son of gentlemen for fifty generations isn't good enough match for such fine ladies as themselves, and they go running off after some of these red coated military fellows down in the garrison over yonder, many of whom, to my certain knowledge, Mr Hawthorn, are nothing more than the sons of tradesmen over there in England I'll bet you a sovereign, Uncle Theodore, that Nora'll refuse to so much as look at the heir of Pimento Valley, the minute she sees him'

'But why do you think so, Mr Tom,' their host put in, 'before the young lady has even looked on the island?'

'Ah, I know well enough,' Tom Dupuy muttered, with a curious leer of unintelligent cunning 'I know the ways and the habits of the women They go away over there to England, they get themselves crammed with French and German, and music and drawing, and all kinds of nonsensical accomplishments. They pick up a lot of nonsensical new fangled notions about Am I not a Man and a Brother? and all that kind of humbug They think an awful lot of themselves because they can play and sing and gabble Italian. And they despise us West Indians, gentlemen and planters, because we can't parley voo all their precious foreign lingoes, and don't know as much as they do about who composed *Yankee Doodle*. I know them—I know them, I know their ways and their manners Culture they call it. I call it a precious lot of trumpery nonsense Why, Mr Hawthorn, I assure you I've known some of those fine new fangled English taught young women who'd sooner talk to a coloured doctor, as black as a common nigger almost, just because he'd been educated at Oxford, or Edinburgh, or somewhere, than to me myself, the tenth Dupuy in lineal succession at Pimento Valley.'

'Indeed,' Mr Hawthorn answered innocently—no other alternative phrase committing him, as he thought, to so small an opinion on the merits of the question—'But do you know, Mr Tom, I don't believe any person of the Dupuy blood is very likely to take up with these strange

modern English heresies that so much surprise you'

'Quite true, sir,' Mr Dupuy the elder answered with prompt self satisfaction, mistaking his host's delicate tone of covert satire for the voice of hearty concurrence and full approval 'You're quite right there, Mr Hawthorn, I'm certain No born Dupuy of Orange Grove would ever be taken in by any of that silly clap trap humanitarian rubbish No foolish Exeter Hall nonsense pertains to the fighting Dupuys, sir, I can assure you—root and branch, not a single ounce of it It isn't in them, Mr Hawthorn—it isn't in them'

'So I think,' Mr Hawthorn answered quietly 'I quite agree with you—it isn't in them

As he spoke, a negro servant, neatly dressed in a cool white linen livery, entered the piazza with a small bulget of letters on an old fashioned Spanish silver salver Mr Hawthorn took them up eagerly 'The English mail' he said with an apologetic look towards his two guests 'You'll excuse my just glancing through them, Mr Dupuy, won't you? I can never rest, the moment the mail's in, until I know that my dear boy in England is still really well and happy'

Mr Dupuy nodded assent with a condescending smile and the master of Agualta broke open his some envelope with a little eager hasty flutter He ran his eye hurriedly down the first page, and then, with a sudden cry, he laid down the letter rapidly on the table, and called out aloud 'Mary, Mary'

Mrs Hawthorn came out at once from the little boudoir behind the piazza, whose cool Venetian blinds gave directly upon the part where they were sitting

'Mary, Mary' Mr Hawthorn cried, utterly regardless of his two visitors presence, 'what on earth do you think has happened? Edward's coming out to us—coming out immediately Oh, my poor boy, my poor boy, this is too unexpected! He coming out to us at once, at once, without a single moment's warning'

Mrs Hawthorn took up the letter and read it through hastily with a woman's quickness, then she laid it down again, and looked blankly at her trembling husband in evident distress, but neither of them said a single word to one another

The elder Dupuy was the first to break the ominous silence 'Not by the next steamer, I suppose?' he inquired curiously

Mr Hawthorn nodded in reply 'Yes, yes, by the next steamer'

As he spoke, Tom Dupuy glanced at his uncle with a meaning glance, and then went on stolidly as ever 'How about these cattle, though, Mr Hawthorn?'

The old man looked back at him half angrily, half contemptuously 'Go and look at the cattle yourself, if you like, Mr Tom,' he said haughtily —'Here, Jo, you take young Mr Dupuy round to see those Cuban bullocks in the grass piece, will you? I shall meet your uncle at the Legislative Council on Thursday, and then, if he likes, he can talk over prices with me. I have something else to do at present beside haggling and debating over the sale of bullocks, I must go down to Port of Spain immediately, immediately—this very minute—You must please excuse me, Mr Dupuy, for my business is most important—Dick, Isaac, Thomas!—some one of you there, get Pride of Barbadoes saddled at once, very fast, will you, and bring her round here to me at the front-door the moment she's ready'

'And Tom,' the elder Dupuy whispered to his nephew confidentially, as soon as their host had gone back into the house to prepare for his journey, 'I have business, too, in Port of Spain, immediately You go and look at the bullocks if you like—that's your department. I shall ride down the hills at once, and into town with old Hawthorn'

Tom looked at him with a vacant stare of boorish unintelligence 'Why, what do you want to go running off like that for, he asked, open mouthed, 'without even waiting to see the cattle? What does it matter to you, I should like to know, whether old Hawthorn's precious son is coming to Trinidad or not, Uncle Theodore?'

The uncle looked back at him with undisguised contempt 'Why, you fool, Tom,' he answered quietly, 'you don't suppose I want to let Nora come out alone all the way from England to Trinidad in the very same steamer with that man Hawthorn's son Edward? Impossible, impossible!—Here, you nigger fellow you, grinning over there like a chattering monkey, bring my mare out of the stable at once, sir, will you —do you hear me, nigger?—for I am going to ride down direct to Port of Spain this very minute along with your master Hurry up, there, jackanapes'

THE LAND OF FURS

In 1867, the United States government, for a payment to Russia of about a million and a half pounds sterling, received in exchange the strange isolated country in the far north known as Alaska, separated by one thousand miles of British colonial territory from the republican frontier For some years there were constant conflicts with the Indians, and altogether the early history of the American occupation of Alaska is not a bright one The San Francisco speculators who had been attracted by hopes of gold and of untold wealth in forests and fisheries were wofully disappointed, and the majority of them gradually cleared out again

A mere glance at the map hardly gives one an idea of the enormous superficial extent of this outlying possession of our American cousins According to the special Report of the United States Census Commissioners—to which we are mainly indebted for the facts given in this article —the total area of Alaska is five hundred and thirty one thousand four hundred and nine square miles, or about one sixth of the entire area of the United States. But one hundred and twenty five thousand two hundred and forty five square miles are wholly within the arctic circle, an area which has rarely been traversed by the white man, and upon the coast borders of which are a few Eskimo villages. The natives of these, it is said to learn,

are becoming rapidly deteriorated by commerce with the crews of the whalers which resort in summer to the neighbourhood, and seek only to barter what natural produce, in the shape of furs, or oil, or ivory, they can collect for the means of intoxication. The immense area of the northern division of Alaska is left to the bear, the fox, the reindeer, and other polar animals, and to somewhere about three thousand degraded Esquimaux.

The largest geographical division of Alaska is that which the United States officials have named the Yukon section. It is so called because it comprises the valley of the river Yukon, said to be the largest river in America if not in the world, and which discharges into Behring's Sea a volume of water estimated at about one third more than that of the Mississippi. The Yukon division contains one hundred and seventy six thousand seven hundred and fifteen square miles, and is peopled by four thousand two hundred and seventy six Esquimaux, two thousand five hundred and fifty seven Athabaskan Indians, eighteen whites, and nineteen creoles—total, six thousand eight hundred and seventy. The occupation of the natives is entirely in hunting fur-bearing animals, which they barter with the whites for sugar, flour, tea, cloth, hardware, &c. The money value of the skins bartered is said to be about fifteen thousand pounds annually. Foxes are the chief wealth yielders of this district, and they are found of all shades, from silver grey and black to red and snow white. Next to these in importance are the skins of the martens (or sables) and land otters, and then, but in a much smaller degree, those of the black and brown bears. The moose skins and deerskins are all retained by the natives for their own purposes, for clothing, bedding, &c.

The principal trading post is called Saint Michael, and here are kept stores of coal for the use of the whaling steamers which force their way into the arctic seas every year.

The third largest geographical division is called the Kuskokwim division, from the river which intersects it. The Kuskokwim division lies to the south of the Yukon division, is bounded on the east by a range of mountains, on the west by Behring's Sea, and it comprises the valleys of three large rivers and an intervening system of Lakes. There is a trading station called Kalmakovsky, from which are brought down from the unknown interior, by the natives, skins of beaver, martens, and fox, which all appear to be very plentiful. This trade is carried on by a race which appears to be a mixture of the Esquimaux and Indians; but below Kalmakovsky, down to the sea, and along the coast, the Esquimaux alone appear. These Esquimaux support themselves mainly by seal and salmon fishing. The salmon are caught in traps, and are dried upon poles, which line both banks of the lower river from June to August. The estuary is very wide, and the tide rushes in with tremendous force, the rise and fall being very great, sometimes over fifty feet when the wind is from the south-west.

The houses of the natives are much the same in all the divisions of Alaska. These dwellings are thus described: 'A circular mound of earth, grass grown and littered with all sorts of household utensils, a small spiral coil of smoke rising from the apex, dogs crouching, children climbing up or rolling down, stray morsels of food left from one meal to the other, and a soft mixture of mud and offal surrounding it all. The entrance to this house is a low irregular square aperture, through which the inmate stoops, and passes down a foot or two through a short low passage on to the earthen floor within. The interior generally consists of an irregularly shaped square or circle, twelve or fifteen feet in diameter, receiving its only light from without, through the small smoke opening at the apex of the roof, which rises, tent like, from the floor. The fireplace is directly under this opening. Rude beds or couches of skin and grass mats are laid, slightly raised above the floor, upon clumsy frames made of sticks and saplings or rough hewn planks, and sometimes on little elevations built up of peat or sod. Sometimes a small hall way with bulging side is erected over the entrance, which, by this expansion, room is afforded for the keeping of utensils and water-vessels, and as a shelter for dogs. Immediately adjoining, most of these houses will be found a small summer kitchen, a rude wooden frame, walled in and covered over with sods, with an opening at the top to give vent to the smoke. These are entirely above ground, rarely over five or six feet in diameter, and are littered with filth and offal of all kinds, serving also as a refuge for the dogs from the inclement weather. In the interior regions, where both fuel and building material are more abundant, the houses change somewhat in appearance and construction, the excavation of the coast houses, made for the purpose of saving both, disappears, and gives way to log structures above the ground, but still covered with sods. Living within convenient distance of timber, the people (inland) do not depend so much upon the natural warmth of mother earth.

All the islands in Alaskan waters are mountainous, some of the elevations rising from four thousand to eight thousand feet, but the entire division is devoid of trees. The soil is a mixture of loam, clay, and volcanic detritus, and grasses of all kinds grow in great abundance. Coal has been discovered in the island of Ounga, but this is the only mineral riches yet disclosed, although 'prospecting' has been carried on for years. The soil is of very poor quality. The climate of this division is more temperate than that of the other districts, and at one time it was thought that the rich grasses might allow of cattle breeding on a considerable scale. The long winters, however, have shown this to be impracticable, and it has been found that hay, even, can be imported from San Francisco cheaper than it can be grown and

cured on the spot. The only part where cattle are kept by the priests and white traders is at Oonalashka, and the fact is interesting as indicating the danger of trusting to poetic descriptions of places. Thomas Campbell, it may be remembered, speaks of 'the pilot' guiding his bark where

> Cold on his midnight watch the breezes blow
> From wastes that slumber in eternal snow,
> And waft across the waves tumultuous roar,
> The wolf's long howl from Oonalashka's shore.

As a matter of fact, the country here is neither 'wastes,' nor does it 'slumber in eternal snow.' The summer is warm, the vegetation, as we have said, is rich, and it may be doubted if the 'wolf's long howl' has ever been heard by the oldest inhabitant. At anyrate, we can find no mention of wolves there now, although foxes are abundant enough. The Aleutian islands are well peopled, and the people are semi-civilized, the Russians having had relations with them and settlements and missions among them for more than a century. There are now schools at which both English and Russian are taught, and stores at which the natives can provide themselves with the clothing of civilization. The Aleutian ladies, indeed, whose lords have grown rich with their seal fishing, can even sport silks on great occasions, and at all times display a fondness for ribbons and trade jewellery. Only the exceptionally rich, however, can afford bonnets or hats, and the Russian peasant fashion of tying a handkerchief over the head is the prevailing one. The men are generally fond of the broad crowned, red banded caps of the Russian uniforms, which were the first examples of civilized clothing ever seen on their shores. While the men devote themselves to the fishing the women make mats, baskets, cigar cases, and other articles of grass cloth, and they turn out some very delicate and beautiful work. The waters are rich in fish of all kinds, but the most important industry is the seal fishing that is now conducted under leases from the United States government, which retains the monopoly.

The south coast of the eastern half of the Alaska peninsula, with the adjacent islands and a portion of the mainland, forms another geographical division called the Kadiak section. It comprises altogether some seventy thousand eight hundred and eighty four square miles, and has a population of four thousand three hundred and fifty two, of which thirty four are whites, and nine hundred and seventeen creoles. This district is mountainous, well watered, abounds in fur clad animals, and the men, when not hunters, are fishers. Several settlements and missions were founded by the Russians in various parts of this district, and at one time there was even a ship building establishment at Resurrection Bay. The forests are dense, and some of the timber is of immense size, especially the spruce.

A narrow strip of coast running from Mount St Elias to the boundary line of British Columbia, forms the last or south eastern division of Alaska. It covers twenty-eight thousand nine hundred and eighty square miles, and it forms a wedge of some five hundred miles in length between Canada and the western sea. In character, this section of Alaska differs from all the rest, and is essentially similar to that of the British possessions. It is mountainous and densely wooded; the forests come quite down to the sea line, and are very valuable; the coast is indented by countless bays and fiords, and is sheltered the greater portion of its length by a chain of islands, forming the Alexander Archipelago. The spruce and the yellow cedar are the most valuable of the forest trees, and the timber of these is annually exported in considerable quantity. Coal exists on several of the islands, and at some places on the mainland, but has not been worked yet to any great extent. Both copper and gold are known to exist, and have been and are to a small extent being mined. Other minerals are supposed to exist, and the Americans expect that this division of Alaska will in time become a great mining field. Already the mining industry has thrown the fur trade into the second place, and yet the yield of fox, marten, otter, bear, and beaver skins is annually very considerable. The hunting is carried on by the natives, who are of the Thlinket Indian race, the rest of the population of seven thousand seven hundred and forty eight being made up of two hundred and ninety three whites and two hundred and thirty creoles. Salmon, halibut, and herring fishing are carried on along the coast, and there are two or three salting and canning establishments. There are also factories for the production of oil from the herring, the dog fish, and the shark, and on the islands there is some seal fishing.

The climate of this division is not very cold, the average mean temperature being forty three degrees twenty eight minutes, but the rainfall is heavy, ranging from eighty to one hundred inches per annum. The principal settlement of this district is Sitka. Here are the headquarters of the United States naval station for Alaska, and here also resides the collector of customs, who is the civil representative of the government of Washington in the territory. In the time of the Russians there were several schools and churches at Sitka, but now there is only one church, and the teaching is left practically to the missionaries of the Presbyterian and Roman Catholic bodies.

The total population of the whole of the enormous country called Alaska is computed at only 33,426, and of this number, only four hundred and thirty are whites, creoles number 1756, Esquimo 17617, Aleuts, 2115, Athabaskans, 3927, Thlinkets, 6763, and Hydas, 788. Of the habits, customs and beliefs of these curious people, we may tell something in another occasion.

To sum up, it may be said that the acquisition of Alaska by the Americans has been a good deal of a disappointment to them. They thought it would be an excellent district for extensive settlement for agricultural purposes, and the country, as we have seen, is quite unsuited almost everywhere for such purposes. Then they had glowing dreams of rich mineral deposits, but although gold and silver and coal have been found, and are being partially worked, the mining industry is a secondary feature in Alaskan wealth. The extent of the forests, however, has been found greater than was expected. On this point, the United States Commissioner thus enlarges: 'The timber of Alaska clothes the steep hills and

mountain sides, and chokes up the valleys of the Alexander Archipelago and the contiguous mainland in stretches, less dense, but still abundant, along the inhospitable reach of territory which extends from the head of Cross Sound to the Kenai peninsula, where, reaching down to the westward and southwestward as far as the eastern half of Kadiak Island, and thence across Shelikhof Strait, it is found on the mainland and on the peninsula bordering on the same latitude; but it is confined to the interior opposite Kadiak, not coming down to the coast as far eastward as Cape Douglas. From the interior of the peninsula, the timber line over the whole of the great area of Alaska will be found to follow the coast line at varying distances of from one hundred to one hundred and fifty miles from the seaboard, until the section of Alaska north of the Yukon mouth is reached, where a portion of the coast of Norton Sound is directly bordered by timber as far north as Cape Denbigh. From this point to the eastward and northeastward, a line may be drawn just above the Yukon and its immediate tributaries as the northern limits of timber to any considerable extent. There are a number of small water courses rising here, that find their way into the Arctic, bordered by hills and lowland ridges, on which some wind stunted timber is found, even to the shores of the Arctic Sea.

But although the tree clothed area is thus enormous, the market value of the timber is not so great as one might imagine. The most valuable is the yellow cedar, but this is not nearly so abundant as the spruce or fir, and even that is not of the very best quality.

More important than the timber is the produce of the waters, for it is said that in the seas which wash the shores of Alaska there are no fewer than seventy five species of food fishes. Many of these, however, are only considered as suitable for but wherewith to catch the richer kinds. The chief of these is the cod, which abounds off the whole of the southern coasts, and the catching and curing of which promises to become an important industry. The quality is said to be quite equal to the cod of the North Atlantic. We have already spoken of the salmon, the herring, and halibut, all of which swarm in the waters in shoals of countless myriads; and there are also many valuable white fishes, which at present are caught for native consumption only. Fish, indeed, is the chief diet in Alaska, and the consumption is enormous.

But the real wealth at present of Alaska rests in the abundance of its fur skinned animals. It was for the fur trade that the Russians occupied the country after it had been discovered by Behring, and it was mainly for the fur trade that the Americans acquired it from Russia. The extent of the trade has proved greater even than was expected at the time of the transfer. The shipments of sea otter and fur seal skins alone have more than doubled since 1867, and now average annually about three hundred thousand pounds in value. Of land-furs, as they are called, the list is a long one, and in the order of wideness of distribution may be thus given: land otter, beaver, brown bear, black bear, red fox, silver fox, blue and white fox, mink, marten, fine wheat, lynx, and musk-rat. Rabbits, marmots, and wolverines are also common, but the skins are retained by the natives. The annual value of the furs, sea and land, now obtained from Alaska is estimated to average about half a million sterling, and there is no sign of decrease in the yield. On the contrary, the competition of the traders for skins has stimulated the natives to greater industry in hunting, while the prices now paid to the hunters are from four to ten times more than were current during the Russian rule.

A GOLDEN ARGOSY.

A NOVELETTE.

CHAPTER IV.

QUEEN SQUARE, Bloomsbury, is a neighbourhood which by no means accords with the expectation evoked by its high sounding, patronymic. It is, besides, somewhat difficult to find, and when discovered, it has a guilty looking air of having been playing hide and seek with its most aristocratic neighbours, Russell and Bloomsbury, and lost itself. Before Southampton Row was the stately thoroughfare it is now, Queen Square must have been a pursuit of Russell Square, but in time it seems to have been built out. You stumble upon it suddenly, in making a short cut from Southampton Row to Bedford Row, and wonder how it got there. It is quiet, decayed—in a word, shabby genteel—and cheap.

On the south side, sheltered by two sad-looking trees of a nondescript character, and fronted by an imposing looking portico, is a dingy old brick house, the stucco of which bears strong kinship to the outside of a Stilton cheese. The windows are none too clean, and the blinds and curtains are all of a dingy tint of a London fog and London smoke. For the information of the metropolis at large, the door bears a tarnished brass plate announcing that it is the habitation of Mrs Whipple, and furthermore—from the same source—the inquiring mind is further enlightened with the fact that Mrs Whipple is a dressmaker. A few fly blown prints of fashions, of a startling description and impossible colour, support this fact, and information is further added by the announcement that the artiste within lets apartments, for that legend is inscribed, in runaway letters, on the back of an old showcard which is suspended in one of the ground floor windows.

From the general *tout ensemble* of the Whipple mansion, the most casual minded individual on lodgings hunt can easily judge of its cheapness. The 'ground floor'—he is whispered in the strictest confidence—pays twenty-five shillings per week, the honoured 'drawing rooms,' two pounds; and the slighted 'second floor,' what the estimable Whipple denominates 'a matter of fifteen shillings.' It is with the second-floors that our business lies.

The room was large, and furnished with an eye to economy. The carpet was of no particular pattern, having long since been worn down to the thread; and the household gods consisted of five chairs and a couch covered by that peculiar-looking horsehair, which might, from its hardness

and capacity for wear, be woven steel. A musty-looking glass in a maple frame, and a chimney-board decked with two blue and green shepherdesses of an impossible period, completed the furniture. In the centre of the room was a round oak table with spidery mucrtiam legs, and at the table sat a young man writing. He was young, apparently not more than thirty, but the unmistakable shadow of care lay on his face. His dress was suggestive of one who had been somewhat dandyish in time gone by, but who had latterly ceased to trouble about appearances or neatness. For a time he continued steadily at his work, watched intently by a little child who sat curled up in the hard looking armchair, and waiting with exemplary patience for the worker to quit his employment. As he worked on, the child became visibly interested as the page approached completion, and at last, with a weary sigh, he finished, pushed his work from him, and turned with a bright smile to the patient little one.

'You've been a very good little girl, Nelly — Now, what is it you have so particularly to say to me?' he said.

'I'm a tale you are writing, papa?' she cried.

'Yes, darling, but not the sort of tale to interest you.'

'I like all your tales, papa. Uncle Jasper tell mamma they were all so original.' I think he had tales.'

'I suppose you mean original, darling?'

'I said liginal,' persisted the little one, with childish gravity. 'Are you going to call this one, papa? I hope you will, I want a new dolly so badly. My old dolly is getting quite shabby.'

'Some day you shall have plenty.'

The child looked up in his face solemnly. 'Really, papa? But do you know, pa, that some day seems such a long way off? How old am I, papa?'

'Very, very old, Nelly,' he replied with a little laugh. 'Not quite so old as I am, but very old.'

'Yes, papa? Then do you know, ever since I can remember, that some day has been coming. Will it come this week?'

'I don't know, darling. It may come any time. It may come to-day, perhaps it is on the way now.'

'I don't know, papa,' replied the little one, shaking her head solemnly. 'It is an awful while coming. I prayed so hard last night for it to come, after mamma put me in bed. What makes mamma cry when she puts me to bed? Is she crying for some day?'

'Oh, that's all your fancy, little one,' replied the father hastily. 'Mamma does not cry. You must be mistaken.'

'No, indeed, papa, I not mistook. One day I heard mamma sing about some day, and then she cried—she made my face quite wet.'

'Hush, Nelly, don't talk like that, darling.'

'But she did,' persisted the little one. 'Do you ever cry, papa?'

'Look at that little sparrow, Nelly. Does he not look hungry, poor little fellow? He wants to come in the room to you.'

'I dess he's waiting for some day papa,' said the child, looking out at the dingy London sparrow perched on the window ledge. 'He looks so patient. I wonder if he's hungry? I am, papa.'

The father looked at his little one with passionate tenderness. 'Wait till mamma comes, my darling.'

'All right, papa, but I am so hungry!—Oh, here is mamma. Does not she look nice, papa, and so happy?'

When Eleanor entered the dingy room, her husband could not fail to note the flush of hope and happiness on her face. He looked at her with expectation in his eyes.

'Did you think mother was never coming, Nelly? and do you want your dinner, my child?'

'You do look nice, ma,' said the child winningly. 'You look as if you had found some day.'

Eleanor looked inquiringly at her husband, for him to explain the little one's meaning.

'Nelly and I have been having a metaphysical discussion,' he said with playful gravity. 'We have been discussing the virtues of the future. She is wishing for that impossible some day that people always expect.'

'I don't think she will be disappointed,' said Mrs Seaton, with a fond little smile at her child. 'I believe I have found it—Edgar, I have been to see Mr Carver.'

'I suppose it would have come to that. And he, I suppose, has been poisoned by the sorceress, and refused to see you?'

'Oh no,' said Eleanor playfully. 'We had quite a long chat—in fact, he asked us all to dinner on Sunday.'

'Wonderful!' And he gave you a lot of good advice on the virtues of economy, and his blessing at parting?'

'No,' she said, 'he must have forgotten that he gave me this envelope for you with his compliments and best wishes.'

Edgar Seaton took the proffered envelope listlessly, and opened it with careless fingers. But as soon as he saw the shape of the enclosure, his expression changed to one of surprise. 'Why, it is a cheque!' he exclaimed excitedly.

'Oh no,' said his wife laughingly, 'it is only the blessing.'

'Well, it is a blessing in disguise,' Seaton said, his voice trembling with emotion. 'It is a cheque for twenty five pounds—Nelly, God has been very good to us to-day.'

'Yes, dear,' said his wife simply, with tears in her eyes.

Little Nelly looked from one to the other in puzzled suspense, scarcely knowing whether to laugh or cry. Even her childish instinct discerned the gravity of the situation.

'Papa, has some day come? You look so happy.'

He caught her up in his arms and kissed her lovingly, and held her in one arm, while he passed the other round his wife. 'Yes, darling. Your prayer has been answered. Some day—God be thanked—has come at last.' For a moment no one spoke, for the hearts of husband and wife were full of quiet thankfulness. What a little it takes to make poor humanity happy, and fill up the cup of pleasure to the brim!

Round the merry dinner table all was bright and cheerful, and it is no exaggeration to say the board groaned under the profuse spread.

Eleanor lost no time in acquainting her husband with the strange story of her uncle's property, and Mr Carver's views on the subject—a view of the situation which he felt almost inclined to share after a little consideration. It was extremely likely, he thought, that Margaret Boulton would be able to throw some light on the subject, indeed, the fact of her strange rescue from her self-imposed fate pointed almost to a providential interference. It was known that she had a long conversation with Mr Morton the day he died, a circumstance which seemed to have given Miss Wakefield great uneasiness; and her strange disappearance from Eastwood directly after the funeral gave some colouring to the fact.

Margaret Boulton had not risen that day owing to a severe cold caught by her exposure to the rain on the previous night; and Edgar and his wife decided, directly she did so, to question her upon the matter. It would be very strange if she could not give some clue.

'I think, Nelly, we had better take Felix into our confidence,' said Edgar, when the remains of dinner had disappeared in company with the grimy domestic. 'He will be sure to be of some assistance to us; and the more brains we have the better.'

'Certainly, dear,' she acquiesced; 'he should know at once'

'I think I will walk to his rooms this afternoon.'

'No occasion,' said a cheerful voice at that moment 'Mr Felix is here very much at your service. I've got some good news for you; and I am sure, from your faces, you can return the compliment'

CHAPTER V.

Mr Felix was much struck by the tale he heard, and was inclined, in spite of the dictates of common-sense, to follow the Will-o'-the-wisp which grave Mr Carver had discovered. In a prosaic age, such a thing as the disappearance of a respectable Englishman's wealth was on the face of it startling enough; and therefore, although the thread was at present extremely intangible, he felt there must be something romantic about the matter. Mr Felix, be it remembered, was a man of sense; but he was a dreamer of dreams, and a weaver of romance by profession and choice; consequently, he was inclined to pooh-pooh Edgar's half-deprecating, half-enthusiastic view of the case.

'I do not think you are altogether right, Seaton, in treating this affair so cavalierly,' he said. 'In the first place, Miss Wakefield is no relation in blood to your wife's uncle If the property was in her hands, I should feel myself justified in taking steps to have the existing will set aside; but so long as there is nothing worth doing battle for, it is not worth while, unless Miss Wakefield has the money, and is afraid of proceedings'——

'That is almost impossible,' Eleanor interrupted. 'You have really no conception how fond she is of show and display, and I know no such fear would prevent her indulging her fancy, if she had the means to do so.'

'So long as you are really persuaded that is the case, we have one difficulty out of the way,' Felix continued. 'Then we can take it for granted that she neither has the money nor has the slightest idea where it is.—Now, tell me about this Margaret Boulton.'

'That is soon told,' Eleanor replied. 'Last night, shortly after eleven, I was crossing Waterloo Bridge'——

'Bad neighbourhood for a lady to be alone,' interrupted Felix, with a reproachful glance at Seaton.—'I beg your pardon. Go on, please.'

'I had missed my husband at Waterloo Station, and I was hurrying home as quickly as I could'——

'Why did you not take a cab?' exclaimed Felix with some asperity. Then seeing Eleanor colour, he said hastily: 'What a dolt I am! I—I am very sorry. Please, go on.'

'As I was saying,' continued Eleanor, 'just as I was crossing the bridge, I saw a woman close by me climb on to one of the buttresses. I don't remember much about it, for it was over in less than a minute, and seems like a dream now; but it was my old nurse, or rather companion, Margaret Boulton, strange as it seems. Now, you know quite as much as I can tell you.'

Felix mused for a time over this strange history. He could not shake off the feeling that it was more than a mere coincidence. 'Seriously,' he said, 'I feel something will come of this'

'I hope so,' answered Eleanor with a little sigh. 'Things certainly look a little better now than they did; but we need some permanent benefit sadly'

'I thought some day had come, mamma,' piped little Nelly from her nest on the hearthrug.

'Little pitchers have long ears,' said the novelist. 'Come and sit on poor old Uncle Jasper's knee, Nelly, and give him a kiss.'

'Yes, I will, Uncle Jasper; but I'm not a little pitcher, and I've not got long ears.—Mamma, are my ears long?'

'No, darling,' replied her mother with a smile. 'Uncle Felix was not speaking of you.'

'Then I will sit upon his knee.' Whereupon she climbed up on to that lofty perch, and proceeded to draw invidious distinctions between Mr Felix' moustache and the hirsute appendage of her father, a mode of criticism which gave the good-natured literary celebrity huge delight.

'Now,' continued Felix, when he had placed the little lady entirely to her satisfaction—'now to resume. In the first place, I should particularly like to see this Margaret Boulton to-day.'

'I do not quite agree with you, Mr Felix. It would be cruel, with her nerves in such a state, to cross-examine her to-day,' Mrs Seaton said with womanly consideration. 'You can have no idea what such a reaction means.'

'Precisely,' Felix replied grimly. 'Do you not see what I mean? Her nervous system is particularly highly strung at present—the brain in a state of violent activity, probably; and she is certain to be in a position to remember the minutest detail, and may give us an apparently trivial hint, which may turn out of the utmost importance.'

'Still, it seems the refinement of cruelty,' said Eleanor, her womanly kindness getting the better of her curiosity. 'She is in a particularly nervous

state. Naturally, she is inclined to be morbidly religious, and the mere thought of her attempted crime last night upsets her.

'Yes, perhaps so,' Felix said, 'but I should like to see her now. We cannot tell how important it may be to us.'

'I declare your enthusiasm is positively contagious,' laughed Seaton.—'Really, Felix, I did not imagine you were so deeply imbued with curiosity. My wife is bad enough, but you are positively ghoulish.'

'Indeed, sir, you belie me,' said Eleanor with mock indignation. 'I am moved by a little natural inquisitiveness, but I shall certainly not permit that unfortunate girl to be annoyed for the purpose of gratifying the whim of two grown up children.'

'*Mea culpa*,' Felix replied humbly. 'But I should like to see the interesting patient, if only for a few minutes.'

Eleanor laughed in truly at this penitent change. 'Well, well, she said, 'I will go up to Margaret and ascertain if she is fit to see any one just yet, but I warn you not to be disappointed, for she certainly shall not be further excited.'

'I do not think the curiosity is all on our side,' Felix said, as Eleanor was leaving the room.—'You are a fortunate man, Seaton, in spite of your troubles,' he continued. 'A wife like yours must make anxiety seem lighter.'

'Indeed, you are right, Edgar answered earnestly. 'Many a time I have felt like giving it up, and should have done so, if it had not been for Eleanor.'

'Strange, too,' said Felix musingly, 'that she does not give one the impression of being so brave and courageous. But you never can tell. I have been making a study of humanity for twenty years, and I have been often disappointed in my models. I have seen the weakest do the work of the strongest. I have seen the strongest, on the other hand, go down before the first breath of trouble. I have seen the most acid of them all make the most angelic of wives.'

'I wonder you have never married, Felix.'

'Did I not tell you my model women have always been the first to disappoint me?' he replied lightly. 'Besides, what woman could know Jasper Felix and love him?'

'Your reputation alone ——'

'Yes, my reputation—and my money,' Felix said bitterly. 'Twenty years ago, when I was plain Jasper Felix, I did—— But bah! I don't want to discuss faded love affairs with you.—Let us change the subject. I have some good news for you. In the first place, I have sold the article you gave me.'

'Come, that is cheering. I suppose you managed to screw a guinea out of one of your friends for me?'

'On the contrary, I sold it on its merits,' Felix replied, 'and ten pounds was the price.'

'Ten pounds! Am I dreaming, or am I a genius?'

'Neither, which is true, if not complimentary. There is the cheque to prove you are not dreaming, and as to the other thing, you have no genius, but you have considerable talent.—But I have some further news for you. I have had a note from the editor of *Mayfair*, to whom I showed your work. Now, Baker of the *Mayfair* is about the finest judge of literary capacity I know. He says he was particularly struck with your descriptive writing, and if you like to undertake the work, he wants you to visit the principal of the foreign gambling clubs in London, and work up a series of gossiping articles for his paper. The work will not be particularly pleasant, but you will have the *entrée* of all these clubs, and the golden key to get to the working part of the machinery. The thing will be hard and somewhat hazardous, but it is a grand opportunity of earning considerable *kudos*. Will you undertake it?'

'Undertake it,' said Seaton, springing to his feet. 'Will I not? Felix, you have made a new man of me. Had it not been for you, I don't know what would have become of us by this time. I cannot thank you in words, but you know that I feel your kindness.'

'I do not see why this should not lead to

'If I were in your place,' I should not tell my wife I was doing anything dangerous.'

'Poor child, how thankful she will be!' 'But you are perfectly right as regards the danger—not that I fear at parts dirty, though there is no reason to make her anxious.'

'What mischief are you plotting?' said Eleanor, entering the room at that moment. 'You look on particularly good terms with your elves.'

'Good news, Nelly, good news! I have actually got permanent work to do.' 'You need not ask whose doing it is.'

'No, no,' said Lucinda. 'It is your own capability you must thank.—What about the patient?'

'Really, must ask you to postpone your inquiry for the present,' she replied, 'she is incapable of answering any questions just now. Indeed, I am so uneasy that I have sent for a doctor.'

'Indeed!' 'Well, I suppose we must wait for the present.—And now I must tear myself away,' said Felix, as he rose and proceeded to button his overcoat.—'Seaton, you must hold yourself in readiness for your work at any moment.—No thanks please,' as Eleanor was about to speak. 'Now, I must go. Good night, little Nelly, don't forget to think of poor old Uncle Jasper sometimes.'

'Good night, Felix,' said Edgar with a hearty hand shake. 'I won't thank you, but you know how I feel.—Good night, dear old fellow!'

'IN AT THE DEATH

THERE were three of us chumming together in a solitary little hole in the jungle, not so very far—as one counts distance in India—from beyond civilisation. We were Cooper's Hill young men, and fate and the government had given us a chance of distinguishing ourselves, and extinguishing our fellow creatures, by the making of a branch railway including a bridge and a tunnel. So there were three of us; and a right jolly time we had on the whole. Our bungalow was a real work of art, covered with creepers, by which I do not mean to insinuate centipedes, of which, however,

there were also a good few, but less immune, plumbago, a climbing moss—which one of us had rescued from the tangle of the jungle, and coaxed to live in a more civilised position—besides many other lovely specimens. To save our valuable time, we generally addressed each other by our initials. Mine, unfortunately, spelt M A G, to which my companions, in moments of hilarity, sometimes added a second course of P I E. I was the eldest of the trio.

We had not been very long at our branch line work, when I was laid low with an exhausting attack of jungle fever and ague. My friends E S P and H P by turns nursed me with a tenderness and care for which I can never be sufficiently grateful. I pulled through, thanks to them, but on a that time, have been subject to rather severe fits of ague, from one of which I was recovering, at the time the incident happened I wish to tell you about.

It had been an unlucky hunting day, and we had been driven to the verge of insanity between the heat and the flies. We were reclining, after our dinner, on our bicycle sofas, on the veranda, in the cool of the evening, puffing away solemnly and silently at our briar root pipes, when it suddenly struck us that a group of native workmen, who were superintending the cooking of their evening meal in a corner of our very improvised sort of compound, must have received some curious intelligence. Being young and sportively inclined, we were all three fellows of one idea, and that idea was, 'bears.'

'Just call to that gaping fool and ask him what's up,' suggested I, in a whole cut voice.

'St John!' shouted E S P, whose voice carried further than either of ours, clapping his hands loudly at the same time, to attract the attention of the gaping group, and up came the tallest, thinnest native to be met in a very long days ride. We had christened this man 'St John,' first, because he was the most fearfully and wonderfully made camel's hair garment that civilised eyes ever looked upon, and secondly, because he was so ill partly lean and lanky, we were certain that he must feed on either locusts or grasshopper, which we both supposed to be a very anti fat diet.

Up, then, came this mysterious coolie, and, with many salaams, much gesticulation and showing the whites of his eyes, he informed us that there was a most bloodthirsty man eater lurking in the neighbourhood, close by, at our very door! I looked nervously round, not enjoying the idea of being caught by Monsieur Monsieur armed only with a briar wood pipe. E and H at once appeared to be seized with St Vitus's dance, so absurdly and hysterically active had they suddenly become.

'When was he last seen?' 'How large was he?' 'What village was the scene of his last meal?' 'How many people was he known to have eaten?' 'Who brought the news?' 'Send him up to be questioned!'

St John went away, and in a few minutes reappeared, accompanied by a native postman, who, it seemed, knowing that the railway Sahibs were partial to tiger, had kindly dropped in with the intelligence. We found out all we could from the man, and rewarded him with some money and tobacco.

The last victim was a poor native woman, who had crept into the corner of the veranda of a bungalow some miles away, and fallen asleep, from which, poor soul, she was roughly awakened, and then half carried, half dragged to a clump of thick jungle grass and bushes about two and a half miles from where we were. The postman's eyes and teeth glistened with sympathetic pleasure, as he saw how keen and eager the other two fellows were to be after the brute. I was out of it altogether, as I could not trust my shaky hands with a rifle in such a case of life or death, so I looked on and listened to all their suggestions and arrangements with the deepest interest.

'That poor old bag of bones is not likely to have afforded him much of a "gorge," said H. 'He may turn up on our veranda to-night, boys, to see if he can find some light refreshment here.'

'He will get some black pepper which may not agree with him,' said E S P, who had gone into what we called our armoury and brought out his rifle, which he began to clean and make ready for very active service.

By this time darkness had closed in round us, with that small respect for twilight which so bothers the enterprising traveller in foreign lands. The servants and workmen had dispersed to their various habitations, and our white headed native factotum was standing before us announcing dinner.

'Hush!' said H, putting his finger up in a commanding way and listening intently. 'Didn't either of you hear something leap over the wall?'

'Oh, bother your imagination—I'm off to dinner,' said I, rising abruptly, and disappearing through the open window. The other fellows followed, and were soon busily employed in making the most of the meal of the day and arranging about the morrow's sport.

When the butler, who my tent and his were at six the next morning, had much to ask him, for E and H had gone off without waking me, probably thinking that the sight of them with two rifles in their hands, and a tiger in the bush, would be too exciting and tantalising for me. I found that the Misses Sahibs had departed after a very hasty breakfast, and had taken St John with them, carrying a third gun, in case of accident. A railway coolie reported distant shots, heard at an hour after the Sahibs had left the bungalow, but nothing had since been seen or heard of men or man eater.

'You can open that blind, To Tum,' said I, pointing to one of the windows looking towards the north, for I thought I should probably see the conquering heroes returning that way, covered with glory and thorn scratches. The butler had departed and left me to my meditations, and good intentions of performing my toilet and going to see what was doing on the line. I continued to lie, looking drowsily out of the window, the jalousie of which To Tum had thrown back. It was not much of a view, consisting only of a corner of the compound wall and the jungle beyond; but a soft pinky haze beautified everything, and, fanned by a most delicious cool breeze, I closed my eyes again and dozed for a few minutes, utterly and blissfully ignorant that sudden death had just cleared

that compound wall, and was making, stealthily and warily, straight for my open window. I heard—in a dream as it were, so did not heed—a curious scratching noise, followed by soft limping footsteps across the veranda, then heavy breathing, almost gasping, which seemed so unpleasantly near, that I opened my sleepy, dreamy eyes just in time to see his most serene Highness the Bengal tiger throw himself in an utterly done for condition by the side of my bed.

How was a situation! My very marrow seemed to freeze in my bones, and every hair on my head was alive with electrified fright. I lay as still as a corpse, and in my heart thank a considerate providence which had made the beast turn its back to me, instead of its villainous face. I was too paralyzed even to think of what I could do to get out of the room, which, perhaps, was fortunate. The animal had evidently run far and fast, as its panting sides and foam flecked jaws plainly showed, so there was just a feeble chance of its going to sleep, and then would be the time to contemplate escape. Its great murderous long jaws were stained with blood, and, though I could see that one of them was wounded, the idea never did take possession of my weak and agitated mind, that it was the blood of one of my companions, and not the tiger's own. But knowing, to my horror, the brute bite I had felt from its jaws, pricked up my ears, and listened intently. I could hear as well as I could, but every nerve was throbbing, and the sound in the ears was as the surging of stormy waves on a pebbly beach. I, to-morrow, caught a distant 'click, very faint and infinitesimal, and I could not make out what it was. The tiger seemed incapable of sleep or rest, it was impossible to see if its eyes were open or shut, but a sensation of indescribable sensitiveness, I guess, by the extreme and full of its ears, that it must be listening, which, in fact, not more than the proverbial forty winks, so now was my time, or never! Not once taking my eyes off the object of my terror, I slipped out of the bed, which was a gentle creak, that, to my fevered imagination, sounded like a death knell. He did not move! I waited I had more on, I felt so defenceless. I crept slowly to the door, not taking one foot off the ground till I had carefully stealthily my hand on both. I reached the only thing that divided me from comparative safety, softly turned the handle. The door was locked! For one second I had taken my steady gaze from the sleeping brute, when I looked again, what a change! Head thrown back, ears flat, eyes glaring savagely, and flanks trembling and quivering with the steadily movement of an animal about to spring! But not at me! I followed the tiger's gaze, and caught a glimpse of the barrel of a rifle, just one second—then a flash—a roar—a struggle—and I fell senseless on the floor.

When I came to myself, I was lying wrapped in my dressing gown on a sofa in the sitting room. Mrs P was kneeling beside me with a bottle of something in her hand, and Mr P was standing at my feet with an expression of the greatest anxiety.

'Don't talk just yet, old fellow,' said he, 'wait till you feel stronger, and we'll tell you all about it. By jingo! you had a narrow escape!'

After a few minutes' quiet, my curiosity awoke in full force. 'Tell me,' said I—'did you kill him straight off?'

'O yes,' answered F S P. 'He's as dead as mutton. But we had no idea that you were there. To Tum tell us that you had gone to the lime ages ago, and we tracked the brute through your open window, where he had taken refuge. He wounded him in the off hind leg, when we got our first sight of him in the jungle, and instead of coming at us, he bolted, and led us a precious dance. To Tum bolted your door on the outside, thinking it would stand a charge better, in case the tiger made one, but he thought that you were safe off the premises.'

'Well,' said I, shuddering at the recollection, 'I really don't think I am more cowardly than most people, but may I never spend another such *mauvais quart d'heure!*'

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

A NEW JET.

The rise and progress of the mineral oil industry are too well known to need my special comment. In this and other countries, the supply of hydrocarbon oil, both from shale fields and springs, has of late years received remarkable development. Nor will surprise be expressed, knowing the enormous quantities of the material brought into the market, and the low figure at which it can be supplied, that efforts are continually being made, and experiments carried out, to utilize in new forms the heat and light giving properties so eminently possessed by this oil in bulk.

Some little time back, we had had on hand an invention from hydro carbon oil, and pointed out its adaptability for running from a burner lamp, and similar cases where swing, or spin, and weight times are important desiderata. Since then, matters have advanced considerably, and the idea was received in Paris with a propelled entirely by oil furnaces, authentic statistics of the process already made.

Hydrocarbon oils generally, however, to find employment in their direct application—namely for lighting purposes, in place of the coal gas, works on a similar operation, and giving results in every respect similar. The essential principle involved in this method of lighting consists in forcing air, compressed to about twenty pounds on the square inch, through the heavy hydrocarbon oil. The oil issues from the burner in a fine spray, which burns with a remarkably steady and brilliant light, the oxygen of the air being thoroughly consumed. The absence of smoke and smell is particularly noticeable. The oil is stored in circular tanks of galvanized iron, holding some twenty gallons, or about ten hours' supply. A vertical tube extends upwards from the tank and carries the burner, which, an ingeniously contrived shade, arranged to turn around the burner according to the direction of the wind, affords shelter to the flame. A safety-valve is fitted to the tank to obviate any undue increase of pressure in the air. The whole

apparatus is mounted on a stand some fifteen to twenty feet high, and sheds a brilliant light for at least two hundred yards.

It may be added that the well diffused light of the new system contrasts very forcibly with the black dense shadows cast by the electric light, and forms a strong argument in favour of the former. The power required to supply air is not large, about one eighth horse power being found sufficient for each light. Thus, a small air compressor of five horse power can readily produce abundant pressure for forty lights. When employed on a large scale, and laid down permanently, other economies and conveniences can be effected, as, for example, the erection of a central tank arranged to feed all the burners.

Turning now to the oil employed, it may be noted that almost any oil may be utilised, the crude and waste products of oil and gas works being found to yield excellent results. This fact alone, enabling products of small value to be rendered serviceable, should always the light in no small degree. There is beyond all question a large [illegible] for any illuminating agent, which can be readily erected in goods sheds, ship yards, or engineering works, and can be worked at moderate cost. Whether or not this adaptation of hydro carbon oil will fulfil all the conditions necessary to render it a commercial success and lead to its wide development, time alone can tell. We have, however, shown that it has already done good work, and promises well for the future.

MR G A SALA ON LABOUR IN AUSTRALIA

Mr G A Sala recently addressing the representative of an Australian journal, said "I recognise that labour is needed everywhere in Australia—more working men, more domestic servants, more young men, more intelligent men, more women—in many more as ever you like. I think I have also been able to discern the people who are not required here. These are the black sheep of good families, loafers, idlers, young men who come out and spend their money, drift into dissolute habits, get remittances to take them home again, where they do nothing but abuse the colonies, of which they know nothing, and in which their presence was likely to do more harm than good. I have been preaching lay sermons for a good many years, and were I not too old and too wicked, I would get into some pulpit at home and preach as a minister, for certainly ministers have more influence over their congregations than lecturers have over audiences. I would say to my hearers "My capable, hard working, shrewd, intelligent brethren, go out to Australia. You and your wives and your children, go out, work hard, and be assured that, with or without capital, you will, by hard working, frugality, and sobriety, greatly better your condition. Not only that, but you will also better those whom you have behind. You will give more and more backbone, more and more muscle, more and more red blood, to the body politic of Australia." But I would also add "My idle brethren, my stupid brethren, my wicked, needy brethren, my vicious brethren, my drunken brethren, stop at home and gravitate to your natural refuge, the poorhouse. Do not go out to Australia to become a nuisance and a pest there." Then, in more forbearing language, I would amicably advise young men in England of mere clerical attainments, who can at best only hope to be bookkeepers or shop assistants, to think twice, nay thrice, before they travel thirteen thousand miles to find a country where the native youths equal, if they do not excel them in the ability demanded by the requirements of the counting house and shop counter."

FOREIGN COMPETITION

Sir John Brown, of the well known firm of John Brown & Co, has said that he "feared England had almost, if not altogether reached the summit of her prosperity, and that she must not again look for any material prosperity such as the last thirty or forty years had displayed." English trade was being nibbled right and left by Germany, Austria, Prussia, and the United States. Illustrating this, Sir John stated that his large ship-building Company at Hull had recently taken their supplies of steel plates from Germany at prices varying from [illegible] shillings to twenty shillings per ton below the prices at which Sheffield could supply the material. The same was true of ship building firms at Newcastle and other places. Notwithstanding the cost of carriage, rails were sent more cheaply from Germany, by Antwerp and the German Ocean, to Hull and Newcastle than they could be made in England. A process of cold rolling is known only to certain French and American houses, and it is curious, but not altogether creditable to ourselves, that steel is sent to Paris to be cold rolled, and is afterwards returned to this country.

BONNIE DEARIE

Bonnie Dearie, my native air am
I have loved thee long and dearly,
Glancing in the sunny beam
Glinting through the leafy tree lately.

Wayward, wandering mountain burn,
Dancing down thy glen so grassy,
Leaping light by cliff and cairn,
Gleesome as a maiden lassie.

Sunsin by the Rotten moat,
Sweet flowers so fair lean in together,
Sad I am, as moments see thee not,
Lilting lightly through the heather.

Seaward wandering, bright and free,
Dreaming not of Old World story,
Fallen empires sought to thee,
Older than thou Roman glory.

I have roamed by silver Tweed,
Stately Clyde majestic rushing,
Strayed where Highland rivers speed
O'er their rocks channels gushing.

Name can sing a song like thine, [illegible] of the
Name can dance so light and airy [illegible] Tam had
Name can cheer this heart o' mine [illegible] view, com-
Like thee, thou merry mountain [illegible] pound wall
[illegible] pinky haze
[illegible] d by a most
[illegible] my eyes again
[illegible] bitterly and blind
[illegible] had just cleared

Printed and Published by W & R [illegible]
nester Row, LONDON, and 339 High [illegible]

All Rights Reserved.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL
OF
POPULAR
LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART
Fifth Series
ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832
CONDUCTED BY R CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)

No 108 —Vol III SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1886 Price 1½d

AN ANGLER'S IDYLL

I am on a moor at the waters edge It is the Tweed, silver voiced, musical, its ripples breaking into liquid crystals as the rushing stream leaps into the breast of the softly circling pool Here, in its upper reaches, amid the pastoral hills of Peebleshire, its volume of fair water is unstained by pollution It has miles and miles yet to run ere it comes up with the floating scum and dismal discoloration of manufactories and the refuse of the dye house And there—is not that Drummelzier Castle on the opposite bank above, its gray walls powdered with the yellows and browns of spreading lichens and its shattered battlements warm, here and there a crest of summer green grass? The fierce old chieftains who wrangled border fashion in its halls are silent to day, the wild Tweedies and Hays and Veitches have had their rough voices smothered in the churchyard dust From the shady angle of the old tower slope out a great bramble bush leaning, his following of milky daises to where the pasture is juicy in the haughs below I am thankful the broad deep stream is between us, for as he lifts his head and sees me where I stand, he announces his displeasure in a short angry snort and a sullen lashing of his ponderous tail Perhaps it is only the flies tormenting him In any case, it is well to be beyond his reach

Above me and around are the great brown hills of Tweed dale They have this morning a dreamy look The soft west wind plays about them, and the sunlight weaves a web of mingled glory and gloom over their broad summits and down their furrowed sides. The trees wave green branches in the soft warm air but I hear them not—only the swish and tinkle of the waters The sheep that feed upon the long gray slopes move about in a kind of spectral stillness, I almost fancy I hear them bleat, but may be mistaken, so far off and dream like is the sound A distant shot is heard, and a flock of white pigeons rise with swift wing from the summit of the battered old keep, and wheel quick circles round the tower, then settle down as still and unseen as before And something else is moving on the farther side It is a milk maid, tripping down the bank towards the river, her pitchers creaking as she goes She pauses ere dipping them in the stream, and looks with level hand above her eyes across the meadows now aflame with the morning sun Perhaps she expects to see some gallant Pate returning from the 'wauking o the fauld' or some bashful Roger hiding mouse like behind the willows Her light hair has been bleached to a still lighter hue by the suns and showers of many a summer day, but these, though they have bronzed her broad brow and shapely neck, have left undimmed the rosy lustre of her cheek Light handed, red cheeked Peggy, go thy way in sweet expectation! When the westering sun flings purple shadows over the hills, he whose rustic image stirs thy glowing pulses shall steal to meet thee here

And I?—what have I to do? There in the tempting stream, the plant rod, with its gossamer line and daintily tinkled lures, is ready to hand Deft fingers have mounted it for me without ostentation or display There has been no struggling with knotted line or tangled cast, I have been served like a prince among anglers, and am ready equipped to step into the stream And yet at the moment I am all alone, for round me only are the silent hills, and beneath me the broadly flowing Tweed

I have never fished so before I feel as light as if the normal fifteen pounds to the square inch of atmospheric pressure no longer existed for me Ah, with what delight I feel the cool water lapping round my limbs, as I fling the light line far across the rippling stream, and watch the 'flies' as they drop and float downwards with the current The broad brown hills, the dewy woods, the gray tower, are forgotten now The bramble bush and the milky following have gone, with the rosy milkmaid, out of sight and out of mind The pigeons

high on the shattered keep may wheel first circles as they choose and spread white wings in the orient sun, but they cannot draw my eyes from the chosen spot. Down there, in the hough beneath, near to where Pownal burn joins the Tweed, the clean face is shading the wounds grave, but gay Melba, sleeping or waking, living or dead, is nothing to me. Yonder, up the river, is Mossknum Hill, and the Scottish king, for all I know, may on a moonlit riding round the Merecleuch head, 'tooth and spurred, is so fell see,' to slight him down, as in days of old, and time was the law. 'the Lorn law,' but to me that old royal lover is at this moment a thing of nought. Border story and Border song talk of love and deed of valour—what are they now to me with the soft wind sighing round my head and the swift river rushing at my feet?

A splendid stream, indeed! For a hundred yards it sweeps with broken and ruffled surface, from the broad shallow above to the deep dark pool below. In the strong rush of its current, it is not easy to gauge your feet. The bottom is of small pebbles, smooth and round, glimmering yellow and brown through the clear water, and they have an awkward knack of slipping clean from in beneath your feet, giving you every now and then a queer sensation of standing upon nothing. But this is only for a moment or even so much less than a moment. For if it were longer than the quickest thought it might burn you a bad five minutes. To lose your footing in this swift hurrying stream, might be to have a fleet passage into the great pool that lings its black waters beneath the shadow of yonder gloomy rock over which the pine trees wave their sombre boughs. But really it is all one, has no fear of that. Long ago minutes The railway train in which you sat quietly reading the morning paper, may hit at any moment leave the rail, or break an axle, or collide with the stone bridge ahead, but you do not think of that, or anticipate it—for, if you did, life would not be worth living. So is it here in the broad Tweed. With the faculties engrossed in the work of the moment, foot and hand are equally and mentally alert, blindly and so nicely you move over the shining pebbles, making cast after cast—wondering if ever you are to have a rise.

I must work here with cautious hand and shortened line. For a belt of trees borders the river on the farther side, and a long armed ash is pushing his boughs far out over the stream, as if seeking to dip his hair tips in the cool flowing water. To hank one's line on these quivering boughs would lead to a loss of time and probably of temper, and this morning every thing is too beautiful and bright for any angry mood. As yet I have no success. Not a fin is on the rise, not a single silvery scale has glittered. Still, what beauties I know to be lurking there. You see that point, where the ground juts out a little into the stream, and a ragged alder hangs with loosened roots from the crumbling bank? It is being slowly undermined by the stream, and one day will slip down and be carried away. But as yet, it affords a rare sheltering place for the hungry trouts. It was but last season I hooked one at that very spot, and after a long and stubborn fight got my net beneath him, and went victor home.

And I know that others are there still, as brave and as beautiful as he. In fancy's eye I can see them even now, lying with head up stream, and motionless but for now and then a quick jerk of the tail sideways, their yellow flanks glimmering in speckled radiance when a sunbeam reaches them through the fret work of the overhanging leaves. That sharp jerk of the tail sideways means that they are keeping their weather eye open; among other things, mischievous, they know if they would secure their prey they must be quick about it, hence they are ever on the alert. And yet, the flies which I am offering must have passed close by them a dozen times, but still they have shunned, except in that knowing way which indicates they are not to be taken in. They have learned a thing or two, these Tweed trouts, since the time of the fly was struck about mind not having reason in power. Let any one who deludes himself with this vain fallacy, purchase the best angling apparatus going and then try his hand upon Tweed trout. Three hours afterwards he will not feel quite so satisfied as to the immeasurable superiority of man over the lower creatures. He may even have some half defined suspicion that it is himself, and not the other party, that has been taken in. And not with at cause. These Tweed trout can pick you out an artificial fly as skilfully as a tickle maker.

The thought do hurt me for a moment, as I stand here, fishing away, midst drop in the stream. But it is only for a moment. The wind is soft, the air is bright, but not too bright, with sunshine, a luminous haze is gathering below in the distant mountains, and the skies have now more of gray than of blue in their airy texture. Everything is beautiful, from the soft contour of the rounded hills to the glitter and spindle of the silvery stream.—But there! My reel is whirring off with a sound that wakes the senses almost everything else. He is on! I saw him rise, and as he turned to dart and I struck—and there he is! It was all quicker than thought. He has rushed up stream a dozen yards, but is turning now. As I reel in, I hear, mentally to calculate the ratio of his weight to his strength of pull. This is a useful thing to do, because if you should happen to lose your fish, you are then in a position to assure your friend Jones, who is higher up the water, and very likely has done nothing, that you had one 'on' which was two pounds if it was an ounce. Jones will of course believe it, and condole with you upon your loss—perhaps with a secret chuckle.

But this is digressive. I have other work than to talk about Jones at present. Master Fario is not taking kindly to the trifle which I have put in his mouth, and is having another run for it. There he goes, swish out of the water a couple of feet. What an exhilarating moment! Another leap and whirl, and off he goes careering towards the pool below in a way you never saw. But the line is running out after him, and still he is fast. The fight is keen, but he is worth fighting for. With the point of the rod well up, and a considerable strain upon the line, he must soon either yield—or break off. The alter-

native is dreadful to contemplate. So I renew my caution, and play him gently. By and by I feel he is yielding. Reeling in on a line, I soon draw him within range of eyesight. What a beauty he is! Plump and fat, the very pink of trouts! Moving uneasily from side to side—boring occasionally as if he would make his way down to catch hold of something, but with a swimming and swaying motion about him indicative of full power—he comes more and nearer to me where I stand, breathless with excitement the while lest, even at this last moment of the struggle, I may yet lose him. The very moment is at hand! He is almost at my feet. I hold the rod with one hand, and with the other undo the landing net. He curls round and at as great a distance as the horsehair line will allow, and though I have tried once or twice to pass the net beneath him, he has held his own, and to kill him I let go, at last, the rod is under him—and, there——

Tap tap!—'Come in.'—And enter two three little ones to bid good night. As little as they are, what a vision you have made! The flowing stream, the overhanging trees, the old gray tower, the distant hills, have all, at the touch of your tiny fingers, vanished!

I was not dreaming,—no, not yet up. My book has turned face down on my knee, and my pipe, extinguished, is still between my lips. It is towards the end of December, the Christmas bells have merrily rung out their message, and the New Year is waning, in a few days to be ushered in. Outside, the wind is blowing in full force, gusts through the lofty sycamore, the windflaws before it in wild drift. Here, in my lodge, I sit with feet in fender, within, the glow, emulating that thought of summer days that long now are gone. I was once more by silver Tweed, under summer skies, 'the well beloved fly'—the sun and the snow built with us, bringing with them to you, reader, I have uttered all the revive of those brief five minutes of swift fancy to you, though I can let my thoughts and expressions be the lingering of coming past, and with each and all of you I now will put bidding you reverently, as I bid my little ones, Good night!

IN ALL SHADES

CHAPTER V

The letter from Ireland that had so greatly perturbed old Mr Hawthorn had been written, of course, some twenty days before he received it, for the mail takes about that time, as a rule, in going from Southampton across the Atlantic to the port of Trinidad. Edward had already told his father of his long standing engagement to Marian, but the announcement and acceptance of the district judgeship had been so hurried, and the date fixed for his departure was so extremely early, that he had only just had time by the first mail to let his father know of his approaching marriage, and his determination to proceed at once to the West Indies by the succeeding steamer. Three weeks was all the interval allowed him by the inexorable red tape department of the Colonial Office for completing his hasty preparations for his marriage, and settling, and to undertake his newly acquired judicial duties.

'Three weeks, my dear!' Nora cried in despair to Marian, 'why you know, it cannot possibly be done!' 'It simply impracticable.' Do those horrid government office people really imagine we can get ready in a week, and have all the bridesmaids dresses made, and see about the house and the breakfast, and all that out of them, and get here if could really married, all within a small fortnight? They are just like all men, they think you can do things in less than no time.' 'It will simply prove to you.'

'Pshaw!' Marian answered, 'the government office people would say they could find time to take a district judgeship and disturb a space to anything, but his marriage married before he went out to him. Let it take it!'

'Oh, well, you know, if you choose to look at it in that way, of course one can reasonably grumble at them for thus hurrying. But still the bridal arrangements ought to have a little consideration for a girl's convenience. Why, we shall have to make up our minds at once, what the bridesmaids are to be, and begin having them cut out and the trousseau settled this very morning. A wedding at a fortnight's notice! I never in my life heard of such a thing! I wonder, for my part, your mamma consents to it.—Well, well, I shall have you to take charge of me going out, that one comfort, and I shall have my bridesmaids dress made so that I can wear it a little afterwards, and cut square in the bodice, when I get to Trinidad, for a best dinner dress. It is really awfully horrid having to make all once preparations for the wedding and for going out in such a terrible unexpected hurry!' However, in spite of Nora, the preparations for the wedding were duly made, with the appointed fortnight, even that important item of the bridesmaids dresses being quickly settled to everybody's satisfaction.

'Strange, that when two human beings propose entering into a solemn contract together for the future governance of their entire joint existence, the thoughts of one of them and that the one to whom the change is most intimately important, should be largely taken up for some weeks beforehand with the particular clothes she is to wear on the morning when the contract is publicly ratified!' Barry the ambassador who spends the twenty being mainly occupied for the ten days of the preliminary negotiations with deciding what sort of uniform and how many orders he shall put on upon the eventful day of the final signature!

At the end of that short hurry scurrying fortnight, the wedding actually took place, and an advertisement in the *Times* next morning duly announced among the list of marriages, '*At Holy Trinity*, Brompton, by the Venerable Archdeacon Ord, uncle of the bride, assisted by the Rev Augustus Savile, BD, Edward Beresford Hawthorn, MA, Barrister at law, of the Inner Temple, late Fellow of St Catherine's College, Cambridge, and District Judge of the Westernland District, Trinidad, to Marian Arbuthnot, only daughter of General C B Ord, CIE,

formally of the Bengal Infantry' 'The bride-cake,' said the newspapers, 'consisted of white brocade satin de Lyon, draped with deep lace flounces, caught up with orange blossoms. The veil was of tulle, secured to the hair with a pearl crescent and stars. The bouquet was composed of rare exotics.' In fact, to the crude and undiscriminating male intelligence, the whole attire, on which so much pains and thought had been lavishly bestowed, does not appear to have differed in any respect whatever from that of all the other brides one has ever looked at during the entire course of a reasonably long, and varied lifetime.

After the wedding, however, Marian and Edward could only afford a single week by way of a honeymoon, in that most overrun by brides and bridegrooms of all English districts, the Isle of Wight, as being nearest within call of Southampton, whence they had to start on their long ocean voyage. The aunt in charge was to send down Nora to them at the hotel the day before the steamer sailed, and the general and Mrs Ord were to see them off, and say a long good-bye to them on the morning of sailing.

Harry Noel, too, who had been best man at the wedding, for some reason not fully known to himself, profess a great desire to 'see the last of poor Hawthorn, before he left for parts unknown in the Cubbon,' and with that intent duly presented himself at Southampton hotel on the day before their final departure. It was not purely by accident, however, either on his own part or on Miss Hawthorn's, that when they took a quiet walk that evening, in some fields behind the hotel, he found him left a little in front with Nora Dupuy, while the newly married pair, as was only proper, brought up the rear in a compact little knot.

'Miss Dupuy,' Harry said quickly, as they reached an open space in the fields with a clear view unintercepted before them, 'there's something I wish to say to you before you leave to-morrow for Trinidad—an thing a little premature, perhaps, but under the circumstances—as you're leaving so soon—I can't help it. I've seen very little of you as yet, Miss Dupuy, and you've seen very little of me, so I dare say I owe you some apology for this strange precipitancy, but—— Well, you're going away at once from England, and I may not see you again for—for some months, and if I allow you to go with out having spoken to you, why'——

Nora's heart throbbed violently. She didn't care very much for Harry Noel at first sight to be sure, but still, she had never till now had a regular offer of marriage made to her, and every woman's heart beats naturally—I hope—when she finds herself within measurable distance of her first offer. Besides, Harry was the heir to a baronetcy, and a great catch, as most girls counted, and even if you don't want to marry a baronet, it's something at least to be able to say to yourself in future, 'I refused an offer to be Lady Noel.' Mind you, as women go, the heir to an old baronetcy and twelve thousand a year is not to be despised, though you may not care a single pin about his mere personal attractions. A great many girls who would refuse the man upon his own merits, would willingly say 'Yes' at once to the title and the income. So Nora Dupuy, who was, after all, quite as human as most other girls—if not rather more so—merely held her breath hard and tried her best to still the beating of her wayward heart, as she answered back with childish innocence, 'Well, Mr Noel, in that case, what would happen?'

'In that case, Miss Dupuy,' Harry replied, looking at her pretty little pursed up guileless mouth with a hungry desire to kiss it incontinently then and there—'why, in that case, I'm afraid some other man—some handsome young Trinidad planter or other—might carry off the prize on his own account before I had ventured to put in my humble claim for it—Miss Dupuy, what's the use of beating about the bush, when I see by your eyes you know what I mean! From the moment I first saw you, I said to myself 'She's the one woman I have ever seen whom I feel instinctively I could worship for a lifetime.' Answer me, yes. I'm no speaker. But I love you. Will you take me?'

Nora twirled the tassel of her purse nervously between her fingers and thumb for a few seconds, then looked back at him full in the face with her pretty, wilish opening, and answered with charming naïveté—just as he had merely asked her whether she would take another cup of tea—'Thank you, no, Mr Noel. I don't think so.'

Harry Noel smiled with unassumed—in spite of the quiet and simple rejection—at the oddity of such a reply to such a question. 'Of course,' he said, glancing down at her pretty little feet to hide his confusion 'I didn't expect you to answer me at once in so very short an acquaintance as ours has been. I acknowledge it's dreadfully presumptuous in me to have dared to put you a question like that, when I know you can have seen so very little in me to make me worth the honour you'd be bestowing my name.'

'Quite so,' Nora murmured mechanically, in parenthetical undertone. 'It wasn't kind, I fancies it wasn't even like, but then you see she was really, after all, only a schoolgirl.'

Harry paused, half abashed for a second at this very literal acceptance of his conventional expression of self depreciation. He hardly knew whether it was worth while continuing his suit in the face of such exceedingly outspoken discouragement. Still, he had something to say, and he determined to say it. He was really very much in love with Nora, and he wasn't going to lose his chance outright just for the sake of what might be nothing more than a pretty girl's provoking coyness.

'Yes,' he went on quietly, without seeming to notice her little interruption, 'though you haven't yet seen anything in me to care for, I'm going to ask you, not whether you'll give me any definite promise—it was foolish of me to expect one on so brief an acquaintance—but whether you'll kindly bear in mind that I've told you I love you—yes, I said love you'—for Nora had dashed her little hand aside impatiently at the word. 'And remember, I shall still hope, until I see you again, you may yet in future

reconsider the question—Don't make me any promise, Miss Dupuy, and don't repeat the answer you've already given me, but when you go to Trinidad, and as admired and courted as you needs must be, don't wholly forget that some one in England once told you he loved you—loved you passionately'

'I'm not likely to forget it, Mr Noel,' Nora answered with malicious calmness, 'because nobody ever proposed to me before, you know, and one's sure not to forget one's first offer'

'Miss Dupuy, you are making game of me! It isn't right of you—it isn't generous'

Nora paused and looked at him again. He was dark, but very handsome. He had held himself sooner still when he bridled up a little. It was a very nice thing to look forward to being Lady Noel. How all the other girls at school would have just jumped at it! But no—he was too dark by half to meet her fancy. She could not give him the slightest encouragement. 'Mr Noel,' she said far more seriously this time, with a little sigh of impatience, 'believe me, I didn't really mean to offend you. I—I like you very much and I am sure I am very much flattered indeed by what you've just been kind enough to say to me. I know it's a great honour for you to ask me to—to ask me what you have asked me. But—you know, I don't think of you in that kind of way. You will understand what I mean when I say, I can't even leave the question open. I have nothing to see under'

Harry waited a moment in internal reflection. He liked her all the better because she said no to him. He was man of the world enough to know that ninety nine girls out of a hundred would have jumped at one's offer with an eligible offer. 'In a few months, he said quietly in an absentedly fashion, 'I shall be going away out to Trinidad'

'Oh don't, pray, don't' Nora cried hastily. 'It'll be no use, Mr Noel, no use in any way. I am quite made up my mind and I never change it. Don't come out to Trinidad, I beg of you'

'I see,' Harry said, smiling a little bitterly. 'Some one else has been before hand with me already. No wonder. I am not at all surprised at him. How could he possibly see you and help it?' And he looked with unmistakable admiration at Nora's face, all the prettier now for its deep blushes.

'No, Mr Noel, Nora answered simply. 'There you are mistaken. There's nobody—absolutely nobody. I've only just left school, you know, and I've seen no one so far that I care for in any way'

'In that case,' Harry Noel said, in his decided manner, 'the quest will still be worth pursuing. No matter what you say, Miss Dupuy, we shall meet again—before long—in Trinidad. A young lady who has just left school has plenty of time still to reconsider her determination'

'Mr Noel' 'Please, don't' 'It'll be quite useless'

'I must, Miss Dupuy, I can't help myself. You will draw me after you, even if I tried to prevent it. I believe I have had one real passion in my life, and that passion will act upon me like a magnet on a needle for ever after. I shall go to Trinidad'

'At any rate, then you'll remember that I gave you no encouragement, and that for me, at least, my answer is final'

'I will remember, Miss Dupuy—and I won't believe it'

That evening, as Marian kissed Nora good night in her own bedroom at the Southampton hotel, she asked archly 'Well, Nora, what did you answer him?'

'Answer who? what?' Nora repeated hastily, trying to look as if she didn't understand the supposed talent of the personal pronoun.

'My dear girl, it isn't the least use your pretending you don't know what I mean by it. I saw in your face, Nora, when I heard and I caught you up, what it was Mr Noel had been saying to you. And how did you answer him? Tell me, Nora!'

'I'll tell him so, Marian, quite positively'

'Oh Nora'

'Yes, I did. And he said he'd follow me out to Trinidad, and I told him he really needn't take the trouble to come in my case. I could never encourage him'

'Oh dear, I am so sorry. You wicked girl! And, Nora, he's such a nice fellow too! and so dreadfully in love with you! You ought to have taken him'

'My dear Marian. He's so awfully black, you know. I really I have be met positively be—be colour'

OUR DOMESTICATED OTTER

One fine day in early autumn, while straying along the banks of one of the sparkling little trout streams which appear to be at once the cause and the purpose of those lovely winding valleys so numerous in Northern Devon, our attention was drawn, by a faint distressed chirping sound, to a small dark object stirring in the grass at some distance from the stream. We hurried to the spot, and there was, to our great surprise, wet, muddy, and unseemly squirming at our feet, a baby otter! For infant how came it there? By what concatenation of untoward circumstances could the helpless innocent find itself in a position so foreign to the habits of its kind? Its appearance under conditions so utterly at variance with our experience of the customs and manners of otter society, was so amazing, that we could scarcely believe our eyes. However, there the little creature undoubtedly was, and congratulating ourselves on this unlooked for and valuable addition to our home menagerie—for these animals are rare in Devon, and to light upon a young scion of the race in evident need of a home and education was quite a piece of good luck—the forlorn bantling was promptly deposited in a coat pocket and proudly borne homewards.

Introduced to the family circle, 'Tim'—as he was afterwards duly christened—became at once the centre of domestic interest and unceasing care. To feed him was necessarily our first consideration. A feline or canine mother deprived

of his young was sought as a suitable foster mother, but, unfortunately, no such animal was at hand, and meantime the creature must be fed. We therefore procured an ordinary infant's feeding bottle, and filling it with lukewarm cow's milk, as yet thus to make good the absence of mammal food. At first the little stranger absolutely declined even to consider this arrangement, and in some pain expressed somewhat, but on the end the pangs of hunger wrought a change in his feelings, and after several energetic though unscientific attempts, he overcame the difficulties of his new feeding apparatus, and was soon vigorously sucking. For a time, all went well. Tim, with commendable regularity, alternately filled himself with milk and slept peacefully in his basket of sweet hay. But at the close of the second day, a change came to our interesting charge, he was restless and uneasy during the night, and in the morning refused to feed, and appeared to be suffering pain. In milk, his refusal to take liquid food and difficulty, and for a whole day and night our hopes of rearing him were at the low ebb. But at the end of that time, to our great satisfaction, the distressing symptoms began to abate, and in a few hours had disappeared, and the milk cent returned to his bottle. Having his attack was attributable to over-feeding, we henceforth diluted the cow's milk with warm water, and removed his bottle at the first sign of appetite, nor did we allow him a mouthful of it until his demands for sustenance became moderate and imperative. On this system we were successful in rearing him to the full of many pounds of fulness.

At this early stage of his existence, being exhibited to admiring friends, he crawled ludicrously and flatly about on the carpet, with a decided preference for backward motion, but if he encountered a perpendicular surface, such as the sides of his hamper or a trouser leg, he would, with the aid of his claws, climb up it with considerable agility. He directly showed a love of warmth, and gave us to understand that he appreciated our care, by nestling down in feminine lips, and crowing a plaintive cry while our hands were on us him. On awakening from sleep he would begin, as do ducklings and chickens, with a gentle reminder of his existence and requirements. If no notice were taken of this, the note—which was something between the muffled chirp of a chicken and the very earliest bark of a puppy—would steadily increase in power and insistence, until it became in absolute clamour. When his bottle was given to him, he would seize on the leather teat and tug at it, and plunge about with a violence and importance which defeated its own end, and wore to the unwary or awkward fingers which came in the way of the tiny fine white teeth at this moment.

Obstacles overcome and success attained, Tim settled down to steady sober enjoyment, the webbed paws were alternately spread and closed like a cat's when thoroughly content, and the tail curled and uncurled and wagged to and fro, as does a lamb's when happily feeding. After the lapse of a few days, our new pet showed decided signs of intelligence and a sense of fun. He would run round after one's finger in a clumsy lively way, and a jocular poke in the ribs would rouse him to an awkwardly playful attempt to seize the offending digit. In less than three weeks he knew his name, and settled across the room when called, followed us about the garden, and endeavoured to establish friendly relations with a pet wild rabbit, which was furiously jealous of the new favourite, and admonished slyly and 'hustled' him on every possible occasion.

About this time, he also acquired a charming habit of beginning, the moment the sun rose, a clamour which deprived half the household of further sleep, and which was only to be quieted by his being taken into some cool hall, where he would at once 'sang he' down and be motionless for hours. At first we resented this importunity on the part of Tim, partly because an otter is not exactly the animal one would select as a bed fellow, and partly because we could not think it a desirable or wholesome habit for the creature itself. But Master Tim was too much for us. 'If you won't let me sleep with you, you shan't sleep at all' he declared in unmistakable language, and by dint of shaking, to his point he carried.

At the end of the first month of his civilised life, one day we fed him a scrap of raw meat, and after that, though he ate bread and milk very contentedly between times, he made us understand that his constitution required the support of animal food, and was never satisfied without his daily ration of uncooked flesh. Fish, strange to say, he seemed to prefer cooked. When we were seated at meals, a hand held down would bring him quickly to our side with an eager look in the small yellow eyes, his cold nose sniffed at one's fingers with rapid closing and unclosing of the curious formed nostrils, the softly furred head would be thrust into the palm in search of the expected dainty morsel. If none were to be found, his temper would be sadly ruffled, sometimes to the extent of inflicting, with his teeth a sharp reminder that not even an otter's feelings should be trifled with!

As he grew older, he developed an amount of intelligence scarcely to be expected from the small brain contained in the flat and somewhat snake like head, he showed decided preferences for some members of the family over others, if permitted, he would follow everywhere at our heels like a dog, and played with the children after the manner of one, but with awkward springs and jumps that put us in mind of particularly ungraceful lamb. He occasionally made quite energetic assaults on the ankles of some of the ladies of the family, and if he perceived that the owner of unprotected ankles went in fear of him, showed a malicious pleasure in renewing the attack at every favourable opportunity.

When the children went for a country ramble, Tim frequently accompanied them, taking the greatest delight in these excursions. He would be carried until beyond danger from wandering

dogs, and then being set at liberty, the fun would begin. Master Tim, all eagerness, trotting on before in search of interesting facts, the children take advantage of a moment when all his faculties are engaged with some novelty attractive to the other mind, to vanish through a neighbouring gate or behind a haystack. The unusual quiet soon arouses Tim's suspicions, he looks round, and finds himself alone. The situation, from its strangeness, is appalling to him, he utters a shriek of despair, and scurries back as fast as his legs can take him, squeaking loudly all the time. If he should chance, in his flight, to pass by the hiding place of his young protectors without discovering them, great is their delight. One little face after another peers out and watches, with mischievous glee, poor Tim's plump and anxious form trundling along as fast as is possible to it in the wrong direction. But very soon the humour of the situation is too much for some young spirit, and a smothered laugh or a half suppressed giggle reaches the tiny sharp ears, and Tim quickly turns, and with another shriek of mingled satisfaction and indignation, gives chase to his playful tormentors. On arrived in the open meadows, where this novel game of hide and seek is not possible, it is Tim's turn. Still, he follows obediently enough, frisking and gambolling in the fresh soft grass, until one of the innumerable small streams is approached. As soon as he catches sight of the water, he is off. At a rapid trot he hurries to the brink, and with swift and noiseless dart, in a flash he has disappeared in the current, and in another reappeared some yards away. Rolling over, turning, twisting, diving, he revels in his cold bath, and it is sometimes a matter of no small difficulty to get him out of the water. A cordon of children is formed—the two biggest with bare feet and legs, to cut off his retreat up and down stream—which, gradually closing in on him, scares him at last, and reluctantly he is compelled to dry himself in the grass preparatory to returning to the forms and ceremonies of civilised life.

A GOLDEN ARGOSY

A NOVELLETTE

CHAPTER VI

'How do you feel now, Margaret?'

'Nearly over, Miss Nelly. I shall die with the morning.'

A week later, and the patient had got gradually worse. The constant exposure, the hard life, and the weeks of semi-starvation, had told its tale on the weak womanly frame. The exposure in the rain and cold on that eventful night had hastened on the consumption which had long settled in the delicate chest. All signs of mental exhaustion had passed away, and the calm hopeful waiting frame of mind had succeeded. She was waiting for death, not with any feeling of terror, but with hopefulness and expectation.

Up to the present, Eleanor had not the heart to ask for any memento or remembrance of the old life; but had nursed her patient with an unceasing watchful care, which only a true woman is capable of. All that day she had sat beside the bed, never moving, but noting, as hour after hour passed steadily away, the gradual change from feverish restlessness to quiet content, never speaking, or causing her patient to speak, though she was longing for some word or sign.

'You have been very good to me, Miss Nelly. Had it not been for you, where should I have been now?'

'Hush, Margaret, dont speak like that. Remember, everything is forgiven now. Where there is great temptation, there is much forgiveness.'

'I hope so, miss—I hope so. Some day, we shall all know.'

'Don't try to talk too much.'

For a while she lay back, her face, with its bright hectic flush, marked out in painful contrast to the white pillow. Eleanor watched her with a look of infinite pity and tenderness. The distant hum of busy Holborn came with dull force into the room, and the heavy rain beat upon the windows like a mournful dirge. The little American clock on the mantelshelf was the only sound, save the drear painful cough, which ever and anon proceeded from the dying woman's lips. The night spent on, the sullen roar of the distant traffic grew less and less, the wind dropped, and the girls hard breathing could be heard painfully and distinctly. Presently, a change came over her face—a kind of bright, almost unearthly intelligence.

'Are you in any pain, Madge?' Eleanor asked with pitying eyes.

'How much lighter it is!' said the dying girl. 'My head is quite clear now, miss, and all the pain has gone.—Miss Nelly, I have been dreaming of the old home. Do you remember how we used to sit by the old fountain under the weeping ash, and wonder what our fortunes would be? I little thought it would come to this.—Tell me, miss, are you in want?'

'Not exactly, Madge, but the struggle is hard sometimes.'

'I thought so' the dying girl continued. 'I would have helped you after she came, but you know the power she had over your poor uncle, a power that increased daily. She used to frighten me. I tremble now when I think of her.'

'Dont think of her,' said Eleanor soothingly. 'Try and rest a little, and not talk. It cannot be good for you.'

The sufferer smiled painfully, and a terrible fit of coughing shook her frame. When she recovered, she continued. 'It is no use, Miss Nelly, all the rest and all your kind nursing cannot save me now. I used to wonder when you left Eastwood so suddenly, why you did not take me, but now I know it is all for the best. Until the very last, I stayed in the house.'

'And did not my uncle give you any message, any letter for me?' asked Eleanor, with an eagerness she could not conceal.

'I am coming to that. The day he died, I was in his room, for she was away and he asked me if I ever heard from you. I knew you had written letters to him which he never got; and so I told him. Then he gave me a paper for

SALAR JUNG LIBRARY

you, which he made me swear to deliver to you by my own hand, and I promised to find you. You know how I found you,' she continued brokenly, burying her face in her hands.

'Don't think of that now, Margaret,' said Eleanor, taking one wasted hand in her own. 'That is past and forgiven.'

'I hope so miss. Please, bring me that dress and I will discharge my trust before it is too late. Take a pair of scissors and unpick the seams inside the bosom on the left side.'

The speaker watched Eleanor with feverish impatience, whilst, with trembling fingers, she followed the instructions. Not until she had drawn out a flat packet, wrapped securely in oiled paper, did the look of impatience transform to an air of relief.

'Yes, that is it,' said Margaret, as Eleanor tore off the covering. 'I have seen the letter, and have a strange feeling that it contains some secret, it is so vague and rambling, and those dotted lines across it are so strange. Your uncle was so terribly in earnest, that I cannot but think the paper has some hidden meaning. Please, read it to me. Perhaps I can make something of it.'

'It certainly does appear strange,' observed Eleanor, with suppressed excitement.

Turning towards the light, Eleanor read as follows:

Darling he must now be friends. Remember, Nelly, in the garden you promised to obey my wishes. Mind the care of. I hoped you would improve but now I see it was not to be and as punishment teaches us that all is for the best I must be content. Ask Edgar to forgive me the wrong I have done you both in the past and that I feel his generous heart will not withhold from me. Now that it is too late I see how blind I have been and could I live my life over again how different things would be. Times are changed, yet the memory of past days lingers within me and like Mirk, I mourn you. When I am gone you will find my blessing a gift that is better than money.

The paper was half a sheet of ordinary foolscap and the words were written without a single break or margin. It was divided perpendicularly by five dotted lines and by four lines horizontally, and displayed nothing to the casual eye but an ordinary letter in a feeble hand-writing.

The tiny threads of fate had begun to gather. All yet was dark and misty, but in the gloom, faint and transient, was one small ray of light.

Eleanor gazed at the paper abstractedly for a few moments, vaguely trying to find some hidden clue to the mystery.

'You must take care of that paper, Miss Nelly. Something tells me it contains a secret.'

'And have you been searching for me two long years, for the sole purpose of giving me this?' Eleanor asked.

'Yes, miss,' the sufferer replied simply. 'I promised, you know. Indeed, I could not look at your uncle and break a vow like mine.'

'And you came to London on purpose?'

'Yes. No one knew where I was gone. I have no friends that I remember, and so I came to London. It is an old tale, miss. Trying day by day to get employment, and as regularly failing. I have tried many things the last two bitter years. I have existed—I cannot call it living—in the vilest parts of London, and tried to keep myself by my needle, but that only means dying by inches. God alone knows the struggle it is for a friendless woman here to keep honest and virtuous. The temptation is awful, and as I have been so sorely tried, I hope it will count in my favour hereafter. I have seen sights that the wealthy would known nothing of. I have lived

where a well dressed man or woman dare not set foot Oh, the wealth and the misery of this place they call London!'

'And you have suffered like this for me?' Eleanor said, the tears now streaming down her face 'You have gone through all this simply for my sake! Do you know, Madge, what a thoroughly good woman you really are!'

'I, miss!' the dying girl exclaimed in surprise 'How can I possibly be that, when you know what you do of me! O no! I am a miserable sinner by the side of you Do you think, Miss Nelly, I shall be forgiven!'

'I do not doubt it,' said Eleanor softly, 'I cannot doubt it How many in your situation could have withstood your temptation!'

'I am so glad you think so, miss, it is comfort to me to hear you say that You were always so good to me, she continued gratefully 'Do you know, Miss Nelly dear whenever I thought of death, I always pictured you as being by my side!'

'Do you feel any pain or restlessness now, Margaret!'

'No, miss thank you I feel quite peaceful and contented I have done my task though it has been a hard one at times I don't think I could have rested in my grave if I had not seen you—lift me up a little higher please, and come a little closer I am scarcely see you now My eyes are quite misty I wonder if all dying people think about their younger days, Miss Nelly? I do I can see it all distinctly the old broken fountain under the tree, where we used to sit and talk about the days to come, and how happy we all were there before she came Your uncle was a different man then when he sat with us and listened to your singing hymns Sing me one of the old hymns now, please'

In a subdued key Eleanor sang *Abide with me* the listener moving her pallid lips to the words Presently the singer finished, and the dying girl lay quiet for a moment

'Think with me How sweet it sounds! "Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day" I am glad you chose my favourite hymn, Miss Nelly I shall die repeating those words 'The darkness deepens, Lord, with me abide' Now it is darker still, but I can feel your hand in mine, and I am safe I did not think death was so blessed and peaceful as this I am going, going—floating away'

'Margaret, speak to me!'

'Just one word more How light it is getting! Is it morning! I can see I think I am forgiven I feel better, better! quite forgiven Light, light, light! everywhere I can see at last'

It was all over The weary aching heart was at rest Only a woman, done to death in the flower of youth by starvation and exposure, but not before her task was done, her work accomplished No lofty ambition to stir her pulses, no great goal to point to for its end Only a woman, who had given her life to carry out a dying trust, only a woman, who had preserved virtue and honesty amid the direst temptation What an epitaph for a gravestone! A eulogy that needs no glittering marble to point the way up to the Great White Throne

CHAPTER VII

Mr Carver sat in his private office a few days later, with Margaret's legacy before him A hundred times he had turned the paper over He had held it to the light, he had looked at it upside down, and he had looked at it sideways and longways in fact, every way that his ingenuity could devise He had even held it to the fire, in faint hopes of sympathetic ink, but his labour had met with no reward The secret was not discovered

The astute legal gentleman consulted his diary, where he had carefully noted down all the facts of the extraordinary case, and the more he studied the matter, the more convinced he became that there was a mystery concealed somewhere, and, moreover, that the key was in his hands, only, unfortunately, the key was a complicated one indeed, to such absurd lengths had he gone in the matter, that Edgar Allan Poe's romances of *The Gold Bug* and *The Purloined Letter* flew before him, and his study of the ingenious narratives had permeated his brain to such an extent lately, that he had begun to discover mystery in every thing The tale of the American genius convinced him that the solution was a simple one—provokingly simple, only, like all simple things, the hardest of attainment He was quite aware of the methodical habits of his late client, Mr Morton, and felt that such a man could not have written such a letter, even on his dying bed, unless he had a powerful motive in so doing Despite the uneasy consciousness that the affair was a ludicrous one to engage the attention of a sober business man like himself, he could not shake off the fascination which held him

'Pretty sort of thing this for a man at my time of life to get mixed up in, he muttered to himself 'What would the profession say if they knew Richard Carver had taken to road detecting in business hours! I shall find myself writing poetry some day, if I don't take care, and coming to the office in a billy cock hat and turn down collar I feel like the heavy father in the transpontine drama, but when I look in that girl's eyes, I feel fit for any lunacy Pshaw!—I rise!'

Mr Bates entered the apartment at his superior's bidding 'Well, sir! he said The estimable Bates was a man of few words

'I can not make this thing out,' exclaimed Mr Carver, rubbing his head in irritating perplexity 'The more I look at it the worse it seems Yet I am convinced'——

'That there is some mystery about it!'

'Precisely what I was going to remark Now, Bates, we must—we really must—unravel this complication I feel convinced that there is something hidden here You must lend me your aid in the matter There is a lot at stake For instance, if'——

'We get it out properly, I get my partnership, if not, I shall have to—whistle for it, sir!'

'You are a very wonderful fellow, Bates—very That is precisely what I was going to say,' Mr Carver exclaimed admiringly 'Now, I have been reading a book—a standard work, I may say'

'Williams's Executors, sir, or——?'

'No,' said Mr Carver shortly, and not without some confusion, 'it is not that admirable volume—it is, in fact, a romance'

Mr Bates coughed dryly, but respectfully, behind his hand 'I beg your pardon, sir, I don't quite understand Do you mean you have been reading a—novel?'

'Well, not exactly,' replied Mr Carver blushing faintly 'It is, as I have said, a romance—a romance,' he continued with an emphasis upon the substantive, to mark the difference between that and an ordinary work of fiction 'It is a book treating upon bad lot things, and explaining, in a light and pleasant way, the method of logically working out a problem by common sense Now, for instance, in the passage I have marked, an allusion is made, by way of example—Did you ever—ha, ha! play at marbles, Bates?'

'Well, sir, many years ago, I might have indulged in that little amusement,' Mr Bates admitted with professional caution, 'but really, sir, it is such a long time ago, that I hardly remember'

'Very good, sir, I see Now in the course of your experience upon the subject of marbles, do you ever remember playing a game called "Old and Even"'

Bates looked at his principal in utter amazement and Mr Carver, catching the expression of his face, burst into a hearty laugh, faintly echoed by the bewildered clerk The notion of two grey-headed men solemnly discussing a game of marbles in business hours, suddenly struck him as ludicrously incongruous

'Well, sir,' Bates said with a look of relief, 'I don't remember the fascinating amusement you speak of, and I was wondering what it could possibly have to do with the case in point'

'Well, I won't go into it now but if you should like to read it for yourself, there it is' said Mr Carver, pushing over the yellow bound volume to his subordinate

Mr Bates eyed the volume suspiciously, and touched it gingerly with his forefinger 'As a matter of professional duty, sir, if you desire it, I will read the matter you refer to but if it is a question of recreation, then, sir, with your permission, I would rather not'

'That is a hint for me, I suppose, Pater,' said Mr Carver with much good humour, 'not to occupy my time with frivolous literature'

'Well, sir, I do not consider these the sort of books for a place on a solicitor's table, but I suppose you know best'

'I don't think such a thing has happened before, Bates,' Mr Carver answered with humility 'You see, this is an exceptional case, and I take great interest in the parties'

'Well, there is something in that,' said Mr Bates severely, 'so I suppose we must admit it on this occasion—But don't you think, sir, there is some way of getting to the bottom of this affair, without wasting valuable time on such stuff as this?' and he pointed contemptuously at the book before him

'Perhaps so, Bates—perhaps so I think the best thing we can do is to consult an expert Not a man who is versed in writings, but one of those clever gentlemen who make a study of ciphers For all we know, there may be a common form of cipher in this paper'

'That is my opinion, sir Depend upon it, marbles have nothing to do with this mystery'

'Mr Seaton wishes to see you, sir,' said a clerk at this moment

'In hand! Ask him to come in—Good morning, my dear sir,' as Seaton entered 'We have just been discussing your little affair, Bates and I, but we can make nothing of it—positively nothing,'

'No, I suppose not,' Edgar replied lightly 'I, for my part, cannot understand your making so much of so minute a scrap of paper Depend upon it, the process document is only an ordinary valedictory letter after all Take my advice—throw it in the fire, and think no more about it'

'Certainly not, sir,' Mr Carver replied indignantly 'I don't for one moment believe it to be anything but an important cipher—What are you smiling at?'

Edgar had caught sight of the yellow volume on the table, and could not repress a smile. 'Have you read those tales?' he said

'Yes, I have, and they are particularly interesting'

'Then I want say any more,' Edgar replied. 'When a man is fresh from the commission, he is incapable of regarding ordinary life for a time But the disease cures itself In the course of a month or so, you will begin to forget these complications, and probably burn that fatal paper'

'I intend to do nothing of the sort, I am going to submit it to an expert this afternoon, and get his opinion'

'Yes And he will keep it for a fortnight, after reading it over once, and then you will get an elaborate report, covering some sheets of paper, stating that it is an ordinary letter Who was the enemy who lent you Poe's works?'

'I read those books before you were born, young man, and I may tell you—apart from them—that I am fully convinced that there is a mystery somewhere 'Pon my word, you take the matter very coolly, considering all things But let us put aside the mystery for a time, and tell me something of yourself'

'I am looking up now, thanks to you and Felix,' Edgar replied gratefully 'I have an appointment at last'

'I am sure I am heartily glad to hear it What is it?'

It was the doing of Felix, of course The editor of *Mayfair* was rather taken by my descriptive style in a paper which Felix showed him, and made me an offer of doing the principal continental gambling houses in London'

'Um,' said Mr Carver doubtfully 'And the pay?'

'Is particularly good, besides which, I have the entrée of those places—the golden key, you know'

Have you told your wife about it?'

Well, not altogether, she might imagine it was dangerous for me She knows partly what I am doing, but I must not frighten her I have had two nights of it, and apart from the excitement and the heat, it is certainly not dangerous.'

'I am glad of that,' said Mr Carver, 'and am heartily pleased to hear of your success—providing it lasts'

'Oh, it is sure to last, for I have hundreds of places to go to To night I am going to a foreign place in Leicester Square I go about midnight, and think I may generally be able to get home about two I have to go alone always'

'Well, I hope now you have started, you will continue as well,' Mr Carver said heartily, 'at anyrate, you can continue until I unravel the mystery, and place you in possession of your fortune Until then, it will do very well'

'I am not going to count on that, I'll an replied, 'and if it is a failure, I shall not be so disappointed as you, I fancy'

CHAPTER VIII

It wanted a few minutes to eleven o'clock, the same night when Seaton turned into Long Acre on his peculiar business A sharp walk soon brought him to the Alhambra, whence the people were pouring out into the square Turning down —— Street, he soon reached his destination—a long, narrow house, in total darkness—a sombre contrast to the neighbouring buildings, which were mostly a blaze of light, and busy with the occupations of life A quick double rap for some time produced no response; and just as he had stood up on the door step long enough to acquire considerable impatience, a sliding panel in the door was pushed back and a face, in the dim gaslight, was obtruded A sign but somewhat enigmatical conversation ensued, at the end of which the door was grudgingly opened, and Edgar found himself in black darkness The truculent attendant having barred the exit, gave a peculiar whistle, and immediately the light in the hall was turned up It was a perfectly bare place, but the carpet underfoot was of the heaviest texture, and apparently—as an extra precaution—had been covered with india rubber matting, so that the footsteps were perfectly deadened, indeed, not the slightest foot fall could be heard Following his guide in the direction of the rear of the house, and ascending a short flight of steps, Edgar was thrust unceremoniously into a dark room, the door of which was immediately closed behind him and locked For a few seconds, Edgar stood quite at a loss to understand his position, till the peculiar whistle was again repeated, and immediately, as if by magic, the room was brilliantly lighted When Edgar recovered from the glare, he looked curiously around It was a large room, without windows, save a long skylight, and furnished with an evident aim at culture, but though the furniture was handsome, it was too gaudy to please a tasteful eye The principal component parts consisted of gilt and crimson velvet, quite the sort of apartment that the boy hero dreamed, when he is led with dauntless mien and defiant eye into the presence of the Pirate King, and indeed some of the faces of the men seated around the green board would have done perfectly well for that bloodthirsty favourite of our juvenile fiction

There were some thirty men in the room, two thirds of them playing rouge et noir, nor did they cease their rapt attention to the game for one moment to survey the new comer, that office being perfectly filled by the Argus eyed proprietor, who was moving unceasingly about the room 'Will you play, sir?' he said mournfully to Edgar, who was leisurely surveying the group and making little mental notes for his guidance

'Thanks' Presently, when I have finished my cigar,' he replied

'Very good, sure, very good Will not meanwhile take some refreshment—a little champagne or can do yer?'

'Anything,' Edgar replied carelessly, as the polite proprietor proceeded to get the desired refreshment

For a few minutes, Edgar sat watching his unconscious companions, as he drank sparingly of the champagne before him The gathering was of the usual run of such places, mostly foreigners, as befitted the neighbourhood, and not particularly desirable foreigners at that On the green table the stakes were apparently small, for Edgar could see nothing but silver, with here and there a piece of gold At a smaller table four men were playing the game called poker for small stakes, but what particularly interested Edgar was a young man deep in the fascination of cards with a man who to him was evidently a stranger The younger man—quite a boy, in fact—was losing heavily, and the money on the table here was gold alone, with some bank notes Directly Edgar saw the older man, who was winning steadily, he knew him at once, only two nights before he had seen him in a small London house at the West End playing the same game, with the same result Standing behind the winner was a smart looking lady, backing the winner's luck with the unfortunate young man, and occasionally winning a half crown from a tall raw-looking American, who was apparently simple enough to risk his money on the floor Attracted by some impulse he could not understand, Edgar quitted his seat and took his stand alongside the stranger, who was losing his money with such simple good nature

'Stranger, you have all the luck and that's a fact There goes another piece of my family plate Your business is letter in gold mining, and I want you to believe it,' drawled the American, passing another half crown across the table

'You are a bit unlucky,' replied the stranger, with a flash of his white teeth, 'but your turn will come, particularly as the young gentleman is really the better player I should back him myself, only I believe in a man's luck'

'Well, now, I shouldn't wonder if the younker is the best player,' the American replied, with an emphasis on the last word 'So I fancy I shall give him another trial He's a bit like a young hoss, he is—but he's a hoss'

'You don't mean to insinuate we're not on the square, eh?' said the lucky player sullenly; 'because, if that is so ——

to back the young un again'

The game proceeded the younger man lost

Another game followed, the American backing him again, and gradually, in his excitement, bending further and further over the table. The players, deep in his movements, scarcely noticed him.

'My game!' said the alderman triumphantly. 'Did you ever see such luck in your life? Here is the king again.'

The American, quick as thought, picked up the pack of cards and turned them heavily over in his hand. 'Well, now, stranger,' he said, with great distinctness, 'I don't know much about cards, and that's a fact. I've seen some strange things in my time, but I never—no, never—seen a pack of cards before with two kings of the same suit.'

'It must be a mistake, exclaimed the stranger, jumping to his feet with an oath. 'Perhaps the cards have got mixed.'

'Well, it's not a mistake we take here,' said Out to Fraud, 'and a gentleman of your persuasion dines at his own funeral for a mistake like that. He didn't dine long, and the coroner killed him, at least that's what the crowner's jury said.'

'Do you mean to insinuate that I'm a swindler, sir? Do you mean to infer that I cheated this gentleman?' blustered the detected sharper, approaching the speaker with a menacing air.

'That is about the long and short of it,' replied the American cheerfully.

Without another word and without the slightest warning, the swindler rushed at the American, but he had evidently reckoned without his host, for he was met by a crashing blow full in the face, which sent him reeling across the room. His colleague deeming discretion the better part of valour, and warned by a menacing glance from Edgar, desisted from his evident intention of aiding in the attack.

By this time the smaller proprietor and the players from the other tables had gathered round, evidently, from the expression of their eyes, ripe for any sort of mischief and plunder. Clearly, the little group were in a desperate strait.

'Have it out,' whispered Edgar eagerly to his giant companion. 'I'm quite with you. They certainly mean mischief.'

'All right, Britisher,' replied the American coolly. 'I'll pull through it somehow. Keep your back to mine.'

The proprietor was the first to speak. 'I understand, sir, you accuse one of my customers of the cheat. Cheat yourself,' he said, snapping his fingers in the American's face. 'Who are you, sir, that comes here to accuse of the cheat?'

'Look here,' said the American grimly. 'My name is Æneas I. Shimm, generally known as Long Ben. I don't easily rile, you gambling little monkey, but when I do rile, I rile hard, and that's a fact. I want been in the mines for ten years without knowing a hundred when I meet him, and I never had the privilege of seeing such a fine sample as I see around me to-night. Now you open that door right away, you hear me say it.'

The Frenchman clenched his teeth determinedly, but did not speak, and the crowd gathered more closely around the trio.

'Stand back!' shouted Mr Shimm—'stand back, or some of yo will suffer. Will you open that door?'

The only answer was a rush by some one in the crowd, a movement which that same one bitterly repented, for the iron clamped toe of the American's boot struck him prone to the floor, sick and faint with the pain. At this moment the peculiar whistle was heard, and the room was instantly in darkness. Before the crowd could collect themselves for a rush, Mr Shimm passed his hand beneath his long coat tails and produced a flat lantern, which was fastened round his waist like a policeman's, and which gave sufficient light to guard against any attack, certainly enough light to show the hungry swindlers the cold gleam of a revolver barrel covering the assembly. The American passed a second weapon to Edgar, and stood calmly waiting for the next move.

'Now, he said sullenly and distinctly, 'I think we are quits. We are going to leave this pleasant company right away, but first we propose to do justice. Where is the artist who plays cards with two kings of one suit? He'd better come forward, because this weapon has a bad way of going off. He need not fancy I can't see him, because I can. He is skulking behind the barrel with the earrings.'

The detected swindler came forward sullenly.

'Young man,' said Mr Shimm, turning towards the boy who had been losing so heavily, 'how much have you lost?'

The youngster thought a moment, and said about twenty pounds.

'Twenty pounds. Very good.—Now, my friend, I'm going to trouble you for the loan of twenty pounds. I don't expect to be in a position to pay you back just at present, but until I do, you can console yourself by remembering that virtue is its own reward. Come, no sulking, shell out that money, or'——

With great reluctance, the sharper produced the money and handed it over to the youth. The American watched the transaction with grave satisfaction, and then turned to the landlord. 'Mr Frenchman, we wish you a very good night. We have not been very profitable customers, nor have we trespassed upon your hospitality. If you want payment badly, you can get it out of the thief who won my half-crowns.—Good night, gentlemen, we may meet again. If we do, and I am on the jury, I'll give you the benefit of the doubt.'

A moment later, they were in the street, and walking away at a brisk pace, the ungrateful youth disappearing with all speed.

'I am much obliged to you, Edgar said, 'you got me well out of that.'

'Not at all,' Mr Shimm replied modestly, 'you would have got out of it yourself, you've plenty of grit.'

'Well, I don't know,' Edgar said admiringly; 'I would give something to have your pluck and coolness.'

'Practice,' replied the American dryly. 'That isn't what I call a scrape—that's only a little amusement. But I was rather glad you were with me. I like the look of your face, there's plenty of character there. As to that pesky young snip, if I'd known he was going to slip off like that, do you think I should have bothered about his money for him? No, sir.'

'I fancy he was too frightened to say or do much'

'Perhaps so—Have a cigar?—I daresay he's some worn out rout of eighteen, all his nerves destroyed by late hours and dissipation, at a time when he ought to be still at his books'

'Do you always get over a thing as calmly as this affair?' asked Edgar, at the same time nimbly pulsating one of his companion's huge cigars 'I don't think dissipation has had much effect on your nerves'

'Well, it don't, and that's a fact,' Mr Slimm admitted candidly, 'and I've had my fling too—I tell you what it is, Mr—Mr'——

'Seaton—Edgar Seaton is my name'

'Well, Mr Seaton, I've looked death in the face too often to be put out by a little thing like that When a man has slept, as I have, in the mines with a matter of one thousand ounces of gold in his tent for six weeks, among the most awful blackguards in the world, and plucky blackguards too, his nerves are fit for most anything afterwards That's what I done, sy, and had to fight for it more than once'

'But that does not seem so bad as some dangers'

'Isn't it?' replied the American with a shudder 'When you wake up and find yourself in bed with a rattlesnake, you've got a chance then, when you sit on the ground with a panther over you, there is just a squeak then, but to go to sleep expecting to wake up with a knife in your ribs, is quite another apple—Well, I must say good night Here in Covent Garden I am staying at the *Bedford* Come and breakfast with me to morrow, and don't forget to ask for Aneas Slimm'

'I will come,' said Edgar, with a hearty hand shake—'Good night'

SNOW-BLOSSOM

Under the above title, Professor Wittrock, in *Nordenskjöld's Studies and Researches in the Far North*, has given us a wonderful and exhaustive account of the lowest order of plants—those which have their existence on the surface of the snow and ice, and relieve the monotonous white or dirty gray of the everlasting snowfields with the warmest and most lovely rose red and crimson, vivid green, and soft brown, until it almost appears as if these frigid zones have also their time of spring and blossom

Late researches go to show that the snow and ice flora is far greater and richer than was at one time supposed Formerly, people had only heard of 'red snow'—which Aristotle poetically calls 'snow blossoms'—and 'green snow,' first discovered by the botanist Unger—specimens of which were brought from Spitzbergen by Dr Kjellmann, and from Greenland by Dr Rohlfs But a closer examination has discovered in the 'green snow' about a dozen different kinds of plants, and these not merely comprising the lowest order, but also including some mosses The latter, however, were only in their germinating state, looking like the green threads of algæ, and therefore showing a much inferior degree of development to that which they would have if growing on a warmer substratum The flora of the loose snow, too, is generally far rather than that of the solid ice, already forty different varieties of plants having been found, which number will no doubt be greatly increased by every fresh expedition to the arctic zone On the solid ice, only ten different kinds have been observed

There is a great difference between the red ice and snow plants which grow exclusively on the snow line and those hardened children of the sun which only grow on the snow The latter all belong to the one called microscopic algæ of the lowest order, which increase by partition, possessing no genera character, and generally appearing in huge horizontal masses of vegetable matter They are also distinguished by seldom having the pure green chlorophyll colour of other plants, but instead display shades of red, brown, and sap green, whence they have been named coloured algæ

Some botanists suppose that the chief and most numerous of all the algæ, the red snow, only represents a lower state of a higher class of algæ which has never attained to full development in the region of perpetual snow, and this supposition is the more remarkable, as the brilliant red granules of this species—about the four thousandth part of an inch in diameter—probably surpass in reproductive powers every other plant They cover enormous tracts of snow in such dense masses that it sometimes appears as if the snow was coloured blood red to the depth of several feet Ever since it was first found, red snow has greatly exercised the minds of the learned It is often mentioned in old writings, though whether the red snow referred to took its colour from the red algæ or from the meteor dust which contains iron, is not certain But there is no doubt that it was the real red snow algæ which De Saussure found in his Alpine expeditions He mentions this phenomenon several times in 1760, and states that he had found the most beautiful specimen on Mont St Bernard, but had thought it must be pollen, wafted thither by the wind, although he knew of no plant that had that kind of red pollen

The knowledge that the red snow of the polar regions and mountains owes its colour to a living plant, only dates from the year 1818, when Ross and Parry made their celebrated polar expedition, and Ross discovered the 'crimson cliffs' of the coast of Greenland in hundred feet above the level of the sea Here the red snow coloured the rocky walls of Baffin's Bay a rich glowing crimson, as long as some parts to a depth of nine or ten feet, and close to Cape York extending over a distance of eight nautical miles Various were the surmises and conjectures as to the origin and nature of the phenomenon Bauer was the first to examine it under a microscope, and he fancied the organic red granules represented a species of fungus The same year, Chaupentier, the great Alpine explorer, started the idea that the red appearance was caused by some meteoric matter, which, falling from the sky, spread over the immense tracts of snow Hooker was the first who recognized the true nature of this new plant, and compared it to the red slime algæ which are found floating in blood red masses in water or damp places, while Wrangel declared the granules had apparently no organic substratum, and they must therefore be of the lichen

tribe, suggesting also that the germs were generated by the electricity in the air, for he had once seen a rock split in two by lightning, the sides of which were thickly covered with a red dust similar in nature to the 'red snow.' Two more botanists agreed that the red granules were 'red pollen that had become organic matter in the outlined snow,' the stern hard rock so it seems that had defied death, and came to life again in a new form. It remained for Agardh to put an end to these various fancies by proving the individual plant nature of the plant, and to give it besides its poetical name of 'snow blossom,' the scientific one of crimson primitive snow grain (*Protococcus Nivalis rubidus*). In 1838, Lindberg watched the development of this new species by sowing some specimens he had brought with him from the Swiss Alps, on snow, and noting how they developed first into green and then into red granules, joined together like a chain, he called it snow granule (*Sphærella nivalis*), which name it still bears.

Even now the world thinks about the red snow were perpetuated by saying that the young spore of the lower cryptogamic family known and known in the world, the red snow only the lowest form of animal life. By degrees, however, it came to be an open fact that this voluntary motion did not belong exclusively to animal life, and that the young spores of the lower plants, although they never leave about in the water, and are plentifully provided with fine hair like threads like the red infusoria, still remain plant, and never turn into animals. And thus the plant nature of the 'snow blossom' was finally settled.

The red snow algæ found on the Alps, Pyrenees, and Carpathians, and also on the summits of the North American mountains as far down as California, is not, however, such a delicate creature to be at its living, as it is in the ice region would imply. In the arctic circle, as well as on our own mountains of perpetual snow, especially on Mount Ross, the red snow is seen in summer like a light rose-coloured film, which gradually deepens in colour particularly in the track of human footsteps, till it length it turns almost black. In this state, however, it is not a rotten mass, but consists principally of carefully capsuled 'quiescent spores,' in which state these microscopic atoms pass the winter, bearing in this form the greatest extremes of temperature. Some have been exposed to a dry heat of a hundred degrees, and were found still to retain life bearing properties, while others, again, were exposed with impunity to the greatest cold known in science. This proves that the reproductive organs in a capsuled state can bear vast extremes of temperature without injury, a significant fact, in which lies the secret of the indestructibility of those germs which are recognised as promoters of so many diseases.

Time, too, that great destroyer of most things, seems to pass harmlessly over this capsuled life. If the spores find no favourable outlet for their development, they do not die, no matter how long a time they may remain thus, and so the dried remains of red snow brought home from various polar expeditions have, even after the lapse of several years, fructified. During the uninterrupted light of the arctic summer, the 'snow-blossom' develops itself so rapidly, that at last it covers vast and endless tracts of snow. Although the sun does not rise very high above the horizon even at midsummer, yet, owing to the great clearness and dryness of the atmosphere in those high regions, it has a considerable degree of warmth at noon, and Nordenskjold observed that one day in July, at mid day, the temperature just above the snow was between twenty five and thirty degrees centigrade. But it must not be supposed that the red algæ vegetates in the pure snow, this would not be possible, as, according to chemical analysis, its body contains numerous mineral substances. The outer skin or membrane, particularly, in which the granule are stored seems to hold a quantity of silicon, but chalk, iron, and other mineral substances peculiar to the vegetable world, are also not found wanting in the ashes of the red snow. In fact, the upper surface of the snow and ice always shows, when melted, it has lain long enough, a thin coating of inorganic dust, which brings to the snow algæ the mineral constituent parts it requires.

Nordenskjold gives some very interesting details about this dust, from observations made during his various expeditions. At one time it was supposed to be a slimy mass carried down from the hills which pierce the snow, and lodged on the lower strata of its upper surface, but Nordenskjold found this same dust in like quantity on the interior ice fields of Greenland, where for miles around there were no mountains near, and also on ice hummocks that quite surmounted the ice plains, as well as on the new ice hill. During their long sojourn in the land of ice, they sent helpers carefully for many miles of small stones even as large as a pea's head, but they could find none while many miles were covered by this fine dust, in its dry state, and becoming black when moist. It was therefore at last decided that this dark coloured matter must be a precipitate from the atmosphere and that the summer sun melting the snows, had allowed numerous dust-showers to accumulate time, one on the top of the other. Nordenskjold further thinks that it is not exclusively earth dust wafted thither by currents of air, but that it contains a number of metallic particles, that can be extracted by a magnet, consisting, like the metallic meteorstones, of iron, nickel, and cobalt. This metallic cosmic dust, which has been noticed previously in our pages, and which is spread over the whole world, is best observed and gathered on these vast snow and ice fields, and as it also bears a similitude to our ordinary earth dust, Nordenskjold has given it the name of kyrokonit, or ice dust.

At first, the algæ of the red snow was looked upon as the sole inhabitant of the ice lands of the polar regions, but in 1870, Dr Fæggren, botanist of Nordenskjold's expedition, discovered a second or reddish brown algæ. It is allied to the 'snow blossom,' but has this peculiarity, that it is never found on *snow*, but combined with the kyrokonit, it covers enormous tracts of ice, giving to them a beautiful purple brown tint, which greatly adds to their beauty. Besides growing on the surface of the ice, this red brown algæ was also found in holes one or two feet deep, and three or four feet across, in some parts so

numerous and close together that there was scarcely standing room between them. A closer examination showed that this very algæ was the cause of these holes, as wherever it spread itself, it favours the melting of the ice. The dark brown body absorbs more heat than either the grey dust or the snow, therefore it sinks ever deeper into the hollows, until the slanting rays of the sun can no longer reach it.

Thus these microscopic algæ play the same part on the ice fields of Greenland that small stones do on European glaciers. By creating holes, they give the warm summer air a larger surface to take hold of, and thus materially assist the melting of the ice. Perhaps it is to these microscopic atoms that we owe some of the vast changes that our globe has experienced, it may be by their agency that the vast wastes of snow that in the glacial period covered great tracts both of the European and American continents for some distance from the pole, have melted gradually away and given place to shady woods and fields of grain. It is indeed a remarkable instance of the power and importance of even the smallest things in nature, all the more interesting in this case, that the uncertainty for its life in these tiny dark atoms, the uncertainty for its birth, through the ice.

One important fact we must not forget to mention in conclusion, namely, that these microscopic plants have a typical name in Lichen, which they serve as food into the small pitted regions. A small black lichen lives principally in the red snow, and even in the most barren regions we find many tiny insects subsisting entirely on the red and green algæ. The insects, the possess the same property as the algæ, of shutting themselves up in capsules during the long winter, and like them to, remain alive even when in a dried condition. When Prof. Nordenskiöld, in the winter of 1880 to 1881, placed the dried specimen of the red snow in water to germinate, a number of tiny coloured worms appeared, still living. Thus even the stern, rigid north pole cannot prevent the universal spirit of life, and if those cosmological prophets in night who think that the whole surface of the earth will one day be covered with snow and ice, then these minute insects will have an ample store of food in the red green, and brown algæ, and as the last of living beings, will be able to mock at the general extinction, ay, perhaps even become the foundation of a fresh development of life on our earth, should any external cause sufficiently increase the temperature.

OCCASIONAL NOTES

EXTENDED USE OF GAS COOKING STOVES

We have repeatedly called attention to the practical utility and convenience of gas stoves for cooking purposes, and facts to hand seem to show that these are being largely taken advantage of by the public. Many gas companies now hand them out at a cheap rate, and they may be had for purchase at a price to suit most buyers. Since the Corporation Gas Company of Glasgow introduced the system of hiring out these stoves, about three thousand five hundred had been lent out in six months, and the demand continues unabated. In hotels, restaurants, and many a private home, they are found doing their work with economy, ease, and a great saving of labour. Dr Stevenson Macadam, speaking of gas cooking in its sanitary aspects, says: 'The whole sciences of the most cooked in the gas stoves must be regarded as beyond doubt, gas cooked meat will be found to be more juicy and palatable, and yet free from those disagreeable products produced during the continued cooking of meat, which are more or less hurtful, and even poisonous.' A joint cooked in a gas oven weighs heavier than the same joint cooked in a coal oven, from the fact, that in the case of the gas cooked joint the juices are not lost in the process.

At the Leith Union Hospital, where the entire cooking for an enormous number of patients is done by gas, the managers calculate that fully a hundred pounds is saved yearly since the introduction of gas cooking.

For the extended use of gas-stoves in Scotland, the public is greatly indebted to Robert A. Mann, Glasgow, who is ever ready to adopt everything new in gas apparatus. Gas is also now largely used to connect a washing by means of steam. When we in the Marions Steam washer, probably not more than half a dozen had adopted this easy and economical method of washing, Scotland, and now those who do so may be counted by the hundred.

AUTOMATIC RAILWAY COUPLING

For several months past, some of the goods-wagons within the Port on the South Dock Railway lines of the London and West India Dock Company have (as the Times) been fitted with a new form of coupling, which possesses several important advantages over the ordinary coupling. Not the least of these are simplicity in construction and automaticity, combined with certainty in action. The coupling is the invention of Mr J. H. Latham, of 12 Old Broad Street, London, and consists of a long shackle which is attached to the drawbar, and stands out at a slight angle of depression from the carriage or wagon. Connected with this shackle is a hook of special shape, which is attached to a bar running near the carriage floor and having a short lever fixed on either end just outside the buffers. To couple the vehicles, they are run together in the usual way, and, on meeting, the shackle on one carriage runs up the shackle on the other and instantly engages with the hook. Thus the shunter has no dangerous work whatever to perform. To uncouple, he has simply to depress the lever, which in turn raises the hook and releases the shackle. The hook is so formed that no matter how much bumping of the carriages there may be, it cannot be freed from the shackle without the intervention of the lever, and the combination therefore forms a perfectly safe and reliable coupling. In fact, the whole train could be coupled up automatically, and the engaged hook and shackle then constitute a locking apparatus which prevents the carriages becoming accidentally detached. The coupling can, moreover, be used on any kind of railway vehicle, and it is of no moment if the couplings are not all on the same level, as the higher shackle will

always travel up the lower one and engage from the almost inexhaustible products of their alabaster quarries in Inglewood Forest, this new cement is made. It is claimed for it that, while being equal to the Keene and Parian cements now in use, it is cheap enough to be used as they are, and also as a substitute for ordinary plastering.

In the erection of new buildings, the plasterer's part takes up much room, and is often looked upon as a necessary evil. In putting on the common three coats of plaster, the second and third can only be laid on when the first is sufficiently dry. Owing to the unequal shrinkage of the different materials, it is often an urgent method of doing good work. When using this cement we speak of the plaster as can be put into a room with the requisite quantities of sand and cement, and work straight away. There is no delay required for drying, for as fast as one coat is done, the finishing coat can be run on and the whole completed. It has the merit also of neither shrinking nor expanding, is impervious to absorption and infection, and its hard surface affords facilities for washing or taking on paint.

As to its fire-resisting qualities, Captain Shaw, of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, is of opinion that it 'would be much more effectual in preventing the spread of fire than any other of the common plasters or cements generally used in this country.'

CHARLES DICKENS AT HOME

An unpretentious volume entitled *Charles Dickens* has been issued in the 'World's Workers' series (Cassell & Co.), written by the eldest daughter of the great novelist. It is simply and pleasantly compiled, and though it may be read through at a sitting, it gives a good idea as to what manner of man Dickens was, and how he lived, talked, wrote, and spoke. As Forster's Life of Dickens is beyond the reach of many, this book, which has been specially written for the young, will form a good introduction to his writings, of which there is a complete summary at the end of the volume. It forms an affectionate tribute from a daughter to a father, and as such it is very, exhibits the more human side of his character. A sketch of his demeanour in his study is witnessed by one of his daughters, who had been taken there after an illness, will have the charm of novelty to many people. 'For a long time there was no sound but the rapid moving of his pen on the paper, then suddenly he jumped up, looked at himself in the glass, rushed back to his desk, then to the glass again, when presently he turned round and faced his daughter, standing at her, but not seeing her, and talking rapidly to himself, then on a more back to his desk, where he remained writing until luncheon time. It was a real treat to see how completely he threw himself into the character, his own imagination held mastery, his face, indeed his whole body, changing and he himself being lost entirely in working out his own ideas. Small wonder that he needed to be so much out of doors, for he did literally live in his books while writing them, turning his own creations into living realities, with whom he wept, and with whom he rejoiced!'

MASTERING MADE EASY

Architects and those interested in the creation of new houses have frequently looked upon the application of plaster as one of the greatest drawbacks of modern building, showing, besides, a marked deterioration from old plaster work, such as that found on walls of ancient buildings, some of which, of a highly decorative character, may still be found almost as sound as when first executed. In Hardwick Old Hall, Derbyshire, though roof and floor are gone, the decorative friezes still remain in wonderful preservation. Many ancient manor houses and farm buildings show specimens of fine and enduring plaster work.

A new cement has been invented, and patented, which appears to have the qualities of both cement and plaster, and greatly simplifies the process. The patentees are Joseph Robinson & Co., of the Knothill Cement and Plaster Works, near Carlisle, who have been engaged in the manufacture of plaster for the past sixty years.

AT WAKING

I in my dark Love onto his room,
Beneath a wall in what rest in
When he in glad of the trench's case,
And hear in it he wolves sin

One where the tree on his sub
I planted so it fly as it is
If he I will wake the rose in his lip
And I should know and he in his lip

I do I lie here with roses,
Lie in his lips one will
That one he kiss'd, I think if he
Should wake he will not quite forgive

I set a crown of his brow
The crown whereon woven and weave,
At waking he will early know
I for whose I then his shrines

I place a lily in his hand—
Sceptre of his dead mover only,
At waking will he understand
If I place it there to lie not lie?

I lay my heart that for his sake
Remembers now so all sweet strain,
Close to his ear for if he wake
Instance to my tune its strains again

If he should wake? Till death be dead,
Till life begin and sleep be past,
Till on his lips be lie thy head
And flowers begin to bloom at last—

O and remember! last by thee
That unknown sweetness be for, at
Which now thou looked for and in
Bid thee 'Depart!' I know thee not.'

SIDNEY B. THOMSON.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

All Rights Reserved

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL
OF
POPULAR
LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART
Fifth Series
ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832
CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)

No. 109.—Vol. III. SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1886 PRICE 1½d.

LITERARY UNFAVOUR

A RECENT writer remarks that 'the practice of letters is miserably harassing to the mind. To find the right word is so doubtful a success, and lies so near to failure, that there is no satisfaction in a year of it.' A cynical warning, indeed. But there is, we think, no danger of a scarcity of literary effort in the immediate future, whatever the appreciable results of it may be. There will always be a host of aspirants for literary honours, and the reason of this may perhaps lie, to a certain extent, in that very uncertainty which attends the pursuit of letters as an avocation; the brilliant rewards which have been earned and the underlying risk of failure, present together the very conditions of enterprise most powerfully attractive to many minds. For it must be remembered that there is no fixedness in the canon either of public opinion or of criticism in literature; that which fails to win attention to-day, may attract it to-morrow, and success, especially that form of it which results from passing popularity, is in many cases very much dependent on the proverbial fickleness of the reading public. It would be difficult, we think, on other grounds than that of the attractiveness of the chances and prizes of the literary occupation, to account for the active competition which is so observable in the profession. That the pure literary faculty, as a stimulus, does not form a distinguishing characteristic of all aspirants, is plain enough. No doubt, a great impetus has been given to literary endeavour by the periodical press, which, by popularising ephemeral literature among the masses, and by its own requirements of supply, has thus increased its production. And the same is true of the newspaper press also, with its opportunities for the contribution of correspondence, which, though frequently a humble enough opening for talent, has often sufficed to originate and foster the habit of more ambitious composition.

The canon of literary criticism is, we have said, not an unvarying one. But undoubtedly there is for all perfect and still more for all enduring work in the world of letters a certain measure and standard of excellence in the mode of expression, which even the most brilliant genius cannot afford wholly to disregard, but which is as incapable of exact definition as it is difficult of attainment. It is much more, certainly, than 'the finding of the right word,' even granting that the right idea be behind it. A literary composition may be characterised by the most perfect accuracy of expression, may be faultless in every detail, and yet be, after all, a very mediocre piece of work at the best, though it may be difficult exactly to indicate in what respect it is defective. We can only in a case of this kind point to acknowledged merit as possessing what the attempt in question lack.

It has also to be noted that excellence in literary workmanship is properly independent both of the nature of its subject and the scale on which it is executed. An instance of this may be found in Thackeray's *Round about Paper*. In these apparently careless sketches a designedly trivial subject is chosen, the treatment of it is everything, and the artistic finish is of the highest; the subject is dwarfed in the handling, and yet the very handling interests the reader abnormally in the subject. Perhaps, however, this subordination of the subject to the treatment—as in the inimitable narrative of the schoolboy purchasing, from his companion, the pencil case with the movable cylinder stop—is as a whole inferior to that method by which the incidents of the subject are brought out in relief, as it were, by the simplicity of the description, so much so, that the art of that simplicity is concealed. Nathaniel Hawthorne in his *House of the Seven Gables* and several of the *Twice-told Tales* has some exquisitely pellucid specimens of this complete literary facility. In such masterpieces we see the results only without any indication of the labour involved in its execution. The statue is there in all its finished loveliness, but the chips of the marble have been swept away. 'How clear and flowing your melody is,' was

once remarked to an eminent musical composer, 'how easily you must write!' 'Ah!' replied he, 'you little know with what hard work that ease you speak of has been purchased!' When the late Charles Mathews was playing in Melbourne, fifteen years ago, he received what he considered the highest compliment of his professional career. A little girl in the audience was asked by her friends at the conclusion of the performance how she was pleased, to which she replied: 'I didn't care for Mr Mathews' acting a bit, he just walked up and down the stage as papa walks up and down the dining room at home!' It is the fact of the appearance of perfect spontaneity in the highest art, being really the outcome of the most assiduous care that renders it so truly admirable, and the contrast so easy of detection. The 'round O of Giotto' was only a perfect circle, but it needed the master hand to execute it with a simple sweep of the crayon. Ruskin tells us in one of his treatises on Landscape Painting, that in some of the greatest works of genius, an effect which is almost magical at the proper focal distance, is conveyed by what appears, to the uninstructed eye and viewed close at hand, to be a mere dash of loaded colour, but which in reality could not be added to or diminished by the smallest particle without detracting from the effect.

If it be true that literary excellence is only to be attained by the patient bestowal of 'infinite pains,' that there is no easy method of reaching it, it is no less the fact that, as a general rule, the time so wasted—perhaps worse than wasted—which is devoted by the young writer to a laborious imitation of the style of any distinguished author. Such an imitation is generally an unsuccessful one, and results in a reproduction of the faults and defects of the original without its graces. The advice Dr Johnson gave to those 'desirous of attaining the English style, to 'give their days and nights to the volumes of Addison,' must be taken with reserve. Such a style, though eminently beautiful in itself, would practically nowadays be out of date, even if faithfully reproduced, while at the same time it is most likely that the student would overlook that deficiency of force with which the manner of Addison is fairly chargeable. The best model for style is not that of any particular or favourite writer, but rather the excellency of the best writers generally—the highest qualities of the highest types.

We have hitherto spoken of that perfect mastery of our language in writing which has been the possession of those famous in the history of English letters, and it may be inquired if such a high standard should in all cases be necessarily aimed at, seeing that for many purposes of every day life a lesser degree of cultivation might be found as practically useful. To this it is sufficient to reply that much positive good must result from an endeavour to follow the best examples in the practice of any art, and further, that such an endeavour will be found the surest way by which to avoid all faulty and careless work, which can under no possible conditions be praiseworthy or even tolerable. No young writer can afford to write carelessly, till such time, at all events, as he has become fully versed in his art, when he will probably find that to write with the effect of carelessness is beyond his power. At the same time, young writers should be careful not to adopt for imitation a style of too great elevation, for by so doing they may find that they have contracted that worst of all literary diseases—bombast.

In estimating the amount of labour bestowed on the production of literary work, care must be taken to include the original mental processes involved in the conception of the idea, as well as the subsequent elaboration of them in detail, the higher sort of composition includes both, and it is evident that when the question comes to be one of the labour of origination, we find ourselves in a region where estimate is all but impossible. 'The workshop of the imagination' will reveal no record of its toil. Edgar Allan Poe, indeed, in his *Philosophy of Composition* introduces us to what he would have us believe to be the very beginnings of invention, endeavouring to portray the very earliest growth of his marvellous constructive faculty exemplified in his poem of *The Raven*. But his explanation reads more like an intellectual pastime than a reality, even if it were beyond question that the central idea of the poem was original, and not borrowed from an certain source. In the case of Auguste Comte, however, we have an instance of the amount of intellectual travail which may often precede the birth of a great work, the mental preparation before the committal of the thoughts to paper. To quote M Littre's account of Comte's method: 'Here is the way in which he composed each of the six volumes of the Positive philosophy. He thought the subject over without writing a word, from the whole he passed to the secondary groups, from the secondary groups to the details. Then, when this elaboration had lasted three years, was completed, he said that his volume was done.'

IN ALL SHADES

CHAPTER VI

THE three weeks' difference in practical time between England and the West Indies, due to the mail, made the day that Edward and Marian spent at Southampton exactly coincide with the one when Mr Dupuy and his nephew Tom went up to view old Mr Hawthorn's cattle at Agualta Estate, Trinidad. On that very same evening, while Nora and Harry were walking together among the fields behind the battery, Mr Tom Dupuy was strolling leisurely by himself in the cool dusk, four thousand miles away, on one of the innumerable shady bridle paths that thread the endless tangled hills above Pimento Valley.

Mr Tom was smoking a very big Manila cheroot, and was accompanied upon his rounds by a huge and ferocious looking Cuban bloodhound, the

hungry corners of whose great greedy slobbering mouth hung down hideously on either side in loose folds of skin of the most bloodthirsty and sinister aspect. As he went along, Tom Dupuy kept patting affectionately from time to time his four footed favourite, to whom, nevertheless, every now and again he applied, as it seemed out of pure wantonness, the knotted lash of the cruel dog whip which he carried jauntily in his right hand. The dog, however, formidable as he was, so far from resenting this unkindly treatment, appeared to find in it something exceedingly congenial to his own proper barbarous nature; for after each such savage cut upon his bare flanks from the knotted lash, he only cowered for a second, and then fawned the more closely and slavishly than ever upon his smiling master, looking up into his face with a strange approving glare from his dull eyes, that seemed to say 'Exactly the sort of thing I should do myself, if you were the dog, and I were the whip holder!'

At a bend of the path where the road turned suddenly aside to cross the dry bed of a winter torrent, Tom Dupuy came upon a clump of tall cabbage palms, hard by a low mud built negro hut, overshadowed in front by two or three huge flowering bushes of crimson hibiscus. A tall, spare, gray headed negro in a coarse sack by way of a shirt, with his bare and sinewy arms thrust loosely through the long slits which alone did duty in the place of sleeve holes, was leaning as he passed upon a wooden pole. The bloodhound, breaking away suddenly from his master, at sight and smell of the black skin, its natural prey, rushed up fiercely towards the old labourer, and leapt upon him with a savage snarl of his big teeth, and with ominous glittering eyes. But the negro, stronger and more muscular than he looked, instead of flinching, caught the huge brute in his long lean arms, and flung him from him by main force with an angry oath, dashing his great form heavily against the rough pathway. Quick as lightning, the dog leaping up again at one with diabolical energy in its big, flabby mouth, was just about to spring once more upon his scowling opponent, when Tom Dupuy, catching him angrily by his leather collar, threw him down and held him back, growling fiercely, and showing his huge tearing teeth in a furious grin, after the wonted manner of his deadly kind. 'Quiet, Slot, quiet!' the master said, putting his hollow forehead with affectionate admiration. 'Quiet, sir, down this minute! Down, I tell you!—He's death on niggers, Delgado—death on niggers. You should stand out of the way, you know, when you see him coming. Of course, these dogs never can abide the scent of you black fellows. The bloodhound of Africa always drives a bloodhound frantic.'

The old negro drew himself up haughtily and sternly, and stared back in the insolent face of the slouching young white man with a proud air of native dignity. 'Buckra gentleman hab no right, den, to go about wid dem dog,' he answered angrily, fixing his piercing fiery eye on the bloodhound's face. 'Dem dog always spring at a black man wherebber dey find him. If you want to keep dem, you should keep dem tied up at de house, so as to do for watch-dog against tievin' naygur. But you doan't got no right to bring dem about de roads, loose dat way, jumpin up at people's throats, when dem standin' peaceable beside dem own hut here.'

Tom Dupuy laughed carelessly. 'It's their nature, you see, Delgado,' he answered with a pleasant smile, still holding the dog and caressing it lovingly. 'They and their fathers were trained long ago in slavery days to hunt runaway niggers up in the mountains and track them to their hiding places, and drag them back, alive or dead, to their lawful masters; and of course that makes them run naturally after the smell of a nigger, as a terrier runs after the smell of a rat. When the rat sees the terrier coming, he scuttles off as hard as his legs can carry him into his hole; and when you see Slot's nose turning round the corner, you ought to scuttle off into your hut as quick as lightning, if you want to keep your black skin whole upon your body. Slot never can abide the smell of a nigger.—Can you, Slot, eh, old fellow?'

The negro looked at him with unconcealed aversion. 'I is not rat, Mistah Dupuy,' he said haughtily. 'I is gentleman myself, same as you is, sah, when I come hur over from Africa.'

Tom Dupuy sneered openly in his very face. 'That's the way with all you Africans,' he answered with a laugh, as he flipped the ashes lightly from his big cheroot. 'I never knew an imported nigger yet, since I was born, that wasn't a king in his own country. Seems to me, they must all be kings over yonder in Congo, with never a solitary subject to divide the kingdom between them.—But I say, my friend, what's going on over this way to night, that so many niggers are going up to the time to the Methodist chapel? Are you going to preach 'em a missionary sermon?'

Delgado glanced at him a trifle suspiciously. 'Dur is a prayer meetin, sah,' he said with a cold look in his angry eye, 'up at Gilead. De bredderen gwine to meet dis ebenin.'

'Ho, ho, so that's it! A prayer meeting, is it? Well, if I go up there, will you let me attend it?'

Delgado's thick lip curled contemptuously, as he answered with a frown. 'When cockroach gib dance, him no ax fowl!'

'Ah, I see. The fowl would eat the cockroaches, would he? Well, then, Louis Delgado, I give you fair warning, if you don't want a white man to go and look on at your nigger meetings, depend upon it, it's because you're brewing some mischief or other up there against the constituted authorities. I shall tell my uncle to set his police to look well after you. You were always a bad blood, discontented, disaffected fellow, and I believe now you're up to some of your African devilry or other. No obeah,* mind you, Delgado—no obeah! Prayer meetings, my good friend, as much as you like, but whatever you do, no obeah.'

'You tink I do obeah be use I doan't will let you go to prayer meetin'? Dat just like

* Obeah, a form of African magic or witchcraft.

white man argument Him tink de naygur can nebber be in de right Old time folk has little proverb "Mountain sheep always guilty when jungle tiger sit to judge him"'

Tom Dupuy laughed and nodded 'Well, good night.—Down, Slot, down, good fellow, down, down, down, I tell you!—Good night, Louis Delgado, and mind, whatever you do, no obeah!'

The negro watched him slowly round the corner, with a suspicious eye kept well fixed upon the reluctant stealthy retreat of the Cuban blood hound, and as soon as Dupuy had got safely beyond earshot, he sat down in the soft dust that formed the bare platform outside his hut, and mumbled to himself, as negroes will do, a loud dramatic soliloquy, in every deep and varying tone of passion and hatred 'Ha, ha, Mistah Tom Dupuy,' he began quietly, 'so you go about always wid de Cuban bloodhound, an you laugh to see him spring at de throat ob de black man! You tink dat frighten him from come steal you cane an' your mangoes! You tink de black man afraid ob de dog, yarra! yarra! Ha, dat frighten Trinidad naygur, perhaps, but it don't frighten salt water naygur from Africa! I hab charms, I hab potion, I hab drought to quiet him! I doan't afraid ob fifty bloodhound But it dount good for buckra gentleman to walk about wid dog dat spring at de black man. Black man laugh to day, perhaps, but press him heart tight widin him De time come when black man will find him heart break out, an' de hate in it flow over an' make blood run, like dry ribber in de rainy season Den him sweep away buckra, an' bloodhound, an all before him, an' seize de country, colour for colour De land is black, an de land for de black man When de black man burst him heart like rubber burst him bank in de rainy season, white man's house snap off before him like bamboo hut when de flood catch it!' As he spoke, he pushed his hands out expansively before him, and gurgled in his throat with fierce inarticulate African gutturals, that seemed to recall in some strange fashion the hollow eddying roar and gurgle of the mountain torrents in the rainy season

'Chicken doan't nebber lub jackal, yarra,' he went on after a short pause of expectant triumph, 'an' naygur doan't nebber lub buckra, dat certain But ob all de buckra in de island ob Trinidad, dem Dupuy is de very worst an' de very contemptifullest Some day, black man will rise, an get rid ob dem all for good an' ebber If I like, I can kill dem all to day, but I gwine to wait De great an' terrible day ob de Lard is not come yet Missy Dupuy ober in England, where de buckra come from England is de white man's Africa, de missy dar to learn him catechism I wait till Missy Dupuy come back before I kill de whole family When de great an' terrible day ob de Lard arrive, I doan't leave a single Dupuy a hibbin soul in de island ob Trinidad. I slay dem all, an' de missy wid dem, yarra, yarra!'

The last two almost inarticulate words were uttered with a yell of triumph. Hearing footsteps now approaching, he broke out into a loud soliloquy of exultation in his own native African language. It was a deep, savage-sounding West Coast dialect, full of harsh and barbaric clicks or gutturals; for Louis Delgado, as Tom Dupuy had rightly said, was 'an imported African'—a Coromantyn, sold as a slave some thirty years before to a Cuban slave trader trying to break the blockade on the coast, and captured with all her living cargo by an English cruiser off Sombrero Island The liberated slaves had been landed, according to custom, at the first British port where the cutter touched, and thus Louis Delgado—as he learned to call himself—a wild African born, from the Coromantyn seaboard, partially Anglicised and outwardly Christianised, was now a common West Indian plantation hand on the two estates of Orange Grove and Pimento Walky There are dozens of such semi civilised imported negroes still to be found under similar circumstances in every one of the West India islands

As the steps gradually approached nearer, it became plain, from the soft footfall in the dust of the bridle path, that it was a shoeless black person who was coming towards him In a minute more, the new comer had turned the corner, and displayed herself as a young and comely negress—pretty with the round, good humoured African prettiness of smooth black skin, plump cheeks, clear eyes, and regular, even pearl white teeth The girl was dressed in a loose Manchester cotton print, brightly coloured, and not unbecoming, with a tidy red bandana bound turban wise around her shapely head, but barefoot, buxom, and bare of neck and shoulder Her figure was good, as the figure of most negresses usually is, and she held herself erect and upright with the peculiar lithe grace fulness said to be induced by the universal practice of carrying pails of water and other burdens on the top of the head from the very earliest days of negro childhood As she approached Delgado, she first smiled and showed all her pretty teeth, as she uttered the customary polite salutation of 'Marnin'! sah, marnin'!' and then dropped a profound courtesy with an unmistakable air of awe and reverence

Louis Delgado affected not to observe the girl for a moment, and went on jabbering loudly and heredy to himself in his swift and fluent African jargon But it was evident that his hearer was deeply impressed at once by this rapt and prophetic mutterings of the strange negro, who spoke with tongues to vacant space in such an awful and intensely realistic fashion She paused for a while and looked at him intently, then, when he stopped for a second to take breath in the midst of one of his passionate incoherent outbursts, she came a step nearer to him and courtesied again, at the same time that she muttered in a rather injured querulous treble 'Mistah Delgado, you no hear me, sah! You no listen to me! I tellin' you marnin'!'

The old man broke off suddenly, as if recalled to himself and common earth by some disenchanting touch, and answered drearily 'Marnin', Missy Rosana. Marnin', le ady You gwine up to Gilead now to de prayer meetin'?'

Rosana, glancing down at the Bible and hymn-book in her plump black hand, answered demurely. 'Yes, sah, I gwine dar.'

Delgado shook himself vigorously, as if in the

endeavour to recover from some unearthly trance, and went on in his more natural manner 'I gwine up too, to pray wid de bredderin You want me for something? You sallin' to me for help you?'

Rosina dropped her voice a little as she replied in her shrill tone 'You is African, Mistah Delgado Naygur from Africa know plenty spell for bring back lo ady's lubber'

Delgado nodded 'Dat is true,' he answered 'Creole* naygur doan't can make spell same as African. Coromantyn naygur hab plenty oracle De oracles ob Aaron descend in right line to de chiefs ob de Coromantyn'

'Dem say you is great chief in your own country'

The old man drew himself up with a haughty air 'Me fader,' he answered with evident pride, 'hab twelve wives, all princess, an' I is de eldest son ob de eldest King Libby fight him, an' tak me prisoner, an' sell me slabe, an' dat is how I come to work now ober here on Mistah Dupuy plantation'

After a pause, he asked quickly 'Who dis sweetheart dat you want spell for?'

'Isaac Pourtalès'

'Pourtalès' Him mulatto' What for pretty naygur girl like you want to go an' lub mulatto' Mulatto bad man Old time folk say, mulatto always hate him fader an' despise him mudder Him fader de white man, an' mulatto hate white, him mudder de black girl, an' mulatto despise black

Rosina hung her head down slightly on one side, and put the little finger of her left hand with artless coyness into the corner of her mouth 'I doan't know, sah,' she said sheepishly after a short pause, 'but I feel somehow as if I lub Isaac Pourtalès'

Delgado grinned a sinister grin 'Very well, Missy Rosy,' he said shortly, 'I gwin him lub for you Wait here one, two, tree minute, le ady, while I run in find me Bible'

In a few minutes, he came out again, dressed in his black coat for meeting, with a Bible and hymn book in one hand, and a curious volume in the other, written in strange, twisted, twinkling characters, such as Rosina had never before in her life set eyes on 'See here!' he cried, opening it wide before her, 'dat is book ob spells Dat is African spell for gun lubber I explain him to you'—and his hand turned rapidly over several of the brown and well thumbed pages 'Isaac Pourtalès, mulatto, Rosina Fleming, black le ady, dat is de page Hear what de spell say' And he ran his finger line by line along the strange characters, as if translating them into his own negro English as he went. '"Take toot ob alligator," same as dis one'—and he produced a few alligators' teeth from his capacious pocket, '"tie him up for a week in bag wid Savannah flower an' branch of calaline, soak him well in shark's blood"—I gib de blood to you—"den write de name, Isaac Pourtalès, in big letter on slip ob white paper, drop it in de bag, an' burn it all togedder on a Friday ebenin', when is doan't no moon, wid fire ob manchineel wood" Dat will gain de lub ob your lubber, as sure as de gospel.'

The girl listened carefully to the directions, and made Delgado repeat them three times over to her When she had learned them thoroughly, she said once more 'How much I got to pay you for dis, eh, sah?'

'Nuffin'

'Nuffin?'

'No, nuffin But you must do me favour. You is house servant at Orange Grove, you must come see me now an' den, an' tell me what go on ober in de house dar'

'What far, sah?'

'Doan't you ax what far, but listen to me, le ady Dr great an' terrible day ob de Lord will come before long, when de wicked will be cut off from de face ob de earth, an' we shall see de end ob de evil doer You read de Prophets?'

'I read dem some time'

'You read de Prophet Jeremiah, what him say? Hear de ter' I read him to you "Deliver up dear children to de famine, an' pour out dear blood by de sword" Dat de Lord's word for all de Dupuys, an' when dis missy come from England, de word ob de prophecy comin' true'

The girl shuddered, and opened wide her big eyes with their great ring of white setting 'How you know it de Dupuys?' she asked, hesitating 'How you know it dem de prophet lookin' to?'

'How I know, Rosina Fleming? How I know it? Because I can expound an' interpret de Scripture for when de understandin' ob de man is enlightened, de mout' speaketh forth wonderful tings Listen here, I tellin you de trut' Before de missy lib a year in Trinidad, de Lord will sweep away de whole house ob de Dupuys out ob de land for ebber an' ebber'

'But not de missy' Rosina cried eagerly

'Ah, de missy' You tink when de black man rise like tiger in him wrath, him spare de missy' No, me tell Him doan't gwine to spare her De Dupuys is great people now, puffed up wid pride, look down on de black man But dem will drop dem bluster bime by, as soon as dere pride is taken out ob dem wid adversity'

Rosina turned away with a look of terror 'You comin' to prayer meetin'?' she asked hastily 'De brethren will all be wattin'?'

Delgado, recalled once more to his alternative character, pushed away the strange volume through the door of his hut, took up his Bible and hymn book with the gravest solemnity, drew himself up to his full height, and was soon walking along soberly by Rosina's side, as respectable and decorous a native Methodist class leader as one could wish to see in the whole green island of Trinidad

Those who judge superficially of men and *minds, would say at once that Delgado was a hypocrite* Those who know what religion really means to *inferior races*—a strange but sincere jumble of phrases, emotions, superstitions, and melodies, permeating and consecrating all their acts and all their passions, however evil, violent, or licentious—will recognise at once that in his

* The word *Creole* is much misunderstood by most English people In its universal West Indian sense it is applied to any person white, black, or mulatto, born in the West Indies, as opposed to outsiders, European, American, or African.

own mind Louis Delgado was not conscious to himself in the faintest degree of any hypocrisy, craft, or even inconsistency

(*To be continued.*)

SOME AMERICANISMS.

A very erroneous impression generally exists in this country as to the manner in which the English language is spoken in the United States. This has arisen in some degree from the circumstance that travellers have dwelt upon and exaggerated such peculiarities of language as have come under their observation in various parts of the Union, but also in greater measure from the fact that in English novels and dramas in which an American figures—no matter whether the character depicted be represented as a man of good social position and, presumably, fair education, or not—he is made to express himself in a dialect happily combining the peculiarities of speech of every section of the country from Maine to Texas. With the exception of the late Mr Anthony Trollope's *American Senator*, I cannot recall to mind a single work of fiction in which this is not the case. Take, for instance, those portions of *Martin Chuzzlewit* the scenes of which are laid in the United States, Richard Fairfield, in Bulwer's *My Novel*, the Colonel in Lever's *One of Them*, Pullalove, in Charles Reade's *Very Hard Cash*, the younger Fenton in Yates's *Black Sheep*, or the American travellers in *Mugby Junction*—in each and every instance the result is to convey a most erroneous idea as to the manner in which our common tongue is ordinarily spoken in the United States.

It is the same on the stage. The dialect in which Americans are usually made to express themselves in English dramas is as incorrect and absurd as was the language put into the mouths of their Irish characters by the playwrights of the early part of the eighteenth century.

As a matter of fact, the speech of educated Americans differs but little from that of the same class in Great Britain, whilst, as regards the great bulk of the people of the United States, there can be no question but that they speak purer and more idiomatic English than do the masses here. In every State of the Union the language of the inhabitants can be understood without the slightest difficulty. This is more than can be said of the dialects of the peasantry in various parts of England, these being in many instances perfectly unintelligible to a stranger. Again, the fluency of expression and command of language possessed by Americans even in the humblest ranks of life forms a marked contrast to the poverty of speech of the same class in this country, where, as an eminent philologist has declared, a very considerable proportion of the agricultural population habitually make use of a vocabulary not exceeding three hundred words.

But to return to the subject of this paper. Some words which have become obsolete in this country, or now convey a totally different meaning from that primarily attaching to them, are still current in America in the sense in which they were originally employed. *Prank*, to ornament or adorn, which is found in Spenser and other writers of the Elizabethan age, is at the present day a common term in the Eastern States. One Yankee girl will say to another, who has been some time at her toilet, 'Oh, you have been prinking;' or, 'What a long while it has taken you to prink.' In fact the verb is used in all its moods and tenses. *Muss*, a confused encounter or scramble, is generally supposed to be a purely American idiom. On the contrary, it is good Shakspearean English. In *Antony and Cleopatra*, Antony says:

> 'Of late when I cry'd ho!
> Like boys unto a muss, kings would start forth.'

Lamm, to beat, to maltreat, is an American word of English parentage. In a north country ballad of the time of Edward VI., one line runs, 'They lammed him and bammed him,' and the word may also be found in Marlowe. *Sick* is an expression universally used in the United States in the sense of indisposition. A man will say, 'I am sick,' never, 'I am ill.' It scarcely need be said that the phrase was perfectly good English two centuries and a half ago, the word 'ill,' with the meaning now attaching to it, not once occurring in the translation of the Bible.

Bug, again, employed in America as a generic term for every species of insect, was used in England, formerly, in the same sense. 'A bug hath buzzed in mine ears,' says Bacon in one of his letters. At the present day, the word has in England so limited an application, that when an edition of the works of Edgar Allan Poe was published in London, the editor altered the title of one story, *The Golden Bug*, to *The Golden Beetle*, in order not to give offence to 'ears polite.'

Fearful, which now signifies to inspire terror or awe, has still in the United States the meaning it bore in Shakspeare's time, when it was invariably used in the sense of timid or afraid. In *Romeo and Juliet*, when Romeo, after slaying Tybalt, is lying hidden in Friar Lawrence's cell, the Friar says:

> 'Romeo, come forth, come forth, thou fearful man;'

and again, in *The Tempest*, in that scene in which Prospero threatens Ferdinand, Miranda exclaims:

> 'O dear father,
> Make not too rash a trial of him, for
> He's gentle and not fearful.'

So obsolete, however, is now the word in the sense in which it is employed by the poet, that in most editions of Shakspeare, a footnote is appended to it, giving the definition as 'timorous.' In America, the expression, 'He is a fearful man,' or, 'She is a fearful woman,' is frequently applied to an individual of timid disposition, the meaning intended to be conveyed being precisely the opposite to that which in this country would attach to the phrase.

Some common English words have in the United States completely lost their original signification, wherefore, it would not be easy to say. *Ugly*, for instance, means ill-natured; *smart*, clever; *clever*, of an amiable disposition; and *lovely*—although this last location is not perhaps so common as the others—lovable.

I was, when resident in New York, present during a conversation in the course of which a rather curious equivoque occurred, owing to the peculiar sense in which the words in question

are used on the other side of the Atlantic. On the occasion referred to, an American lady and an Englishwoman—who had only been a short time in the United States—were speaking of an old gentleman with whom they both were acquainted. The former was warm in his praises.

'Mr B——,' she declared, 'is quite lovely.'

'Why,' was the surprised reply, 'how can you think so? I consider him decidedly ugly.'

'Ugly!' indignantly retorted the first speaker. 'He is not at all ugly. On the contrary, he is real clever.'

'That Mr B—— is a man of talent, I admit,' was the response, 'but he is certainly anything but good looking.'

'Well, I do not deny that he is homely, and I never said that he was not,' rejoined the other lady.

'But,' exclaimed the puzzled Englishwoman, 'you have just asserted that he was not ugly.'

'No more he is!' was the quick retort.

When the dialogue had reached this point, it being obvious not only that the two ladies were at cross purposes, but that they were, in consequence, becoming a little heated, I deemed it advisable to interpose, and explain how their mutual misapprehension had arisen.

In connection with the phrase, 'A man of talent,' made use of by my countrywoman in the course of the above conversation, I may observe that 'talent' or 'talented' is an expression seldom heard from the lips of a native of New England. Lord Macaulay asserts that these words owe their origin to the 'Parable of the Talents' in the New Testament, and on one occasion he challenged Lady Holland to cite a single instance of their being employed by any English writer prior to the latter part of the seventeenth century. To the circumstance, therefore, that at the period when the Puritans left their native land to seek new homes in the New World, the words in question had not been incorporated into the language, may, I conceive, be attributed the fact that to this day they seldom have a place in the vocabulary of the inhabitants of the Eastern States.

When a word is already in existence which is fully adequate to express the idea it is employed to convey, it seems not a little curious that the use of it should be superseded by another, not, indeed, coined for the purpose, but by one divorced from its original meaning. Yet this has been the case in various instances in the United States. A place where goods are sold at retail is called a 'store,' not a shop, the use of the latter word being exclusively confined to those establishments in which some manufacturing or other mechanical industry is carried on. When 'corn' is spoken of, maize or Indian corn is always meant, all the other cereals being invariably designated by their respective names, as wheat, oats, barley, &c. Railway in America becomes 'railroad,' station, 'depot,' line, 'track,' carriage, 'car,' whilst for tram, the phrase employed is 'horse car.' A timber building is a 'frame building,' a row of houses is a 'block' of houses. For poorhouse or workhouse, the expression used is 'almshouse.' When the idea intended to be conveyed is that which an Englishman attaches to the latter phrase, the word 'asylum' or 'home' is used by an American.

In fact, a list which should comprise all the words employed by our transatlantic cousins in a different sense from ourselves would be a tolerably long one. But the desultory examples I have given will suffice to illustrate the fact—to which I have already adverted—that in numerous instances, and without any apparent cause, many common English words have acquired in the United States a totally different meaning from that which they bear in this country.

A GOLDEN ARGOSY.

A NOVELETTE.

CHAPTER IX.

It was nearly ten o'clock on the following morning before Edgar reached the *Bedford*, Covent Garden. He found the American in his private room waiting his arrival, and clad in a loose dressing gown, which made him look extra tall and thin—a wonderful garment, embracing every known hue and colour, and strongly resembling, save as to its garishness, a Canadian wood in the fall. Mr Shimm laid aside a disreputable briar he was smoking, as soon as he perceived his visitor. 'Morning!' he said briskly. 'Tolerably punctual. Hope you don't object to the smell of tobacco so early?'

'I don't know,' Edgar replied, throwing himself down in a chair. 'Like most well regulated Britons, I cannot say I am partial to the smell of tobacco before breakfast.'

'Do you know,' Mr Shimm responded dryly, 'I have seen the time when I never smoked before breakfast. I don't allude to any great outbreak of virtue on my part, but the fact is, when a man can't get a breakfast, he can't be accused of smoking before it—no, sir.' Having administered this crushing piece of logic with characteristic force, Mr Shimm rang the bell and proceeded to order 'the fixings,' which was his term for the matutinal repast.

'You Britishers have got some sound notions on the subject of dinners and promiscuous refreshment, but your imagination don't soar to breakfast. There's nothing substantial about it,' said Mr Shimm, after finishing a pound or so of steak. 'The Frenchmen who rules the kitchen here is truly good, and I flatter myself if I stay here much longer he will know what a breakfast is. I stayed for a week at a little place off the Strand once, but I was almost starved. Ham and eggs, chops and steaks, was the programme, with a sole, by way of a treat, on Sundays.'

'Very sad,' replied Edgar, with considerable gravity. 'You must have suffered. You don't seem, however, particularly short here.'

'Well, no,' Mr Shimm admitted, at the same time helping himself to fish, 'I can manage here.'

'I hope last night's little crummage has not injured your appetite this morning?' Edgar asked politely.

'Not much Æneas Slimm generally can pick up his crumbs tolerably This little village is a fine place to sharpen the appetite'

'How long do you propose to stay here?'

'I don't know, it all depends I am doing London, you see, and when I do a place, I do it well You've got some fine old landmarks here—very fine,' said Mr Slimm with proverbial American reverence for the antique 'I guess we should be proud of the Tower over to New York—yes, sir'

'I have never been over it,' Edgar said carelessly

'Do, tell Man, I guess you're funnin, Seems to me kind o incredible for an English man to live in London and not see the Tower'

'Really, Mr Slimm, I have never seen the Tower'

'Well, if this don't beat snakes! Never seen the Tower!' exclaimed the American, chipping his third egg 'Man! you never heard of a picturesque pile known to the inquiring stranger as the British Museum?—Now, have you ever heard of Westminster Abbey?'

'Well,' said Edgar laughingly, 'I believe I have, but I must confess that I have never been inside either of the places you mention'

'Wonderful! Mr Seaton, you re born to make a name The man who can pass these places without emotion, aint no common shake I guess you re the kind of matter they make genius out of'

'You seem to be at home here Surely, in New York, you have buildings and churches quite as fine as anything in London?'

'You think so, do you? Well, if it s any consolation to you, keep on thinking so, it won't hurt any one—Mr Seaton,' continued Slimm, lowering his voice reverently, 'when I get pottering about down at Westminster, and look at the Abbey and the Houses of Parliament, strike me if I don't wish I was a British myself!'

'That is high praise indeed and I think it is due to your native patriotism to say your approval does you credit But candidly, it always struck me that our Houses of Parliament are particularly mean looking for their position'

'Maybe, maybe,' Mr Slimm replied meditatively, 'but there's something about them that makes me feel shookful of poetry When I wander into the Abbey among these silent stones and listen to that grand organ, I feel it does me good

'You do not look like a man who took any particular delight in music'

'I don't, and that s a fact I don't know I sharp from a bull s foot, but I can feel it When the artist preading at the instrument pulls out that wonderful stop like a human voice, I feel real mean, and that s a fact—yes, sir

'It is wonderful what an effect music has on the human understanding, Edgar replied "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast' My wife always says'——

'Your wife' I didn't know you were married'

'Considering I never told you that interesting fact, I do not see very well how you could know,' Edgar replied with a smile, which was, however, not so cordially received by Mr Slimm

'Um,' he said doubtfully—'Now, look here, my young friend, I m a rough chap, and I ve just got to say my mind, if I die for it Don't you think a young married man has no business in such a place as we met last night?'

'But you see, I had business there,' Edgar said, still smiling 'It was skin business, and nothing else, which took me to that place'

'You ve got the bulge of me, and that's a fact'

'You mean, you don't understand Well, I am what is usually known—or rather, in my case, unknown—as a literary man. I am working up a series of articles on gambling houses'

'Why don't you get on a more respectable line?'

Edgar tapped his pocket and nodded significantly

'Hard up,' said Mr Slimm 'Case of needs must when what s his name drives You don't look as if you were dragged up to this sort of thing neither?'

'To be candid with you, I was not,' Edgar replied, urged by some strange impulse to confide in the American 'I am a university man without money My history is a common one Educated at a public school, and afterwards at Cambridge, I am expected to get a living in some mysterious way All my little money was spent upon my education, and then I had to shift for myself Much good my second class honours have done me

'Then, to prove your wisdom, you got married!'

'Of course But now comes the most remarkable part of my story My wife was her uncle's heiress—not that her money was any inducement to me—and I was engaged to her with his approval It was arranged I was to manage his property, and we were to live with him Then a relative of his—a lady—came to stay, and everything went wrong from that time Finally, acting under the lady s wonderful fascination, my wife's uncle forbade our marriage, and offered her to marry a nephew of the lady's This, of course, she refused to do, and was consequently disinherited'

'What sort of a scraph was the lady? asked Mr Slimm, with considerable interest

'Don't mention her, pray She had the sulkyest, if ever woman had—But to continue After our wedding, we came to London, and at different times tried to bring about a reconciliation, but to no effect. Then the old gentleman died'

'A common story enough, but considerable rough on you and your wife,' said Mr Slimm

'After that, a most remarkable occurrence happened When the will was proved, not a sixpence of the old gentleman s money could be found—that is, excepting the few hundreds in the local bank for household expenses It is four years ago now, and to this day not one farthing has turned up'

'Penny plain, and twopence coloured,' the American said sententiously—'to be continued in our next There s the making of a sound family romance about this—Anything more?'

'A little An old companion of my wife's turned up the other day—or I should say my wife found her accidentally in London. She was standing in the rain on Waterloo Bridge,

looking into the water—You comprehend, don't you!'

'"One more unfortunate, weary of breath,"' quoted Mr Slimm with a kinder inflection which surprised Edgar 'Go on'

'It was a wonderful coincidence, if nothing more. It appeared that my wife's uncle on his dying bed gave her a paper for my wife, and he charged her most solemnly to find her and deliver it, which has been done'

'And it was some secret cipher, bet my boots'

'On the contrary, it is only a letter—a vile dictory letter, containing no clue whatever

'Stranger, you take this matter sort of calm' said Slimm solemnly 'I should like to see that letter Mark me, providence has a hand in this, and I want you not to forget it Such a meeting as that between your wife and her old companion didn't happen for nothing Listen, and I'll tell you what once happened to me in Australia I shall never forget it I am a rich man now, for my wants, but I was poor then, in fact, it was just at the time when fortune had turned I had, at the time I am speaking of, nearly a thousand ounces of dust buried in my tent As far as I could tell, not a soul in the camp knew what I had, as I had kept it quiet Well, one night, I started out to visit an old chum in a neighbouring claim It was nearly dark when I started, and I had no companion but my dog I had not gone very far when he began to act in a ridiculous manner, barking and snapping at my horse's heels, till I thought he was stark mad Then he turned towards home, stopping every now and then to whine, and finally he struck off home in a bee line I rode on, never thinking anything about it till suddenly my horse stumbled and nearly threw me. He had never done such a thing before, and I hadn't got twenty yards before he did it again. Stranger! I want you to believe I was scared, and I don't scare easy either Then I thought of the tales I had read about dogs and their cunning, and urged by something I can't understand, I turned back You'd better believe I'm glad I did When I got back to my tent, I stole in quietly and there were three of the biggest scoundrels in the camp digging away exactly over the gold I didn't give them much time for meditation, I reckon It was a tough fight, but I saved my gold I got this valentine to remember it by, darn their ugly pictures' and Mr Slimm bared his huge chest, and displayed a livid gash seamed and lined thereon

'And the robbers—what became of them?'

'Suffocation,' Slimm replied laconically 'The quality of mercy is strained pretty considerable in a mining camp'

'And the dog!'

'Dead!—killed by these scoundrels I aint powerful in the water cart line, but I don't mind saying I snivelled then I can't think of that faithful insect without a kind of lumpiness in my throat.—And now, my friend, don't you tell me there's no such thing as fate You mind if your affair don't turn out trumps yet'

'I don't think so,' Edgar replied dubiously 'It is all forgotten now, though it was a nine days' wonder in Somersetshire at the time'

'Somersetshire! Now, that's strange I am going to Somersetshire in a few days to see a man I haven't set eyes on for years He is a very different man from me—a quiet, scholarly gentleman, a little older than myself He is a bookish sort of man and I met him in the mines We kind of froze to each other, and when we parted, it was understood that whenever I came to England, I was to go and see him What part of Somersetshire do you hail from?'

'The name of my wife's old home is Eastwood

'Eastwood! Tell me quickly is it possible that your wife's uncle is Mr Charles Morton?'

'The same,' Edgar gasped—'What do you know of him!

'What do I know of him' Why, he was the man I was going to visit and he's dead, poor old fellow' You see, I always liked him, and once I saved his life It's a curious thing, but when you do a man a favour, or save his life, or any trifle of that kind you always get to like him some way Poor old Morton' Well, if this don't beat snakes' And your wife is the little Nelly he was always raving about! Dear, dear!'

'There must be something more than meets the eye here, Edgar said, with a little quiver in his voice 'Taking all the circumstances into consideration, it looks as if some inscrutable providence has a hand in it

'You bet I'm not particularly learned, nor no scholar but I do remember some lines of your immortal poet which tells us "There's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will The more I think of life, the more it puzzles me, and that's a fact To think of you and I—two people in five millions—meeting by such chance' And to think of your wife being the niece of my old friend!'

'Did he speak much of her to you' Edgar asked

'A few "Speak" is no word for it he raved about her If ever a man loved a girl, it was your uncle You must not judge him harshly'

'I do not, I never did That there has been collusion, or something more, I have always been convinced He was so fond of me till his half sister came, and as to Nelly, he worshipped her'

'He just did, I know I should like to see that letter

'So you shall but really, I can see nothing in it'

'Try and describe it to me'

'That is soon done It is a commonplace epistle, saying he wished to be remembered as a friend, asking me to forgive him, and hinting that if he had his life to live over again, how different things would be'

'That is only a blind, perhaps—Describe the letter'

'It is written on part of a sheet of foolscap, and from the beginning of the first line to the finish, the paper is covered with writing

'No heading or superscription, no signature?' queried Mr Slimm

'No, it is not signed, but is precisely like a letter without heading or signature trimmed close up to the writing with a pair of scissors'

'And is it folded, or are there any lines about it?'

'It is folded like an ordinary note, and there are various horizontal and perpendicular lines upon it. The lines are dotted. Can you make anything of it?'

'Yes,' said the American quietly. 'I can make fortune of it. Show me that letter for five minutes, and I will show you something you would give ten thousand pounds to see.'

And so, arranging for an early meeting, they parted for the day.

Next morning, Eleanor told her husband of a curious dream she had had during the night. She thought she stood on a strange shore, with the sea spread out before her to the utmost horizon. It was sunrise, and coming towards her over the quiet waters, was a great ship—an 'Argosy with golden sails'—and somehow she thought it brought golden treasure for her. Three times she dreamed the dream, and saw the stately ship. She asked Edgar what he thought of it. He said that dreams went by contraries.

(To be concluded next month.)

LEGAL ANECDOTES.

The writer remembers hearing of a gentleman who, not wishing to pay the legal and recognised fee for a consultation with his lawyer, devised an expedient whereby he expected to gain the information he required without the usual cost. He accordingly invited the man 'learned in the law' to dine at his house on a particular evening, as a friend and an old acquaintance. The lawyer gladly accepted the invitation, and attended at the house of his friend and client prompt to the minute. The conversation for some time was very general and agreeable, and by-and-by the shrewd client, by hinting and suggesting, at last drew the lawyer out into a learned and explicit dissertation upon the subject the host wished to be informed upon. The client was pleased, satisfied, and smiling, chuckled in his sleeve, thinking how nicely he had wormed out the advice desired and pumped his lawyer, free of cost!

The feast over, the lawyer departed, equally pleased, and both being satisfied, all went as merry as a marriage bell. But a few days afterwards, the client received a letter from his lawyer informing him that the charge for professional consultation and advice was thirteen shillings and fourpence, and would he 'kindly attend to the payment of same at his earliest convenience, and oblige.' The client was wild—caught in his own trap. But being determined to outwit the lawyer and gain his own ends, he forwarded to the latter a bill for 'dinner, wines, and accessories supplied' on the 16th inst., amounting to thirteen shillings and fourpence, saying that if he would settle the inclosed bill, he should only be too pleased and happy to settle the lawyer's little bill. The lawyer retorted by threatening to commence an action against mine host for selling wines without a license, unless his, the lawyer's, bill was immediately paid. Do I need to say that the lawyer was victorious?

When I was a boy, I heard of a lawyer who was called up in the middle of a cold winter's night to draw out the will of an old farmer who lived some three miles away, and who was dying. The messenger had brought a cart to convey the lawyer to the farm; and the latter in due time arrived at his destination. When he entered the house, he was immediately ushered into the sickroom, and he then requested to be supplied with pen, ink, and paper. There were none in the house! The lawyer had not brought any himself, and what was he to do? Any lead-pencil? he inquired. No; they had none. The farmer was sinking fast, though quite conscious. At last, the legal gentleman saw chalked up on the back of the bedroom door column upon column of figures in chalk. These were milk 'scores' or 'shots.' He immediately asked for a piece of chalk, and then, kneeling on the floor, he wrote out concisely upon the smooth hearthstone the last will and testament of the dying man! The farmer subsequently died. The hearthstone will was sent to the principal registry in London with special affidavits, and was duly proved, the will being deposited in the archives of the registry. I may mention that the law does not state upon what substance or with what instrument a will must be written.

It is stated that a lawyer was some time ago cross-examining a witness in a local court, when he asked: 'Now, then, Patrick, listen to me. Did the defendant in this case strike the plaintiff with malice?'—'No, sor, sure,' replied Pat gravely; 'he struck him wid the poker, bedad.' Again he inquired of the same witness: 'Did the plaintiff stand on the defensive during the affray?'—'Divil a diffensive, yer honour; he stood on the table.'

A celebrity noted for being 'a bit of a poet' was brought up before a bench of local magistrates for an assault, when the following conversation took place:

Magistrate. Is your name John Fray?

Prisoner. It is, your honour; so the people say.

Mag. Was it you who struck this man and caused the alarm?

Pris. Sure it was, your honour; but I thought there was no harm.

Mag. Now, stop that! Did you come here to make rhymes?

Pris. No, your honour; but it will happen sometimes.

The magistrate, laughing at the fellow's ready wit, said: 'Go away, you rascal, get out of my sight!'

Pris. (*smiling*). Thank ye, your honour; an' a very good-night.

There was once a plain out-spoken judge, who, addressing the jury, said 'Gentlemen of the jury, in this case the counsel on both sides are unintelligible, the witnesses on both sides are incredible, and the plaintiff and defendant are both such bad characters, that to me it is indifferent which way you give your verdict.'

It was once reported to the notorious Judge Jeffries that the Prince of Orange was on the point of entering into the country, and that he was already preparing a manifesto as to his inducements and objects in so doing. 'Pray, my Lord Chief Justice,' said a gentleman present, 'what do you think will be the heads of this manifesto?'—'Mine will be one,' he grimly replied.

An undoubted alibi was some time ago successfully proved in an American court as follows:

'And you say that you are innocent of the charge of stealing this rooster from Mr Jones?' queried the judge.

'Yes, sir, I am innocent—as innocent as a child.'

'You are confident you did *not* steal the rooster from Mr Jones?'

'Yes, sir, and I can prove it.'

'How can you prove it?'

'I can prove that I didn't steal Mr Jones' rooster, judge, because I stole two hens from Mr Grayson same night, and Jones lives five miles from Grayson's.'

'The proof is conclusive,' said the judge, 'discharge the prisoner.'

It is said that the other day a client received the following bill from his lawyer: 'Attending and asking you how you did, 6s 8d. Attending you on the pier, when you desired me to look through a piece of smoked glass, 6s 8d. Looking through the same, 6s 8d. Rubbing my eye, which watered, 13s 4d. Attending at luncheon, when you praised the sandwiches and asked me to pull the thereof, 6s 8d. Consulting and asking my opinion thereon, when I said they were very good, 6s 8d.' Most probably the client treated this as a joke, or perhaps it drove him to extremities.

'Gentlemen of the jury,' said a counsel in a suit about a herd of hogs, 'there were just thirty-six hogs in that drove; please to remember that fact—thirty-six hogs, just exactly three times as many as there are in that jury-box, gentlemen.' We are informed that that counsel did not win his case. The jury were not so pig-headed.

Judge Kent, the well-known jurist, presided in a case in which a man was indicted for burglary, and the evidence at the trial showed that the burglary consisted in cutting a hole through a tent in which several persons were sleeping, and then projecting his head and arm through the hole and abstracting various articles of value. It was claimed by his counsel that inasmuch as he never entered into the tent with his whole body, he had not committed the offence charged, and must therefore be set at liberty. In reply to this plea, the judge told the jury that if they were not satisfied that the whole man was involved in the crime, they might bring in a verdict of guilty against so much of him as was involved. The jury, after a brief consultation, found the right arm, the right shoulder, and the head of the prisoner guilty of the offence of burglary. The judge accordingly sentenced the right arm, the right shoulder, and the head to imprisonment with hard labour in the state prison for two years, remarking, that as to the rest of the man's body, he might do with it what he pleased.

Lord Justice-clerk Braxfield was a man of few words and of strong business habits, and consequently when he courted his second wife, he said to her 'Lassie, I'm looking out for a wife, and I thought you just the person to suit me. Let me have your answer on or off to-morrow, and mae mair about it.' The lady, next day, replied in the affirmative. Shortly after the marriage, Lord Braxfield's butler came to him to give up his situation because he could not bear her daily and continual scolding. 'Man,' Braxfield exclaimed, 'ye've little to complain of, ye may be thankful ye're no married to her.'

During the time that Brougham was rising in his profession, he had a friend, a brother counsel, who had contracted the habit of commencing the examination of a witness in these words: 'Now, sir, I am about to put a question to you, and I don't care which way you answer it.' Brougham, with others, had begun to grow tired of this eternal formula, and consequently one morning he met his brother lawyer near the temple and addressed him thus: 'Now, Jones, I am about to put a question to you, and I don't care which way you answer it.—How do you do?'

The celebrated lawyer Butt was one night going home very late, when he was accosted by a desperate-looking villain in one of the suburbs of Dublin, and asked what he was going to stand. 'Well,' replied Butt meekly, 'I'm very sorry that I can't give you much, my friend, but what I have we will share. Here, he continued, drawing a revolver from his pocket, 'is a weapon which has six chambers, I will give you three, and'—— But the lawyer immediately found himself alone.

'Mr Robinson,' said counsel, 'you say you once officiated in a pulpit. Do you mean that you preached?'—'No, sir, I held the candle for the man who did.' 'Ah, the court understood you differently; they supposed that the discourse came from you'—'No, sir, I only threwed a light on it.'

'Gentlemen of the jury,' said an Irish barrister, 'it will be for you to say whether this defendant shall be allowed to come into court with unblushing footsteps, with the cloak of hypocrisy in his mouth, and draw three bullocks out of my client's pocket with impunity.'

We have heard of several cases of female ingenuity in aiding the escape of prisoners. Here is one. The criminals were handcuffed, and with their escort were awaiting the train which would convey them to the county jail. Suddenly a woman rushed through the crowd

of spectators, and with a shower of tears, cried out 'Kiss me, good bye, Ned!' The escort good naturedly allowed the process of osculation to be performed, and the sheriff smiled feelingly. The woman produced a key from her own to the prisoner's mouth, with which he undid the 'bracelets,' and escaped whilst the train was in motion.

There is a girl who seems to have peculiar notions of breach of promise cases, for she threatens to sue her own father for breach of promise! She explains that the old gentleman first gave his consent to her marriage with her lover, and then withdrew it, and that in consequence her beau got tired of waiting, and has gone off with another girl.

'Prisoner at the bar,' said the judge to a man on his trial for murder, 'is there anything you wish to say before sentence is passed upon you?'—'Judge,' replied the prisoner, 'there has been altogether too much said already. I knew all along somebody would get hurt, if these people didn't keep their mouths shut. It might as well be me, perhaps, as anybody else. Drive on, judge, and give me as little sentiment as you can get along on. I can stand hanging, but I hate gush.'

THE MONTH.

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

The annexation of Upper Burmah to the British Empire represents the most important addition to our possessions which has been made for very many years. Lying between India and China, the two most populous countries in the world, Burmah is favourably situated as a highway, along which a vast trade can be conducted. As to the country itself, it presents many valuable features. It has a plentiful rainfall, a healthy climate, and a luxuriant vegetation. The principal crops are rice, oil seed, cotton, and tobacco. Sixty one varieties of rice are known to cultivators, and half of these are of the hard kind familiar to us. The remainder have a soft glutinous grain, which is preferred by the natives of Burmah. The revenue and population of the country have both increased enormously during the past ten years.

In Mr Hallett's interesting paper addressed to the members of the Scottish Geographical Society, entitled 'A Survey for Railway Connections between India, Siam, and China,' he showed that there is now no political hindrance to prevent our driving the locomotive up to the gates of China and opening up a vast trade with that prosperous empire. Mr Hallett has personally explored and surveyed Burmah, Siam, and the Shan States, and he points out how a railway can be made to join the Brahmapootra valley with the valley of the Irrawadi, and that such a railway could join the line which already finds a terminus at the seaport of Rangoon. This short line of railway, only one hundred and sixty two miles in length, pays a good dividend, although it finds a formidable rival in the admirable flotilla of steamers which ply on the Irrawadi River hard by.

At a recent meeting of the Russian Geographical Society, M Grjumailo gave an interesting description of the Pamir region, which we may remind our readers is a high tableland of Asia on the western limit of Little Tibet. His tour through this little known region covered a period of eighteen months, during which time he was able to make extensive observations of its flora and fauna, as well as of the condition of its inhabitants. During the long winter, the people have to seek the shelter of their tents, and seem in the spring to wake up from a kind of lethargy with the joy and light heartedness of children. The women do most of the work, which is of a pastoral kind. The country is intersected with enormous glaciers, and is situated at such a great elevation that the natives call it by a name which signifies 'Roof of the World.'

The Cleopatra's Needle which adorns Central Park, New York, has suffered much from transatlantic cold, and a mass of scales and chips has been removed from it by atmospheric influences, as thoroughly as if a number of masons had been set to work to achieve the same result. This gradual disintegration of the noble Egyptian obelisk has, however, been stopped by coating the monument with paraffin, which coating has given a slightly darker colour to the stone. Those who have charge of public buildings in Britain which have been built of perishable stone—and there are unfortunately many such—would do well to make a note of this employment of paraffin as a successful preservative.

A new artificial fireproof stone or plaster has recently been invented. Its principal constituent is asbestine, a mineral which is plentiful in certain localities in the State of New York, U S A. This asbestine, which is a silicate of magnesium, is mixed with powdered flint and caustic potash, and is then mingled with sufficient water glass (silicate of soda) to make it into an adhesive plaster. In this condition it is prepared for transport, and is mixed with sand before use. This plaster is not only fireproof, but it adheres with wonderful tenacity to perfectly smooth surfaces. It does not, therefore, require a roughened surface before attachment, such as a wall composed of nailed laths, as is the usual case. A common mode of applying it is to line a room with sheet-iron, protected from rust by a coating of asphaltum, and to spread upon this metal lens a thickness of the new plaster. Besides being unaffected by heat, it will not crack if water is thrown upon it when in a heated state.

Mr Hannay, of Glasgow, has invented a new form of lamp which will prove very useful for various industrial purposes, where the more intense rays of the electric arc are not readily available. The lamp consists of a cylindrical vessel containing about thirty gallons of any heavy

hydrocarbon oil, such as creosote. At one side of this vessel is an entry pipe for air, which must be under pressure of about fifteen pounds on the square inch. The air thus admitted forces the oil up a vertical pipe which springs from the bottom of the vessel, and ends in a burner which extends for some feet outside the oil receptacle. Another pipe surrounds the oil tube, and through this, part of the air is carried, so that at the point where both tubes terminate, there rushes forth a blast of mingled air and creosote in fine particles. This is turned into a flame of great brightness when a match is applied to it, a flame, too, which is unaffected by wind or rain. The quantity of oil given above will supply a light for about twenty hours, which will be effective at two hundred yards from the lamp. This contrivance has already been used with success at the Forth Bridge works. It is now being introduced for various purposes by Mr James Sinclair, 64 Queen Victoria Street, London.

A plan for rendering paper so tough that it can be used for various purposes for which formerly it was considered there was 'nothing like leather,' has recently been published. The process is of continental origin. The paper pulp during manufacture is mixed with chloride of zinc in solution, and the more concentrated this solution is, the tougher is the finished paper. It is said that the new material has been successfully used in bootmaking, combmaking, and has actually taken the place of leather in boot making. This last application of the material is perhaps not quite so much of a novelty as it seems to be, for in the cheaper kinds of boots and shoes, the soles, instead of being of solid leather, are often made of a compound of which brown paper pulp seems to be the chief constituent. The adulteration is not apparent to the wearer until wet weather makes it very evident indeed.

In the building operations of man he uses lime to bind the particles of lime together in forming a plaster wall. In the work of nature, much the same end is achieved by binding loose particles of soil together with the rootlets of various plants. The continually slipping particles of a newly made embankment have to be rendered secure by this means, but such grasses as have hitherto been used for the purpose need several months for their development. M. Cambier, of the French railway service, has recently pointed out that the double poppy is a valuable plant for this purpose. Its germination is rapid, and in a week or two its rootlets are sufficiently strong to give some support to the soil. But at the end of three or four months, the roots attain a length of twelve inches, and form a far stronger network to hold the soil in place than any grass known. The plant is an annual, but it sows itself after the first year.

We are glad to notice that a 'Plumage League' is being established for the purpose of discountenancing the inhuman fashion now in vogue of introducing the dead bodies of birds as ornaments on ladies bonnets, hats, and dresses. Lady Mount Temple, in advocating the establishment of this League, the members of which will bind themselves to discourage in every way the use of plumage in dress, writes thus: 'A milliner told me she had put twelve birds on one (dress). Another told us of a ball-dress covered with canaries.' We should rejoice to see the Princess of Wales or some other member of the Royal Family setting her veto upon the cruel practice of adorning female dress with the bodies of our feathered songsters.

The Crematorium at Woking Cemetery has just been used for the third time under the auspices of the Cremation Society. In France, the Prefecture of the Seine is about to spend three thousand pounds on the erection of a similar building in the well known cemetery, Père la Chaise. Sanitary reformers will rejoice that cremation is making some progress in both countries, although that progress is slow.

The fastest time ever made by a steam vessel has recently been made by the Falke torpedo boat built by Messrs Yarrow for the Austrian government. The mean speed of her six runs over the measured mile—during which time she was fully fitted and in fighting trim—reached the wonderful figure of 22.263 knots per hour. She then ran, according to contract with the Austrian government, for an hour at full speed, when she covered just twenty two and a quarter miles. It is said that the vessel answered her helm well throughout these trials, and that there was very little vibration from the engines even when going at the highest speed. Messrs Yarrow are building twenty four torpedo boats for the British government, besides several others for foreign customers.

Every poison is supposed to have its antidote, and the establishment of the torpedo system has necessitated the introduction of an antidote in the shape of torpedo catcher. The first vessel of this type which has been constructed has lately been tried at Portsmouth with satisfactory results, not only with regard to speed but also with regard to manœuvring power. The vessel was fitted with an inner and an outer rudder on the system of Mr J. S. White, and known as the 'turn about' method. This vessel is built of thin steel, it possesses a conning tower on deck, from which it is steered, and it is one hundred and fifty feet in length.

Some interesting gunnery experiments have just been concluded at Portland Bill. Their object was to test the value of the Moncrieff or 'disappearing' principle of mounting guns for coast defence, a system which, like most others, has its detractors as well as its advocates. At Portland, a dummy gun only was used, so that the ship firing upon it from the sea had not the disadvantage of attacking a foe who could hit back. The gun was placed in a pit, and was so arranged that it remained hidden for two and a half minutes, then it appeared for half a minute, delivered its imaginary fire—which was represented by a puff of gunpowder to aid the foe in

sighting it—and again disappeared. The ship *Hercules* failed to make any impression upon the gun at all, although it was only made of wood and canvas. We may therefore conclude that the Moncrieff or 'disappearing' system of mounting guns is the most effectual which has ever been brought forward, and we may look for its great extension in our coast defences.

Professor Germain Sée, of Paris, during a course of lectures on dietetics, has recently pointed out the importance of water in connection with food, that fluid being the only one which can dissolve the salts taken with the food into the body, and eliminate them from the system. He also remarked that it was quite impossible for man, an omnivorous being, to exist entirely on vegetable foods. So-called vegetarians are forced to make up for the want of solid meat by consuming eggs, milk, and butter. A healthy man must for his food draw upon the elements furnished by the three kingdoms of nature.

A new kind of turning lathe, which seems really to possess the merit of novelty, is described by the *Scientific American*. It is intended for turning such articles as balusters for staircases, when such articles are required in quantities, and when they are wanted to be square or octagonal, instead of round. The lathe consists of a kind of skeleton cylinder, upon the surface of which the square rods which are ultimately to form balusters are readily clamped by levers working at each end. An ordinary T rest supports the tool in cutting the required ornamentation on the rods as the lathe revolves. When one side of the rods has thus been treated, they are unclamped, turned over, and once more fixed in place. In this way the four sides of the square rods are operated upon one after the other. This lathe, which has been patented, will finish with clean, sharp edges about fifty balusters or other pieces of wood an hour.

The *Lancet* alludes to an alleged discovery which has been made in Columbia, which, if it should be confirmed, will be a valuable aid in surgery. It is reported that a certain shrub which is called 'dios' exudes a juice which has the property of stopping hemorrhage, so that if a surgeon's operating knife were only smeared with this juice his work could be done with little or no loss of blood.

A meteorological station twenty thousand feet above the sea level is being established by the Mexican government among their highest mountains. Those who remember the hardships which were encountered by Mr Wragge in his constant visits to the instruments on Ben Nevis before the observatory building was established there, will be prepared to understand the difficulties of dealing with a station at so much higher an altitude. For this reason, the instruments are being constructed to work automatically, to be self-recording, and, as far as possible, to require no attention for twelve months, if need be.

The Chinese alphabet consists in its integrity of about forty thousand pictorial symbols, and it is this alphabet which with some modifications has been used from time immemorial by their clever and more advanced neighbours in Japan. But the adoption of Western ways which has since 1868 been so rapid among the Japanese, has made them discontented with a system so elaborate and bewildering. They have therefore formed a Society called the Roman Alphabet Association, by which they seek to replace the cumbrous Chinese alphabet by the twenty-two letters of the Roman alphabet which are found sufficient to express all the sounds found in the Japanese language. The change is a necessary one, and marks a new and important phase of Japanese progress. It is somewhat akin to the movement which has for some time been in progress in Germany, by which Roman characters are being substituted for the old Gothic ones.

At a late meeting of the Royal Astronomical Society, it was announced that M M Henry had photographed part of the Milky Way. The exposure required was an hour, but the star discs were perfectly round and sharp. This wonderful result shows that the driving clock for keeping the telescope in motion, so as to counteract the motion of the earth, must have been of the most perfect kind.

From Germany, we learn that in that country during the last ten years the leather manufacture has shown a most extraordinary development. Large factories have been established, which produce goods of the highest quality, and compare favourably with those of foreign make. No expenses have been spared to import the best machines, the agents of the most prominent manufacturers are sent to America, England, and France, to learn the manufacture of the leather trade in all its details. The largest firms study principally the American methods of manufacturing, and the consequence is that many German factories are managed after the American system. German manufacturers are anxious to raise their goods to the highest perfection, and look forward to the time when German machine made ladies' boots will be found in the West End of London.

We learn from a South African newspaper that Natal is at last going to cultivate tea in earnest. The aroma of the samples produced is described as excellent, it has a taste by no means unpleasant, which is not characteristic of China tea, but it is one which would be readily acquired and appreciated. It is anticipated that fifty thousand pounds will be grown this season.

A large German lithographic firm doing a considerable trade in England, it is said has entirely left off printing from stone, and uses zinc plates only. The saving is said to be very considerable, and may partly explain how they are able to print more cheaply than our own lithographers. A Chicago trade journal estimates that if a work is to be printed in ten colours, requiring five double-sized stones of twenty-eight by forty-two inches, the cost of each stone would be about twelve pounds, while a first class zinc plate costs eight shillings.

Mr H T Crewe, 17 Sunning Hill Road, Lewisham, London, S E, has recently patented a system by which conservatories, the various structures of the horticulturist, and other buildings, can be fitted with glass roofs and walls without the use of putty. The system is an extremely simple one. Panes of glass are laid upon parallel rafters or beams. They are not placed flatly one beside the other, but the upper panes are made to slightly overlap the lower panes. They are fixed together by means of little metal clips, which

recess screws, that afterwards pass through holes in the panes and into the rafters or beams. Among the advantages claimed for the new system of glazing are, that it causes the roof to remain perfectly rain proof, and that the greatest facility and despatch are attained in detaching and replacing panes. Condensation is carried away from the inside of the glass by the grooves which are cut in the rafters or beams.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

SAFETY IN RAILWAY TRAVELLING.

Mr Edward Harford, general secretary to the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, replying to a request forwarded by peers, members of the House of Commons, and others for information as to the causes of railway accidents, and the means which, in the opinion of the Society, ought to be adopted for the safety of the general public and of railway servants, has issued a list of twenty-three proposals which set forth the necessary requirements. The principal are the following:

'All railways ought to be worked on the absolute block system, strictly carried out, so that no two trains shall ever be in one section at the same time.

The blocks and interlocking systems should be electrically combined and controlled, so that the safety of a block section shall be under the control of two signalmen.

Junction block working should be adopted at all junctions, so that no two trains which can foul each other at the points and crossings shall ever be allowed to approach a junction at one and the same time. All sidings and goods lines should be provided with properly interlocked safety points.

One code of block system regulations and one pattern of signals should be adopted throughout the kingdom. A red light should be the only danger signal. The practice of using purple or other lights is highly dangerous.

Facing points ought to be avoided as far as possible. All facing points, and points leading to main lines, ought to be provided with a locking bar and bolts, and properly interlocked with the signals and with the electric apparatus.

All passenger trains ought to be provided with an efficient automatic continuous brake, having brake blocks upon the wheels of the engine, tender, and every vehicle throughout the train, and fulfilling the five conditions laid down by the Board of Trade, August 30, 1877, and highly approved by the Society. To avoid the present dangerous practice of brake power being cut off and rendered useless by the introduction of an unfitted vehicle, it ought to be the law that the Company should not be allowed to send vehicles over the line of another Company unless each vehicle is provided with the same form of continuous brake as that used by such foreign Company.

All goods-engines should be fitted with brakes upon their wheels, and those required occasionally for passenger-traffic should have continuous brakes.

All passenger-trains should be fitted with efficient means of communication with the driver and guards. Passengers should be able to reach it without putting their hands outside the window. The present cord system is unreliable, and the plan of having no communication on trains which stop every twenty miles is very risky to the public.

All passenger platforms should be raised to the standard height, and all carriages fitted with a high continuous footboard, to prevent persons falling between platforms and trains.

The crank or driving axles of locomotive engines should be taken out after they have run a certain mileage. What the mileage limit should be ought to be at once decided by the Companies and the Board of Trade.

Overwork on railways is highly dangerous, and ought to be abolished.'

HOW CHILDREN GROW.

During the International Medical Conference held in Copenhagen in the summer of 1884, a paper read by the Rev Malling Hansen, Principal of the Danish Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, was listened to with marked attention and interest. It gave the results of the daily weighing and measurements of height which he had carried on for nearly three years on the one hundred and thirty pupils—seventy two boys and fifty eight girls—of the Institution, and demonstrated facts as to the development of the human body during the period of childhood that perfectly startled and astonished the assembled medical authorities, opening an entirely new field for investigation and reflection. Since then, Mr Hansen has continued his observations, and though he has yet a tremendous amount of work before him, he believes he can already be in a position to state now the outlines of the results he has obtained.

The children are weighed four times daily in batches of twenty—in the morning, before dinner, after dinner, and at bedtime, and each child is measured once a day. The common impression is, no doubt, that increase in bulk and height of the human body during the years of growth progresses evenly all through the year. This is not so. Three distinct periods are marked out, and within them some thirty lesser wavering have been observed. As for bulk, the maximum period extends from August until December, the period of equipoise lasts from December until about the middle of April, and then follows the minimum period until August. The lasting increase of bulk or weight in all accumulated during the first stage, the period of equipoise adds to the body about a tenth of that increase, but this gain is almost entirely spent or lost again in the last period.

The increase in height of the children shows the same division into periods, only in a different order. The maximum period of growth in height corresponds to the minimum period of increase in bulk, and vice versa. In September and October a child grows only a fifth of what it did in June and July. In other words, during a part of the year—autumn and beginning of winter—the child accumulates bulk, but the height is stationary. In the early summer the bulk remains nearly unchanged, but the vital force and the nourishment are expended to the benefit of height. While the body works for

bulk there is rest for the growth, and when the period of growth comes, the working for bulk is suspended. The human body has, consequently, the same distinctly marked periods of development as plants.

A CHESS CLOCK.

An ingenious clock has recently been patented by Messrs Finch and Schierwater, 29 Church Street, Liverpool. It not only shows the ordinary time, but registers on separate dials—marked respectively 'black' and 'white'—the period occupied by the players in a game of chess. It also indicates the number of moves in a game and whose turn it is to play. Another feature is the index upon the dial. This can be set for any time agreed upon—from one to fifteen minutes—during which a move must be made. The expiration of that time is shown by an indicator and by the ringing of a bell. By pressing a knob at the top of the clock, it is possible to temporarily check the progress of the mechanism. This would of course become necessary upon the players requiring a rest, or upon any other interruption taking place. The invention is, we believe, the first clock that has been constructed with a view to recording the movements in chess playing. It may of course be utilised for other purposes. Being a travelling clock, it may be employed for indicating the times of different countries. The index and call bell may be used, too, for public meetings allowing so much time for each speaker, for a telephone Company, regulating an allowance of time, or for the testing of any machinery. The movement can be fitted to any existing clock. As a result of practical trial, the 'Schierwater's Patent Chess Clock' has been commended by many well known chess players.

NOVEL PHOTOGRAPHIC EXPERIMENTS.

The sinking of the caissons of the Forth Bridge has afforded opportunity for testing whether it was possible to obtain photographs below water in compressed air by the aid of electric light. To the novel conditions under which these attempts—the first, we believe, in this country—were made, their chief interest is due, rather than to any particular success hitherto achieved. We have recently described the method of founding by compressed air, and depicted the interior of a caisson, so that our readers are conversant with the surroundings under which the attempts were made.

A trial was made on shore by electric light at night to determine the length of exposure necessary for the plates, but subsequent experience proved the data thus obtained to be of little value in the air chamber. Various trials were then made in the air chamber with different classes of plates and gradually increasing lighting power, eventually, five arc lamps—each equivalent to twelve hundred candles—and plates of exceptional rapidity, were employed, and these, with an exposure of two minutes, gave the best results obtained.

The roof and sides of the air chamber were whitewashed, to render them conspicuous and to diffuse the light. The formation of moisture on the lens threatened at first to give trouble, but after a little time the glass became warmed, and the difficulty ceased. The haze in the air chamber, which any sudden expansion of the air—such as that due to its escape when the air locks were opened—greatly intensified, proved a formidable obstacle, and must always render the highest results unattainable. The only course was to seize the most favourable moment when the haze was at its minimum. White objects and light clothing gave the best results, whilst the eyes of a group—presumably from their glistening properties—are remarkable for definition and sharpness.

So far as could be ascertained, no injury resulted to the dry plates either from air pressure or moisture.

AN OLD 'CHUBB.

Last night I found an old forgotten key
  Deep in an unused drawer, and quick tears fell
As in my hand I took it tenderly—
  For ah! I knew the story it would tell.

Of a familiar door, a 'vanished hand,
  A cheery 'click' by eager children heard—
'Papa is home!'—Ah little loyal band!
  How oft your hearts grew sick with hope deferred!

In the time after! for 'Papa' went forth
  And came not back. Then dawned some darker days.
The cottage home was sold, and we came north
  To a gray city street to flowerless ways.

On the bright steel, great spots of rust had grown—
  'It would not turn so easily as then'
(I thought) 'and 'Rosebank' is no more my own—
  I have no claim to enter it again.

'Maybe its door has now a different lock—
  And oh if even I could venture there
What should I find? my misery to mock—
  Ghosts of the dead—strangers careless stare.

I took the key and hid it out of sight
  'Since thou canst no more ope the door for me
Of that dear home thou neeldst not see the light,
  For only dews of tears are spread by thee.

KATE.

The Conductor of CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL hopes to direct the attention of CONTRIBUTORS to the following notice:

1. All communications should be addressed to the Editor 339 High Street, Edinburgh.
2. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage stamps should accompany every manuscript.
3. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them in FULL.*
4. Offerings of Verse should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

If the above rules are complied with, the Editor will do his best to secure the safe return of ineligible papers.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, London, and 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

All Rights Reserved.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL
OF
POPULAR
LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART
Fifth Series
ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832
CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)

No. 110.—Vol. III. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1886 PRICE 1½d.

THE ETHICS OF HOUSEKEEPING

The cry is everywhere the same—the badness of our modern servants. But who is really to blame—the mistresses or the maids? the masters or the employed? The one class are educated, the other are comparatively ignorant, and influence filters downwards—it does not permeate the social mass from below. We cast longing looks backward to the bygone times when servants were the humble friends of the family, ready to serve for love and bare maintenance if bad times came, and identifying themselves with the fortunes of their masters. But we forgot that we ourselves have changed even more than they, since the days when mistresses overlooked the maids in closer companionship than is warranted now by the conditions of society—when daily details were ordered by the lady, and the execution of her orders was personally supervised—when housekeeping was at once an art and a pleasure, a science and a source of pride. Then young servants were trained immediately under the eye of the mistress and by her direct influence, as now they are trained under the head servant of their special department. And in this change of teachers alone, if no other cause were wanting we could trace the source of the deterioration complained of.

The lady who, two generations ago, taught the still room maid the mysteries of syrups and confections, of jams and jellies and dainty sweetmeats—who knew the prime joints, and the signs of good meat, tender poultry, and fresh fish, as well as the cook herself—who could go blindfold to her linen press and pick out the best sheets from the ordinary, and knew by place as well as by touch where the finer hucka back towels were to be found and where the coarser—who could check as well as instruct the housemaid at every turn—such a mistress as this, for her own part diligent, refined, truthful, God-fearing, was likely to give a higher tone, infuse a more faithful and dutiful spirit into her servants, than is possible now, when the thing is reduced to a profession like any other, and the teacher is only technically, not morally, in advance of the pupil. It is the mistresses who have let the reins slip from their hands, not the maids who have taken the bit between their teeth, or, rather, the latter has been in consequence of the former, and when we blame our servants for the 'heartlessness' of their service—for the ease with which they throw up their situations, on the sole plea of want of change, or of bettering themselves, to the infinite disturbance of things and trouble to the household—we must remember that we ourselves first broke the golden links, and that to expect devotion without giving affection is to expect simply slavishness. The advantage of the present system of mere professional and skilled technicality is to be found in the greater comfort and regularity of the household, in the more finished precision and perfection of the service, in the more complete systematisation of the whole art and practice of attendance. But these gains have been bought with a price—not only in the increased cost of housekeeping, but in the deterioration of the moral character of servants, and in the annihilation of the friendly and quasi family feeling which once existed between the mistress and her domestics.

In large cities and in the houses of the rich, the upper men servants are practically their own masters. They make their own stipulations as to hours, food, allowances, liberties, and compound for the nervous exhaustion of perpetual worry which does not include hard work, by a scale of feeding which is more savage than civilised, in the quantity of flesh meat included. They can make the house pleasant or intolerable to a guest, and in a thousand sly mysterious ways they cause the mistress annoyances which cannot be brought home to them, and of which they enjoy the effect produced. In the kitchen, the cook is absolute mistress, and holds her lady as merely the superintendent of her own mess for the day, as well as the bank whence is drawn the money

for the bills—which she pays. And in the payment of those bills, as well as in dealing with remnants—of which woe betide the mistress who should recommend the home consumption!—the cook doubles and trebles her wages, and feathers her own nest with the down plucked from her employers. Can we wonder at this? We put a half-educated person into a place of trust and temptation, we neither check nor overlook her, we trust all to her abstract honesty and sense of justice; there is no danger of discovery, still less of punishment; she has before her the additional temptation of pleasing her fellow servants with whom she lives in hourly contact, rather than of saving the pockets of her rich employers, whom she scarcely knows and rarely sees; and then we lift up our hands at the depravity of human nature, when we find that the tradesmen give back a percentage on their bills, and that whole pounds of wax candles swell the perquisite of the grease pot handsomely. But next door, the rich merchant is a fraudulent bankrupt; the respectable family lawyer over the way absconds after having dealt with his clients' securities; master's friend, the banker, puts up the shutters to the ruin of thousands on thousands, while his wife has a secured jointure which enables them to live in princely style; and the stock jobber, who dines with us on Sundays, makes use of private information to sell to his best friend shares which, up to their highest point to-day, he knows will collapse like a burst balloon to-morrow. Are we not a little hard on the kitchen, seeing what is done in the parlour?

Go from the rich to the poor among our gentry—from the gilded upper stratum to the lower base and barren subsoil—and here again we find that mistresses are as much to blame as the maids, whose shortcomings they bewail and resent. In a household of this kind, the *ne ingenuis domo* prevents the hiring, because rendering impossible the payment, of good and well trained servants, and the mistress has to be content with young girls whom she must teach, and whose untutored services she buys at small cost. But here, again, the modern spirit of the age spoils what else might seem to be a return to old and wholesome conditions. Nine times out of ten, the mistress is as incapable of teaching as the maid is slow of learning; for we must remember that untrained girls of this sort are generally taken from the most humble class, and that they come into service with but little natural brightness of wit and less educational sharpening. The mistress expects too much from them. For the most part aching under her own burden, disliking her duties, and envying, her rather stern, she does the least she can in the home, and gives the heavy end of the stick to the hired help. And, forgetful of the maxim of line upon line and precept upon precept, and of the necessity of iteration, patient and continual, if a dull brain has to be impressed and a new method learned, she is impatient and angry when orders are forgotten—ways of doing things bungled—and chaos, disorder, and confusion are the result. Perhaps she herself is unpunctual and inexact, but she expects from her seventeen old little Betty the punctuality of the sun and the regularity of the clock. Perhaps she herself is undutiful, and shirks all that she can transfer on to another's hands, but she looks for devotion, self sacrifice, the unfailing performance of her duty, from this comparative child, and feels entitled to sit in the seat of the judge, when these virtues run dry and the shallow stream of conscientiousness fails. From the nurse girl, herself a mere child, hired to wheel the perambulator and look after the children, she expects such patience, forbearance, and understanding of child nature, as she herself, mother as she is, cannot command. If Jacky is rude and Jenny is rebellious, if Tommy is unmanageable and Katie is defiant, she, the mother, whose temper would be in a blaze on the moment, demands that the nursemaid shall bear all with a calm and equable mind, and, without the power of punishing, be able to reduce to obedience these little rebels, whom she herself cannot always control with the help of the rod and the dark closet to boot. Furthermore, she lays the blame of these naughty tempers on the girl, to excuse the children. They are always good with *her*, she says angrily, and it must be Mary's fault that they are so often troublesome when she has them. And when she says this, she does not remember the old adage about the little pitchers and long ears, and never realises the fact that by her own words she gives the children their cue, and encourages them to be rude to one who, they know beforehand, will be made the scapegoat for their sins. That overpowering maternal love—that *storge*, of which poets make so much account, and which is the primal one entry for the preservation of the race—is at times the cause of great injustice, especially when dealing with those unprotected young nursemaids to whom no authority can be given from whom all controlling influence is expected, and who have neither moral force nor mental enlightenment enough to control themselves, still less others. If they stand in the attitude of accusers, the mother rejects them as traducers.

Sometimes, in small households, the master interferes like a woman, and adds to the confusion by putting his masculine fingers into the already over stocked domestic pie. There are men who are simply meddling in a house. They watch behind the window blind and count the number of seconds Betty gives to the baker's boy, and how she smirks and smiles at the handsome young greengrocer or the smart Mr Butcher. That Betty should have any pleasure in the gallant words or flattering looks of one or all of these, seems to them a sin, a dereliction of duty, and, in some queer way, a wrong and a robbery done to them. For were they to be completely candid, most masters and mistresses would say that they expected the whole of a servant's nature to be given to them—all her thoughts as well as her abilities—all her interests as well as all her time, and that to fall in love is a kind of petty treason and a quasi dishonest transfer of energy. Put in this crude way, this theorem would be denied, and a dozen other reasons would be given for the confessed dislike felt by employers for a love sick maid. Reduced to its elements, it would come to what we have said—impatience of the inevitable troubler of the conditions being one of the proofs on our side. In matters of this kind, the 'molly man,' who

stays at home, peeps from behind the blind and puts his fingers into all the pies aboard, is a harsher and less sympathetic person to deal with than is the average mistress, to whom a girl's love affairs carry an echo that awakens old dreams in her own soul and gain a little compassion for the sufferer For, after all, Betty's love for the baker's young man is very much the same kind of thing as Adam for the captain and Mabel's for the curate, and neither the cut nor the material of the gown influences the beating of the heart which throbs beneath!

In all this, as we had occasion in a recent paper to observe, we do not excuse the faulty side of modern servants, but we should like to see inaugurated a better method of dealing with it We should like to see the mistresses go back to the old friendly feeling and friendly intercourse with those who live under their roof, and make their happiness by the conscientious discharge of duty —that old friendly feeling which made of the household one family, and brought the servants in line with the masters by the golden cord of human sympathy People say that this is impossible, that the spirit of the age prevents it, that servants themselves refuse to recognise anything like personal interest from their employers, that the whole tone and character of service are changed, and that it is now only a profession, where the employed live under the roof of their employers, instead of out of the house, as with mill hands and the like It may be so, but if even so, we contend that the higher natures could influence the lower if they would, that knowledge could direct ignorance, and that it depends on the masters and mistresses to get good out of these changed conditions—human nature, on the whole, seeking the light, and society, like a broken crystal mundane, its fractures with fresh material, to the maintenance of form and beauty

IN ALL SHADES

BY GRANT ALLEN,

AUTHOR OF BARBARIAN STRANGE STORIES ETC ETC

CHAPTER VII

THE morning when Edward and Marian were to start on their voyage to Trinidad, with Nora in their charge, was a beautifully clear, calm, and sunny one The tiny steam tender that took them down Southampton Water, from the Landing stage to the moorings where the big ocean going *Severn* lay at anchor, ploughed her way merrily through the blue ripplets that hardly broke the level surface Though it was a day of parting, nobody was oversad General Ord had come down with Marian, his face bronzed with twenty years of India, but straight and erect still like a hop pole, as he stood with his tall thin figure lithe and steadfast on the little quarter deck Mrs Ord was there too, crying a little, of course, as is only decorous on such occasions, yet not more so than a parting always demands from the female eyes of female humanity Marian didn't cry much, either, she felt so safe in going with Edward, and hoped to be back so soon again on a summer visit to her father and mother As for Nora, Nora was always bright as the sunshine, and could never see anything except the bright side of things 'We shall take such care of dear Marian in Trinidad, Mrs Ord!' she said gaily 'You'll see her home again on a visit in another twelvemonth, with more roses on her cheek than she's got now, when she's had a taste of our delicious West Indian mountain air'

'And if Trinidad suits Miss Ord—Mrs Hawthorne, I mean—dear me, how stupid of me!' Harry Noel put in quietly, 'half as well as it seems to have suited you, Miss Dupuy, we shall have no cause to complain of Hawthorn for having taken her out there'

'Oh, no fear of that,' Nora answered, smiling one of her delicious childish smiles 'You don't know how delightful Trinidad is, Mr Noel, it's really one of the most charming places in all Christendom'

'On your recommendation, then,' Harry answered, bowing slightly and looking at her with eyes full of meaning, 'I shall almost be tempted to go out some day and see for myself how really delightful are the poetical tropics of yours'

Nora blushed, and her eyes fell slightly 'You would find them very lovely, no doubt, Mr Noel,' she answered, more demurely and in a half timid fashion, 'but I can't recommend them, you know, with any confidence, because I was such a very little girl when I first came home to England You had better not come out to Trinidad merely on the strength of my recommendation'

Harry bowed his head again gravely 'As you will,' he said 'Your word is law And yet, perhaps some day, I shouldn't be surprised if Hawthorn and Mrs Hawthorn were to find me dropping in upon them unexpectedly for a scratch dinner After all, it's a mere nothing now days to run across the millpond, as the Yankees call it

They reached the *Severn* about an hour before the time fixed for starting, and sat on deck talking together with that curious sense of finding nothing to say which always oppresses one on the eve of a long parting It seems as though no subject of conversation sufficiently important for the magnitude of the occasion ever occurred to one the more everyday trivialities of ordinary talk sound out of place at such a serious moment So, by way of something to do, the party soon began to institute a series of observations upon Edward and Marian's fellow passengers, as they came on board, one after another, in successive batches on the little tender

Just look at that brown young man!' Nora cried, in a suppressed whisper, as a tall and gentlemanly looking mulatto walked up the gangway from the puffing tug 'We shall be positively overwhelmed with coloured people, I declare' There are three Hottentot Venuses down in the saloon already, bound for Haiti, and a San Domingo general, as black as your hat, and a couple of walnut coloured old gentlemen going to Dominica And now, here's another regular brown man coming on board to us What's his name, I wonder? Oh, there it is, painted as large as life upon his portmanteau' 'Dr Whitaker, Trinidad' Why, my dear, he's actually going the whole way with us And a doctor too! goodness gracious Just fancy being attended through fever by a man of that complexion!'

'Oh, hush, Nora!' Marian cried, in genuine alarm 'He'll overhear you, and you'll hurt his feelings Besides, you oughtn't to talk so about other people, whether they hear you or whether they don't'

'Hurt his feelings, my dear! O dear, no, not a bit of it I know them better than you do My dear Marian, these people haven't got any feelings, they've been too much accustomed to be laughed at from the time they were babies, ever to have had the chance of acquiring any

'Then the more shame,' Edward interrupted gravely, 'to those who have laughed them out of all self respect and natural feeling But I don't believe, for my part, there's anybody on earth who doesn't feel hurt at being ridiculed

'Ah, that's so nice of you to think and talk like that, Mr Hawthorn, Nora answered frankly, 'but you won't think so, you know, I'm quite certain, after you've been a month or two on shore over in Trinidad!'

'Good morning, ladies and gentlemen,' the captain of the Severn put in briskly, walking up to them as they lounged in a group on the clean scrubbed quarter deck—'good morning, ladies and gentlemen Fine weather to start on a voyage Are you all going with us!—Why, bless my heart, if this isn't General Ord! I sailed with you, sir, fifteen years ago now or more, must be, when I was a second officer in the P and O service—You don't remember me, no, I daresay not, I was only a second officer then, and you sat at the captain's table But I remember you, sir—I remember you There's more folks know Tom Fool, the proverb says, than Tom Fool knows, and no offence meant, general, not none be taken And so you're going out with us now, are you!—going out with us now? Well, you'll sit at the captain's table still, sir, no doubt, you and your party and as I'm the captain now, you see, why, I shall have a better chance than I used to have of making your acquaintance'

The captain laughed heartily as he spoke at his own small wit, but General Ord drew himself up rather stiffly, and answered in a somewhat severe tone 'No, I'm not going out with you this journey myself, but my daughter, who has lately married, and her husband here, are just setting out to their new home over in Trinidad'

'Hey don't ... too much manabeet, or catch yellow Jack, or live in the marshes, that's all, otherwise, they'll find it a delightful residence I took out a young sub lieutenant, just gazetted, last voyage but two when they had the yellow Jack awfully bad up at cantonments He was in a deadly funk of the fever all the way, and always asking everybody questions about it The moment he landed, who does he go and meet but an old Irish friend of the family, who was going home by the return steamer The Irishman rushes up to him and shakes his hand violently and says he—"Ma dear fellow," says he, "ye've come in the very nick of time Promotion's certain, they're dying by thousands Every day, wan of 'em drops off the list, and all ye've got to do is to hould yer head up, keep from drinking any brandy, and don't be frightened, and, be George, ye'll rise in no time as fast as I have, and I'm going home this morning a colonel"'

The general shuddered slightly 'Not a pleasant introduction to the country, certainly,' he answered in his direct manner 'But I suppose Trinidad's fairly healthy at present!'

'Healthy! Well, yes, well enough as the tropics go, general—But don't you be afraid of your young people With health and strength, they'll pull through decently, not a doubt of it—Let me see—let me see, I must secure 'em a place at my own table We've got rather an odd lot of passengers this time, mostly, a good many of 'em have got a very decided touch o' the tar brush about 'em—a touch o' the tar brush There's that woolly headed nigger fellow over there who's just come aboard, he's going to Trinidad too, he's a doctor, he is We mustn't let your people get mixed up with all that lot, of course, I'll keep 'em a place nice and snug at my own table'

'Thank you,' the general said, rather more graciously than before—'This is my daughter, captain, Mrs Hawthorn And this is my son in law, Mr Edward Hawthorn, who's going out to accept a district judgeship over yonder in Trinidad'

'Ha!' the jovial captain answered in his bluff voice, doffing his hat sailor fashion to Marian and Edward 'Going to hang up the niggers out in Trinidad, are you, sir? Going to hang up the niggers! Well, well, they deserve it all, every man Jack of 'em, the lazy beggars, they all deserve hanging A pestering set of idle, thieving, lurking vagabonds, as ever came around to steal a ship in harbour! I'd judge 'em, I would—I'd judge 'em' And the captain pantomimically expressed the exact nature of his judicial sentiments by pressing his own stout bull neck, just across the windpipe, with his sturdy right hand, till his red and sunburnt face grew even redder and redder with the suggested suspension

Edward smiled quietly, but answered nothing

'Well, sir, the captain went on as soon as he had recovered fully from the temporary effects of his self inflicted strangulation, 'and have you ever been in the West Indies before, or is this your first visit?'

'I was born there,' Edward answered 'I'm a Trinidad man by birth, but I've lived so long in England, and went there so young, that I don't really recollect very much about my native country'

'Mr Hawthorn's father you may know by name, the general said, a little assertively 'He is a son of the Honourable James Hawthorn, of Agualta Estate, Trinidad'

The captain drew back for a moment with a curious look, and scanned Edward closely from head to foot with a remarkably frank and manly scrutiny, then he whistled low to himself for a few seconds, and seemed to be ruminating inwardly upon some very amusing and unusual circumstance At last he answered slowly, in a more reserved and somewhat embarrassed tone 'O yes, I know Mr Hawthorn of Agualta—knew him personally, well known man, Mr Hawthorn of Agualta Member of the Legislative Council

of the island Fine estate, Agualta—very fine estate indeed, and has one of the largest out puts of rum and sugar anywhere in the whole West Indies'

'I told you so,' Harry Noel murmured parenthetically 'The governor is crony They're all alike, the whole breed of them Sacrificeness large, acquaintiveness enormous, benevolence and generosity absolutely undeveloped When you get to Trinidad, my dear Teddy, bleed him, bleed him!'

'Well, well, Mrs Hawthorn,' the captain said gallantly to Marian, who stood by rather wondering what his sudden change of demeanour could possibly portend, 'you shall have a seat at my table—certainly, certainly, you shall have a seat at my table The general's an old passenger of mine on the P and O, and I've known Mr Hawthorn of Agualta Estate ever since I first came upon the West India lines—And the young lady, is she going too?' For Captain Burford, like most others of his craft, had a quick eye for pretty faces, and he had not been long in picking out and noticing Nora

'This is Miss Dupuy of Orange Grove,' Marian said, drawing her young companion a little forward 'Perhaps you know her father too, as you've been going so long to the island'

'What! a daughter of Mr Theodore Dupuy of Orange Grove and Pimento Valley,' the captain replied briskly 'Mr Theodore Dupuy's daughter! Lord bless my soul, Mr Theodore Dupuy! O yes, don't I just know him! Why, Mr Dupuy's one of the most respected and well known gentlemen in the whole island Been settled at Orange Grove, the Dupuys have, ever since the old Spanish occupation—And so you're taking out Mr Theodore Dupuy's daughter, are you, Mrs Hawthorn? Well, well! Taking out Mr—Theodore Dupuy's daughter That's a capital joke, that is—O yes you must all sit at the head of my table, ladies, and I'll do everything that lies in my power to make you comfortable'

Meanwhile, Edward and Harry Noel had strolled off for a minute towards the opposite end of the deck, where the mulatto gentleman was standing quite alone, looking down steadily into the deep blue motionless water As the captain moved away, Nora Dupuy gave a little start, and caught Marian Hawthorn's arm excitedly and suddenly 'Look there!' she cried—'oh, look there, Marian! Do you see Mr Hawthorn? Do you see what he's doing? That brown man over there, with the name on the portmanteau, has turned round and spoken to him, and Mr Hawthorn's actually held out his hand and is shaking hands with him!'

'Well,' Marian answered in some surprise, 'I see he is Why not?'

'Why not? My dear, how can you ask me such a question! Why, of course, because the man's a regular mulatto—a coloured person'

Marian laughed 'Really, dear,' she answered, more amused than angry, 'you mustn't be so entirely filled up with your foolish little West Indian prejudices The young man's a doctor, and no doubt a gentleman in education and breeding, and, for my part, I can't for the life of me see why one shouldn't shake hands with him as well as with any other respectable person'

'Oh, but Marian, you know—a brown man!—his father and mother!—the associations—no, really!'

Marian smiled again 'They're coming this way,' she said, 'we shall soon hear what they're talking about Perhaps he knows something about your people, or Edward's'

pose, do you, that my people are in the habit of mixing casually with woolly headed mulattoes!'

She had hardly uttered the harsh words, when the mulatto gentleman walked over towards them side by side with Edward Hawthorn, and lifted his hat courteously to Marian

'My wife,' Edward said, as Marian bowed slightly in return 'Dr Whitaker'

'I saw your husband's name upon his boxes, Mrs Hawthorn,' the mulatto gentleman said with a pleasant smile, and in a soft, clear, cultivated voice, 'and as my father has the privilege of knowing Mr Hawthorn of Agualta, over in Trinidad, I took the liberty of introducing myself at once to him I am glad to hear that we're to be fellow passengers together, and that your husband has really decided to return at last to his native island'

'Thank you,' Marian answered simply 'We are all looking forward much to our life in Trinidad' Then, with a little mischievous twinkle in her eye, she turned to Nora 'This is another of our fellow passengers, Dr Whitaker,' she said demurely—'my friend, Miss Dupuy, whom I'm taking out under my charge—another Trinidadian you ought to know one another Miss Dupuy's father lives at an estate called Orange Grove—isn't it, Nora!'

The mulatto doctor lifted his hat again, and bowed with marked politeness to the blushing white girl For a second, their eyes met Dr Whitaker's looked at the beautiful half childish face with unmistakable instantaneous admiration Nora's flashed a little angrily, and her nostrils dilated with a proud quiver, but she said never a word, she merely gave a chilly bow, and didn't attempt even to offer her pretty little gloved hand to the brown stranger

'I have heard of Miss Dupuy's family by name,' the mulatto answered, speaking to Marian, but looking askance at the same time toward the petulant Nora 'Mr Dupuy of Orange Grove is well known throughout the island I am glad that we are going to have so much delightful Trinidad society on our outward passage'

'Thank him for nothing,' Nora murmured aside to Harry Noel, moving away as she spoke towards Mrs Ord at the other end of the vessel 'What impertinence! Marian ought to have known better than to introduce me to him'

'It's a pity you don't like the coloured gentleman,' Harry Noel put in provokingly 'The appreciation is unfortunately not mutual, it seems. He appeared to me to be very much struck with you at first sight, Miss Dupuy, to judge by his manner'

Nora turned towards him with a sudden fierceness and haughtiness that fairly surprised the easy going young barrister 'Mr Noel,' she said in a tone of angry but suppressed indignation, 'how dare you speak to me so about that negro

fellow, sir—how dare you! How dare you mention him and me in the same breath together? How dare you presume to joke with me on such a subject? Don't speak to me again, pray You don't know what we West Indians are, or you'd never have ventured to utter such a speech as that to any woman with a single drop of West Indian blood in her whole body

Harry bowed silently and bit his lip, then, without another word, he moved back slowly toward the other group, and allowed Nora to join Mrs Ord by the door of the companion ladder

In twenty minutes more, the first warning bell rang for those who were going ashore, to get ready for their departure There was the usual hurried leave taking on every side, there was the usual amount of shedding of tears, there was the usual shouting and bawling, and snorting and puffing, and there was the usual calm indifference of the ship's officers, moving up and down through all the tearful valedictory groups, as through an ordinary incident of humanity, experienced regularly every six weeks of a whole lifetime As Marian and her mother were taking their last farewells, Harry Noel ventured once more timidly to approach Nora Dupuy and address a few parting words to her in a low undertone

'I'm sorry I offended you unintentionally just now, Miss Dupuy,' he said quietly 'I thought the best apology I could offer at the moment was to say nothing just then in exculpation But I really didn't mean to hurt your feelings, and I hope we still part friends

Nora held out her small hand to him a trifle reluctantly 'As you have the grace to apologise, she said 'I shall overlook it Yes, we part friends, Mr Noel, I have no reason to part otherwise'

'Then there's no chance for me?' Harry asked in a low tone, looking straight into her eyes with a searching glance

'No chance,' Nora echoed, dropping her eyes suddenly, but speaking very decidedly 'You must go now, Mr Noel, the second bell's ringing'

Harry took her hand once more, and pressed it fiercely 'Good bye, Miss Dupuy,' he said—'good bye—for the present I daresay we shall meet again before long, some day—in Trinidad'

'O no!' Nora cried in a low voice, as he turned to leave her 'Don't do that, Mr Noel, don't come out to Trinidad I told you it'd be quite useless'

Harry laughed one of his most teasing laughs 'My father has property in the West Indies, Miss Dupuy,' he answered in his usual voice of light badinage, prying her out in her own coin, 'and I shall probably come over some day to see how the niggers are getting on upon it—that was all I meant Good bye good bye to you'

But his eyes belied what he said, and Nora knew they did as she saw him look back a last farewell from the deck of the retreating little tender

'Any more for the shore—any more for the shore?' cried the big sailor who rang the bell 'No more—Then shove off, cap'n'—to the skipper of the tug boat

In another minute, the great anchor was heaved, and the tug screw began to revolve slowly through the sluggish water Next moment, the ship moved from her moorings and was fairly under weigh Just as she moved, a boat with a telegraph boy on board rowed up rapidly to her side, and a voice from the boat shouted aloud to a sailor's hail '*Severn*, ahoy!'

'Ahoy!' answered the ship's officer

'Passenger aboard by the name of Hawthorn? We've got a telegram for him'

Edward rushed quickly to the ship's side, and answered in his loudest voice 'Yes Here I am'

'Passenger aboard by the name of Miss Dupuy? We've got a telegram for her'

'This is she,' Edward answered 'How can we get them?'

'Lower a bucket,' the ship's officer shouted to a sailor—'You can put 'em in that, boy, can't you?'

The man in the boat caught the bucket, and fastened in the letters rudely with a stone taken from the ballast at the bottom The screw still continued to revolve as the sailors drew up the bucket hastily A little water got over the side and wet the telegrams, but they were both still perfectly legible Edward unfolded his in wondering silence, while Marian looked tremulously over his right shoulder It contained just these few short words

'*From* HAWTHORN, *Trinidad*, to HAWTHORN, R M S *Severn*, *Southampton*—For God's sake, don't come out Reasons by letter'

Marian gazed at it for a moment in speechless surprise, then she turned, pale and white, to her husband beside her 'O Edward,' she cried, looking up at him with a face of terror, 'what on earth can it mean? What on earth can they wish us not to come out for?'

Edward held the telegram open before his eyes, gazing at it blankly in inexpressible astonishment 'My darling,' he said, 'my own darling, I haven't the very remotest notion I can't imagine why on earth they should ever wish to keep us away from them'

At the same moment Nora held her own telegram out to Marian with a little laugh of surprise and amusement Marian glanced at it and read it hastily It ran as follows

'*From* DUPUY, *Trinidad*, to MRS DUPUY, R M S *Severn*, *Southampton*—Don't come out till next steamer On no account go on board the *Severn*'

TWO EVENINGS WITH BISMARCK

IN TWO PARTS—PART II

ANOTHER week has elapsed The month of May has arrived in all its glory and beauty The magnificent trees in the park of the Diet House form a leafy arched avenue, and amid the branches of the venerable six hundred year old yew tree, beneath which Mendelssohn composed the overture to his *Midsummer Night's Dream*, feathered songsters of every kind hold their gay revels The spring, that wonderful season of longing and restless desire, is, as usual, warring successfully against the stern duties of the members of parliament Even the hardest workers among them, Prince Albrecht of Prussia, Moltke, and Steinmetz, ay, even those most persevering of deputies, Wachler and Count Rennard, can no longer remain indoors The outcry about the

bad ventilation of the House is only a pretext to cover their retreat with honour, and all gradually assemble beneath the giant yew, there to listen to the gay tales and rare bits of scandal with which Hanna and Unruh regale the assembly Last year, when, during the intense heat, we sat out here in the cool *pavilion*, discussing the wine duties with the help of some bottles of rare old Rhenish, President Simson had a large telegraphic bell placed on the top of the kiosk, which by its sudden peal so startled our unconscious souls, like the voice of the last trumpet, that it completely scared away the god Bacchus from these precincts for ever

It was therefore with intense relief that all looked forward to the legitimate parliamentary recreation of the week, Prince Bismarck's Saturday evening This time, no constables were visible Immediately on entering, the first reception room up stairs, we saluted his lady, and were welcomed by Bismarck himself, who at once entered into conversation with us only stopping occasionally to shake hands with some fresh arrival The crush gradually began to lessen as the visitors dispersed into the various rooms We were still standing in the anteroom, near the great sideboard, the moment seemed favourable for ascertaining the meaning of the stuffed hare, I therefore asked Bismarck why it was placed there

'Oh, have you not noticed that this hare is brunette?'

'Brunette?

'Yes look here—he has a dark brown head and back, whereas he ought by rights to be yellow I ought to place an ordinary hare beside him to show off this natural curiosity He was the only "brunette" hare among the fifteen hundred we killed that day

Most of the guests had gone to the billiard room There were not so many present on this Saturday evening, a festival in commemoration of the foundation of the Law Union had drawn nearly all the legal celebrities of the House to Charlottenburg

But what interested me most was Bismarck's own room, the door of which stood open

'May one enter?' I ask of one of the house servants

'Certainly, sir,' is the reply

And crossing the threshold, I glance round the room In the centre, though somewhat nearer the two windows that lead on to the terrace, stands Bismarck's writing table, a sort of long desk, provided on each side with open pigeon holes The chair, without any back, is a large round seat of massive oak which turns either way On the right hand side are the shelves that hold the public documents There were none there now, but on the floor below lay several locked portfolios The light falls from the left, gently softened by white and crimson silk curtains Innumerable white gloves, and swords enough to arm a whole division of generals, are piled up on a table facing the door through which we entered On the escritoire beside it, the Chancellor's various civil, military, and official head coverings form quite a small exhibition The other half of the wall is completely filled up by a couch of colossal dimensions, covered with blue brocade It is almost as broad as it is long, without back or side cushions, only at the head a round bolster is placed, on which reposes an embroidered cushion with this inscription 'In Memory of the Year 1866'

The pictures on the walls consist of life size engravings, portraits of the great *Kurfürst* Frederick the Great, Frederick William III, and King William Beside this latter hangs an engraving of Murillo's Madonna, looking somewhat surprised at her worldly companions Finally, on the wall behind the writing table hangs a charming Swiss cuckoo clock, while just below the portrait of Frederick the Great, and so placed that Bismarck can see it when he reposes on the couch, hangs a small picture of his mother, whose memory, as is well known, he treasures above everything else Even taken from the simple stand point of man to man, it is satisfactory to find, by the various letters from among his private papers that have of late years been made public, such a fund of kindly feeling, such a bright and hearty nature, as one would hardly have looked for in this daring and indomitable combatant

of

deputy, 'that has been going

years both by Sunday and week day sportsmen, from the big journals down to the tiny pamphlets, not one half of what he has really done, and, until written, will ever be collected together, while those who are at all honest will frankly admit that it would be impossible to reproduce faithfully the peculiar form and fresh originality of his sayings Thus, I heard rather a character istic anecdote of his meeting with Councillor P——, from the Saxon town of M——, at the Berlin Railway Station in Leipzig Bismarck —it was in 1863—had been with the king in Carlsbad, and was travelling back to Berlin, viâ Leipzig, in strict incognito It was noon, and there was more than an hour to wait before the next train started Our friend Councillor P——, who had been told by the station master who his travelling companion was, went into the reserved dining saloon—Bismarck did the same —and soon the two merged into amicable conversation while discussing their respective luncheons. Bismarck praised the beauty of Saxony and the bravery and industry of its people Councillor P——, who did not belong to the blind worshippers of Herr von Beust, asked his vis-à-vis what he thought of the Saxon government and policy His *vis-à-vis* continued his panegyric P——, determined not to be outdone, launched forth into raptures about Prussia—not, however, including the Berliners

"Well, you are quite right," said Bismarck "I daresay you have heard the story of the Alpine host, who, after pointing out the glories of his native land, asked a Berlin youth whether they had such mountains as that in Berlin 'No,' he replied, 'we have not got such mountains, but if we *had*, they would be far finer than these!' Much the same thing happened to me I was living in Hanover for some time, and one day I went, with a friend from Berlin, along the beautiful Herrenhauser Allee 'Look at those magnificent trees!' I said 'Where?' was the answer, as he looked round with contempt 'You mean *these?* Why, they are not to be compared to the Linden of Berlin!' The following year,

I walked with my friend Unter den Linden. They had their usual summer aspect, which, as I dare say you all know, is sufficiently dreary and melancholy. 'Well, what say you now?' I asked my companion. 'Do you still maintain that this is superior to the Herrenhauser Allee?' 'Oh, leave me in peace with your Herrenhausers and Allees,' he cried testily, 'it always makes me savage when I am shown anything better than we have in Berlin.' There you have a true picture of the Berliner.

'Bismarck then went on discussing the lower classes in Berlin, especially the porters, and lamented that it was found time to impossible to make them trustworthy. "You should do the same as we do," replied the counsellor—"swear the men in before they take service."

"Oh," replied Bismarck, laughing, "that would not hold water with us."

'Meanwhile, the doors of the reserved dining room were thrown open to the great travelling public, who began to assemble preparatory to the starting of the train. Among others, the well known Leipzig lion, Hartwig, noticed the moment to find a fresh mark for his wares. He had evidently also in view motive—which he kept out of sight—and that was to give the Prussian minister some unwonted truths and a piece of his mind about his political views, for of course he knew Bismarck by sight.

Now first I noticed the gigantic size of the bearskin that lay beneath the billiard table—it is almost as long as the table itself. I remarked shot the animal in Russia, after having watched and waited for it five months running.

The mighty Nimrod now joined our party, and leant against the billiard table while talking. He then sat down on the table, and while keeping up a lively conversation with Hennig and the rest of us about various points on the interior economy of the Diet, he every now and then threw a billiard ball behind him, so that each time it hit the two others that were on the table. After the discussion had lasted some time, Bismarck said, 'Put come, gentlemen, I think it is time we had a me refreshment.' So saying, he led the way, and we again passed through the chamber with the yellow Gobelins, full of Chinese figures, animals, and pagodas, on to the dining saloon. On our way, we passed Deputy Kratz in deep confab with General von Stammer. They were still continuing the discussion on the theory of light, with which the worthy judge and the victor of Trautenau had entertained the House for over an hour a few days ago.

Close beside them stood the Hessian deputy Braun, talking to Admiral Jachmann. It is incredible what an inordinate desire this inland resident, who has never even heard the sound of the sea, has for occupying himself with naval matters. Perhaps these constant discussions with landsmen, who cannot know much of nautical affairs, are the cause of the somewhat stereotyped smile that curves the worthy admiral's otherwise handsome lips. This time, however, he did not smile. Braun had asked him the following simple but weighty question: 'The papers and telegraphs have just informed us of the arrival at Kiel, from England, of the *Kaiser Wilhelm*, the largest armour-plated ship of the North German navy. They write in such a cool, indifferent sort of manner, as if it were quite an everyday affair for us to pay out over three million dollars for such a vessel. His Your Excellency already inspected the vessel? 'No, I will do so to-morrow.' And with this answer the deputy had to be satisfied.

As I passed on, I again came across Bismarck, this time in conversation with Albrecht, the town recorder of Hanover, who in the previous year had had a sharp tiff about his right to the ox with which the guild of butchers have, from time immemorial, every year presented the recorder. The much vexed question, the ox, was happily not now in dispute. Albrecht having manfully fought for and gained his cause. But the point under discussion was evidently nearly as delicate and intricate, for I heard Bismarck say: 'Well, both you and I have lost some hair—we have therefore one very important point in common—and we ought to understand one another all the better.'

The table in the dining saloon was again covered with all the cold delicacies of a true North German kitchen, and again, like last Saturday, a small side table had been taken possession of by some of the deputies, among whom I noticed the gentlemanly police superintendent Devens of Cologne, the two noble sons of the soil, Lyelt and Hosius, and the honest but somewhat moody Gunther of Saxony.

Presently, Bismarck came up and seated himself between Devens and Lyelt, chatting pleasantly with them, while enjoying the cool and fragrant *Mainzer*.

'How do you like my *Mainzer*?' he asked.

'It is perfect, Your Excellency!'

'Yes, I rather pride myself on it. Curiously enough, during all my student days I never found any *Weinbrenner* further south than Heidelberg. Our South German brethren were first initiated into the delights of the *Mainzer* by us northerners. You from Holzminden, for instance, have no *Weinbrenner*, I suppose?'

'O yes, Your Excellency,' replied Lyelt. 'It grows splendidly with us. But I also may lay claim to the honour of having introduced the Swabians to its magic powers.'

'You have to thank your storm Alps for that,' returned Bismarck. 'Were they more sheltered, no *Weinbrenner* would grow there.'

A group of deputies and several waiters with plates and glasses now separated me from the speakers. When I again regained the party, Bismarck was telling them the following story of General von Strotha: 'He was at that time living quietly at Frankfort, in command of the allied garrison there, when one day he received a telegram from the then Minister President, Count von Brandenburg, to come at once to Berlin and report himself to the minister. Strotha starts for Berlin in hot haste, and therefore immediately goes to Brandenburg.

"I have sent for Your Excellency to ask you to become War Minister," said Brandenburg.

"Me!" exclaimed Strotha. "For heaven's sake, Your Excellency, what made you think of such a thing? I am not in my way fitted for the post."

"I am afraid that can't be helped. See, here

in the order from His Majesty the king, requiring that you shall be War Minister'

'Stroitha reads the order, looking greatly troubled, and then says "Of course, if His Majesty commands, I must obey

"Well, then, my dear colleague,' continues Brandenburg, "you will attend the cabinet council at ten to day'

"Oh, I could not possibly do that"

"I am afraid you will have to See, here is another order from His Majesty, expressly demanding you to undertake the War Department in the cabinet'

"Then I must of course obey,' said the new War Minister, with a deep sigh of dejection

'He is just about to leave, in order to prepare himself for his presumable maiden speech, when Brandenburg stops him "I suppose you know, general, that you must appear in *uniform* [plain clothes] at the council?'

'Stroitha stood speechless with amazement This was the finishing stroke 'I have none!' he at last managed to stammer forth

"Well, you will have to get yourself one by ten o clock—such are the king's commands

"Then of course I must obey,' replied Stroitha, leaving the room in a very crestfallen manner

'But he had less difficulty subsequently jumping into a cab, he drove off to the Mohrenstrasse where all the old Jews congregate and at ten o' lock precisely a stunning figure, with an enormously high collar and coat sleeves hanging right over his hands was seated at the mournful table —this was the new War Minister!'

Gunther, who never could hide what he felt, and who generally looked at the dark side of most things, had followed the Chancellor's story with an increasing amazement The circle became every moment more gay and lively

'Take care, Gunther cried Moritz von Altenberg, holding up his finger in mock threat 'I see plainly that Hamrick has completely bewitched you I shall feel bound to make your spicy known to a certain paper in Leipzig

Whilst this merry chat was going on, the match a wife and her daughters had come in and had seated them chosen at the table The conversation became more general, and soon after, as it was getting late, the party broke up With a profound bow to the ladies, and a kindly shake of the hand from our genial host, we took our departure, well pleased with our second social evening at the hospitable dwelling of 'Our Chancellor'

A GOLDEN ARGOSY

A NOVELLETTE

BY FRED M WHITE

CHAPTER X

A CYNICAL writer somewhere observes, that no man is too rich not to be glad to get a thousand pounds, and we may therefore assume the joy of an individual who possesses about as many pence, in prospect of obtaining possession of that sum It was with this kind of joy not, however, quite free from incredulity—that I Lear, when he met Mr Shimm by appointment at his hotel next day, listened to that gentleman's renewed asseverations that there were thousands of pounds somewhere in that bit of paper which had been such a mystery to Edgar and his friends Mr Shimm was this morning more cynical than ever on the subject but Edgar only smiled in reply, and lighted his cigar with the air of a connoisseur in the weed The notion of his possession, such a sum was decidedly puzzling His coolness attracted Mr Shimm's admiration

'I've seen a man hanging in the middle of a comic song,' that gentleman observed, with an air of studious reflection, 'and I guess he was somewhat frigid I once saw a man meet a long lost brother whom he had given up for dead, and ask him for a cheque of sovereigns, by way of salutation, and I calculate that was cool, but for pure solid stoical calmness you must go there and blooming'

'Had I expressed any perturbation, it would have been on account of my doubting your sanity, I Lear replied 'Does it not strike you as a little strange that a casual acquaintance should discover a puzzle worth ten thousand pounds to me?'

'The unexpected always happens, and blessed things happen swiftly, as great and good things always do' said Shimm sententiously 'I haven't quite got the touch of them quotation, but the reason is about as latest, I calculate

'What a fund of philosophy you have!'

'You may say that' said the American with some little pride 'You see some years ago I used to live in New Orleans, and I had a nigger slave for a fact, I went out of the house for month heading just much in my line, but I had to put up with it then There was a good library in the house and at first I used to pick out the plums but that wouldn't do, so I took them in alphabetical order It was a very sort ment of experience to me In fact I got Plato on the C's and read it till I was uncertain whether I was an immortal or a little parti but me Then I would hitch up to Euclid *I ache*, and get the taste out of my mouth I reckon I set red up on mathematics, to run an ornery digestion I could see Lear look at me, followed by a chemistry with Lear and that's all'

'But what can you know about it? Lear quite becoming interested, in spite of himself and his latest grievment

'Well, so what can I tell you'

Lear saw himself to be an extent more than he cared to show by the impressive air of his companion, and the absence of that quaint smile which usually lightened him, not could the young man fail to notice not only the change of manner but the change of tone Mr Shimm was no longer a rough miner and his accent, if not of refinement, was that of cultivation Carefully choosing another cigar, and lighting it with deliberate slowness, which moment served to rouse his companions impatience, so on immunition which the astute American doubtless desired

'When I first knew your uncle he was at length, 'we were both much younger men, and, as I have before told you I saved his life That was in the mines Well after a time I lost sight of him, as is generally the case with such wanderers After he left the mines, I did not stay long, for a kind of home sickness came over

me, and I concluded to get away. I determined to get back and settle down, and for the first time in my life, the notion of marriage came into my head. I had not returned long, when I met my fate. Mr Sexton, I will not weary you with a description of my wife. If ever there was an angel upon earth—— But no matter, still, it is always a mystery to my mind what she could see in a rough uncouth fellow like me. Well, in course of time we married. I had some money then, but we decided before the year was out that it would be best to get some business occupation for me. So, after little Amy was born, we moved West.

'For five years we lived there in our little paradise, and two more children came to brighten our Western home. I was rapidly growing a rich man, for the country was good, and the fear of Indians kept more fine young people away. As for us, we were the best of friends, and the old chief used to come to my farmhouse, and nurse little Amy by hours. I shall never forget that sight. The dear little one, with her blue eyes and fair curls sitting on that stern old man's knee, playing with his braids, and not the least afraid, while the old fellow used to grunt and laugh and get as much a smile on as it is possible for an Indian to do. But this was not to last. The old chief died, and a half-breed was appointed in his place. I never liked that man. There was something so truculent and vicious in his face, that it was impossible to like the ruffian. Well, one day he insulted my wife, she returned, and I ran to her assistance. I took in the situation at a glance, and knocked him there and then about the ugliest thing a man ever had in his life. He went away threatening direst vengeance, and looking the deadliest hate, but next morning he came and apologized in such humble terms—for the scoundrel spoke English as well as his own tongue—that I was fool enough to forget it. Another peaceful year passed away, and then I was summoned to New York on business. Without a single care or anxiety, I left my precious ones behind. I had done it before, and they were not the least afraid.

'One night, when I had completed my business, and had prepared everything for my start in the morning, I was strolling aimlessly along Broadway, when I was hailed by a shout, accompanied by a hearty slap on the back. I turned round, and there I saw Charlie Morton. Mind, I am talking of over twenty years ago, and I think of him as the dashing, good-natured, weak Charlie Morton I used to know.—Well, to resume. Over a quiet smoke, he arranged to accompany me.

'It was a glorious morning when we set out, and our hearts were light and gladsome, and our spirits as bright as the weather. Was not I returning to my darlings? We rode on mile after mile and day after day, till we were within twelve hours of my home. Then we found, by unmistakable signs, that the Indians were on the war path. This was uncomfortable news for us, but still I never had an uneasy thought for the people at home.

'When the following morning dawned, I rose with a strange presentiment of coming evil, but I shook it off, thinking it was the excitement of returning, for I had never been away from my wife so long before. It was just about noon when I thought I saw a solitary figure in the distance. It was a strange thing to meet a stray Indian then, and judge of my surprise when I saw him making towards us! It turned out to be a deaf and dumb Sioux. I employed about the drawing, and one of the same tribe we were so friendly with. By his excited state and jaded appearance, he had travelled far and hurriedly. When we came up to him, a horrible fear came over me, for then I saw he was in his war paint. Hurriedly, I made signs to him to know if all was well at home. He shook his head sadly, and with that composure which always characterises his race, proceeded to scratch for something in his deerskin vest. You can imagine the eagerness with which I watched him, and when he produced a note, with what eagerness did I snatch it out of his hand! Hastily, I read it, and sank back in my saddle with a sense of almost painful relief. Apparently, all was well. The note was half a sheet of note paper, or, more properly, half of half a sheet of paper, containing some to the lines, written right across the paper, with no signature or heading, saying how anxious she was for my return. I handed it to Mort in with a feeling of delight and thankfulness, but, to my surprise, as he read it, he became graver and graver. At last he burst forth 'Shaun, have you my secret cipher between your eyes?'

"No," I replied, somewhat startled at the question. "Why?"

'Because there is something more here than meets the eye. You will not mind my saying so, but the body of this note is almost cold, not to say frozen, while word, burning words, cut my eye here and there. Can you explain it?'

"Go on!"

'I hardly knew my own voice, it sounded so hard and strained.

"Yes," he mused, twisting the paper in his supple fingers, "there is more here than meets the eye. This old messenger is a friend, that trail is on the war path, and the chief thoroughly understands English. An ordinary appeal for help would be worse than useless, it it fell into his hands. I perceive this paper is creased, and covered with method, and the most touching words are always confined within certain creases. Now, I will fold this longways, and turn the paper so, and then fold it thus, and thus. We are coming to the enigma. Now thus—No, this way, and—— Merciful powers!"

'He almost reeled from his saddle, and I leant over him with straining eyes and read. "For God's sake, hasten. On the war path. White Cloud [the chief] has declared. Hasten to us." I stopped to see no more. Mechanically thrusting the paper into his saddle bag, Morton urged me forward, and for some hours we rode like madmen, spurring our horses till the poor creatures almost dropped. At last, in the distance I saw what was my home—a smoking mass of ruins. In the garden lay my three children—dead, and not a quarter of a mile away my wife—also dead!"

The American here stopped, and threw himself on his face upon the couch where he had been reclining, his huge frame shaking with the

violence of his emotion. Edgar watched him with an infinite pity in his eyes for some moments, not daring to intrude upon his grief. Presently, Shimm calmed himself, and raising his face, said, 'Well, my friend, I guess these strictures are scarcely calculated to blight what the poet calls "love's young dream."—Pass the brandy,' he continued, with an air of ghastly cheerfulness.

'Why did you tell me this?' Edgar said, pained and shocked at the recital and its horrible climax.

'Well, you see I wanted to convince you of the truth of my words. I shall never allude to my story again, and I hope you never will either, though I dream of it at time.—Your wife's uncle kept that paper, and I have not the slightest doubt that the same plan has been taken as regards his wealth. I can explain it to you at this moment, but from the description you have given of his last letter, I have not the smallest hesitation in saying that it is formed on the same lines as the fatal note I have told you of. Charlie Marton was a good fellow, but he had not the slightest imagination or originality.'

'And you really think that paper contains a secret of importance?'

'Never doubted it for a moment. Look at the whole circumstances. I am by your meeting me, fancy my knowing your uncle, fancy——But! It's clean amazed.'

'The coincidences are certainly wonderful.'

'Well, they are a few.—And now, said Mr Shimm, dropping into his most pronounced Yankee style, 'let this Adonis know his point, freeze onto a clean bill of rig, and don his flying hat, and we'll go and interview that interesting epistle—yes, sir.'

CHAPTER VI.

Edgar and his transatlantic companion walked along Holborn in silence. The former was deeply immersed in thought, and the American, in spite of his forced gaiety, had not yet lost all trace of his late emotion. Presently, they quitted the busy street and turned into one of the narrow lanes leading to Queen Square. Arrived at the house, they were admitted by the grimy diminutive maid-of-all-work, and slowly ascended the flight of stairs leading to Edgar's sitting-room. There were two persons who looked up as they entered—Eleanor and Jasper Felix. Edgar performed the ceremony of introduction, asking his companion if he had ever heard of the great novelist. He had.

'Yes,' said Mr Shimm impressively, 'I believe that name has been mentioned in my hearing once, if not more.—Allow me to shake hands with you, sir. I ain't given to worshipping everybody who writes a ream of nonsense and calls it a novel, but when I come across man like you, I want to remember it. We don't have many of your stamp across the Atlantic, though Nathaniel Hawthorne runs you very close.'

'Indeed, you are very complimentary,' Felix replied; 'and I take your word as flattering. I don't like flattery as a rule, especially American flattery. It is rare, in a general way, I feel as if they always want something, you know.'

'Well, I do calculate my countrymen don't give much away for nothing. They like a quid pro quo, and if they can get the quid without the quo, so much the better are they pleased. But I didn't come here to discuss the idiosyncrasies of my countrymen.'

Mr Shimm seemed to possess the happy knack of making his conversation suit his company. Edgar could not help chuckling. I am now with the typical Yankee of the gambling house, they hurriedly conclude like the same man.

'Have you got your uncle's letter?' Edgar asked his wife.

'Why?' she asked, without the slightest curiosity.

'Why? I have almost come to your way of thinking,' replied Edgar. 'Do you know, a wonderful thing has happened this morning. To make a long story short, my good friend here was an old friend of your uncle's. The story is a very sad one, but the gist of it is that the paper you uncle left is only a secret document which he and Mr Shimm once pursued together—what is termed a cipher—that he is also sure it is taken from the same. The coincidence is so strange, the two letters so remarkably alike——'

'I thought so, Mr Shimm,' Eleanor asked coolly.

'Yes, madam,' he said quietly. 'Some day I will tell you the tale, but not now, of how I came to be in receipt of that valuable document. You uncle was with me, and from what I know of the circumstances, they must be the same. If you did not mind seeing it——'

I fancy he could finish his sentence, Eleanor was out of the room, and back then, in uncanny silence of expectancy, fell on the group. No one spoke, and the few minutes she was away seemed like hour. Then she reappeared, and put the paper in his hand.

He took glance at it for a moment, indeed, he had not time to read it, though before a smile began to ripple over his quaint looking, weather-beaten face. The smile gradually grew into a laugh, and then he turned to view the anxious group with a face full of congratulation and triumph.

'Have you found it? Is it so?' burst from three people simultaneously.

He was provokingly slow in his reply, and his Yankee drawl was more painfully apparent than ever. 'Young man,' said he to Edgar, 'what might have been the nominal value of your uncle's estate—it's half mine?'

'About thirty or forty thousand pounds.'

'And I promised, if you would let me see this paper, I would show you something worth ten thousand pounds. Well, you must pardon me for my little mistake. One can't always guard against mistake, and this paper is worth less time that amount.'

For a few moments every one was aghast at the value of the discovery.

Edgar was the first to recover himself. 'You are not joking, Shimm?' he exclaimed hoarsely.

'Never a bit,' he replied with a gaiety delicately intended to cover and arouse the emotion of the others. 'There it is on the face of the paper, as plainly as possible—the fateful words staring me in the face. You could see them yourselves, if you only knew how.'

'Wonderful!' exclaimed Eleanor. 'And that simple paper contains a secret worth all that money?'

'Why, certainly. Not only that, but where it is, and the exact spot in which it is concealed. Only to think—a starving, desperate woman dragging such a secret is that about London, and only to think of a single moment preventing it from buried in the Thames. Wonderful, wonderful!'

'Perhaps you will disclose it to us,' said Edgar, impatient at this philosophical tirade.

'No!' Eleanor put in resolutely—'no, Edgar! I do not think it would be fair. Considering the time and trouble Mr Carver has given to the matter, it would only be right for him to know at the same time. The dear old gentleman has been so enthusiastic throughout, and so kind, that I should feel disappointed if he did not hear the secret direct when we are all together.'

'How thoughtful you are, Mrs Seaton!' remarked Tilly with great admiration. 'Of course you are right. The old fellow will be delighted beyond measure, and will fancy he has a hand in the matter himself.'

'I do not see why we should wait for that,' Edgar grumbled.

'Impatient boy!' said Eleanor with a charming smile. 'Talk about curiosity in woman, indeed!'

'All right,' he replied laughingly, his brow clearing at one glance from his wife. 'I suppose we must wait. I do not see, however, what is to prevent me starting to see him at once. Probably, you won't be more than an hour putting on your bonnet, Nelly?'

'I shall be with you in five minutes,' and simultaneously to relate, she was.

'Curiously, remarked Edgar, 'is a great stimulus, even to women.'

Arrived at Fedbury Row, they found Mr Carver at his office, and fortunately disengaged. It did not take that astute gentleman long to perceive, from the faces of his visitors, that something very great and very fortunate had happened.

'Well, good people, he said, cheerfully rubbing his hand with considerable vigour, 'what news? Not particularly bad, by the look of you.'

Edgar stated the case briefly, and at the beginning of his narrative it was plain to see that the worthy solicitor was somewhat disappointed, but when he learned they were nearly as much in the dark as he, he resumed his usual rubicund aspect.

'Dear, dear! how intimate. Wonderful, wonderful!' he exclaimed, hopping about excitedly. 'Never heard such a thing in my life—never, and thirty years in practice too. Quite a hero, Edgar.'

'No, sir,' Edgar put in modestly. 'Mr Shimm is the hero. Had it not been for him, we could never have discovered the hidden magic. Talk about Aladdin's lamp!'

'And so you knew my poor client! broke in Mr Carver, addressing Shimm. 'What a fine fellow he was in those days! I suppose you showed him the secret of the cipher?'

'Well, no, stranger,' replied the American, the old Adam cropping out again strongly. 'He guessed it by instinct, if it wasn't something higher'n that. I did not know it myself, though it was sent to me by one very dear to me, to warn me of danger. You see, it might have come into the hands of an enemy who understood English, and it was just a desperate chance. It came a little late to save my peace of mind,' he continued naturally and bitterly, 'and I shall never forget it. The sight of that piece of paper in that lady's hands,' pointing to the important document, 'gave me a touch of the old feeling when I first saw it.'

'Poor fellow, poor fellow! Pray, don't distress yourself upon our account. A mere explanation——'

'I'd almost forgotten,' replied Mr Shimm, taking the paper from Eleanor's hands. 'If you will be good enough to listen, I will explain it.'

They drew close round the table, and he proceeded to explain.

'The paper I hold in my hand,' said the American, 'is filled with writing, commencing at the top of the paper, without anything of a margin, and ending in the same manner. The paper, you perceive, is ruled with dotted lines, which makes the task of deciphering the secret all the easier. It has five dotted perpendicular lines at equal distances, and four horizontal, not so equal in distance. These are guide lines. Now, I will take the letter and fold it along the centre dotted line from top to bottom, with the writing inside—so. Then from the second dotted line, counting from the right hand side, I fold it backwards, showing the writing—thus. Then I fold the fourth dotted line from the right hand over the writing. The first part is accomplished by turning the narrow slip of writing between the fifth line and the left hand side back thus, and then you get this. The rest is simple. Fold the slip in two, keeping the writing inside, then turn the bottom portion back and fold it across the lower dotted line, and the puzzle is complete. Or there is yet a simpler way. In each corner of the paper there are a few words enclosed by the dotted lines. Begin at the top at the word "Darling," then across the line to the words "Nelly, in." Then the next line, which is all enclosed at the top in the corner square. Read the same way at the bottom corner squares, and see the result. You are puzzled by the folding I see, but try the other way. Here,' he said, handing the paper to Nelly, 'please read aloud what you can make of it.'

Following his instructions, Nelly made out the words thus:

Darling	*Nelly, in*
the garden	*under the*
Nuts	*you will*
find my	*money*

The murder was out! The mystery which had puzzled every one was explained, and after all, it was so simple! The simplicity of the affair was its greatest safeguard. It was so simple, so particularly devoid of intricacy, that it had baffled them all. Something bewildering and elaborate they had expected, but nothing like this. Mr Carver, notwithstanding his joy, looked unexpressibly foolish. Edgar gave way to his emotion in mirth. 'O shade of Edgar Allan Poe,

what a climax!" he exclaimed. "Was it for this our worthy friend wasted through the abstruse philosophy of *The Purloined Letter* and the intricacies of *The Gold Bug*? Was it for this that *The Murders in the Rue Morgue* and *The Mystery of Marie Roget* were committed to memory?"

"Be quiet, you young jackanapes!" exclaimed Mr Carver testily, and then, seeing the ludicrous side of the matter, he joined in the younger man's mirth with equal heartiness.

"But why," said Eleanor, still serious, and dwelling upon the mystery—"why did not uncle fold the letter in the way he wished it to be read?"

"Well, madam," Mr Slimm explained, "you see in that case the letter would have adapted itself to the folds so readily, that, had it fallen into a stranger's hand, he would have discovered the secret at once. Your uncle must have remembered the letter he founded his upon, and how easily he discovered that. By folding this paper in the ordinary way, improper curiosity was baffled."

"Yes, I suppose so," Eleanor mused. "Anyway, thank heaven, we have solved the mystery, and we are free at last."

"Don't look so serious, darling," Edgar said brightly. "It is all ours now, to do what we like with. How happy we shall be!"

"Ahem!" coughed Mr Bates ominously, the only remark which, by the way, he had made during the scene.

"Bless me, Bates!" ejaculated Mr Carver in his abrupt way. "Really, I had quite forgotten you.—Shake hands, Bates! Let me shake hands with my future partner."

"Begging your pardon, sir, I think not. You—reproachfully—seem to have forgotten the will. Mr Morton's last testament left this property to Miss Wakefield—this money is part of his estate."

Mr Carver groaned and sank back in his chair. It was too true. Mr Morton's last will devised his estate to Miss Wakefield, and this treasure was hers beyond the shadow of a doubt.

THE FLOATING ISLAND ON DERWENTWATER

Mr Ward in his book on the *Geology of the English Lake District*, while describing one of the effects that various rock formations have on scenery, has stated that the mountains surrounding Lake Derwentwater are not only geologically interesting, but are very beautiful. To quote his own words. He says: "If we take our stand upon Friar's Crag, jutting out into Derwentwater, we have before us one of the fairest views that England can give. The lake, studded with wooded islets, and surrounded by mountains of varied form and outline. Upon the west side, the mountains, most exquisitely grouped together, have soft outlines and smooth and grassy slopes, sometimes meeting below to form, as in Newlands, an inverted arch of marvellous elegance and grace. These are of Skiddaw slate, which readily weathers away in small flakes or pencil pieces, giving rise to a clayey and shaly wash at the base of the hills. Upon the east side of the lake and at its head, the case is otherwise, the mountains have generally rough and bumpy outlines and steep and craggy sides, whilst their waste lies below in the shape of rough tumbled masses, like ruins of a giant castle. These consist of rocks belonging to the volcanic series, which are hard, massive, and well jointed. Thus we have presented to us two independent types of scenery, formed by very distinct classes of rock."

Southey, in a letter to Coleridge, describing the view from his house (Greta Hall), compared the mountains of the first type above mentioned to the 'tents of a camp of giants,' whilst it is between a rift in the rocks of the latter, or volcanic series, that the Watendlath burn rushes down and forms the picturesque Falls of Lodore.

But, apart from the varied charms of scenery surrounding Derwentwater, and the many historical reminiscences connected with the mansions of its neighbourhood, the lake has a phenomenon of its own in the so-called Floating Island. The visitor to Keswick may see at any time, and if such be his desire, may row round and thoroughly inspect four islands on the lake, but this one, though its smallest and most ephemeral, is not so easily examined. In fact, it only exists as an island for a few weeks' duration, and then gradually disappears for several years. The first time it was visible was in 1884, when it was noticed about the middle of August, and disappeared during the first week in October. It is doubtful whether all the causes of this occurrence are yet known, but, on its first appearance, considerable interest was taken in it by scientific men, and several experiments were made with a view of ascertaining its substance, both solid and gaseous. Certain it is that, even in these days of accurate information and universal reading, considerable misconception must exist on the subject. For instance, an article appeared in this *Journal* for August 1871, in which it was stated that 'until it was driven ashore in a gale, a few years ago, there used to be an island of this kind' [the writer had previously spoken of a floating island on a Swedish lake, which occasionally sank below the surface and re-appeared] 'on Derwentwater,' (underlined). When a stick or fishing rod was driven through it, a jet of water would spout up from the hole, thus indicating that some spring or current was pressing against it from below, and this was probably the force which kept it at the surface, and being of an intermittent character, allowed it at times to sink to the bottom." This writer's idea was, that a waterfall, which he mentions as 'throwing itself into the lake,' but is in reality at least a quarter of a mile off, caused a current, which, according to its force, was able to buoy the island up by its pressure. This fallacious theory is mentioned in one or two guide books to Keswick, one stating that, 'the guides, the older and more intelligent ones, will tell you of a little stream that gets lost in the ground.' This 'little stream' is the Cuttill Beck, which, in its passage from the hills, forms the waterfall spoken of in the previous quotation. The 'driven ashore in a gale' statement is easily refuted by the fact that the island made its appearance two years after in the same place as on its previous occurrences, namely, about a

hundred and fifty yards from the shore at the south-eastern corner of the lake.

The *Daily News* of August 20, 1884, contained a short leading article on the subject, in which, after describing the floating gardens of the ancient Mexicans, the writer continues: 'This at Derwentwater seems to be merely an accidental accretion of material round some tree trunk or something of the kind, which, as in the larger island just alluded to (an American one), has become in some way anchored to the bed of the lake, probably at that point not very deep.'

The writers of the two articles above quoted could never have examined, and probably had never even seen the island in question.

A frequent source of error in the notions people are liable to carry away with them only seen at a distance. Many see it, probably for the first and only time, from the top of a stagecoach, on their way to Buttermere or on some other favourite excursion. But previously, the driver has perhaps directed their attention by a jerk of his whip over his left shoulder, to Raven Crag. Now, there is a gap in the tree on the other side, and a glimpse of the lake is caught. 'Floating Island!' he quietly remarks John to the box seat occupant, and again points his whip, but this time to the right towards the lake. 'Where? where?' ask the others behind. 'There, there—don't you see?' and on a lull the coach, some wondering if that little patch of green were it, others failing to see anything, refer to their guide books or companions as to what object of interest must next be looked for. *I dare Hold* comes into view, and the minds of the harried tourists are once more engaged in a hurry examination of the Falls. So the day wears on, and they have seen the 'Floating Island.' But how, and how much? Even the name itself may cause an apprehension, although it would be difficult to give the object a more definite appellation.

The island is not mentioned either by Hutchinson or Nicolson and Burns in their Histories of Cumberland, published towards the end of last century. In an interesting account, however, of *A Jaunt and Ramble to the Lakes*, by Jos. Budworth, 1792, published 1795, a short reference is made to it. After speaking of the 'stormy breezes' on the lake, caused by 'a bottom wind,' he goes on to say: 'It is said Keswick Lake often wears this appearance a day or two previous to a storm, and when violently agitated at the bottom, an island arises, and remains upon the surface meantime.' The grass and the moss are as soon as it arrives, which soon unite and become consistent. There are very few people in the neighbourhood who have not been upon it. It is probably to Jonathan Otley, a native of Keswick, and a very careful observer, that we owe the first really authentic account of the island. In a paper read before the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society, and published in their Transactions for the year 1819, he gives a graphic description of it, and mentions a newspaper correspondence having appeared in the *Carlisle Journal* some years previous, in which two or three different theories were propounded by various writers as to the cause of its emergence. At the end of this Memoir, a note from John Dalton—the author of the Atomic Theory, and a native of Cumberland, although at this time he had resided in Manchester for some years—explains, that 'being at Keswick in 1815, Mr Otley and I procured a small quantity of the gas from the island, which I found to consist of equal parts of carburetted hydrogen and nitric gases, with about six per cent of carbonic acid.' It will be seen from the above that the island had not escaped the observation of men of science very early in the present century.

From a distance, it looks like a grass plot floating on the lake. It is never more than six inches above the water, but varies considerably in size in different years. On its last emergence, the exposed surface was about fifty yards by twelve, but in 1842 it was upwards of ninety yards long by twenty broad. It generally makes its appearance in July, August, or September, and disappears towards the end of the last month. In 1831, however, it came to the top on the tenth of June, and remained exposed until the twenty-fourth of September—the longest period ever remembered. It has never been seen except in the summer or autumn months, and then only after periods of excessive drought and warm weather, but whether its origin is owing to the lowness of the water in the lake, or to the high temperature, or to a combination of both causes, is still an open question.

The bed of the lake where the island appears consists of white, wet clay, which, if it dried, would be called a peat moss, which extends over several acres. When the water is calm, dark brown patches may be seen over the whole of this area, indicating rents or fissures. The depth of water is very uniform here, varying from six to eight feet when the lake is at an average height. The appearance of the island is caused by a portion of this peat moss rising, not bodily, as in a detached mass, but like a huge blister. It is this peculiar manner of rising that upsets the preconceived notions of many visitors, leading some to suppose that the surface of the lake having become heated, through drought or other causes, a portion of its bed has been lifted bodily. Although this peat moss is capable of considerable distention, owing to the elasticity of its component parts, it not infrequently occurs that a rupture takes place whilst rising to the surface. In such cases, two islands are sometimes formed, but more frequently one part sinks, which a fairly accurate idea may be formed of the thickness of the peat moss or substance of the island. If the second portion, or part that has remained at the surface, on resuming its position at the bottom, does not exactly fill the same space as before, a gap is caused, which accounts for the apparent dark patches before mentioned.

The aquatic plants growing on the bed of this portion of the lake are, when living, all specifically lighter than water, which may easily be proved by detaching any of them from the bottom, when they will be found to rise to the surface. They grow, wither, and decay, their roots matting together amidst the finely divided turf, itself the remains of various mosses, producing what Otley aptly calls a 'congeries of weeds.' The thickness of this mass is about six feet, and rests upon a bed of clay. After a continuance of high temperature, the air and gas—of which there is always a considerable amount in such substances—expand. This expansion is sufficient to reduce the weight

of the whole slightly below an equal volume of water. The water permeates itself between the peat moss and the bed of clay on which it rests, but to which it is in no way attached, owing to the roots not being able to penetrate it. The mass slowly rises, the lighter portion gradually dragging itself to the surface, although, as has been previously stated, not absolutely detaching itself from the root. After appearing above the level of the water, the weeds make vigorous growth, which tends to reduce temporarily the specific gravity of the whole still more, and to give that curious hue to the exposed part which made Bedworth describe it as being 'as green as a meadow.' If, through heavy rainfall, the water level of the lake be raised, the island rises and falls with it. Should low temperature, however, supervene, the mass loses its buoyancy, and slowly disappears, once more to sink into obscurity and become part of the bed of the lake, after having, for a brief fortnight, lurked under the warm August sun as the floating Island.

POPULAR LEGAL FALLACIES*

BY AN INFERIOR LEGISLATOR.

THE RIGHT OF THE EIDEST SON UNDER A CHILD'S WILL OF AN INTESTATE OWNER OF REAL AND PERSONAL ESTATE.

Many persons believe that the eldest son of a man who has died without leaving a will, or who in other words dies intestate, is entitled to the whole of the property, both real and personal, left by his deceased parent, but this is an error so far as relates to the personal estate, and in some cases also in respect of the real estate. By the common law, which had its origin in feudal times, the eldest son was entitled to succeed to the property of his deceased father and might be called upon to perform the military and other duties which were due and incumbent to be paid in respect of such property to the immediate feudal superior. Hence the origin of what is often spoken of as an unjustness system of favouritism arbitrarily established by law. When there were no standing armies, and the Lord upon the throne for the time being had to depend upon the military services of the barons who had received lands upon condition of performing such services, while the barons in turn had to depend upon the persons to whom they had granted parts of their lands upon similar conditions, it was of great importance that there should always be a male possessor of those lands. If he were an infant and incapable of bearing arms, a relative was appointed guardian of his person and estate during his minority, and upon this guardian devolved the duties appertaining to the estate. But in these days, tenancies for years and other similar interests in lands were not held of such account, being of small value, and subject to being forfeited or declared void on various pretences, whence arises the apparent anomaly, that leasehold property is personal estate, whatever may be its value, and therefore distributable among all the children of an intestate, as will be explained more fully. A third class of property is 'copyhold,' which is real estate, but in respect of which the feudal services were of a different description. Being useful only, and not military, these services were considered as inferior in dignity and less honourable than the duties attached to the possession of freehold property. The subject of tenure and services is full of interest, but the exigencies of space compel us to turn away from the tempting theme. It was, however, necessary to refer thus briefly to the origin of the present rules of law, in order to make intelligible the reasons for the distinctions which still exist.

We have mentioned the common law rule of descent of land, and must note two exceptions to the general rule. In the custom of 'borough English,' which exists at Maldon in Essex, in the city of Gloucester and other places, the youngest instead of the eldest son inherits his father's freehold in case of intestacy. And by the custom of 'gavelkind,' which still applies to most of the land in Kent, although some has been disentailed by private Act of Parliament, the freeholds of an intestate are divisible among all the sons of the deceased in equal shares.

Leaving these customs aside, we propose to consider the effect of the intestacy of an owner of freehold and that property which leaves a family of children surviving him.

In such a case, the widow (if any) would be entitled to a reasonable dower out of the estate, the freehold for her life, that being a provision made for her by the law under the name of dower. Dower attaches to all the freehold lands and hereditaments of which her deceased husband was the actual owner at the time of his death, either in fee simple or fee tail, except, in the latter case, if the entail were limited to the children of the first wife, the second wife would not be dowable out of the estate. Put this provision, carefully made by the law for the widow of a man who had so far acquitted the duty of a husband as to omit to provide for her by his will, may be barred in a very peculiar manner. The right of a widow to dower will be barred if in the conveyance to her husband, or any deed subsequently executed by him, there should be a declaration that she shall be entitled to dower out of the property to which such conveyance or other deed relates. In this way many widows have been deprived of dower without the knowledge of their husbands. If the declaration be contained in the conveyance, the execution thereof by the husband is not necessary, as he takes the property subject to the contents of such conveyance. If in any other deed, probably he signs, seals, and delivers it without taking the trouble to read its contents, trusting to his solicitor to see that the documents are all right. There cannot be any possible advantage in inserting the declaration in question, and, in our opinion, any solicitor who inserts it without express instructions to do so—which are never given—is guilty of a grave dereliction of duty towards his client.

Subject to the right of dower, if not barred, and to any existing mortgages or other charges, the freehold property of an intestate becomes the

* It should be understood that this series of articles deals mainly with English as apart from Scotch law.

property of his eldest son immediately on the death, until the rent are apportionable according to the ownership. The proportion of the current rent down to the actual date of the decease of the former owner is part of his personal estate, as well as all arrears of rent then remaining unpaid. When the heir first receives any rent, he pays to his father's executors so much as belongs to them, and retains the remainder for his own use, although he must satisfy prior liens out of it. Thus, if the father died in the middle of a half year, the year's rents being one thousand pounds, there being a mortgage of ten thousand pounds at four per centum per annum, and the widow being dowable, then, upon receipt of the first half year's rent, five hundred pounds, the mortgagees would claim two hundred pounds, the executors one hundred and fifty, the widow fifty, and the heir would have one hundred for his own benefit. The next half year, the mortgagees would again take two hundred pounds, the widow one hundred, and the heir two hundred pounds. This is the practical working of such a case as generally occurs, but strictly, the widow might have one third of the funds set apart for her own use during her life, in satisfaction of her right to dower. This, however, is seldom done, although it used to be the ordinary course.

Copyhold property is more uncertain in its incidents than freehold, being regulated entirely by the custom of each manor of which the property is holden. The three modes of descent mentioned above may perhaps be considered to divide the manors in the kingdom almost equally amongst them. There is an equal diversity in respect of freebench, the copyhold equivalent for dower. In a few manors, the widow is entitled to the whole of the rents so long as she remains a widow, in others, she has half, and in others, two thirds, while in the remainder, the proportion is the same as the dower payable out of freeholds, one third, although the duration of the allowance frequently differs, being, generally for life, as dower, but during widowhood—in one manors the additional obligation of chastity being imposed. The heir, which is the eldest of the youngest son, is subjected to the same obligations as in respect of freehold, and if the gavelkind custom applies, each share on a further intestacy descends to the heirs of the co-heir. In this way has been illustrated the disadvantage of any rule of law which makes real estate divisible. We know a small copyhold estate consisting of a cottage and garden, which has come by successive intestacies subdivided into shares, some of which were worth no more than two shillings per year each. Only those who have had practical acquaintance with the management of land can appreciate the inconvenience arising from this minute subdivision.

We have already said that leasehold property is personal estate, and it only remains to explain the process of distributing the personal estate of an intestate. Assuming that the deceased was a widower who left seven grown up children, and who was the owner of leasehold houses, money on mortgage, shares in various railway and other joint-stock companies, also household furniture and other moveable effects—any one or more (not exceeding three) of the children might apply for letters of administration of the personal estate and effects of the deceased, two sureties being required to enter into a bond for the due administration of the personality. The administrator, when appointed, would have full power to sell the houses, shares, furniture, &c., and to call in the mortgage moneys. Out of the moneys to be produced thereby, and any other money in the bank, in the house, or elsewhere, and of any debts collected and got in, either by means of actions or otherwise, the administrator would first pay the funeral expenses and costs of administration, including sale expenses, next, all debts which were owing by the intestate at the time of his decease, and would then divide the clear residue among all the children of the deceased in equal shares. If any child had died leaving lawful issue, the share which he would have taken if living, would be divided equally amongst his issue. In either case, no distinction would be made in respect of age or sex. The eldest son would take the share which fell to him, without the rule of distribution, whether he had an hereditary real estate from his father or not. If the intestate left a widow, she would be entitled to letters of administration, and to return one third of the residue for her own benefit before the division of the remainder among the children, &c.

Formerly the shares of personal estate which passed to children of the deceased were chargeable with legacy duty at the rate of one per cent., but this did not apply to intestacies in respect of which letters of administration have been granted on or since the 1st of June 1881, in lieu which an increased rate of probate duty has been paid. This, however, does not affect the succession duty in respect of real estate, which is still payable.

THE MOTHER'S VIGIL

BY HUGH CONWAY

A warm night with stealthy tread
Over many day had crept
As near his dying infant's bed
A mother watched and wept.
But was the dews of death or repose
That thus so white and fair,
And bending over him, hand, knee,
She breathed a fervent prayer.

'O Thou,' she cried, 'a mother's love
Has known—a mother's grief!—
Bend down from starry heights above,
And send my heart relief.
Sweet hope that smile are drawn in pain,
Yet rest his life may keep,
And give him to my arms again,
Oh let my baby sleep!'

When sickly dawn a gleam had cast
Of light on night's black pall,
Through gates of heaven in mercy past
An answer to her call.
On sombre wings, through gloomy skies,
Death's angel darkly swept—
He softly kissed those troubled eyes,
And lo! the infant slept.

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, 47 Paternoster Row, London, and 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

All Rights Reserved.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECOND SON)

No. 111.—Vol. III. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1886. Price 1½d.

LITTLE GOLDEN AGE

Art the world has shrunk since the Golden Age of our childhood? Time was longer, and people were taller then. A wet day was the depth of despair, and the end of all things, the hours also were longer, and a year from January to December lapsed slowly by like the pilgrim years. The future seemed to be bringing a measureless succession of such years until the gigantic height of grown up people would be reached; but life was so long, it was hardly worth while to think about the mystery of growth, for then height at last. Our old home has shrunk since those days, the rooms are smaller and darker, the stairs, once familiar, would be narrower if we could see them now, the garden has shrunk too, the trees have been growing down, and the church spire is stumpy, as if Time had pushed its top lower, like a shutting telescope. Beyond the home circle who were put of our existence, the grown up people of the Golden Age were a mysterious race. They cared no more for games or playthings, though we refused to believe that any length of years would make us cease to care for hide and seek among the gorse and the hillows of furze, and for the mustering of tin armies on the acquisition of new toys. Not only were the grown up people in a dried up state of indifference to games and plays, but they actually laughed at things that were not in the least funny. They never cried, they never ran, they did not ask for pudding twice, though they might have it, they had learned all possible lessons long ago, and had managed to remember them for the rest of their lives, and they knew all about everything always.

But oh, the green world of those days? Have the green lanes since wound on through golden light and moving leaf shadows? Have the cornfields been so broad beyond the hedges, such a sea of warm and breeze swept yellow ripeness, flecked all along near the hedge path with sparkling blue, and with blazing red poppies? Have the lanes been so far away since, where the lark sang out of sight, and where, with no hand on the grass, we made upon a verge among the towering white clouds in the clear news of lazy summer day? Have the summers burned the dusty roads so white? And has the milk been so sweet within sight of the shade at a drowsy noon, a thistled corner? Is the noon tide stillness of the hot country, the siesta of the bird, as deep as it was then? Is the scent of the honeysuckle as strong, and the smell of the hay? Are the bright bees in the hay half yet, and are butterflies becoming extinct, compared with their old numbers? Is it possible to have hay battles, now that there seem to be so many painful stubble fields to traverse in this world of ours? Who will give us back the heart-thrill of our first sight of the mountains? Who will remind us of the actual refreshment of bathing in the shallow sunny brook, or swinging over it from ropes tied to white blossomed trees? Who will send us another song like our first hearing of the notes of the great nightingale, or another sight like the first view of its foam frosted, sky bounded, sun dazzled waters? When the moon shone on the water then, we longed to look all night, when the winter stars were out, there was no pageant like the heaven of heaven. In that Golden Age the world might have been created and called good but yesterday, so new a world it was. We saw

> The earth and every common sight
> Apparelled in celestial light
> The glory and the freshness of a dream

But the glory and the freshness were in ourselves. Wordsworth calls it the hour 'of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower.' Not all the splendour has departed, the sun of those days and the light of our first love are still lingering in the sunlight of to-day. George Eliot tells us how a forest of young golden brown oak branches with the light gleaming through, and with groundsy and blue speedwell

and white star flowers below, is more beautiful to the heart than all the grandeur of tropical forests, because it holds 'the subtile mystic associations the fleeting hours of our childhood had left behind them.' Our delight in the sunshine of the deep bladed grass might be no more than the faint perception of wearied souls, if it were not for the sunshine and the grass in the full years which still live in us, and must turn our perception into love.'

A yearning for that Golden Age of life he come in current moments to half the world, the poet have sighed for it, and one of the sweetest songs that tell of sudden thought became a favourite long ago because it told how, in gathering shells on the beach,

> A dream came over me like a spell—
> I think I was again a child.

Now, why is childhood called the happiest time of life? And if it is life's Golden Age, why cannot we keep the gold?

The reasons why that period is usually seen to be these. First, and most entirely underlying all view of childhood, is the knowledge that it is the time when we have our whole life before us. Often it is not the return of the state itself that is desired but an interruption of a life which we feel to be swift and short, and of a past which is irreversible. Not to be children again, but to have our chance again, is the wish underlying most of the yearning. Apart from this, there are many other reasons. We may place as the second, the freedom of childhood from responsibility and care, and next, its freshness and its habitual joy, and last, but very far from least, the atmosphere of love, service, kindness, and tenderness which surrounds that helpless period. Of course, we are speaking of childhood under favourable circumstances, no one, except, perhaps, a dying man, would envy the beginning of life in extreme poverty or in loveless hardship.

Other reasons there are for looking back tenderly to that Golden Age—it was the time when we possessed unconsciously all the spiritual beauty that we recognise now in the inner charm of little children. They walk in the paradise of an unfallen world, their simplicity is their greatest attraction, their faith and trust in those that care for and provide for them is absolutely perfect, without any words, they know that the home love will last, without taking thought, they expect to-morrow to be cared for like to-day. Lastly, they love much, and from the first love they receive, their life takes vigour and colour. They are like young plants stretching to the light, and enriched according to their share of warmth and sunshine.

But there is to the Golden Age another side. It is not perfection, it is not entirely happy. How imperfect it is, all of us know, and the flaws on the surface are not the saddest, in fact, without some of these, we should hardly recognise our human fellow mortals, or we should doubt that we knew them well. A great educator in his day was wont to say that he dreaded receiving a boy whom the parents presented with pride as faultless, he dreaded that the faults were within, ready to break out as childhood disappeared. But all lovers of children will acknowledge the manifold imperfection that is a part of their being, and perhaps we should not love them so well if it was not crowing out sympathetic ease. Again, this Golden Age is not an entirely happy time. It is true that the outbursts of sobbing are forgotten sooner than we can forget our sorrows; but the sobs were real while they lasted. As George Eliot says, this anguish appears very trivial to weather-worn mortals, who have to think about Christmas bills, dead loves, and broken friendships, but it may be not less bitter, perhaps it is even more bitter, than later troubles. 'We can no longer recall the poignancy of that moment and weep over it, as we do over the remembered sorrows of five or ten years ago. Surely, if we could recall that early bitterness and the dim guesses, the strangely perspectiveless conception of life that gave the bitterness its intensity, we should not pooh pooh the griefs of childhood.'

So we have decided that the Golden Age is not perfect—anything but it? And it is far from being entirely happy. There is another consideration to be taken into account—what happiness we possessed in childhood we did not understand or value. We had that 'strangely perspectiveless view of life' which prevented us from enjoyed our happiness as we enjoy it now, when we know its value better, through experience and through a wider view of the world. The want of a perspective to their world gives to children's joy its intensity, they cannot look beyond, they cannot understand its passing away. But it also gives to joys their shallowness, and there is manifold in meaning in the saying, that unless we have suffered we cannot rejoice. Therefore, in sighing for life's Golden Age again, the sighing man wishes, not for childhood as childhood is, but for childhood with the added consciousness and experience of after years. To have freedom from care, and to know what a burden care can be, to have freshness, and to know what stale means, to have habitual joyousness, after learning how anxiety can wear the spirit out of life, to have love and wisdom watching over one, as it was what a child is to a mother's heart, 'the unconscious centre and poise of the universe,' and at the same time to know the worth of such wisdom and love, to have our life all before us, conscious of what life is and how short are the years, to find again the Eden garden, innocent of evil, after having seen how evil fills the world with misery, to be simple, after having found out the charm and the wisdom of simplicity, to have—in a word—not childhood as it is, but as it would be, if we with our present knowledge could begin again—this is what is wished for. This, too, is the secret of the sympathetic touch in Gray's well-known welcome of the breeze from the school of his boyhood, that breeze that came from the happy hills, the fields beloved in vain

> I feel the gales that from ye blow
> A momentary bliss bestow,
> As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
> My weary soul they seem to soothe,
> And, redolent of joy and youth,
> To breathe a second spring.

That second spring would be boyhood with manhood's knowledge—an impossible existence, a Golden Age that never was. It was because

of the grim troop of passions and diseases waiting 'in the vale below,' that Gray envied the boyhood that had not yet advanced to meet the strife and miseries of the world. We call that Golden Age 'the happiest time,' merely by contrast; we forget its small capacity for happiness, its shallow understanding of the worth of those good things that we envy, and we apostrophize it in poetry and prose, because we are contrasting the after time as unhappy, without remembering our increased capacity for happiness.

But if it be impossible to carry back to a new start in life the experience life has given us, while we are thinking with a sad fascination of that Golden Age, and feeling the 'immortal bliss' of recollection, we shall not find it impossible to reverse our aspiration, and to combine with later life some part, and perhaps the best part, of our young life's treasures. We yearn for those two things together—the happiness of the beginning, and the light upon it from the experience of the end. We cannot go back, but why should we not gather again and bring forward with us all that can be brought from the Golden Age? Then, to some extent, our aspirations will be satisfied.

Out of that Golden Age all the best things can be picked up and carried along with us still. Surely this is some comfort to us wayfarers who must 'move on!' We cannot have life over again, but it can be made to lengthen in worth by intensity of purpose, and of working, of loving. These, and not time, are the true measure of life. We envy freedom from responsibility, the child has his tasks as we have ours, his lesson may be as hard as our duty, and he has, he is happily resigned to tasks in obedience to the will of others, our buckling down to duty will bring us our playtime too. Freshness comes not. Wordsworth, after mourning that the glory and the dream were gone, can yet hold that he could receive from the meanest flower thoughts too deep for tears, so we strongly suspect that the glory and the dream were remaining, and that he saw till the last the earth 'apparelled in celestial light.' The love of the open air, world of beauty is a great key to lifelong freshness of soul. Another key to freshness is the custom of being easily pleased. The smallest gift pleases a child, in later life, we look more at the love of the giver than at the gift, but why should not the manifold growth of small kindnesses refresh us? And how shall we get habitual joy? It is a precious treasure, the home is rich where there is one member of the household brimful of sunshine. A merry word at home is magic for brightening life, and it is some encouragement to know that of all social virtues, the habit of joyousness is the one that grows fastest by patient effort. It fosters another childlike treasure—the sense of delight in a home atmosphere of love. Let us not fail to express our kindness in word and deed for those who share life's burdens with us, and the glow of the Golden Age will be round the hearth again. As for simplicity, it is already the lifelong dower of many of the most gifted minds, it is almost a characteristic of the intellectual men of noblest life. Why should we use long words when short ones are kinder, why go roundabout ways when we only need openly do our best? Wonderful as it may seem, simplicity is the most imitable part of childhood. The absence of self consciousness is the grand key to it. If we cease thinking about the effect produced upon others, who are supposed to have concentrated their attention upon our puny selves, we shall escape much heart burning, and gradually begin to brighten our path with something of childhood's brightness. As for faith and trust, if they look higher than the roof of home, why should they not be as the child's huge trust? We should have fewer earth-born looks, and the habit of joy would be easier.

There is another quality that must crown this development of the childlike character—it is sympathy—that wide and warm sympathy which knows no growing old, and which is the fruition of our childhood's eager freshness. Last of all, in picking up those old treasures that we carelessly dropped by the way when the Golden Age was ending, we may yet be all unconscious, very near the purchase, in a place where once we walked, not knowing our good fortune, and but half able to enjoy it.

IN ALL SHADES

CHAPTER VIII

For a few minutes they stood looking blankly at one another in mute astonishment, turning over and comparing the two telegrams together with undecided minds. Then at last Nora broke the silence. 'I tell you what it is,' she said, with an air of profound wisdom, 'they must have got an epidemic of yellow fever over in Trinidad—they're always having it, you know, and nobody minds it, unless of course they die of it, and even then I dareson they don't think much about it. But papa and Mr Hawthorn must be afraid that if we come out now, fresh from England, we may all of us get it.'

Edward looked once more at the telegrams very dubiously. 'I don't think that I'll do,' Miss Dupuy,' he said, after reading them with a legal scrutiny. 'You see, your father says "On no account go on board the Sirion." Even death, as this particular ship he has an objection to, and perhaps my father's objection may be exactly the same. It's very singular—very most curious!'

'Do you think,' Marian suggested, 'there can be anything wrong with the vessel or the machinery? You know they do say, Edward that some shipowners send ships to sea that aren't at all safe or seaworthy. I read such a dreadful article about it a little while ago in one of the papers. Perhaps they think the Sirion may go to the bottom.'

'Or else that there's dynamite on board,' Nora put in, 'or a clockwork thing like the one somebody was going to blow up that steamer with at Hamburg, once, you remember? Oh my dear, the bare idea of it makes me quite shudder! I may bang blow out of your berth, at dead of night, into the nasty cold stormy water, and having a shark bite you in two across the waist before you were really well awake,

and had begun properly to realise the situation.

'Not very likely either of them,' Edward said. 'This is a new ship, one of the very best on the line, and perfectly safe, except of course in a hurricane when anything on earth is liable to go down, so that can't possibly be Mr Duprey's objection to the Sirius.—And as to the clockwork, you know, Nora, the people who put the clockwork on board steamers, if there are any, don't telegraph out to give warning before hand to the friends of passengers on the other side of the Atlantic. No, for my part, I can't at all understand it. It is a puzzle to my duty to me, and I give it up entirely.'

'Well, what do you mean to do, dear?' Marian asked anxiously. 'Go back at once, or go on in spite of it?'

'I don't think there's any chance left us now, darling. The ship's fully under weigh, you see, and nothing on earth would induce them to stop her, once she's started, till we get to Trinidad, or at least to St Thomas.'

'You don't mean to say, Mr Hawthorn,' Nora cried piteously, 'they'll carry us on now to the end of the journey, whether we want to stop or whether we don't?'

'Yes, I do, Miss Duprey. They will, most certainly. I suppose they've got no voice there in the matter. A mail steamer is under contract to sail from a given port on a given day, and not to stop for anything on earth, except for a rise of weather, till she finds herself safely on the other side, according to agreement.'

'Well, that's a blessing, anyhow!' Nora said, heartily, 'because, if so, it saves us the trouble of thinking anything more about the matter, and papa can't be angry with me for having sailed, if the captain refuses to send us back, now we're once fairly started. Indeed, for my part, I'm very glad of it, to tell you the truth, because it would have been such a hard thing to have to go on shore again and unpack all ones things just for a fortnight, after all the fuss and hurry we've had already about getting them finished. What a pity the bothering old telegrams came at all to keep us in suspense the whole way over!'

'But suppose there is some dynamite on board,' Marian suggested timidly. 'Don't you think, Edward, you'd better go and ask the captain?'

'I'll go and ask the captain, by all means, if that's any relief to you,' Edward answered, 'but I don't think it likely he can throw any particular light of his own upon the reason of the telegrams.'

The captain, however, shortly found on the bridge, came down at his leisure and inspected the messages, hummed and hawed a little dubiously, smiled to himself with much good humour, said it was a confoundedly odd coincidence, and looked somehow as though he saw the meaning of the two telegrams at once, but wasn't anxious to impart his knowledge to any inquiring third party. 'Yellow fever!' he said, shrugging his shoulders sailor-wise, when Edward mentioned Nora's first suggestion. 'No, no, don't you believe it. Can't yellow fever. Why, nobody who lives in the West Indies ever thinks anything of that, bless you. Besides, you wouldn't get it, dont you trouble your head about it. You can't the sort of the build to get it. Men of your temperament never do catch yellow fever—it don't affect em. No, no, it ain't that, you take my word for it.'

Marian gently hinted at unseaworthiness, but at this the good captain laughed quite uncommonly. 'Go down!' he cried—'go down, indeed! I'd like to see the hurricane that'd send the Sirius spinning to the bottom. No, no, we may get hurricanes, of course—though this isn't the month for them. The rhyme says "June—too soon, July—stand by, August you must, September—remember, October—all over." Still, in the course of nature we're likely enough to have some ugly weather—a capital of wind at so, I mean—nothing to speak of, for a ship of her tonnage. But I'll bet you a tile of champagne the hurricane's not alive that'll ever send the Sirius to the bottom, and I'll pay it you (if I lose) at the first port the lifeboat puts into after the next dent. Dynamite! clockwork! that's all gammon, my dear ma'am, that's!' The ship's a good ship as ever sailed the Bay o' Biscay, and there's nothing, indeed, more expensive than the bottle of champagne I hope you'll drink this evening, for dinner.'

'Then we can't be put out?' Nora asked, with her most bewitching smile.

'My dear lady, not if I know you were the Queen of England. On we go, all, we're off in earnest, and nothing on earth can ever stop us till we get safely across to St Thomas—the land of Gold, the pearls of the sea, and the Queen's enemies don excepted, the captain added, quoting with a smile the stereotyped formula of the bills of lading.

'What do you think the telegrams mean, then?' Nora asked again, a little relieved by this confident assurance.

The captain once more hummed and hawed, and bit his nails, and looked very awkward. 'Well,' he said slowly, after a minute's internal debate, 'perhaps—perhaps the messages over yonder may be getting troublesome, you know, and your family may think it an inopportune time for you or Mr and Mr Hawthorn to visit the colony. All right, Jones, I'm coming in a minute.—You must excuse me, ladies. In sight of land, a captain ought always to be at his post on the bridge. So you'll dismiss—Good morning, good-morning.'

'It seems to me, Edward,' Marian said, as he retreated opportunely, 'the captain knows a good deal more about it than he wants to tell us. He was trying to hide something from us, I'm quite sure he was.—Aren't you, Nora? I do hope there's nothing wrong with the steamer or the machinery.'

'I didn't notice anything peculiar about him myself,' Edward answered, with a little hesitation. 'However, it's certainly very singular. But as we've got to go on, we may as well go on as confidently as possible, and think as little as we can about it. The mystery will all be cleared up as soon as we get across to Trinidad.'

'If we ever get there!' Nora said, half-jesting, and half in earnest.

As she spoke, Dr Whitaker the mulatto passed

close by, pacing up and down the quarter deck for exercise, to get his sea legs, and as he passed her, he turned his eyes one minute quickly upon her with that rapid, timid, quickly shifting glance, the exact opposite of a stare, which yet speaks more certainly than anything else can do an instinctive admiration. Norris felt flushed again, at least as much with annoyance as with self-consciousness. 'That horrid man!' she said petulantly, with a little angry look of her head, almost before he was well out of earshot. 'How on earth can he have the impertinence to look at me in that way, I wonder!'

'Oh, don't, don't!' Marian whispered, painfully alarmed lest the mulatto should overhear her. 'You ought not to speak like that, you know. Of course one feels at once a sort of natural shrinking from black people—one can't help that, I know—it seems to be natural in one. But one ought not to let them see it, think it, express it. Remember that he has feelings, Norris, dear, just as much as I have of you.'

'Oh, it's all very well for you, Marian,' Norris noticed, quite aloof and unmoved, on the deck with her pair. 'But for my part, you know, if there's anything on earth that I can't endure, it's a brown man.'

CHAPTER IX

All the way to St. Thomas, Gaville spent hours in the company of the two mysterious strangers, all of the time the passengers chiefly concerned in unusual kind of interest and pleasant interest for an entire voyage. Still, after a while the subject palled a little, and on the second evening, as, in the mild and mutual twilight which they were all sitting in their own fashion, hours in the deck-house, previously free from any doubts in regard to the important question, and solely concerned in making the acquaintance of their fellow passengers by mutually, as the hour grew close, their wants a little, and proceeding—as when one takes a seat, lifts it up, at the stern end of the sandy marine, and then, in a few minutes, suddenly in the dull twilight, swims out of a wide circle and begins to play upon it—the latter turn of sound the chance for the musician and listened carelessly as he went through the preliminary scales, and tuning, which seem to be inseparable from the very nature of the violin as an instrument. Presently, having tightened the pegs to his own perfect satisfaction, the player began to draw his bow rapidly and surely across the strings, with the unerring confidence of a practised performer. In two minutes, the hum of conversation had ceased on deck, and all the little world of the Sirius was bending forward its head eagerly to catch the liquid notes that floated with such delicious clearness upon the quiet breathless evening air. In instinctively everybody recognised at once the obvious fact that the man in the stern to whom they were all listening was an accomplished and admirable violin player.

Just at first, the thing that Marian and Norris noticed most in the stranger's playing was his extraordinary brilliancy and certainty of execution. He was a perfect master of the instrument, that was evident. But after a few minutes more, they began to perceive that he was something much more than merely that, he played not only with consummate skill, but also with infinite grace, insight, and tenderness. As they listened, they could feel the men outpouring his whole soul in the exquisite modulation of his passionate music. It was not any cold, well-drilled, mechanical accuracy of touch alone, it was the loving hand of a true musician, wholly in harmony with the master he interpreted, the work he played, and the strings in which he gave it voice and utterance. As Marian held her breath, she felt vaguely conscious of Norris's 'He plays beautifully.' And Norris answered with a sullen half of womanly enthusiasm. 'Marian, he's a fiddler!'

'You'll sing us something, won't you?' 'Oh, do sing us something,—Monsieur will not refuse us.' 'Ah, sorrow, it is such a rare pleasure!' 'Some little ballad of two or three languages, that we can join in the unknown figure with a half-dark at the time of the steamer against the glimmering sea, and after a short pause, the unknown figure, with half-reluctant, half-graceful, half-ceremonious, half-indifferent to the surrounding company, and half-intent on the music, in a glorious rich tenor voice almost the best Norris and Marian had ever heard in their lives.

'English!' Norris whispered in a soft tone, as the first few well-filled notes upon the cues leaped the air, filled with an unknown plaintive unmistakable native tone. 'I'm quite surprised at it!' I had up my mind from the intense sort of way he played the violin that he must be a Spaniard or an Italian, rather than a South American. In half-a-dozen phrases they with all that depth and intensity of feeling.

'Hush, hush!' Marian answered under her breath. 'Don't talk while he's singing, please, Norris, it's so delicious.'

They listened till the song was quite finished, and the last chord of that magnificent voice had died away upon the surface of the still moonlight water, and then Norris actually cried aloud.

'Oh, to find out who he is, Mr. Hawthorne! Do, pray, try to know him! I want to be introduced to him. What a glorious singer! and what a splendid violin! I never in my life heard anything like it, even at the opera!'

'I would, if, and let it come into the little crowd round the end of the quarter deck, in search of the unknown and musical musician. Norris would impatiently, in her excitement, see who the musicians performance could be. In a few seconds, Lawrence had been talking with him the admired performer. 'Miss Dupuy was so very anxious to make your acquaintance,' he said, as he drew the supposed stranger forward, 'on the strength of your beautiful playing and singing.—You see, Miss Dupuy, it's fellow passengers to whom we are thrifty introduced ourselves.—Dr. Whitaker.'

Norris drew back almost imperceptibly at this sudden revelation. In the deck-house from a little distance, she had not recognised their acquaintance of yesterday. But it was indeed the mulatto doctor. However, now she was fairly trapped; and having thus let herself in for the young man's society for that particular evening,

she had good sense and good feeling enough not to let him see, at least too obtrusively, that she did not desire the pleasure of his further acquaintance. To be sure, she spoke as little and as coldly as she could to him, in such ordinary phrases of polite admiration as she felt were called for under these painful circumstances, but she had to temper her enthusiasm down to the proper point of coldness for a clever and well taught mulatto fiddler.—He had been a 'marvellous violinist' in her own mind five minutes before, but as he turned out to be of brown blood, she felt now that 'clever fiddler' was quite good enough for the altered occasion.

Dr Whitaker, however, remained in happy unconsciousness of Nora's sudden change of attitude. He drew over a camp-stool from near the gunwale and seated himself upon it just in front of the little group in their folding ship chairs. 'I am so glad you liked my playing, Miss Dupuy,' he said quietly, turning towards Nora. 'Music always sounds at its best on the water in the evening. And that's such a lovely piece—my pet piece—so much feeling and pathos and delicate melody in it. Not like most of Spohr's very unusual work for him, he's so often wanting, you know, in the sense of melody.'

'You play charmingly,' Nora answered, in a languid chilly voice. 'Your song and your playing have given us a great treat, I am sure, Dr Whitaker.'

'Where have you studied?' Mamma asked hastily, feeling that Nora was not showing so deep an interest in the subject as was naturally expected of her. 'Have you taken lessons in Germany or Italy?'

'A few,' the mulatto doctor replied with a little sigh, 'though not so many as I could have wished. My great ambition would have been to study regularly at the Conservatorio. But I never could satisfy my wish in that respect, and I learned most of my fiddling by myself at Edinburgh.'

'You're an Edinburgh University man, I suppose?' Edward put in.

'Yes, an Edinburgh University man. The medical course there, you know, attracts so many men who would like better, in other respects, to go to one of the English universities. You're Cambridge, yourself, I think, Mr Hawthorne, aren't you?'

'Yes, Cambridge.'

The mulatto sighed again. 'A lovely place! he said. 'A most delicious place, Cambridge. I spent a charming week there once myself. The calm repose of those grand old avenues behind Johns and Trinity delighted me immensely.—A place to sit in and compose symphonies, Mrs Hawthorne. Nothing that I've seen in England greatly impressed me with the idea of the grand antiquity of the country—the vast historical background of each century, century behind century, and generation behind generation—as that beautiful mingled picture of venerable elms, and mouldering architecture, and close cropped green sward at the backs of the colleges. The very grass had a wonderful look of antique culture. I asked the gardener in one of the courts of Trinity how they ever got such velvety carpets for their smooth quadrangles, and the answer the fellow gave me was itself redolent of the traditions of the place. "We rolls 'em and mows 'em, sir," he said, "and we mows 'em and rolls 'em, for a thousand years."'

'What a pity you couldn't have stopped there and composed symphonies, as you liked it so much,' Nora remarked, with hardly concealed sarcasm—'only then, of course, we shouldn't have had the pleasure of hearing you play your violin so beautifully on the Seven this evening.'

Dr Whitaker looked up at her quickly with a piercing look. 'Yes,' he replied, 'it is a pity, for I should have dearly loved it. I'm bound up in music, almost, it's one of my two great passions. But I had more than one reason for feeling that I ought, if possible, to go back to Trinidad. The fact is, that I think every West Indian, and especially every man of my colour'—he said it out quite naturally, simply, and unaffectedly, without pausing or hesitating—'who has been to Europe let his education, once it to his country to come back again, and do his best in person, its social, intellectual, and artistic level.'

'I'm very glad to hear you say so,' Edward replied. 'I think so myself too, and I'm pleased to find you agree with me in the matter.—And your second reason?'

'Well, I thought my colour might stand in my way in practice in England—very naturally, I'm not surprised at it—while in Trinidad I might be able to do a great deal of good and find a great many patients amongst my own people.'

'But I'm afraid they won't be able to pay you, you know,' Nora interposed. 'The poor black people always expect to be doctored for nothing.'

Dr Whitaker turned upon her a puzzled pair of simple, honest, open eyes, whose curious gleam of mild inquiry could be easily observed even in the dim moonlight. 'I don't think of practising for money, he said simply, as if it were the most ordinary statement in the world. 'My father has happily made enough to enable me to live without the necessity for earning a livelihood. I want to be of some use in my generation, and to help my own people, if possible, to rise a little in the scale of humanity. I shall practise gratuitously among the poorest negroes, and do what I can to raise and better their unhappy condition.'

'UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER' GRANT.

The 27th of April 1822 was a great day in Point Pleasant, a little pioneer settlement on the banks of the Ohio, for Jesse Grant's wife presented him that day with a boy, and newcomers were rare in the little place. Every detail about the latest arrival was eagerly and quickly circulated, and at the men of the little town had learned in some mysterious way what Jesse Grant's boy was afterwards to become, they could hardly have made more stir about him. But Jesse and his wife could not hit upon a name for their firstborn, and six weeks after his birth his only name was 'Baby.' A family council was held to settle the knotty question, and it was decided to ballot for a name. Each person present wrote the name he or she favoured on

a slip of paper, and the slips were shaken up in a hat. The first drawn slip was to name the boy, and as it bore the name Ulysses, Ulysses was fixed on. But the ballot was not allowed to rule supreme, for the name of an honoured ancestor was added to the choice of the ballot, and the future President of the United States, and general of his armies, was christened as Hiram Ulysses Grant, a name that he lost by an accident in after years.

Jesse Grant was a man of many parts, and not only conducted a tannery, but also—to quote Mr Thayer's description of him in the interesting life of General Grant, to which we are indebted for the following incidents of his career (*Ulysses Simpson Grant: His Life and Times*, by W. M. Thayer. London: Hodder & Stoughton, 1885)—'In addition to running a slaughter-house, doing something at farming, and occasionally contracting for building for other parties.' In a town where so many mouths were in the line, it will readily be understood that there were no idlers, and Ulysses had early to take his share of the work. A passionate love of horses that time only strengthened was the outcome of his early association with them. At school he was famed only for a wonderful gift for mathematics and a strange memory that often carried him through a task in which he otherwise lightly failed. One day a knotted problem was under discussion. 'His father is an arithmetic, and he will be away until he has got it, but I could do it.'—'Can?' cried respectful Grant quizzically. 'What do that mean?' And away he rushed to the teacher's desk to examine the dictionary. Ulysses looked on silently amazed, to see what was done. 'Can!' exclaim Ulysses, 'that's what I find in the dictionary,' as he closed the book. 'It can be done.'

There was little in the obstinate determined young man to foretelle his great future, and it was with no small astonishment that his neighbours heard a prophecy to the contrary. Mr Thayer tell the story. 'After the lecture had been finished a gentleman at Ulysses's in the chair. The lecturer proceeded to examine his hearers, and continued so long with no signs of a word, that a citizen inquired "Do you discover any special ability for mathematics in that boy's head?"—Mathematics!' retorted the lecturer as if that kind of ability did not cover the case. "You need not be surprised if this boy be president of the United States some day!" How in the judgment of all with that of the audience we may rather from Mr Thayer's comment, that 'it did not increase the popularity of the phrenologist in Mount Pleasant.'

Young Grant's love of horses was a great hindrance to his progress at school. Even in early to go dull with the teams than to take his place in class, it is little wonder that, with the many opportunities for indulging his propensities which his father's business afforded him, he did not achieve any marked success. As a child at seven he harnessed a young colt that had never before been harnessed, though from his diminutive stature, he had to stand on an upturned box in order to fix the bridle. At nine, he astonished his father by asking if he might buy a horse—to be his own. He had saved enough money to buy a colt and was anxious to have one. 'Put there is risk in buying a horse,' his father reminded him. 'And I am willing to take the risk, father.' And he did—and from that day was never without a horse. This willingness to take risks was a keynote of Grant's character, and many of his after successes were due to it.

School days over, Ulysses arrived for a while in his father's tannery, but he took a violent aversion to the business, and an equally strong craving for education, rather than any keen thirst for military honours, that caused him to seek admission to West Point—the Sandhurst of the United States—where a good general education was allied to the necessary military course at little or no cost to the student. Each Congressional district was entitled to one student in the college, and application for the vacant scholarship of their district was made to their member by Jesse Grant on behalf of his son. The busy man made inquiries, and then, without referring to the father's letter, chanced the appointment for 'Ulysses Simpson Grant,' and in this name Ulysses entered, and thus lost his ancient name by a lucky ballot.

On entering West Point each student was required to deposit sixty dollars to guarantee the expenses of his return home, in the event of his failing to pass the entrance examination. Ulysses had his money to spend a short time with some relatives in Philadelphia before proceeding to West Point. City friends chanced him that when he went out to enrol and he was at the toll-gate, nearly all his money was in his sixty dollars was gone. Nothing daunted, Ulysses presented himself for examination, and met the demand for his deposit with the claim plea 'I intend to pass the examination.' He was allowed to do it, and passed easily, and in due course was enrolled as second lieutenant in 1843.

His first appointment was at Jefferson Barracks, near St Louis. He found that he met his future wife, whom and, in spite of the opposition of her parents, who thought their daughter might find a better than the poor second lieutenant, married. The Mexican war gave Grant more than his first taste of warfare. Several times he was mentioned in the despatches for distinguished service, and for bravery he was appointed first lieutenant. Grant's promotion to the rank of captain was slow, but he declined preferring, he said, to reach the position by regular promotion of service.

In 1848 Grant, now a captain and an honoured hero of the Mexican war, married. Six happy years were spent with his regiment, and then, in 1854, he resigned his position, to take to farming. 'Whoever heard of such a thing as farming?' he told a comrade, 'will heart of a will to do all Mr Grant.' But in ten years time he was commander-in-chief of the United States army. The farming had not paid, a partnership in a land agency that succeeded, did little better, and then the Captain joined his brothers in a leather business at Galena, Illinois. It was here that the news of the rebellion in his country reached him.

The Confederates had attacked Fort Sumter on April 12, 1861, and from end to end of the land, the heart of the loyal states was stirred by the

tidings. Grant was no politician; indeed, he disliked and shunned party strife, but he felt in the news of his country's danger, the call of duty. 'I left the army expecting never to return,' he said. 'I am no seeker for position, but the country which educated me is in some peril, and as a man of honour, I feel bound to offer my services for whatever they are worth.' Accordingly, he volunteered, but in the crowd of place hunters in the State capital, the returns still distrustful Captain was passed by. All the Illinois regiments were provided with commanders, and in despair of obtaining any appointment, Grant had actually left the capital to visit his father, when he received a telegram from the governor of the State. 'You are this day appointed Colonel of the Twenty-first Illinois Volunteers, and requested to take command at once.' The former commander of the regiment had been dismissed for incompetency, and the governor had asked one of Grant's friends, 'What kind of man is this Captain Grant? Though anxious to serve, he seems reluctant to take any high position. He even declined my offer to recommend him to Washington for a brigadier generalship, saying he didn't want office till he had earned it. What do he want?' 'The way to deal with him,' was the reply, 'is to ask him no questions, but simply order him to duty. He will promptly obey.' This man knew Grant!

Well might governor Yates exclaim, if he is reported to have done in after years, 'It was the most glorious day of my life when I signed Grant's commission.' For, as Mr Thayer well puts it, Grant had found his place. From that he would go forth "from conquering to conquer." Two months later, he was Brigadier-general; this time he felt he had earned the post—and from this point his advance was rapid. Before the end of the war, the disused ranks of Lieutenant-general, and General, of the United States army were revived and conferred on him. Through the mazes of that long struggle we need not follow him, but in recent after incident of that awful war show the grand simplicity and true nobility of his nature. As a commander, determined to the point of obstinacy, resolute of purpose, and daring in action in private, modest, retiring almost to a fault, and living a sober, upright life, against which in returns foes could bring no charge but the most groundless tissue of calumnies—all this was 'Unconditional Surrender' Grant.

The very title was characteristic of the man—'Unconditional Surrender' Grant! It rose from the closing scene of the attack on Fort Donelson. The Confederate General Buckner asked for terms, and Grant thus replied to the demand: 'Your of this date proposing armistice, and appointment of Commissioners to settle terms of capitulation, is just received. No terms except an unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately on your works.' Buckner surrendered.

This stern determination, though perhaps the ruling feature of Grant's character, did not shut out other noble qualities. Before Vicksburg, he found that his men faltered in the spade work under the heavy fire. The General took a sent men them and a very hail of shot, and quickly reassured them by calmly whittling a stick through it all! At another time, when a battle was in progress, the General sent one of his staff on some errand, the officer asked Grant where he should find him on his return. The answer showed the stuff the general was made of: 'Probably at headquarters. If you don't, come to the front, wherever you hear the heaviest firing.'

'When do you expect to take Vicksburg?' a rebel woman taunting asked the General. 'I can't tell exactly,' was the calm reply, 'but I shall stay until I do, if it takes thirty years.' And take it he did, as all the world knows. There is a singular likeness in this reply to the 'unconditional surrender' of Fort Donelson, and to the still more famous declaration before Richmond, after six consecutive days' fighting, unparalleled in modern times: 'I propose to fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer.'

Yet, in spite of his deep-rooted determination to crush the rebellion, Grant could show a consideration for the feelings of his vanquished foes that with a man of smaller exhibit would have been impossible. 'After the surrender of General Lee,' Mr Thayer tells us, 'the Union army began to salute Grant by firing cannon. He directed the firing to cease at once, saying, "It will wound the feelings of our prisoners, who have become our countrymen again."' It was this spirit of consideration and conciliation that, in no small degree, served to make union possible again between North and South.

Of course, Grant did not escape calumny—what great man ever did?—but he bore the unfounded charges brought against him without a murmur, silencing not a few by the contempt with which he treated them. 'When I have done the best I can,' he said on one, 'I leave it.' But the calumnies brought against him were as nothing to the tide of honours that burst upon him as soon as the value of his services became apparent. Even before the war was ended, he was, or might have been, the best fated man in the Union. But his whole nature revolted at the idea. When he was appointed Lieutenant-general, he was ordered to repair to Washington to receive his commission from the President. Mrs Lincoln proposed to give a grand military dinner in his honour. But Grant pleaded that his presence was needed on the field, and begged to be excused. 'I do not see how we can excuse him,' Mrs Lincoln urged, 'it would be Hamlet with the Prince left out.' The reply shows the man in all the rugged simplicity of his grand nature: 'I appreciate fully all the honour Mrs Lincoln would do me; but time is precious, and really, Mr President, I have had enough of the show business!'

But the 'show business' was only beginning; and no sooner was the war at an end, than honours fell thick and fast on the hero of the long struggle. Office, wealth, and power were all within his grasp, and at the nation's call he took them up, and right wisely did he use them. Twice he served in the highest and proudest office an American citizen can hold, and at the expiration of his second term of office in 1876, he set out on a long desired trip round the world. How he was received with more than kingly honour the wide-world over, is within the memory of all. His entry to a city was the signal for a burst

of enthusiastic welcome, and everywhere he was fêted to the utmost of the people's power. On every hand he was met by the call for speeches, and speech making he thoroughly detested, yet the few clear, concise sentences, bristling with shrewd common sense, and overflowing with genuine feeling, to which he confined his remarks, will long be remembered by those who heard them.

'Although a soldier by education and profession, he told the citizens of London, "I have never felt any sort of fondness for war, and I have never spoken of it except as a means of peace." And again, to Prince Bismarck he made a somewhat similar remark. "I never went into the army without regret, and never retired with out pleasure."'

Through Europe, and home by India, Siam, China, and Japan, went the General and his party, welcomed and fêted everywhere. The long tour came to an end at San Francisco, on September 20, 1879, and the journey thence to the Eastern States was one long triumphal progress. The General took up his residence in New York, and though an active attempt was made to secure his return for a third time to the White House in 1880, he took little more further share of public life. His fortune he invested in a business in which his sons-in-law partnered with a man named Ward, and in the downfall of this concern, the General lost his all. With unflinching courage, he faced the situation, resolved though he was of the formation of that dread cancer in the throat that in the end proved too strong for him. Magazines were willing to pay huge prices for articles from his pen, and publishers eager to issue his autobiography. So with a brave heart, the General set him to fight his last battle.

The news of his terrible position soon became known, and a public subscription was proposed, that would quickly have restored Grant to more than his former wealth, but he would have none of it. Congressionally, to his delight, placed him on the retired list of the army. 'They have brought us back our old commander,' said Mrs Grant when she heard the news. But it was not for long. On the 23rd of July 1885, the battle came to an end, and 'Unconditional Surrender Grant' gave in at last to the great conqueror of all.

A GOLDEN ARGOSY

CHAPTER XII

Imagine a man paying forty thousand pounds into the Bank of England, and learning to-morrow that that stupendous financial concern had stopped payment! Imagine Lady Clara Vere de Vere discovering her wonderful pance, with its European renown, to be paste! Imagine the feelings of Thomas Carlyle when the entire issues of John Stuart Mill destroyed the labour of years! Imagine poor Euclid's state of mind when his wife burnt his books! In short, imagine, each of you, the greatest calamity you can think of, and you will have some faint notion of the feelings of the quartet in Mr Carver's office at Mr Bates's disconcerting discovery.

For a few minutes, silence reigned supreme, and then Edgar commenced to whistle. It was not a particularly cheerful air, but it sufficed to arouse the others from their stupefaction.

'If I had not been an infatuated old idiot,' said Mr Carver, hurling the unfortunate volume of romance with unnecessary violence across the room, 'I should have foreseen this,' and muttering something about strange tricks and the thick heads of society in general, he lapsed into gloomy silence.

Mr Bates regained his chief in mild disapproval. Such an exhibition of feeling by no means accorded with his views of professional etiquette, besides, he had a feeling that his discovery had not been treated in a proper and business-like manner. 'Hem!' said that gentleman, clearing his throat gently. 'Hem! If I may be allowed to make a remark—addressing to you, sir!—Mr Carver noticed with dark mean ing, 'and then, upon myself to make a suggestion, sir, it is not impossible that where the money is, will now be needed.'

The party seemed to contemplate space, and a ray of hope quivered on the gloomy horizon for a moment. Mr Carver, however, cried his leak with an air of exhaustion blended with resigned scorn. 'I suppose, Bates, even such moments of frequent insanity,' he said in accents of the most scathing sarcasm. 'You are persons, are only mortal. I should be sorry to imagine you to have arrived at the worst type, but I may be allowed, I think, to point out to you one little fact. Does it for one moment suppose that a man who is rich enough to bury his fortune in this manner, has enough sense remaining to make a will?' and Mr Carver looked at his subordinate with the air of a man who has made his great point and confounded his silver sun.

'I do not agree with you, sir,' retorted Bates mildly. 'A gentleman who has brains enough to carry out such a scheme as this, was not likely to forget a vital point. You are generally sharp enough to see a point like this. What with commissions and gifts of marble, hem! and such other incidentals, business seems quite forgotten.'

It was curious to note with what eagerness the parties most interested hung upon the clerk's word.

'Bates, Bates! I never thought it would come to this,' returned the pseudo-justice, shaking his head in more sorrow than anger. 'A man still in the prime of life and to talk like this! Poor fellow, poor fellow!'

'Well, sir, you may doubt, and of course you have a right to your own opinion, but we shall see.'

'See, Bates! how can we see?' exclaimed the lawyer. 'Is not this treasure buried upon Miss Wakefield's property, and are we likely to get in order to search that property? Of course, of course,—returning to the sarcastic mode—Miss Wakefield is so gentle, so noble, so sweet, and unsuspecting!—Bates, I am ashamed of you.'

The imperturbable Bates shrugged his shoulders slightly and resumed his writing. So far as

he was concerned, the matter was done with; but he knew the character of his superior sufficiently to know that the words he had said would take root, for, sooth to say, Mr Carver had considerable weight upon his junior's opinion, though between the twain, such an idea was totally ignored.

During the above interesting dialogue, Mr Slimm had been eyeing the antagonists with a smile of placid amusement. That wily gentleman was rather taken with Bates's argument. 'Seems to me,' he said, 'the advantage is not all on one side. The honoured mistress of Lestwood, the lady whom our friend'—pointing to Mr Carver—'has spoken of in such enthusiastic terms, is no better off than we are. She has the property where the money is concealed, and, as far as we know now, it belongs to her. Any movement on our side will be sufficient to arouse her suspicions. Providing the money is found, as I have before said, as far as we know, it belongs to her. It is scarcely worth while going to the trouble and expense of unearthing this wealth for her. So far, she has the bulge on us. On the other hand, we know where the money is, she does not, and there we have the bulge on her.'

'And what is your position?' Mr Carver inquired.

'Arbitration,' replied the American. 'There is only one thing to do, and that is compromise. I can suppose our friends only get half, surely that is better than nothing. It's the easiest thing in the world. All you have to do is to say to the lady, "Miss Wakefield, Mr Morton left you his money. You cannot find the money. Mr Scott'm knows where it is. The money, we admit, is yours, though in justice it should belong to her. In a word, my dear lady, divide,"' and Mr Slimm leant back in his chair whistling a little air from *Princess Ida*, as if the whole thing was settled to the satisfaction of all parties.

Mr Carver looked at him as a connoisseur eyes a bad copy of an old master. 'Mr Slimm, I presume you have never seen the lady?'

Mr Slimm shook his head.

'I thought not,' continued Mr Carver. 'You have been all over the world, and in the course of your rambles I presume you have seen the Sphinx?—Very good. Now, I do not suppose it ever struck you as a good idea to interview that curiosity, or to sit down before its stony charms with a view to learning its past history and the date of its birth.—No? The idea is too absurd, but I may venture to say, without exceeding the bounds of professional caution, that you are just as likely to get any display of emotion from Miss Wakefield—and indeed, the wonderful st ne is much the more pleasant object'——

'But she is not so very awful, Mr Carver,' Eleanor interposed.

'My dear, I know she is not endowed with venomous fangs, though she has the wisdom of the serpent. I am prepared to do anything for you in any shape or form, but I do draw the line at Miss Wakefield. As regards interviewing her upon such a subject, I must respectfully but firmly decline.'

'Surely you don't object to such a course being taken?' Edgar asked eagerly. 'There is no particular harm in it.'

'On the contrary, I think it is the right course to adopt, but I do not propose to be the victim,' said Mr Carver drily. 'If any one in this select company has some evil to atone for, and wants a peculiarly torturing penance, let him undertake the task.'

Luke looked at Mr Bates, Edgar looked at his wife, and each waited politely and considerately for the others to speak. It is not often one meets such pure disregard of self in this grasping world. However, the task must be done, and as Mr Carver disclaimed it, and Bates had no interest in the affair, moreover, Eleanor not being expected to volunteer, manifestly the work lay before the American, Edgar, or Luke.

The American, like another Curtius, was prepared to fling himself into the gulf. With characteristic individual modesty, he merely waited, willing to pull the rope of battle, but the delicacy of the others left him no alternative. He volunteered to go.

'I am a man of few words,' he said, 'and I guess I am about calculated to fill the vacancy. I am alone in the world, and if I fail to return, there will be no dear one to mourn the loss. I have one little favour to ask before I go, and that is in case the worst happens, to spare me an epitaph. You will think of me sometimes, and when you sit round your winter firesides and the wind is howling in the naked trees'——. Here he waved his hands deprecatingly towards the company, as if praying them to spare his emotions.

Mr Carver's eyes twinkled at this trick. 'Well, that is settled then,' he said. 'The sooner you go the better. Shall we say to-morrow?—Very good. The address is 31 Cedar Road, Hampstead.'

'It is well,' said the victim to friendship. 'Before I quit you once and for ever, I should like to break the bread of joviality once more, for the last time. I should like to look upon the wine when it is red. To drop the language of metaphor, I invite you all to lunch with me at the *Hollow*.'

It was left then, in Mr Slimm's hands to consummate what he denominated as 'working the oracle.'

'What do you think of my dream, now?' Eleanor asked her husband as they walked home together.

'Your "Argosy with golden sails?"' queried Edgar. 'Well, I am beginning to think it may come into port after all.'

Like the 'condemned man' of the penny a liner, Mr Slimm passed a good night, and the thought of the task he had undertaken did not deter him from making a hearty and substantial breakfast. Without so much as a tremor, he ordered a cab, and sped away northwards on his diplomatic errand.

Cedar Road may, without any great stretch of imagination, be termed dingy. It is not the dinginess of the typical London street, but a dainty kind of grimness, a grimness which knows itself to be grimy, but swaggers with a pretension of speck-and-span cleanliness, a sort of place which makes one think of that cheap

gentility which wears gaudy apparel and unclean linen, or no linen at all. I may better explain my meaning by saying that the majority of the houses were black with smoke, and yet, singularly enough, the facings of light stone at the corners had preserved their natural colour, and each house was adorned by a veranda painted a strong green, which stood out in ghastly contrast to the fog stained fronts. Every house had a little grass plot—called, by a stretch of courtesy, the lawn—fronting it. It was presumably of grass, because it was vegetation of some kind, but about as much like the genuine article as London milk resembles the original lacteal fluid. In the centre of each 'lawn' was an oval flower bed, tenanted by some hardy annuals, bearing miniature blooms of a neutral tint. Each house was approached by a flight of steps rising from the road, which high railings served to keep the prying eyes of the vulgar from peering too closely into the genteel seclusion of the dining rooms. Every house was the counterpart of its neighbour, each having the same red coloured curtains and white blinds on the ground floor, the same cheap muslins at the drawing room windows, and the same drawn blinds, surmounted with brass rods, to the bedrooms. A canary likewise hung in a point lace in every drawing room window, No. 34 boasting, in addition to a stagnant looking aquarium, containing three torpid goldfish in extremely dirty water.

After three peals of the bell, each of a different pitch, its predecessor in volume, which is not saying much for the bell metal at No. 34, Mr Simon was ushered. Through the fragile door he had distinctly heard the sounds of revelry within, and acquired the information that some one in Malvern was 'tidying' and therefore Tilda must transform herself for the menial into the slave of the bell. By the petulant expression on Tilda's face, the errand was not particularly pleasant to her.

In answer to his query, the misanthropic Tilda vouchsafed the information that Miss Wakefield was in, adding, that he had better come this way, which she summons he let no time in observing, and was thus introduced into the seclusion of Miss Wakefield's chamber. Inquiring his name with a snap, and having obtained the desired information, the beetle-browed Tilda disappeared, and apparently applied to the singing some sort of ditty in a crescendo voice at the foot of the stairs, the fact of the case being that Miss Wakefield was summoned and her put of the conversation being inaudible, and the voice of the charmer being perfectly distinct to the visitor, the song running something after this fashion: 'Miss Wakefield'—um, um, 'wanted, mum'—um, um 'A man, please'—um, um, um 'Rather tall (very distinctly)—um 'No, he is not a gentleman—um, um, um 'All right, miss.' And then she reappeared with the information that Miss Wakefield would be down at once.

The space of time mentioned having resolved itself into a quarter of an hour, Mr Simon was enabled to complete his plan of campaign, not that he anticipated any resistance—in which deduction he was decidedly wrong—but because he thought it best to be quite prepared with his story, and in a position to receive the enemy in good and compact order. By the time he had done this, and taken a mental inventory of all the furniture in the room—not a violent effort of memory—the door opened, and Miss Wakefield entered.

A FEW WORDS ON SALMON ANGLING.

Salmon anglers as a class are shrewd and observant many of them are men of education, not a few are men of distinction in literature, science, and art, and certainly few follow the business of their lives with such an ardent zeal, watching and calculating all the chances of success, yet, strangely enough, the anglers of today know little more than was known generations ago as to the habits of the fish, and how or when they are most likely to succeed in capturing them. It is asserted that the salmon fly is certainly the same lure as was used two centuries ago, and despite the great interest of anglers and the ready reward that awaits any improvement that an inventive angler produces, no lure has been devised at all equal to the so-called fly, for, be it remembered, there is no consensus of opinion amongst anglers as to what this lure appears to be, to the eye of the salmon. All are agreed that it resembles no living insect, though some hold that it must be taken for an insect from the opening, and shutting of the wings caused by the play of the rod, others argue that its appearance is that of the shrimp as it moves in the water, while some maintain that it is an unnamed edible minnow in appearance, and particularly in its movements. Against the minnow theory it is said 'Why do not salmon prefer the natural or the artificial minnow, the latter of which seem, in so much more like the real fish?' To this it is answered that the motion of the fly is much more minnow like than either of these lures, while the wings are closely held in minnow like shape in the heavy currents where salmon are commonly found, for the reason that it may in some rivers, few indeed, be found to take any lure, and in many rivers the majority of the fish never rise to a fly, but we doubt if any man yet knows the cause thereof.

On the other hand, there are instances of salmon taken repeatedly several times in rapid succession, and each time giving a tug at the fly, and there are cases, we can vouch personally, in which both fly and worm hooks have been struck into the fish's mouth, the line broken, and the same fish caught by the same angler a few minutes later with a similar lure, and brought to bank with the two severed hooks in its mouth. Such an example shows that some salmon feed greedily at times. It also seems to dispose another theory advanced by many men—namely, that salmon feed solely in fresh waters, that it is only in idle fresh when they rise to a lingering moving lure. Whether there are different breeds of salmon in our British rivers, we do not know, but certainly there are decided variations, some being markedly short and deep compared with others, and some reddening and becoming more spotted in fresh water, but whether some kinds of fish are more 'taking' than others, we know nothing.

Salmon flies are much more carefully and artistically 'dressed' now than they were in

former times. The gayest and the gayest of birds are limited down to supply feathers for this purpose—gold and silver pheasants, the bustards and jungle cocks of India, the ostrich of Africa, the wood ducks of North America, the great owls and hawks of equatorial and temperate regions, peacock, game fowls, chanticleers and dickies of the poultry yard, and above all turkeys, brown, gray, and white, often carefully bred to colour for this particular purpose—all are made subservient to the salmon angler's thirst for fine feathers. The cost of materials seems of small account, two or three guineas being frequently given for a fine skin of the golden pheasant.

Hooks, though fine made and of better steel, are not very different in shape from those in use some two thousand years ago, as may be seen in those got from Pompeii, now in the museum at Naples. But in variety of fine feathers, in silks and wools of warm hues dyed in gold and silver tissues, and in the great manipulating skill now devoted to the production of salmon flies, there must have been changes. Many of these lures are jewel-like enough to be worn as bonnet and dress ornaments by ladies of fashion, and looking into a well-tied angling book, one cannot but conclude that any salmon knowing a good thing, could not fail to jump at some of the dazzling baits got up for the detection of its fault. Certainly many anglers, doting over their favourites, feel that if they were salmon, they would 'gape and fly' would be irresistible. We have heard an old enthusiast cast, while hunting into a favourite pool that he had on 'the hook this morning, that a fish cannot but be low.' And yet the fashions of the fish seems to keep pace with the advances of the anglers art and knowledge. Salmon get more hooks and lures, and probably get to know them better, and so all the improved rods, reels, lines, and lures do not insure even the rising of a salmon in the day and the river never so promising and the angler charming never so wise.

To an outsider, it must often be a huge joke to see a party of salmon anglers mounted up and with such a wealth of fishing paraphernalia—silver mounted rods and reels, creels of vast dimensions, waterproof coats, wading boots and 'breeks,' fish hook bags and landing nets equally capacious, and great tackle apparatus mounted gaffs of glittering steel and huge, formidable looking, enough to grapple a steed—marching down the glen with their gillies in the morning, and marching back again at night without having turned a sod on a salmon's bed, though the fish were tumbling about the pools like porpoises, and so plentiful, that had Donald only thrown in the big gaff, he could hardly have failed to hook a thumper in hauling it back again.

Many anglers are prone to speak with confidence as to what conditions of water and weather are favourable for salmon rising, and what sorts of flies are most suitable for those varying conditions, but experienced anglers are least likely to speak with assurance on such points. It is amusing enough to hear with what perceptions fish are credited as to coming changes of weather, and the like, and one is apt to wonder how they in the river know so much more of the outer atmosphere and what fools these mortals be, who live in it and can tell so little. There are points on which there is some agreement, but if laid down as rules, it must be stated that these have so many exceptions, that it is about as difficult for the average man to draw reliable conclusions from them as from 'the weather glass.' Salmon rise best to the fly when there is a little colour in the water, when skies are clouded, when the air is clear rather than muggy, when weather is cold rather than warm, in a falling rather than a rising river, where waters flow sharply, and in comparatively shallow pools or parts thereof, rather than in deep water. When to this it is added that the more coloured or the rougher the water and the larger the river, the larger and brighter the fly that should be used, most of what is really known is summed up, leaving a wide field for further investigation, a field that has been long and all but fruitlessly cultivated.

At times, for days together, not a salmon can be induced to rise, another day comes in which salmon are 'get 'till them, the line,' and not an angler can assign any reliable reason for this change, though many of them may probably do so. Anglers may fish a salmon pool for hours without getting a rise, yet at some other hour, several salmon may be caught, but whether the cause lies in the state of the atmosphere, the light, or the moving of fish in the pool, all the combined wisdom of anglers is nought but fools based theorement. Again, a salmon may be got by a less skilled angler 'fishing' more hurriedly behind a redoubtable fisherman, but whether it was the particular hook that caught the eye of the fish, its particular movement at the moment, the accidental proximity of the fish, or all these temptations combined, what man can tell? It seems certain that salmon often follow a hook or watch it from their lie without rising to it, and undoubtedly at times their decision 'to fight or flee' is determined by the motion of the line at the critical moment. Anglers often observe that their hook is suddenly seized when the motion of the rod was stopped, or when, after hanging still for a few seconds, it was moved. The fly is frequently taken when it sinks deeply from a slack line, sometimes when in the act of sinking, and sometimes when it is being raised slowly, as by the winding of the reel, and at other times when the angler, stumbling over rough stones, accidentally jerks about his hook. A salmon frequently rushes to the surface after a fly that is being quickly drawn up for a fresh cast, and others take a fly when being dragged slowly up stream by the angler walking along the bank. Some salmon take the fly with a giant rush. We have seen a large fish dash half way across a pool, with its dorsal cutting the water for several yards ere it seized the swift retreating fly. Others take it slowly, as by suction.

Anglers are unlimited in the discussion of the merits of their various flies—Parsons, Silver Doctors, Sweeps, Dunbar Rangers, Jock Scotts, &c. Yet salmon are frequently caught by what most anglers would call very unlikely flies, after declining to grapple the gayest and best. So great is the uncertainty, that many anglers maintain it is of little consequence what the fly is, if it is only well presented to a salmon

when in a rising mood. Salmon have been caught in all kinds of weather—in calm and in thunderstorm, in rain and in brilliant sunshine, under white and under black clouds, with winds blowing from all points of the compass—though south and west seem best, even at times in sharp frosty mornings. They have been often caught with small hooks in turbid waters, and vice versa. We have seen a twenty pounder rise to a number two trout fly so small that one might suppose such a mite could never be tested in such a mouth, and yet the salmon rose to it like a porpoise, though in a very small crystal clear river and under a dazzling noonday sun. As to the play of the rod in salmon angling, fish are taken under all fashions—fast and slow, short or long hitting, while some successful fishermen trust more to the current making the play, and move their rods very slightly. We have seen an angler kill two large salmon and lose a third in quick succession by striking in an opposite and holding his rod quite still. One piece of valuable good advice we can give to those who have not already found it. Though an angler in a general way can form an idea as to what are the likely parts of a river, it is only by repeated observations that some of the best lies are found out, and as these are favourite 'lies' occupied all the year round, and year after year, by the finest river trout, sea trout, and salmon, it is best to observe where the anglers who have long frequented a river, fish most persistently, as there the fish will certainly be found.

Salmon anglers—unlike trout anglers—should make few casts, should cast the line lightly, playing the fly quietly and persistently over the best parts of the pools only, and not wasting time over unknown water. Nothing so certainly diminishes his chances of a 'rise,' as to blindly wading where he may be seen by the fish, casting his line heavily, and hitting it often and hurriedly.

BUTTERINE.

PROFESSOR SHELDON, at the great show of the British Dairy Farmers' Association, tried to comfort some of those present by telling them that there was a great future for dairy farming in this country. Whilst cattle growing was dull in England, the consumption of fresh milk was increasing—it had trebled in London within the last twenty years. Both cheese and butter ought to be consumed in much greater quantities, for there was no article of food so cheap as cheese. He had no objection to butterine, only, let it be sold as such.

At the annual meeting of the same society, presided over by Lord Vernon, Canon Bagot introduced the subject of butterine, the extended use and manufacture of which is thereby pressing heavily on the dairy farmer. He said he did not wish to stop the sale of butterine, but he wanted the law so altered, that persons should be imprisoned, instead of being fined, for selling butterine as butter. He gave a bit of personal experience. He said he had disguised some of the Dublin dairymaids and sent them to purchase butter in eight shops. In every case, a receipt was given to the effect that the butter was pure, but on being analysed, it was found that there was not a particle of butter in any of the samples. On all these occasions had been fined five times for selling butterine as butter! A motion which he moved was carried—'That the Council be requested to take into consideration the best means of prohibiting the sale of butterine as butter, and that they immediately take such steps as were desirable.'

Lord Vernon added his testimony as to the enormous quantities of butterine for butter and selling it at one and sixpence a pound. He had seen enormous quantities of butterine in Paris, but there it was sold as such. About a month previously, he had been asked by a man to turn his dairy farm into a butterine factory, by which he hoped to make ten thousand pounds a year.

Under the title of 'Sham Butter,' in *Chambers's Journal* for May 15, 1880, the discovery and manufacture of butterine were briefly alluded. An ingenious Frenchman, M. Mège, patented a process by which beef suet can be converted into butterine, and since then the manufacture has spread till we have factories at work in France, England, Holland, Germany, and America. In a Report laid before the House of Commons, it was declared that the substance so produced was harmless, and that good butterine was more whole some than bad butter. In considering the subject, it must be remembered that there is good and bad butterine, as well as good and bad butter.

Oleo margarine is the raw material from which butterine is made. It is produced in this way. From the freshly slaughtered carcasses of cattle in the slaughter-houses of large towns, the superfluous portions of suet are taken to the butterine factories. The finest, cleanest, and sweetest portions only are selected for making oleo margarine. This prepared oil is largely exported from time to time to Holland, where it comes over to us as butterine.

A scientific periodical describes the process of manufacture as follows. At the factory, the beef suet is thrown into tanks containing tepid water, and after standing a short time it is washed repeatedly in cold water, and disintegrated and separated from fibre by passing it through a 'meat-hasher,' washed by steam, after which it is forced through a fine sieve. It is then melted by surrounding the tanks with water at a temperature of about one hundred and twenty degrees Fahrenheit. Greater care is taken not to exceed this point, otherwise, the fat would begin to decompose and acquire a flavour of tallow. After being well stirred, the adipose membrane subsides to the bottom of the tank, and is separated under the name of 'scrap,' whilst a clear yellow oil is left above, together with a film of white oily substance. This film is removed by skimming, and the yellow oil is drawn off and allowed to solidify. The 'refined fat,' as the substance is now termed, is then taken to the press-room—which is kept at a temperature of about ninety degrees Fahrenheit—packed in cotton cloths, and placed in galvanised iron plates in a press. On being subjected to pressure, oil flows away. The cakes of stearine which remain are sent to the candle makers. The oil—which is now known as oleo margarine—is filled into barrels for sale or export, or directly

made into butterine by adding to it ten per cent of milk and churning the mixture. It is now coloured with annatto and salted with sea, to set it, salt is added, the process is finished, and it is ready for packing.

Holland has taken the lead in the manufacture of butterine; there are now forty-five factories in the country, most of which are in North Holland where the farms are small, and many times one or two cows. As the farmers there can only make a small quantity of butter, which is apt to spoil before it can be collected for market, they readily make contracts with the butterine makers. The factories at Oss in Holland, alone, send an average of one hundred and fifty tons per week of oleo margarine butter to England. There are also several firms in this country engaged in its manufacture; one firm in London can turn out from ten to twenty tons per week.

Professor Mayer in 1883 made some experiments as to the digestibility and wholesomeness of butterine as compared with dairy butter. The experiments were made on two healthy male subjects, and the conclusion arrived at was, that there is not much difference between the digestibility of butterine and that of dairy butter. As to eggs or germs existing in butterine, whereby disease may be spread, there is as yet happily, no instance on record. As far as nutritive qualities go, it stands on very nearly the same level as butter.

We learn that an Act was passed, April 24, 1884, by the Senate of New York prohibiting the fabrication of any article out of margarine substances, intended to replace butter and cheese. A fine of one hundred dollars is attached to the breaking of the Act. In the preliminary inquiry made by a Committee, it is stated that twenty out of the thirty samples bought as dairy butter were proved to be butterine. The quantity of butterine manufactured and sent into the State of New York was estimated at twenty million pounds annually. The ordinary butter, except the very best grades, was spoken of as rapidly disappearing from the market. One witness testified that something between one hundred and fifty and two hundred thousand packages of butterine of fifty-five pounds each, were shipped at New York in 1882, and between two hundred and two hundred and fifty thousand packages in 1883. Another witness said that the gross receipts of the genuine butter trade in New York are fifty per cent less than what they would be but for the sale of butterine as butter.

The passing of this Act is virtually a granting of protection for the American dairy industry, and gives effect to the voice of so far interested parties. Butterine has fared much better at the hands of scientific men. Sir Lyon Playfair, Sir Frederick J. Bramwell, Sir F. Abel, Dr James Bell, and other, none of whom are in any way interested in its manufacture, have given a favourable verdict regarding butterine, looking upon it as a boon to the working population. Dr James Bell, in a paper read at the International Health Exhibition, said that butterine and oleo margarine are, in the opinion of high authorities, legitimate articles of commerce, when honestly sold, and if made in a cleanly manner from sound fats, as they afford the poor a cheap and useful substitute for butter, especially during the winter months, when good butter is both scarce and dear.

Professor Odling, who presided at a meeting of the London Society of Arts, when a paper was read by Mr Anton Jurgens, in December 1883, on this subject, is of the same opinion. Mr Jurgens said that the total exports from Holland alone, in 1883, amounted to about forty thousand tons, valued at about three million pounds sterling. The greatest care was taken in its manufacture to promote its cleanliness and excellence. No tainted fat could possibly be used, the smallest portion of bad fat would contaminate the whole mass. The *Lancet* has said that butterine is better and cheaper than much of the common butter sold. Mr Jurgens is of the same opinion, and he also said that, owing to its composition, butterine does not become rancid, but retains its sweetness longer than butter. This was owing to the absence of butyrin, which gives the aroma to fresh butter, but causes it soon to become rank.

Dr Mont says that the Dutch manufacturers strongly desire to have this product imported under its own name, and he questions whether a single pound of it is introduced under a false one. Dutch butterine, when made from the best materials, cannot easily be distinguished from dairy butter, but when made from bad materials, it is easily discerned, and no consumer could be imposed upon by it. He says further, that the English market is the most particular one with which they have to deal. Denmark is the only European state where particular regulations are in force which regulate the manufacture, sale, and import of butterine. In France, a bill for this purpose has been drafted, in the other European states the import of margarine and butterine seems to consider be a public boon.

Tim, who is best of all things, will do to tell butterine. Professor Odling, well, is a physician, says that a cheap and inexpensive fat is a great want with many young children, and that butterine supplies this want. We find that butterine can be sold at a profit, for the different qualities, it from eightpence to one and fourpence per pound. When, as we have already seen, it is made from good materials, it is wholesome and nourishing, and considering the demands of our vast population in this respect—our imports of butter and butterine last year amounting in value to twelve and a half millions sterling—who shall say that butterine may not have a useful future before it? Let it, however, be *called* butterine, and honestly sold as such.

THAT FATAL DIAMOND

A THIEF'S CONFESSION

I am the most unhappy man that ever occupied a prison cell. I say this advisedly, knowing that hundreds are at this moment bewailing their fate, which in many cases may seem harder than mine; but it is not, if they still retain the self-respect which I have lost. That is what tortures me, my prestige is gone, I am degraded in my own eyes, I despise myself as heartily as the most virtuous man in the world could. That I, to whom half the thieves in London have looked for guidance, should myself have laid a plot for

myself and walked into it! It is too humiliating! To fall a victim to a too powerful combination of adverse circumstances is no disgrace, to be outwitted by the superior finesse of the police is hard, but endurable, but to fall into a snare which should not have misled a boy who had never stolen so much as a handkerchief in his life—this, this is shame!

It was that diamond ring that did it. I really think some special ill luck must have attached to the trinket, for it brought no good to its previous possessor. It was hardly in the regular way of business that it came into my hands—just as it has escaped from them in a most unbusinesslike fashion. That young man must have been in great straits before he united himself to me in the business of stealing his uncle's cash box, in order to obtain funds to pay his gambling debt. It was a very easy matter for me. He was to mix a few drops of an opiate I gave him with his relative's brandy and water one evening, and leave the hall door open; I had only to walk in and take up the body he had collected and placed ready for me. It was a very fair collection of plate that awaited me as well as the coveted cash box, but I am fond of jewellery, and the house was so beautifully silent, that I could not resist creeping up to the master's bedroom to see if there was not in it a trifle worth picking up. There was—the diamond ring, and a rather good set of studs. I took them, and slipped out of the room so quietly that I should not have disturbed their owner, even if my young friend had not, by way of making sure, doubled the prescribed dose of the opiate, and thereby plunged his uncle into, not sleep, but death. Is a young fellow, the knowledge that he had killed a relation who had always treated him with kindness, if also with severity, was too much for his mind, which doubtless was never strong. Those debts of honour were never paid, he never came to claim his share of that ill-gotten spoil, and I have heard that the distant cousin who, failing him, inherited the old man's property, grumbles greatly at having to pay for his being kept in a lunatic asylum.

This is counting on my part. I have condemned myself, as the fitting punishment of my folly, to sit down in black and white the way in which I entrapped myself, and I am postponing the task to introduce even an irrelevant incident.

The ring had not been long in my possession when I paid the unlucky visit to Paris which began my misfortunes. The London police were very active just then, and business was in consequence dull and risky, so, being in funds, I thought I might take a holiday and enjoy a fortnight in the city of pleasure. I was pretty well known at home, but I had not, so far as I knew, a single enemy in France, and I did not intend to make any. For a fortnight I would be a mere innocent pleasure seeker, taking the day's amusements as they came, and making no effort after either my own gain or others' loss. Such was my intention, but alas! what intention, especially if it be a good one, can withstand the force of the habits of a lifetime? Mine gave way, and speedily.

One evening, a pleasant April evening, I formed one of the crowd that surrounded the platform at an open air concert. By my side was standing a stout and elderly man, who, from a score of tiny indications, I guessed to be a British holiday maker. 'There's from fifteen to twenty pounds in his coat pocket, I'll be bound,' thought I. 'He is far too cautious to leave his money at his hotel, where Frenchmen, whom he regards as all thieves, may lay hands on it, so he carries it about with him, thinking that on his person it cannot fail to be safe.' The idea of undeceiving him in this particular was too tempting, I found myself smiling in anticipation at the bewildered and horror struck expression in his face would wear when he discovered his loss. It was the humour of the thing that took hold of me. That fatal gift of humour, which has ruined so many honest men! It was to my distinction. Deep in my soul, beneath the outer garb of the man of the world, I was worse than all the instincts of the professional pickpocket. Almost unconsciously I insert my left hand (as all ambidexters in our profession) in his pocket, and gently draw out a pocket book—the very fact of pocket book I knew he would carry. I slipped away from my victim as soon as the little operation was over, and disentangling myself from the interested spectators who were listening to a gaily dressed dame of shrieking with the remains of a once powerful voice, I soon found myself walking along the brightly lighted boulevard. I had not gone far before I noticed that the diamond ring which I constantly wore on the third finger of my left hand, was missing. It was a little too large for me, but I had not thought it advisable to have the size altered just yet, and the result was that it had slipped from my finger. I knew that I wore it when I lifted my hat, but I could not recollect noticing its presence at any subsequent time, so I went to every place I had visited since I came out, the cafe where I had dined, the shop where I had bought some cigars, the streets I had traversed, looking everywhere for some trace of my lost jewel, and inquiring of every one to whom I had previously spoken if they had seen anything of it. I felt a dreary conviction that my treasured ornament was gone for ever, when, as a last resource, I went to a *bureau de police*, and gave a description of the lost ring to the officer there. The officer was polite, but gave me small hope of ever seeing my diamond again. I gave it up as gone for ever.

I was sitting in my hotel dull and depressed, angry at my own carelessness, and inclined to give up any further holiday, and forget my innocence by a speedy return to my professional duties in London, when my friend of the police-office entered.

'I am happy,' he said, bowing politely and smiling with, as I thought, anticipation of a handsome reward—'I am happy to inform monsieur that we hope soon to place his ring in his hands. One answering to the description you gave was brought to our office by the finder, a countryman of your own. The ring being rather an uncommon one, I felt assured that it could be no other than the one you had lost. You described it, I think, as consisting of five diamonds set in the shape of violet, with a smaller brilliant in the centre—a very curious and valuable jewel.'

'Yes, that's it,' I replied curtly, wondering

why he could not give me back my property without so many words.

'Then I may safely assume that this is the ring in question?' He brought out my ring from his pocket and showed it to me.

'It is,' I said, stretching out my hand, but he did not restore the jewel, only stood there, holding it and smiling more than ever. I supposed that he wanted to see some sign of the reward he expected to receive before putting with the trinket. I took out my purse, and opening it, made some remark about showing my appreciation of his honesty, but he shook his head, smiling, if possible, more broadly than before.

'Do you not wish to know, in reason, how your ring was found?' he asked, with a leer which I thought was disagreeable.

'Well, how was it found?' I said tartly.

My policeman drew himself up to deliver his great effect. 'Madam, your ring was found in another man's pocket!' I stared at him in bewilderment, mingled with an indefinite fear, while he continued his narrative in a hoarse confidential tone than he had hitherto assumed. 'Ah! *mon ami*, one may be too clever—one's dexterity may lead one astray if it be not balanced by discretion. You had not long left the office, when another Englishman came in complaining that he had lost a pocket-book containing all his money. He had put his hand in his pocket to bring it out, meaning to pay for something, but found it gone, and in its place a diamond ring—your ring, I mean. For my own part, I do not doubt your honesty—even your generosity. You believed, doubtless, that exchange is not robbery and that, in leaving your ring in exchange for his *porte monnaie*, you would at once obtain a memento of a companionable do him a practical benefit. That is the interpretation I should wish to put on the affair, but the owner of the pocket-book will not see it in that light—he lacks imagination, as so many English do. Of course, your coming to ask us to try to recover your lost ring tends to give colour to his version of the matter, which is, that while you were robbing him of his money, the ring slipped from your hand, and remained in his pocket, and with a lack of sympathy for a countryman, which I grieve to see, he demands that you should be searched, a duty which I am reluctantly compelled to fulfil.'

I was absolutely dumb with surprise and anger. Had I had my wits about me, I might—though circumstances were against me—have brought some counter charge of theft against my accuser, but I was so stupefied by the strange turn events had taken, that I submitted meekly to be searched, to have the fatal pocket-book taken from me, and to be led away to prison. Somehow, too, I was unable to state my possession of the ring that was the cause of my undoing, and I have not seen it since my arrest.

So here I sit in my cell, depressed and weary, a victim to the bitterest self-reproach. I could almost wish to be condemned to lifelong imprisonment, for what is freedom worth to me? After such a piece of unmeaning folly as I have been guilty of, I shall never dare to lift up my head among my professional brethren, and I fear that nothing will be left for me but to take to dishonesty when my term expires.

FISH CULTURE.

Elaborate arrangements have been made at the establishments of the National Fish culture Association for hatching the ova of all kinds of fish this year. For some time past, agents have been employed in spawning fish and collecting the eggs from various rivers and streams, and a considerable number have already been deposited in the Hatchery at South Kensington for incubation. The American government have intimated their intention to forward very large consignments of ova from the various species of salmonidæ abounding in the waters of the United States, including the white fish (*Coregonus albus*), which, owing to the success attending their propagation in this country during 1882, will be hatched out in large numbers. As soon as the fry are in a fit condition, they will be located in the waters at the Deliford Park Establishment, belonging to the Association, whence they will be distributed in Scotch and other lakes. It is intended by the Association to increase the range of their operations, and bestow further attention upon the culture of 'coarse' fish, which will necessitate an extension of the Hatchery at Deliford. In 1882 numerous presentations of salmonidæ were made to public waters in the United Kingdom, but only those fish were selected that are desirable for the purposes of replenishing depleted *lochs*. The various fish, both American and English, reared at the beginning of last year by the Association are thriving well, and it can be fairly said that great success has crowned all the endeavours put forward to increase the numerical proportions of our fish and improve their multifarious species.

TWO SONNETS.

O Fairest soul! Not sell in the grave
Remember thee in some mean degree,
Since in your whose you die, too lightly prized,
And hath the case in vain unlocked for
Let fate your wisdom, for the lost one's sake
No longer to continue a prize.
On Death's death in wearinessin lye
His hard forgetting, all that fe earth
And this one on whose lips the albatross
Of inspiration turned, within whose soul
The fire of the eternal lived, and wrought
Your brave dreams to lure of golden thought,
Oh how you seem I hate! Now, in silent wise,
The weakest man in his life you prize.

And thou, strong soul in a weak body pent,
Spirit of heaven! It was not thine to know
In thy brief span the joy, the generous glow
Of common praise and common wonderment
But wait, until the silence breath,
The voice of fame should fix thy name among
Immortals, come the murmur soft as song,
As sad as thine—the summoning of death
O sorrow that the dead would not hear
Such music, the enchantment of all time,
Until the singer, leaving the sublime,
The orphic song half sung, had fled its sphere!
Too late, too late, our tardy honours now,
Wreathing your laurel on thy calm dead brow.

GEORGE L. MOORE.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

All Rights Reserved.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL
OF
POPULAR
LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART
Fifth Series
ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS 1832
CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)

No. 112.—Vol. III. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1886. Price 1½d.

THE INFLUENCE OF HABIT IN PLANT-LIFE

The old maxim regarding the power of habit is usually and rightly regarded as exhibiting a thorough application to the regulation of animal life. Not merely in human affairs is habit allowed to be a second nature, but in lower life as well, the influence of use and wont is plainly perceptible. A dog, or cat equally with a human being, is under the sway of the accustomed. That which may be at first unusual, soon becomes the normal way of life. Even, as the physiologist can prove, in a very large part of ordinary human existence, we are the creatures of habit quite as much as we are the children of impulse. It is easily provable, for example, that such common acts as are involved in reading, writing, and speaking, are merely perpetuated habits. At first, these acquirements present difficulties to the youthful mind. A slow educative process is demanded, and then, by repetition and training, the lower centres of the brain acquire the power of doing the work of higher parts and centres. We fall into the habit, in other words, of writing and speaking, just as our muscles fall into the way of guiding our movements. No doubt, a large part of the difficulty is smoothed away for us by the fact that we inherit the aptitude for the performance of these common actions. But they fall, nevertheless, into the category of repeated and inherited habits, and equally with the newer or fresh ideas and tasks we set ourselves, the actions of common life may be regarded as merely illustrating the curious and useful effect of repeated and fixed habit on our organisation.

Recent researches in the field of plant life, however, it is interesting to note, show that habit does not reign paramount in the animal world alone. The plant world, it has been well [illegible]ked, too often presents to the ordinary [illegible]ver the aspect of a sphere of dull prose [illegible] life, wherein activity is unrepresented, and wherein the familiar actions of animal existence are unknown. Nothing, is further from the truth than such an idea. The merest tyro in botany is nowadays led to study actions in plants which are often indistinguishable from those of animal life. Instead of the plant world being a huge brain, domain which never evinces a sign of sensation or activity, the botanist can point to numerous cases in which not only are the signs of sensibility is fully developed in the plant as in the animal, but in which also many other phases of animal life are exactly imitated. We thus know of plants which droop their leaves on the slightest touch, and exhibit as delicate a sensitiveness as many high animals, and a much finer degree of sensibility than most low animals. Then, again, when, with the microscope, we inspect that inner plant life, which is altogether hidden from the outer world, we see that the tissues of plants exist in a state of high activity. Currents of protoplasm are seen to run hither and thither through the plant cells, and active movements to pervade the whole organisation of the living organism. Vital activity is the rule, and inertness the exception, in plant life, and the discovery of this fact simply serves to impress anew upon us the danger and error of that form of argument which would assume the non existence of higher traits of life in plants, simply because they are invisible to the unassisted sight.

The effects of habit on plant life are nowhere better seen than in the curious differences which exist between the food and feeding of certain plants and the practices of their more familiar plant neighbours. The food of an ordinary green plant, as is well known, consists of inorganic matters. Water, minerals in solution, ammonia, and carbonic acid gas, constitute the materials from which an ordinary plant derives its sustenance. It is curious to reflect that all the beauty of flower and foliage merely represents so much carbonic acid gas, water, and minerals, fashioned by the wondrous vital powers of the plant into living tissues. Yet such is undoubtedly the case

Between the food of animals and green plants, we perceive this great difference—namely, that whilst the animal demands water, oxygen gas, and mineral—all three being inorganic materials—it also requires ready made living matter to supply the wants of its frame. This ready made living matter the animal can only obtain from other animals or from plants, and as a matter of fact, animals demand and require such materials to feed upon. In one sense, the plant, then, exhibits higher powers than the animal, for it is more constructive. It can build up its frame from non living matter entirely, while the animal, less constructive, requires a proportion of already living matter in its food. What has just been said of the food of plants applies to those which possess green colouring matter in contact with the plant tissues. This green colour, so universally diffused throughout the plant kingdom, is called *chlorophyll* by botanists. It exists in the cells of plants in the form of granules, and is intimately united with the living matter or 'protoplasm' of the cells. The presence or absence of green colour in a plant makes all the difference in the world to its habit. The want of this chlorophyll, in fact, converts the habits of the plant into that of the animal.

If we select a plant which possesses no green colour, we may be prepared for some startling revelations respecting the mode of life of such a plant. Examples of a total want of chlorophyll are seen in the *fungi*, that large group of plants which harbours our mushrooms, toadstools, and like organisms as its familiar representatives. If we inquire how the non green fungus lives, we shall discover, firstly, that it is like an animal in respect, firstly, of the gas on which it feeds. The green plant, we saw, is fed on carbonic acid gas, but the fungus, like the animal, inhales oxygen. Furthermore, a still more remarkable fact must be detailed respecting the difference between the habit of the green plants and their non green neighbours. When an ordinary green plant takes in the carbonic acid gas which it has obtained from the atmosphere—whether it has come from the lungs of animals and elsewhere—it performs a remarkable chemical operation. The green colour enables it, in the presence of light, to decompose the carbonic acid gas (which consists of carbon and oxygen) into its elements. The carbon is retained by the plant, and goes to form the starch and other compounds manufactured by the organism. But the oxygen, which is not required, at least in any quantity, in the living operations of the green plant, is allowed to escape back to the atmosphere, where it becomes useful for animal respiration. Thus, what the animal exhales (carbonic acid), the green plant inhales, and what the green plant exhales (oxygen), the animal inhales. We have here a remarkable cycle of natural operations, which suggests how beautifully the equilibrium of nature is maintained. It may be added that the want of light converts even the green plant to somewhat animal habits. In the dark, the decomposition of carbonic acid is suspended, chlorophyll becomes non green relative, to return, however, to its normal habit with the returning light. At the same time, the plain difference of habit in respect of the want of green colour in the fungi and other plants, is in itself a remarkable fact of plant life.

Other differences in habit may also be noted between the plants which possess green colour and those that want it. We have already alluded to the fact that green plants feed on inorganic or lifeless matters, and that they build up these matters into their living tissues. On the other hand, the habits of the fungi and non green plants lead them to resemble animals in that they feed upon organic materials, that is, on matter which is derived from other plants or animal. As a matter of fact, most fungi are found growing in places where decaying organic matters exist. The gardener, in growing edible fungi, supplies them with such materials in the form of manure. Again, those fungi which cause skin diseases in man (for example, ringworm) feed on the tissues in which they are parasitic, and in so doing absorb organic matter. The plants which are not green, in this way appear to prefer organic matters, like animal. In habits, therefore, they present a striking contrast to their green neighbour.

The habit of *parasitism*, however, which has just been alluded to is a powerful means of inaugurating and maintaining change of life and habit in plants. A parasite being one which lives in or upon some other living organism. There are degrees of parasitism, however; some parasites are more 'bad,' so to speak, others both bad and bad, at the expense of their host, and the latter are of course the more typical parasites of the two. But there are even degrees and differences to be seen in the behaviour of plant lodgers and boarders. For example, mistletoe is a plant of peculiar habits, in respect that whilst its roots enter the substance of the tree host to which it is attached, and drink up so much of the sap that host is elaborating for its own use, it also can make food for itself. For the green leaves of mistletoe, like the leaves of other plants, take in carbonic acid gas, and decompose it, already described, retaining the carbon, and letting the oxygen free. On the other hand, a parasitic fungus will not elaborate any food products for itself, and hence it is, if anything, a more complete and typical 'boarder' even than mistletoe. The effect of habit in plant life are here seen in a double sense and aspect. Not only is it through the exercise of 'habit' that a plant becomes a parasite, but it is a variation in the parasitic and acquired habit for a parasitic plant to develop its own special ways of feeding. Habit within habit is thus seen to operate powerfully in bringing about the existent phases of the life of plants.

Plants without green colour are, however, not the only members of the vegetable world in which the habit of feeding like animals has been inaugurated. Some of the most remarkable chapters in botany have been recently written on the habits of so called carnivorous or insectivorous plants—that is, plants which subsist on insects in other forms of animal life, and which lay traps designed to capture their unwary prey. The Common Sundew (*Drosera*) of our bogs and marshes catches flies and other insects by means

of an ingenious arrangement of sensitive tentacles which beset its leaf, aided by the gummy secretion of the leaf itself. The Venus' Flytrap (*Dionæa*) captures insects by converting its leaf into a closing trap, the alarm to close being conveyed to the sensitive pulls of the plant by the insect touching one or more of the six sensitive hairs which are seen on the surface of the leaf. The Side-saddle plants (*Sarracenia*) of the New World and the Pitcher plants (*Nepenthes*) of the Old World likewise capture insects. Their leaves form receptacles, in which, as is well known, flies and other insects are literally drowned. Within the Sarracenian hollow leaf, a honey secretion is found, together with a limpid fluid found at the bottom of the pitcher. There seems little doubt that flies and other insects, attracted by the honey secretion, pass into the pitcher, and are then suffocated by the fluid found below. The much has been proved—namely, that the fluid has an intoxicating effect on insects, and that, once entrapped, the insect is ultimately perish in the pitcher. It is equally notable that their retreat is cut off by the presence of point-hairs, which, on the *facilis descensus* principle, and by pointing downwards, allow the insect easy admittance, but present an array of bayonet points on its attempt to escape. In the Nepenthes or Pitcher plants of the Old World, insects are similarly captured, and are prevented from escaping by various contrivances, such as a series of inverted hairs or hooks, or allied appliances.

At first sight, there seems a plain reason for classifying together all these insect-capturing plants, especially when it is discovered that they utilise the insects they capture for food. Botanists did not realise till recently that the capture of insects by plants was a strictly utilitarian and purposive act—namely, that its intent was to feed and nourish the plant. On awakening to this truth, much that was formerly mysterious in the life and ways of the plants became clear. They captured the insects and fed upon them, in these ways we found the clue to and explanation of a seeming anomaly in plant life. The plants might thus be supposed simply to differ from other green plants, and to resemble the fungi in their preference for animal diet, in part at least. For, with their roots in the soil, and possessing green leaves, they appear to subsist partly upon the matters on which ordinary green plants live, and partly upon organic matter, like mushrooms. But a further study of these curious plants shows that the whole facts of the case are hardly to be comprised within this somewhat narrow compass. Habit within habit again appears as the principle which has wrought out important differences between the various kinds of insect-eating plants. Taking the case of the Sundew first, we discover that this plant actually digests its insect food. From glands with which the leaf is provided, fluids are poured out which resemble the gastric juice of our own stomachs in their digestive properties. The matter of the insect body is thus absorbed into the substance and tissues of the plant, just as the substance of our own food passes, through digestion, to become part and parcel of our own tissues. Of the Venus' Flytrap, the same remarks hold good. This plant will digest fragments of raw beef as readily as its own insect prey. The closed leaf is converted into a kind of temporary stomach, within which the imprisoned insect is killed, digested, and its tissues absorbed, to nourish the plant. In the Pitcher plants, a similar result happens to the insect prey. Digestion and absorption of the nutrient parts of the prey are the duties performed by the modified leaves.

The foregoing facts would therefore seem to present a remarkable uniformity in the life of the plants just in mentioned. Similarity of habits would seem to reign supreme, under variations in the method of capturing the insect prey. Turning now to the case of the Side-saddle plants and their allies, we discover how remarkably the habits of these plants have come to differ. Investigation has shown that the flies, which are apparently drowned in the pitchers of Sarracenia in a manner exactly similar to that in which they fall victims to the attack of the Pitcher plants, in reality are subjected to a widely different action. The Pitcher plant digests its flies, as we have seen, but in the Side-saddle plants no digestion takes place. What happens in the latter appears to consist of a simple process of decay. The insect is not allowed to putrefy and decompose amid the watery fluid which drowns them, and in due time, the pitcher becomes filled with a fluid which has been compared to 'liquid manure.' It is this decomposing solution, then, which is duly absorbed by the Sarracenia. Rejecting this idea, there can be no other explanation given of the use of the club-like fly-catching 'pitchers.' And, moreover, analogy would force us to conclude that the explanation just given is correct. If fungi feed on decomposing organic matter, why should not Sarracenia exhibit like habits? No reasonable reply can be given save that which sees in the Sarracenia a curious deflection of habit from the apparently similar Pitcher plant. The latter, in other words, eat their insect fresh; the Sarracenia, like humanity with its game, eat their insects in a 'high' state.

The ordinary feeding of plants may, lastly, be cited, by way of illustration, how more closely interwoven must be the conditions which permit to produce differences in habits, sometimes amounting, almost to special likings, on the part of vegetable units for one kind of food, and equally

would injurious exhaustion of his soil. For instance, buckwheat will not flourish unless potassium is supplied to it. The chloride of potassium, and next to it the nitrate, are the minerals preferred by this plant. Still more extraordinary is the preference exhibited by one of the violet tribe (*Viola calaminaria*), which will only grow in soils that contain zinc. Here, the effects of habit are seen in a singularly clear fashion, for there seems every reason to assume that the partiality for a by no means common element in soils, has been acquired, and not an original trait of the plants which exhibit it. The habitual thus becomes aware of the existence of a 'taste,' or 'selective power' as it is termed, in the plant world, influencing their food, and, as a matter of logic, affecting also their structure, functions, and entire existence. It has been found that

the pea and bean tribe (*leguminosæ*) specially demand, amongst their requirements, potatoes exhibit a special partiality for potash, and turnips show this trait. Plants in which the seed assumes a high importance, as in most of our cereals, on the other hand, demand phosphoric acid, and certain plants, such as wheat, will within a large quantities of silica or flint from the soil. Iodine is found characteristically in seaweeds, and the element in question is obtained from the *kelp* produced by burning marine plants.

No better commentary on the life and habit of plants in respect of their food tastes can be given than in the words of an eminent physiologist, who, speaking of the food of the corn plant, says: 'Without siliceous (or flinty) earth, that plant cannot acquire sufficient strength to sustain itself erect, but forms a creeping stem, feeble and pale, without siliceous earth (or lime), it does even before the appearance of the second leaf; without soda and without potash, it never attains a greater height than between four and five inches; without phosphorus, though growing straight and regularly formed, it remains feeble and does not bear fruit; when none is present in the soil, it grows that deep green tint so familiar to us and grows rapidly robust; without magnesia, it develops in a stunted manner and produces few flowers. After the revelations of chemistry concerning the habits and tastes of plants and the bearing of proper food on their growth, it is not to be wondered at that scientific agriculture should be regarded as the only solution of many of the present day difficulties of the farmer.

IN ALL SHADES

For a second, nobody answered a word, this quiet declaration of an honest self-value took them all, even Nora, as totally by surprise. Then Edward murmured musingly: 'And it was for this that you gave up the prospect of living at Cambridge, and composing symphonies in Trinity gardens?'

The mulatto smiled a deprecating smile. 'Oh!' he cried timidly, 'you mustn't say that. I didn't want to make out I was going to do anything so very grand or so very heroic. Of course, a man may satisfy himself he's doing something to justify his existence in the world, and much as I love music, I hardly feel as though playing the violin were in itself a sufficient end for a man to live for. Though I must confess I should very much like to stop in England and be a composer. I've composed one or two little pieces already for the violin, that have been played with some success at public concerts. Sarasate played a small thing of mine last winter at a festival in Vienna. But then, besides, my father and friends live in Trinidad, and I feel that that's the place where my work in life is really cut out for me.'

'And your second great passion?' Marian inquired. 'You said you had a second great passion. What is it, I wonder?—Oh, of course, I see—your profession.'

'How could she be so stupid!' Nora thought to herself. 'What a silly girl! I'm afraid of my life now the wretched man'll try to say something pretty.'

'O no, not my profession,' Dr Whitaker answered, smiling. 'It's a noble profession, of course—the noblest and grandest, almost, of all the professions—remedying and alleviating human suffering, but one looks upon it, for all that, rather in a duty than as a passion. Besides, there's one thing greater even than the alleviation of human suffering, greater than art with all its allurements, greater than anything else that a man can interest himself in, though I know most people don't think so—and that's science—the knowledge of our relations with the universe, and still more of the universe's relations with its various part.—Ah, Mrs Hawthorn, my second absorbing passion, next to music, and higher than music, is one that I'm sure ladies won't sympathise with—it's only botany.'

'Geranium!' Nora cried, surprised into speech. 'I thought botany was nothing but the most dreadfully hard work, all about nothing on earth that anybody cared for!'

The mulatto looked at her open-eyed with a sort of mild astonishment. 'What!' he said. 'All the glorious lilies and cactuses and palms and orchids of our beautiful Trinidad nothing but hard work that nobody cares for! All the slender lianas that twist and droop from the huge buttresses of the wild cotton trees, all the gigantic trumpet creepers that hang the grandest branches of the mountain star-apple with their scarlet bells, all the large creepers that twine all round their silvery stems and fan-shaped leaves, towering into the sun like gigantic candelabra, all the graceful tree ferns and feathery bamboos and glossy-leaved magnolias and magnificent bananas and luxuriant ginger-worts and clustering palms, all the breadth and depth of tropical foliage, with the rugged and knotted creepers, felt round in veritable cables of vivid green, from branch to branch among the dim mysterious forest shades—stretched in tight cordage like the rigging yonder from mast to mast, for miles and miles—oh, Miss Dupuy, is that nothing? Do you call that nothing, for a man to fix his loving regard upon? Our own Trinidad is wonderfully rich still in such natural glories, and it is the hope of doing a little in my spare hours to explore and disclose them, like hidden treasures, that partly urges me to go back again where manifest destiny calls me to the land I was born in.'

The mulatto is always fluent, even when uneducated, but Dr Whitaker, learned in all the learning of the schools, and pouring forth his full heart enthusiastically on the subjects nearest and dearest to him, spoke with such a ready, easy eloquence, common enough, indeed, among south Europeans, and among Celtic Scots and Irish as well, but rare and almost unknown in our colder and more phlegmatic Anglo-Saxon constitutions—that Nora listened to him, quite taken aback by the flood of his native rhetoric, and whispered to herself in her own soul: 'Really, he talks very well after all—for a coloured person!'

'Yes, of course, all those things are very lovely, Dr Whitaker,' Marian put in, more for the

sake of drawing him out—for he was so interesting—then because she really wanted to discuss with him upon the subject. 'But then, that isn't botany. I always thought botany was a mere matter of stamens and petals, and all sorts of other dreadful technicalities.'

'Stamens and petals!' the mulatto echoed half contemptuously—'stamens and petals! You might as well say art was all a matter of pigments and perspective, or music all a matter of crotchets and quavers, as botany all a matter of stamens and petals. Those are only the beggarly elements, the beautiful pictures, the glorious orchestras, the lovely flowers, are the real things to which botany is the only key. It's the trees and the plants themselves that interest me, not the mere hard jargon of technical phrases.'

They sat there late into the night, discussing things musical and West Indian and other wise, without any desire to move away or cut short the conversation, until Dr Whitaker, his reserve now broken, talked on to them hour after hour, long after the lamp shone from the conversation, and dishearten them with his transparently frank and open hearted simplicity. He was frankly egotistical, for some all persons of African blood always are; but his egotism, when it was took the place, from an enthusiasm about his own pet hobby and pursuit—a love of music, a love of flowers, a love of his profession, and a love of humanity. In this fervent mixture he recurred frequently to music and music, and duly delighted the violin at an instrument of human emotion, and I dare hold in music expression of perfection. He would instinctively go into raptures to Nora over the wonderful beauty of their common home, and talk of it, to Marian in vivid language, the great music of these marvellous tropical forests which Marian, forlorn, she felt, may not yet with her own eyes behold.

'Picture to yourself,' he said, 'long, long out yonder beyond the ship on the Atlantic, a great Gothic cathedral or Egyptian temple—I do not know, which, but not in dead stone or marble, but in living trees—with huge, cylindrical columns stretching below by perpendicular buttresses, and supporting overhead, a hundred feet or more, an unbroken canopy of intertwining foliage. Dense—so dense that only in infinitely glimmer of the sky can be seen here and there through the great canopy, just as you see Orions belt over yonder through the fringe of clouds upon the grey horizon; and even the intense tropical midnight only reaches the ground at long intervals in little broken patches of subdued gloom. Then there the solemn silence, weird and gloomy that produces in one an almost painful sense of the vast, the primeval, the mystical, the infinite. Only the low hum of the insects in the forest shade, the endless multitudinous whisper of the wind among the foliage, the faint sound I gather by the tropical growth itself, breaks the immemorial stillness in our West Indian woodland. It's a world in which man seems to be a nonentity in truth, and where he stands overtaken before the intense loveliness of nature, in the immediate presence of her unceasing forces.'

He stopped a moment, not for breath, for it seemed as if he could pour out language without an effort, in the profound enthusiasm of youth, but to take his violin once more tenderly from its case and hold it out, hesitating, before him. 'Will you let me play you just one more little piece?' he asked apologetically. 'It's a piece of my own, into which I've tried to put some of the feeling about these tropical forests that I never could possibly express in words. I call it "Souvenirs des Isles." Will you let me play it to you?—I shan't be long, you know. Thank you—thank you.'

He stood up before them in the pale light of that summer evening, tall and erect, violin on breast and bow in hand, and began pouring forth from his responsive instrument a slow flood of low, plaintive, mysterious music. It was not difficult to see what had inspired his brain and hand in that strangely weird and expressive piece. The profound shade and gloom of the forest, the great roof of overarching foliage, the flutter of the endless leaves before the breeze, the confused murmur of the injured wings and voices of the insect tribe, even the very still and silent spirit of which he had spoken, all seemed to breathe forth lovely and solemnly on his quivering strings. It was a triumph of art over its own source. On the organ or the flute, on well tuned and beforehand, such effects as these might indeed be obtained, but such never, never on the violin. Yet in Dr Whitaker's hand that limping bow seemed capable of expression, even which he himself had called the sense of the vast, the primeval, and the infinite. It's last note died in hushed silence, and scarcely so much as a breath while the soft pure echoes still floated out softly across the silent room. And when he had finished, they sat for a few minutes in perfect silence, in admiration, the perfect and instinctive homage of most applause which is far more really eloquent than any mere formal and conventional expression. 'I thanks' for your charming playing.

As they sat in such musing, quietly over the vast as smooth as usual within them by the mulatto's forest echoes, one of the white gentlemen in the stern was an English officer on his way out to join a West Indian regiment, came up suddenly behind them, clapped his hand familiarly on Edward's back, and said in a loud and cheerful tone: 'Come, Hawthorn, we've had enough of this music now, thank you very much, Dr Thingummy—let's all go down to the dining, I say, and have a game of nap or a quiet rubber.'

Even Nora felt in her heart as though she had suddenly been recalled by that untimely voice from some higher world to this vulgar, commonplace little planet of ours, the young officer had broken in so rudely on her silent reverie. She drew her dainty white lambswool wrapper closer around her shoulders with a faint sigh, slipped her hand gently through Marian's arm, and moved away, slowly and thoughtfully, toward the companion ladder. As she reached the doorway, she turned round, as if half ashamed of her own graciousness, and said in a low and genuine voice: 'Thank you, Dr Whitaker—thank you very much indeed. We've so greatly enjoyed the treat you've given us.'

The mulatto bowed and said nothing, but took all of refuring to the saloon with the others, he put his violin case quietly under his arm, and walking alone to the stern of the vessel, leant upon the gunwale long and quietly, looking over with all his eyes deep and far into the silent, heaving, moonlit water. The sound of Norris's voice thanking him reverberated long through all the echoing chambers of his memory.

COLONIAL FARM PUPILS.

It would be a matter of considerable interest if statistics could be obtained showing the number of parents who at the present time find themselves under the necessity of answering that much debated question, 'What shall I do with my sons?' The comparatively narrow paths which lead to fame and prosperity are now so densely crowded by youths of good breeding and education, that but few parents are able to decide, without much anxious consideration, which is the best one for their sons to start his journey upon. Some parents choose the learned professions, others that a commercial career, while not a few look upon a colonial life for their sons. The writer is otherwise, of this last decision we do not here propose to discuss. We accept the plain fact that many well bred and carefully nurtured young men annually leave these shores as emigrants bound for the British colonies or the United States. The object of our remarks is to present to the fathers of those young emigrants what the writer—who has seen much, both of emigrants and emigration, on both sides of the Atlantic—regards as a point of study not all alike upon one point. In the great question of emigration as it affects the sons of English gentlemen and blue blooded boys in general.

The were, British parents are, as a rule, very ignorant of everything connected with life and labour in the colonies. He is perhaps a family man of full means, or has risen in his profession, but in attaining this success, he has probably been so engrossed with his own occupations, that he has found but little opportunity of turning his attention to matters concerning him less closely. It is not indeed to be expected that any one man should be intimately acquainted with many different subjects. In these days of competition, the division of labour is as necessary as the division of labour, and it is the duty of those who are particularly acquainted with emigration or any other subject to advise those who are not so well informed. This is what we now propose to do. We desire that our remarks upon the farm pupil system in the British colonies be understood to apply equally to the Western States of America, which, so far as this article is concerned, are to all intents and purposes British colonies.

To the youth who has been brought up in a comfortable English home, under the care of watchful parents, emigration to any of the colonies brings a very rude and abrupt change of life. Thenceforth, parental oversight will be no longer obtainable, and the young emigrant will have to seek his own living among strangers in a strange land, where evil influences are generally numerous, where the ordinary mode of life is often very rough, and where no one need hope for success unless he is willing and able actually to perform hard manual labour. Under these circumstances, it naturally appears desirable to most parents to do all that lies within their power to obtain for their sons some training to fit them for their future life. This desire has called into existence the system under which many moderately well to do young emigrants, on first leaving England, agree to pay a premium to some colonist who is already established on a farm of his own, in order that they may be taught colonial farming.

The system is not in any way essentially a bad one, but it is open to great abuses, and in too many cases leads to fraud. No detailed rules for the guidance of the parents of young emigrants in this matter can be laid down. The necessities vary according to the circumstances of each particular case. But, in a general way, it may be stated that, when the parents of a youth can afford to pay a premium for his instruction, and have ascertained that the settler with whom they are placing their son is in a position faithfully to exercise that amount of oversight which they desire for him, there can not be any very great abuse of the system. At the same time, it must be admitted that there is seldom any necessity why a premium should be paid. If the young emigrant be steady and of average pith and intelligence, there is certainly little or nothing to prevent him obtaining all the experience he requires without paying any premium. Nevertheless, a youth of weak character easily led astray, and of indolent habits, may of course be benefited by a certain amount of careful exercise.

Farming is practised in the colonies and in the Western States of America, as of the most elementary kind. A person of limited abilities may very easily acquire a knowledge of all its details. Moreover, in these thinly populated countries, labourers are in great demand. It may be safely asserted that, in those colonies and in those portions of the west of America to which emigration is now chiefly directed, any young man, willing and able to perform ordinary farm work, will find little difficulty in obtaining employment, at least during the summer months, in spite of the large number of men who are almost always in want of work in large cities. A perfect novice may find it necessary to work for a time for his board and lodging merely, but after a while, he will probably find himself in a position to demand at least sufficient wages, in addition to his board and keep, to maintain himself respectably. If the young emigrant follows the course thus suggested, he may not find his path quite so smooth as that of the young man who has paid his premium, but he will have a better chance of obtaining practical experience of farming. He will live in his master's house, board at his table, and be treated very much as a member of the family—indeed, the premiumed pupil could hardly be better off, but he will be compelled to learn in a way which he who pays a premium can hardly be, and he will actually be paid for gaining the experience he requires, instead of paying for it!

The eagerness on the part of colonial farmers to obtain farm pupils is capable of a very simple explanation. In most cases, these men know well enough that there is no real need for the system to be followed, but if they can succeed in obtaining a pupil, they are hardly to be blamed for so doing, as it is no slight advantage to themselves. In the colonies, the harvest usually is plentiful, while the labourers are few, and labour, consequently, is expensive. Obviously, therefore, a pupil who will pay to work and who will not be constantly wanting to leave, is a very great boon to any settler. It should be clearly recognised that, in most cases, if the pupil works in such a way as he must do if he is to obtain a useful practical knowledge of his occupation, his labour alone will amply remunerate the farmer, even if the latter has to find both board and lodging. Clearly, therefore, if a substantial premium be added, the advantage to the settler is considerable. The pupil system often affords a good deal of amusement to keen-sighted Americans who are in a position to see its weak points. Not unfrequently the writer has had said to him on the other side of the Atlantic, 'How uncommonly stupid you English people must be to be willing to pay to work!' This expression not unaptly sums up the whole case.

The class to which the system is open are many. In the first place, an exorbitant premium is asked. Considering that the pupil could in most cases obtain the necessary experience without paying any premium, and that he actually remunerates the settler by working for him, we consider that, under all ordinary circumstances, ten pounds paid to the settler is ample. In the next place, an agent of some kind is necessary to mediate between the parents of a youth and the colonial settler, and either this agent or the settler, or both, may be dishonest, and fail to fulfil their contracts, indeed, the difficulty which a parent would meet with in attempting to compel a defaulting settler to carry out his agreement, is a great incentive to fraud. Only a short time ago it was reported in the daily papers that a number of youths who had paid premiums to an agent in England to be placed with farmers in California, found, on their arrival there, that no arrangements whatever had been made for their reception—in short, that they had been swindled. Similar cases have been heard of before. At the same time, we do not wish to say that there are not honest agencies.

Those who have seen most of the haphazard way in which emigration, not only of the poorer, but also of the better classes, is carried on from this country, often express amazement at the injudicious acts which are constantly being committed by ill-advised young emigrants and their blind though well meaning parents. The needless paying of premiums by parents who can ill afford to spare the money is but one of these indiscretions. Passing over without comment the practice of shipping 'no'er do wells' off to the colonies in the vain hope that they will do better there than at home, we cannot help remarking that numbers of promising young men, who are utterly unfitted for the life of an emigrant, are constantly being sent out, and either they, or the country to which they are sent, subsequently get blamed for an almost inevitable failure. Nothing, too, could be more injudicious than the placing of capital in the hands of inexperienced young emigrants at the outset of their career. In a large number of cases it is wholly lost, indeed, it is a common saying in America that but few young Englishmen commence to make headway in their new home until they have either lost or spent all they originally brought out with them and have had to buckle to in sober earnest. As recommended in a late number (No. 95) of this *Journal*, those who are intended for a colonial career should go through a course of school training especially intended to fit them for it.

A GOLDEN ARGOSY

A NOVELETTE

CHAPTER XIII.

With the exception of her eyes and her teeth, Miss Wakefield was an ordinary, nay, almost a benevolent, woman. About sixty years of age, with a figure perfectly straight and supple, and wearing her own hair, which was purple black, she might have passed for forty, save for the innumerable lines and wrinkles on her face. Her eyes were full of a furtive evil light, and never failed to cast a baleful influence over the spectator, her teeth were large and white, but gapped here and there, in the front like a saw. Mr Slimm mentally compared her with some choice assortments of womankind he had encountered in the mines and kindred place, and they did not suffer in the comparison.

'Your business?' he said coldly.

'Madam, you will do me the favour to sit down,' he replied. 'What I have to say will take a considerable time.'

'Thank you,' she said, with the same frigid air, 'I prefer to stand.' Some subtle instinct told her that it would be no good, and she knew in dealing with an adversary what an advantage a standing position gives one.

By way of answer, Mr Slimm continued standing also.

'Madam,' he commenced, 'what I have to say to you concerns the affairs of the late Mr Morton of Lastwood. He was an old friend of mine. Very recently, I heard of his death. I am determined to have justice done.'

Was it fancy, or did these thin fleshless lips grow white? He could have sworn he saw them quiver. Anyway, fancy or not, if the worst came to the worst, he had a great card to play.

Mr Slimm continued. 'He died, as you are aware, after a curious illness, and rather suddenly at the last. If I am correct, there was no inquest.'

It was not fancy, then! Mr Slimm's keen eyes detected a sudden shiver agitate her frame, and his ear caught a quick painful respiration. Why did no one think of this? he said to himself.

'However, for the present we will pass that over. Mr Morton was known to have been a rich man. All he had was left, I understand, to you?'

'In that, sir, you are perfectly right,' I say, continue'

'Now, at one time, I understand, poor Morton intended to leave everything to his niece. Was that so?'

Miss Wakefield inclined her head coldly.

'And since his death, not the slightest trace of the bulk of the money has been discovered. Is that so?'

Miss Wakefield inclined her head once more.

'Well, we have now discovered where the money is.'

'Discovered where the money is? where my money is?' the woman cried with a grating laugh. 'And I presume you come to bring it to me. After all this long while, fancy getting my own at last!'

'I suppose you will do something for Mrs Seaton?' inquired Shimm.

'Do something for them—of course I will,' she laughed heartily. 'I'll go and call on them. I will let them see me ride in my carriage, while they are walking in the mire. I will give them a surprise when they come to ask alms at my door.—Oh, tell me, are they starving—are they starving?' I say!' she gasped in her persistent utterance, clutching the American by the arm. 'Are they living on charity? Oh, I hope so—I hope so, for I hate them—hate them!' The last words hissed fiercely and spitefully through her teeth.

'Well, not quite,' Shimm replied cheerfully. 'It must be consoling to your womanly feelings to know they are getting on fairly—in fact, they are as happy and comfortable as two people can be.'

'I am sorry for that,' she said with a little pant between each word. 'I hoped they were starving. What right have they to be happy, when I am so miserable?'

'Really, madam, it is no pleasure to bring you news, you take it so uncomfortably,' Shimm replied. 'The charitabilities, I know, are intended merely to disguise your delicate and tender feelings. Now, we about this money belonging to you. What will you stand for the information? Pretty thousand pounds is a lot of money.'

'Not one farthing,' replied the woman—'not one single farthing. The money is mine, and mine it shall remain.'

'In that case,' said Shimm cheerfully, 'my mission is at an end.—I wish you a very good morning.'

'Stop! Do you mean to say you intend to hold the secret unless I agree to some terms?'

'Your powers of penetration do you credit, madam. That is precisely what I do mean.'

'And what, pray, is the price placed upon your secret?'

'Half!' she echoed, with a bitter laugh. 'You are joking. Twenty thousand pounds! Oh, you have made a mistake. You should go to a millionaire, not come to me.'

'Do I understand you to decline?'

'Decline!' she exclaimed in a fury. 'Rather than pay that money to them, I would starve and rot! Rather than pay that, the money shall remain in its secret hiding place till it is forgotten!—Do you take me for an idiot, a drivelling old woman with one foot in the grave? No, no, no! You do not know Selina Wakefield yet. Twenty thousand pounds! Ah, ah, ah! The fools, the fools, the miserable fools, to come and ask me this!'

'Perhaps you will be good enough to name a sum you consider to be equivalent to the service rendered,' said the American, totally unmoved by this torrent of invective.

'Now you talk like a man of sense,' she replied. 'You are quite determined, I see, not to part with your secret until you have a return. Well, let me see. What do you say to a thousand pounds, or, to stretch a point, fifteen hundred?'

'Appalling generosity!' replied Shimm, regarding the ceiling in rapture—'wasteful extravagance! I cannot accept it. My principals are so grasping, you know. Now, as a personal favour, and to settle this little difficulty, could not you add, say, another five pounds?'

'Not another farthing.'

'Then I am afraid our interview is at an end,' he said regretfully.—'No, look here. My friends are in no need of money, and are a long way from the state you charitably hope to find them in. You are getting on in life, and we can afford to wait. When you are no more—not to put too fine a point upon it—we shall lay hands on the treasure, and live happily ever after, yes, madam.'

'What do you want me to do?' she said sullenly.

'Let me put it another way. Suppose we come to an agreement. It is highly probable that where the money is, a will is concealed. Now, it is very certain that this will is made in Mrs Seaton's favour. If we make an arrangement to divide the spoil, and that turns out to be so, what a good thing it will be for you! On the other hand, if there is no will, you still have a handsome sum of money, which without our aid you can never enjoy, and do not mistake me when I say that aid will never be accorded without some credit to the parties I have the honour to represent.'

'And suppose I refuse?'

'So much the worse for you. Then we have another course open, and one I heartily advocate. We will at our own risk recover the money, trusting to our good fortune to find the will. If not, we will throw the money in Chancery, and fight you for it on the ground of undue influence and fraud.'

'Fraud, sir! What do you mean?' exclaimed the lady, trembling with indignation and hatred.

Mr Shimm approached her more closely, and looking sternly into her eyes, said: 'Mark me, madam!—the Seatons are not unfriended. I am by no means a poor man myself, and I will not leave a stone unturned to unravel this mystery. Do you think I am fool enough to believe that my old friend had his money away in this strange manner unless he had some fear? and if I mistake not, you are the cause of that fear. Had he intended his wealth for you, he would have left it openly. Nothing shall be left undone to fathom the matter, and if necessary'—here he lowered his voice to an impressive whisper—'the body shall be exhumed. Do you understand, madam?—exhumed!'

The pallor on the woman's face deepened to a

ghastly ashen gray 'What would you have me do?' she exclaimed faintly

'Come to our terms, and all will be well,' Shinn said, pursuing the advantage he had gained, 'otherwise—here he paused—'however, we will say nothing about that What I propose is this that an agreement be drawn up and entered into upon the terms, that in case no will is found with the money, the property is divided, and if a will is found leaving the property to Miss Seaton, you take five thousand pounds That is my final offer'

'I—I consent,' she faltered humbly, at the same time burning in her passionate impotence, to do her antagonist some deadly mischief, as he stood before her so calmly triumphant

'Very good,' he said quietly—'very good Then I presume our intercourse is at an end You will be good enough to be at Mr Carver's office in Bedford Row at three o'clock to-morrow afternoon'

'One moment Are you in the secret?'

'Madam, I have that felicity But why?'

'Perhaps now we have come to terms, you may be good enough to tell me where it is'

'Curiosity, thy name is woman, said Shinn sententiously 'I am sorry I cannot gratify that little wish, but as you will doubtless be present at the opening ceremony you will not object to satisfying your curiosity for the present—Good morning'

Miss Wakefield waited for our and assailors cab leave the door, and then threw herself, in the violent outburst of her passion, upon the floor In the impotence of her rage and helpless shame, she lay there, rolling like a mad dog, tearing at her long curls with the strong, unseen teeth What does he know? she hissed 'What can he know? Fiend, fiend that I'

'What a woman' ejaculated Shinn as he rolled his cab onward 'I must have a cigar, to get the flavour out of my mouth

When he arrived at Mr Carver's, he found Edgar and her husband waiting him with great impatience

'What news my dear?' Edgar asked with assumed cheerfulness

'Considering the circumstances of the case and the momentous task I have undertaken, you might at least have expected a desire to weep upon this occasion, Shinn answered rapidly 'I find the evil, like most evils, not half so bad when it is properly faced'

'And Miss Wakefield?' asked Mr Carver anxiously

'Gentle as usual in her love—only too anxious to meet our views In fact, I so far flattered herself that he has made an appointment to come here to-morrow to settle preliminaries'

'But what sort of terms did you come to' Edgar asked

Shinn briefly related the result of his mission, and its unexpected and desirable consummation, to the mutual astonishment of his listeners, indeed, when he came to review the circumstances of the case, he was somewhat astonished at his own success

'Wonderful' exclaimed Mr Carver, gazing with intense admiration at his enemy 'I could not have believed it possible for one man single handed to have accomplished so much—My good friend, do I really understand that in any case we get half the money, and in one case, all but five thousand pounds?'

'Precisely, and you get the agreement drawn up, and we will get away to Lastwood the day after to-morrow I declare I feel as pleased as a schoolboy who has found the apple at hide and seek I feel as if I was thirty young again'

'Then you think it is really settled?' Edgar asked, with a sigh of pleasure and relief

'Not the slightest doubt of it,' said the American promptly 'And I think I may be allowed to observe, that of all the strange things I ever came across throughout my long and chequered career, this is about the strangest'

'It certainly beats anything I ever remember,' said Mr Carver with a fervent oath—'What do you say, Bates'

'Well, sir,' Mr Bates ejaculated, 'there certainly are some points about it he does not generally encounter in the ordinary run of business'

CHAPTER XII

When the poet, in the pursuit of his fancy, calculated the stately homes of England, he must have forgotten or totally ignored a class of dwellings far more to my mind than all the marble halls the taste or vanity of man ever designed The Duke of Stilton doubtless prefers his central home, with its towers and turrets, its spacious halls—which, by the bye, seem the first conclusion in the Brobdingnagian creations of the human, he may want it with its mile of pride through the Pyghed hall and the lemonade gallery in the Cupid drawing room for me, he may have his out treasure, his Corsican marbles, his priceless Wedgwood, his Dresden He may enjoy his drawing rooms—blue, red, and every colour in the universe He may dine in the bosom of his family in every delicacy a cordon bleu can devise to tickle the palate and stimulate the appetite, with its accompaniment of a service patterned after all dainty chairs Let him luxuriate in it all, if he will

I have in my mind's eye a home far different from His Grace's, but which nevertheless, if not rich in costly bric-a-brac, has in appearance of home many an adornment refreshing beyond belief It is the home, if you will, the villa of Italian Aunt the main road is a mass of stone wall, massive and lichen-grown, and surmounted by dense hurdles Opening the old fashioned wooden gate, a bricked path leads to the door which is some forty yards away, at the side of the house It is a low, gray stone house, clothed with vines and clematis, and climbing roses twining round the long double row of windows In front is the lawn, quite half an acre in extent, and shut off from the garden by a brick wall, covered with apricot and nectarine On the right, looking towards the house, is a sloping bank, all white and fragrant in spring with violets and there this bank, approached by an ancient brick block, is the old world garden It is an Eden, with broad green paths, sheltered by borders of apple trees, and the borders gay with wall flowers, mignonette, stocks, pinks London pride, Tom Thumb, and here and there great bushes of lavender and old man Far down is a wall of

filbert trees, where the wily squirrel makes merry in the harvest time, and the cherry trees all melodious with the song of the blackbird. There is a balmy smell here of thyme and sage and endive, and the variety of sweet herbs which our grandmothers were wont to cull in autumn, and suspend in muslin bags from the kitchen rafters.

Opening the heavy hall door with the honest freedom of the novelist, we find ourselves in the hall, whence we reach the drawing room. Here we find our friends, awaiting the arrival of Miss Wakefield. They have been talking and chatting gaily, but as the time for that lady's arrival draws near, conversation becomes flat, and there is an air of expectation and suppressed excitement about them, which would at once convince the observer that something important was on hand.

Mr Carver rose from his seat, and, for about the fifteenth time, walked to the window and looked out. It was amusing to note his easy air and debonair appearance, which was palpably assumed to impress the spectators with the idea that he was by no means anxious. The only member of the party who really could be said to be at ease was Mr Lates. He wore his best clothes, and had an air of resignation settled melancholy, evidently expecting the worst, and prepared to have his cup of joy—representing in his case his partnership—dashed from his lips at the last moment.

Talk was discussion, the affair with Edgar in a low voice, and Eleanor sat white and still, only showing her impatience over and anon by a gentle tap upon the floor with her heel. Mr Slimm was whistling softly in a low key, and industriously engaged in whittling a stick in his hand. Mr Carver returned from his post of observation and threw himself back in his chair with an involuntary sigh. Slimm put up his knife.

'I wish we began,' said Edgar at length.

'No no, it would not do—it really would not do,' interposed Mr Carver, seeing the company generally inclined to this view. 'The lady whom we await is capable of anything. If we found a will in her at once, she would not be about saying we put it there.'

'Judging from my limited experience of the lady, I calculate you are about right,' said Mr Slimm. 'No, after so many years it would certainly be unwise to do anything rash.'

'It is the last few moments which seem so hard,' Edgar said. 'Suppose, after all, we should find no thing.'

'Don't talk—don't think of such a thing!' Eleanor exclaimed. 'Fancy, after all this bother and anxiety.'

The party lapsed into silence again, and once more Mr Carver strolled towards the window. It is strange, when one is anxiously waiting for anything, how slowly time goes. Edgar took his watch out of his pocket every other minute, like a schoolboy who waits one for the first time.

'I think I will walk down the road and see if she is coming,' Slimm observed. 'It would look a little polite, I think.'

Edgar murmured something touching love's young dream, and asked the American if the fascination was so strong.

'Well, no,' he replied. 'I don't deny she is fascinating, but it is not the sort of glamour that generally thrills the young bosom. One thing we all agree upon, I think, and that is, that we shall be all extremely pleased to see the lady.'

'That is a strange thing in itself,' Edgar replied drily. 'The damsel is evidently coy. She is at present, doubtless, struggling with her emotion. I fancy she does not intend to come.'

At this moment there was a sound of wheels, and a coach pulled up at the gate. After a moment, a tall black figure was seen approaching the house. A few seconds later, Miss Wakefield entered the room.

INVESTORS AND THE STOCK EXCHANGE

SECOND ARTICLE

In a former article we endeavoured to explain the *modus operandi* of Stock Exchange transactions, and our object now is to make a few remarks upon the rights and duties of investors and members of the Stock Exchange respectively. As formerly explained, when any business is transacted on the Stock Exchange, the broker always renders to his client a contract contract note, the particulars of the transaction, which is understood to be carried through in accordance with the rules and regulations of the Stock Exchange. The rules have been compiled with the greatest regard to the rights and duties of both parties, and are altered from time to time as circumstances may require. They are in complete accordance with the law of the land, and when any question has arisen in regard to Stock Exchange affairs, the courts of law have invariably allowed that these rules have been framed on the most equitable principles.

When a contract has been tendered, broker and client are equally bound to fulfil their part of it. The broker, in the case of a purchase, is to deliver to his client an authentic certificate of the stock, and in the case of a sale, to pay for the stock on delivery of a properly executed transfer, the client to pay the consideration money, &c., when the stock is purchased for him, and to deliver the transfer duly executed, with the certificate, when the stock is sold. Many investors, while looking very sharply after their rights, entirely lose sight of their duties, and altogether forget that there must be two parties to every contract. When a man sells stock, he is entitled to a cheque for the proceeds the moment he hands the executed transfer to his broker, and no sooner, and when stock is purchased, the broker is entitled to receive the purchase money when he delivers the transfer to his client for signature, and no sooner. Many persons, however, imagine that if they send their broker a cheque for stock bought a day or two after the account day, it will be time enough, being ignorant of the fact that the latter is obliged by the rules to pay for the stock when it is delivered to him, either on the account day or any subsequent day. Those living at a distance from London should therefore be careful to let the money be in the hands of their broker on the morning of the

account-day at the very latest, or if they object to pay for stock before receiving it, should instruct a banker in the City to pay for the stock, or proportionately for any part, on delivery, so that the broker may not be out of the money. Of course, brokers are not supposed to have substantial balances at their bankers, and it is frequently a real hardship for them to be obliged to find the money as best they can. The Stock Exchange rules admit of no delay whatever, and must be acted up to by the members, without any regard to the negligence or inattention of the investor.

When stock payable to bearer is not delivered to the buying broker on the account day, he has the power, on the following day, of ordering it to be purchased, or 'bought in' as it is called, in the market for immediate delivery, and any loss consequent upon the buying in must be paid by the seller. In the case of registered stocks, however, ten days after the account day are allowed for delivery. This is only reasonable, as a deed of transfer frequently requires the signature of several sellers, or the seller may reside at a distance, and thus delay cannot be avoided. On the expiry of the time named, the broker can 'buy in,' as in the case of stock to bearer. If the buyer of stock to bearer does not receive the stock from his broker within a day or two after the account day, or registered stock within about ten days after the account day, he has a perfect right to know the reason of the delay, and failing any proper excuse, should use instructions to 'buy in,' as explained above.

The Committee of the Stock Exchange have always done everything in their power to insure the strict fulfilment of all bargains entered into by the members, and if any investor feels aggrieved or thinks he has been unfairly dealt with, a letter addressed to the Committee will at once bring the culprit to book. Accounts are settled fortnightly, about the middle and end of each month, and every member of the House prepares, or ought to prepare, a balance sheet, showing exactly how he stands on those occasions. If a member finds that he is unable to meet his engagements, he should at once notify the fact to the Committee, when he will instantly be declared a defaulter. This disagreeable duty is performed by an official of the Stock Exchange, who, after three knocks with a hammer, which resound through the House, intimates that 'Mr —— begs to inform the House that he is unable to comply with his bargains.' If, as frequently happens, the defaulter has issued cheques on the account day which have been returned by his banker, the formula is 'Mr —— has not complied with his bargains.' After such declaration, the defaulting member is precluded from any further dealings with his fellow members, and his affairs are placed in the hands of the official assignee, who proceeds to wind up the estate and distribute whatever dividend it will realise. The sound of the dreaded 'hammer' produces universal stillness and apprehension, and where a few seconds before was heard the hum of many voices and the sound of hurrying feet, now every ear is on the alert to hear the name of the prescribed member. As soon as the name is announced, it is posted up in a conspicuous part of the House, exposed to the gaze and subject to the derogatory remarks of the members for the rest of the day. As may well be imagined, the fact of having been 'hammered,' whatever a man's future life may be, casts a dark shadow which cannot be got rid of, and investors may be quite certain that the members of the Stock Exchange will strain every nerve to avoid the disgrace. The rules of the House are, however, inexorable, and the fatal hammer must sound if engagements are not strictly and promptly met. In no trade, business, or profession does the punishment follow so quickly upon the offence, and it would be well if all commercial and financial defaults were as promptly declared to the world.

As will be seen from what we have said, the rights and duties of investors and members are clearly defined, and both parties have a right to expect them to be carried out with punctuality. Promptitude is praiseworthy under all circumstances, but on the Stock Exchange it is essential for the sake both of members and investors. No slovenliness or easy slipshod habits of doing business should be permitted on either side, and investors, while insisting on their rights, should bear in mind that their contracts with their brokers ought to be carried out with exactitude on their part, to enable the latter to fulfil their duties towards their fellow members.

One other point we would urge investors to bear in mind, and that is, that stockbrokers are not prophets. Many investors, especially ladies, think the reverse. We have frequently heard very bad words indeed uttered towards brokers who have been unfortunate enough to advise a purchase which has turned out badly, but a moment's thought must demonstrate the folly of such expressions of feeling. If a broker knows positively what course the market is to take in any particular stock, he has only to buy or sell it to the amount required for pro during the profit he desires. Many investors, however, when smarting under loss, are apt to rush to conclusions which reflection proves to be utterly unjust. It is true that stockbrokers ought to be better acquainted with stocks and everything pertaining thereto than the large majority of investors, but it is absurd to suppose that their views should never be wrong. Let investors be satisfied with a reasonable rate of interest, never buy stock without the advice of a stockbroker, never buy what they cannot pay for, or sell what they are not prepared to deliver, and we are certain there would be fewer sleepless pillows and more money in the coffers.

Speculation, we fear, is inherent in the human constitution, and all that we can say on the subject is not likely to put a stop to it. It is natural to the human animal to desire to make money without working for it, and no doubt such a state of affairs will exist to the end. But experience teaches. We once heard an old man, who had been a large speculator in his early days, say that if he had put his money into consols when he first began to save, and continued doing so, instead of running after high rates of interest, he would have been a very much richer man in his old age. In the famous

rue for riches, we feel certain that the steady investor has the best of it, and the man who is not even able to do more than make both ends meet is infinitely happier than he who spends restless days and sleepless nights in the pursuit of that sudden wealth, which he, in all probability, goes down to his grave without acquiring.

THE 'LADY GODIVA'

AN AUSTRALIAN STORY

It happened that one summer, a few years ago, I found myself travelling up the Barwon River, just where it commences to form the boundary between Queensland and New South Wales. The weather was terribly hot and feed for horses scarce, so that I was only too glad to accept the invitation of a hospitable settler, an old acquaintance in digging days, gone by, to stay and 'spell' for a week or two whilst my horses put on a little condition in his well grassed paddocks. The country round about at that time, even on the river frontages, was very sparsely settled, and comparatively young people could remember when the blacks were 'bad'. Dingoes, kangaroos, wild cattle, and 'brumbies' or wild horses, roamed the great scrub in thousands, and with respect to broken-in and branded individuals of the two latter species, the laws of meum and tuum seemed to be very loosely regarded upon at the pioneers of the border, and for a settler to put in an appearance at his neighbours' killing yard whilst the operation of conversion, bullock into beef, was going on, was deemed the very height of bad manners, moreover, indeed, unless perhaps in the newest of new chums, at least till the hide was off and the brand cut out.

My friend had only recently taken up ground on the river, but his next and nearest neighbour, old Tom Dwyer, who resided about five and twenty miles away, was a settler of many years standing, and it was from him that, towards the end of my stay with the Brays, came an invitation to the wedding festivities of his only daughter, who was to be married to young cousin, also a Dwyer, who followed the occupation of a drover.

As Bray and myself rode along, in the cool of the early morning—the womankind and children having set out by moonlight the night before in a spring cart—he gave me a slight sketch of the people whose hearty invitation we were accepting.

'A rum lot, said my old friend—a fine specimen of the bushman digger type of Australian born colonist, hardy, brave, and intelligent, who had, after many years of a roving, eventful life, at last settled down to make himself a home in the wilderness—'a rum lot, these Dwyers. Not bad neighbours by no means, at least not to me. I speak as I find, but people do say that they come it rather too strong sometimes with the squatters' stock, and that young Jim—him as is going to get switched—and old Tom his uncle do work the oracle sewen 'em. I mind, not so long ago, young Jim he starts up north somewhere with about a score head o' milkers and their calves, and when he comes back again in about six months, he fetches along, with him over three hundred head o' cattle! "Increase," he called 'em—ha, ha! A very smart lad is Jim Dwyer, but the squatters are getting cute fuller now, and I'm afraid, if he don't mind, that he'll find himself in the logs some o' those fine days. He's got a run bit o' a place over the river, on the New South Wales side, has Jim, just in front o' Fort Dwyer, as they call the old man's camp. You could almost chuck a stone from one house to the other.'

So conversing, after about three hours steady riding through open box forest country, flat and monotonous, we arrived at 'Fort Dwyer'—or Dewyer, as invariably pronounced the rendezvous—a long, low building, constructed of hugy, roughly squared logs of nearly impenetrable red cedar, or swamp gum, and situated right on the verge of the steep clay bank, twenty feet below which glided sullenly along the sluggish Barwon, then nearly half a 'banker'.

A hearty welcome greeted us, and the most amiable 'spare face of spirits' was at once produced, to which my companion did justice whilst pledging the health of the company with a brief, 'Well here's luck, lads!' For my own part, not daring to touch the half pannikin full of fiery Mackay rum so generously offered, with the assurance that it was 'the finest thing out after a warm ride', I paid my respects to an immense cask of honey beer which stood under a canopy of green boughs, thus running some risk of being cast as a bushman by appropriating 'the women's swankey', as old Dwyer contemptuously termed it, while instructing on 'tempering' my drink with 'just the least taste in life, sir, of Port Mackay, of about 10 p. strength'.

There must have been fully one hundred people assembled, and the open space just in front of the house was crowded with buggies, spring-carts, wagonettes, and even drays, but the great centre of attraction was the stockyard, where Jim Dwyer was breaking in to the side saddle a mare, bought in one of his recent trips 'up north', and intended as a present for his bride, of whom I caught a glimpse as she sat on an empty kerosene tin, with her sleeves rolled up, busily engaged in plucking poultry, a fair type of the bush maiden, tall and slender, with good, though sharply cut features, deeply browned by the sun, laughing dark eyes, perfect teeth—a rare gift amongst young Australians—and as much at home—so old Bray assured me—on horseback cutting out 'scrubbers' or 'brumbies', as was her husband, dear himself.

The rails of the great stockyard were crowded with tall, cabbage tree hatted, booted and spurred 'Cornstalks' and 'Bunyas men' (natives of New

South Wales and Queensland respectively), and loud were their cries of admiration, as young Dwyer, on the beautiful and, to my eyes, nearly thoroughbred black mare, cantered round and round, whilst flourishing an old riding skirt about her flanks.

'She'll do, Jim—quiet as a sheep'—'My word! she'll carry Annie flying'—'What did yer give for her, Jim?'—'A regular star, an' no mistake!' greeted the young man, as, lightly jumping off, he unbuckled the girths and put the saddle on the slip rails.

Jim Dwyer differed little from the ordinary style of young bush 'native'—tall, thin, brown, quick eyed, narrow in the flanks, but with good breadth of chest, and feet which, from their size and shape, might have satisfied even that captious critic the Lady Hester Stanhope under whose mistaken 'a kitten could walk,' that the Australian of a future nation would not be as the British, 'a flat sided generation, of whom no great or noble achievement could ever be expected!'

I fancied that, as the young fellow came forward to shake hands with Bray, he looked uneasily and rather suspiciously at me out of the corner of one of his black eyes. My companion evidently observed it also, for he said laughingly 'What's the matter, Jim? Only a friend of mine! Is the mare "on the cross?" And did you think he was a trap?'

'None of your business, Jack Bray' was the surly reply. 'Cross square,' she's mine till some one comes along, who can show a better right to her, an that won't happen in a hurry!'

'Well, well, replied Bray, 'you needn't get crusty so confounded quick. But she's a pretty thing, sure enough. Let's go and have a look at her!'

Everybody now crowded round the mare, praising and admiring her. 'Two year old, just, exclaimed one, looking in her mouth.—'Rising three, I say, replied another.—'And a clean skin, and unbranded!' ejaculated Bray, at the same time passing his hand along the mare's wither.

'That's a disease can soon be cured,' said Dwyer with a laugh. 'I'm going to clap the J D on her now.—Shove her in the bottle, boys, while I go an' fetch the irons up!'

'That mare's a thoroughbred, and a rare mare to boot, and she's "on the cross" right enough,' whispered Bray, as we walked back towards the house. 'She's been shook, and though she ain't fire branded, there's a half sovereign let in under the skin just below the wither. I felt it quite plain, and I wouldn't wonder but there's a lot more private marks on her as we can't.'

'Do you think, then,' I asked, 'that young Dwyer stole her?'

'Likely enough, likely enough,' was the reply. 'But if he did, strikes me as we'll hear more about the matter yet!'

Just at this moment, shouts of, 'Here's the parson!' 'Here's old Ben!' drew our attention to a horseman who was coming along the narrow track at a slow canter.

A well known character throughout the whole of that immense district was the Rev. Benjamin Bark, 'bush missionary,' and not less well known was his old bald faced horse Jerry. The pair bore a grotesque resemblance to each other, both being long and lank, both thin and gray, both always ready to eat and drink and always looking doubtful and forlorn. As the Rev. Ben disengaged his long legs from the stirrups, the irrepressible old Dwyer appeared with the foaming cup—a tin pint pot half full of rum—which swallowing with scarcely a wink, to the great admiration of the lookers on, the parson commenced to Jerry to the rear of his hoof, stalked aside, and was soon busy at the long table, working away at a couple of roast ducks, a ham, and other trifles, washed down with copious draughts of hot tea, simply remarking to 'Annie,' that she 'had better make haste and fill an hour-kil, so that he could put her and him through, as he had to go on to Bullarara that evening to bury a child for the Lawes!'

Having at length finished his repast, all hands crowded into the long room, where before 'old Ben' stood bride and bridegroom, the former neatly dressed in dark merino—her own especial choice, as I was told, in preference to anything gayer with here and there a bright coloured ribbon, whilst in her luxuriant black hair and in the breast of her dress were bunches of freshly plucked orange blossoms, that many a belle of proud Mayfair might have envied. The bridegroom in spotless white shirt, with handkerchief of crimson silk confined loosely around his neck by a massive gold ring, riding trousers of Bedford cord, kept up by a broad belt, worked in wools of many colours by his bride, and shining top boots and spurs, looked the very beau ideal of a fishing stockman as he bore himself elate and proudly, without a trace of that bucolic bashfulness so often witnessed in the principal parts to similar contracts.

The old parson, with the perspiration induced by recent gastronomic efforts rolling in beads off his bald head, and dropping from the tip of his nose on to the church service in his hand, had taken off his long coat of thin alpaca rusty black, and stood confessed in shirt of hue almost akin to that of the long leggings that reached above his knees. It was mockingly hot, and the thermometer—had there been such an article—would have registered one hundred and ten or one hundred and fifteen degrees in the shade at the least. But it was all over at last. Solemnly 'old Ben' had kissed the darkly flushing bride, and told her to be a good girl to him—solemnly the old man had disposed of another 'parting cup,' and then, whilst the womankind filled his saddle bags with cake, chicken, and ham, together with the generous bulk of a 'square face'—or large square sided bottle—containing his favourite summer beverage, old Dwyer, emerging from one of the inner rooms, produced a piece of well worn blush tinted paper,

known and appreciated in those regions as a 'bluey,' at night of which the parson's eye glistened, for seldom was it that he had the fortune to come across such a liberal doucceur as a five pound note, but as old Dwyer said 'We don't often have a job like this one for you Ben, old man We're pretty well in just now, an' I mean you shall remember it An' look here, Jerry's getting pretty poor now, an' I know myself he's no chicken, so you'd best have him on the grass with us for the rest o' his days, an' I'll give you as game a little horse flesh as ever stepped, quiet too an' a good pacer too' the boys is a saddlin him up now

The old preacher's life was hard, for the most part barren, and little mollened by kind offers like the present, and his grim and wrinkled face puckered up and worked curiously as he gratefully accepted the gift for Jerry's sake, his constant companion the rough twelve long years of travel incessant through the wildest parts of Queensland, and with a pointing injunction to 'the boys' to look after the old horse, he, mounting, in new steed, started off on his thirty mile ride to bury his little child

The long tables at which all hands had intermittently appeased their hunger throughout the day, on fowls, geese, turkeys, suckling pig, fish, &c, were now lifted and removed a couple of concertinas struck up, and fifteen or twenty couples were soon dancing with might and main on the pine boarded floor Old men and young, old women and maidens, boys and girls, all went at it with a will, whirling stamping, chanting and 'chaining' till the substantial old house shook again, and fears were audibly expressed that the whole building would topple over into the river

'Not to night of all nights in the year' said old Dwyer, 'although I do believe I'll have to shift afore long, I'll hardly think it—would yer—that when I fit put up the old shanty, it stood four chains, cool, away from the bank, it was, though, all that, in many a sunshine, greasy black fellow I've seen go slap into the water with a rifle bullet through his body carries out of that back wander, though it is plumb almost with the river now

So, louder and louder sounded the concertinas, faster and faster whirled the panting couples, till nearly midnight, when 'supper' was announced by the sound of a great bullock bell, and out into the calm night air trooped the crowd The tables this time had been set out on the sward in front of the house, just without the long dark line of forest which bordered the river, through the tops of whose giant 'bolars' the full moon shone down on the merry festers with a subdued glory, whilst, in a quiet pause, you could hear the rush of the strong Barwon current, broken, every now and again, by a deep sounding 'plop,' as some fragment of the ever receding clayey bank would fall into the water Four or five native bears, disturbed by the noise, crawled out on the limbs of a great coolabar, and with unwinking, beady black eyes, gazed on the scene below, expressing their astonishment every now and again in hoarse mutterings, now low and almost inarticulate, then 'thrum, thrumming' through the bush till it rang again. From a neighbouring swamp came the shrill scream of the curlew; whilst far away in the low ranges of Cooyella, could be heard the dismal howl of a solitary dingo cooeeing to his mates

Scarcely had the guests taken their seats and commenced, amidst jokes and laughter, to attack a fresh and substantial meal, when a furious barking, from a pack of about fifty dogs, announced the advent of strangers, and in a minute more, three horsemen, in the uniform of the Queensland mounted police, rode up to the tables One, a sergeant apparently, dismounted, and with his bridle over his arm, stood forward, commanding every one to keep their seats, for several at first sight of the 'traps' had risen, and apparently thought of quickly slipping away This order, however, enforced as it was by the production of a revolver, together with an evident intention of using it on any absconder, brought them to their seats again

'What's all this about?' exclaimed old Dwyer 'We're all honest people here, mister, so you can put up your pistol Tell us civilly what it is you're wantin', an' we'll try an' help you, but don't come it too rough You ought to be ashamed o' yourself Don't you see the flymen?'

'Can't help the females,' retorted the sergeant sharply 'I haven't rid a four hundred miles to play pitch to a lot of women I want a man named James Dwyer and by the description, yonder the man himself'—pointing at the same time across the table to where sat the newly made bridegroom, who had been one of the first to make a move at sight of the police

'What's the charge, sergeant?' asked old Dwyer coolly

'Horse stealing,' was the reply, 'and here's the warrant, signed by the magistrate in Jimbo, for his apprehension

I was sitting quite close to the object of these inquiries, and at this moment I heard young Mrs Dwyer, whilst leaning across towards her husband, whisper something about 'the river' and 'New South Wales,' and in an instant, head over heels down the steep bank rolled the recently created bridegroom, into the curious and cool inspiring couch of swiftly flowing reddish water, which he breasted with case making nearly a straight line for the other bank, distant perhaps a couple of hundred yard

The troopers, drawing their revolvers, dismounted, and running forward, were about to follow the example set by their superior, who was taking steady aim at the swimmer, perfectly distinguishable in the clear moonlight, when suddenly half a dozen pair of soft but muscular arms encircled the three representatives of law and order, as the women, screaming like a lot of curlews after a thunderstorm, clasped them in a tight embrace

Young Mrs Dwyer herself tackled the sergeant, crying 'What! would you shoot a man just for a lot of horse swinding! Leave him go, can't you He's over the border now in New South Wales, more and all, and you can't touch him, even if you was there'

Just then a yell of triumph from the scrub on the other shore seemed to vouch for the fact, and was answered by a dozen sympathetic whoops and shouts from the afore-mentioned 'Cornstalks' and

'Banana men,' who crowded along our side of the river.

The sergeant struggled to free himself; and his fair antagonist unwound her arms, saying 'Come now, sergeant, sit down peaceably and eat your supper, can't you! What's the good of making such a bother over an old scrubber of a mare!'

'An old scrubber of a mare!' repeated the sergeant aghast. 'D'ye think we'd ride this far over a scrubber of a mare? Why, it's the Lady Godiva he took; old Stanford's race mare, worth five hundred guineas, if she's worth a penny. Bother me! if he didn't take her clean out of the stable in Tumbo, settling night, after she'd won the big money! But there, you all know as much about it as I can tell you, that's plain to be seen, for I never mentioned a mare, it was your own self, I do believe; and I'll have him, if I have to follow him to Melbourne—Just got married, has he? Well, I can't help that; he shouldn't go stealing race-mares—Well, perhaps you didn't know all about it,' went on the sergeant, in reply to the asseverations of the Dwyer family as regarded their knowledge of the way the young man had become possessed of the mare. 'But,' shaking his head certainly, 'I'm much mistaken if most of this crowd hadn't a pretty good idea that there was something crose about her. However,' he concluded philosophically, 'it's no use crying over spilt milk. I'll have to ride over to G—— at daylight—that's another forty miles—and get an extradition warrant out for him. He might just as well have come quietly at first, for we're bound to have the two of them some time or other.'

It was now nearly daylight; and our party sat out on their return home, leaving the troopers comfortably seated at the supper, or rather by this time, breakfast table, while just below the house, in a bend of the river, we could see, as we passed along, a group of men busily engaged in swimming a mob of horses—amongst which was doubtless the Lady Godiva herself—over to the New South Wales shore, where, on the bank, plainly to be discerned in the early dawn, stood the tall form of her lawless owner.

'How do you think it will all end?' I asked Bray.

'Oh,' was the reply, 'they'll square it, most likely. I know something of that Stanford, he's a bookmaker; and if he gets back the mare and a cheque for fifty or a hundred pounds, to cover expenses, he'll not trouble much after Jim.'

'Yes. But the police?' I asked.

'Easier squared than Stanford,' answered Bray dogmatically.

That this 'squaring' process was successfully put in force seemed tolerably certain, for very shortly afterwards I read that at the autumn meeting of the N. Q. J. C., the Lady Godiva had carried off the lion's share of the money; and I also had the pleasure of meeting Mr and Mrs Dwyer in one of Cobb & Co's coaches, bound for the nearest railway terminus, about three hundred miles distant, thence to spend a month or so in Sydney; Jim, as his wife informed me, having done uncommonly well out of a mob of cattle and horses which he had been travelling for sale through the colonies; so had determined to treat himself and the 'missis,' for the first time in their lives, to a look at the 'big smoke.'

'That was a great shine at our wedding, wasn't it?' she asked, as the coachman gathered up the reins preparatory to a fresh start. 'But'—and here she tapped her husband on the head with her parasol—'I look out now that he don't go sticking-up to any more Lady Godivas.'

'That's so,' laughed Jim. 'I find, that I have my hands pretty full with the one I collared the night you were there. I doubt sometimes I'd done better to have stuck to the other one; and as for temp'——' Here Jim's head disappeared suddenly into the interior of the coach, crack went the long whip, the horses plunged, reared, and went through the usual performance of attempting to tie themselves up into overhand knots, then darted off at top speed on their sixteen-mile stage, soon disappearing in a cloud of dust along the 'cleared line.'

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

ARTILLERY EXPERIMENTS.

The trials lately carried on at the Bull of Portland, supplement (says the *Times*) those of Inchkeith in certain respects. At Inchkeith it was sought to obtain a just idea of the effect of machine gun and shrapnel fire on the detachment serving a gun mounted as *l'affûte* in an emplacement of tolerably recent design. Dummies were placed round the gun in exposed positions, and Her Majesty's ship *Sultan*, under very favourable conditions of sea and weather, carried out some careful practice at various ranges. The results, accurately recorded, furnish data calculated to serve as a correction to more conjecture. At Portland, the objects sought to be attained were two. The merits of the Moncrieff or 'disappearing' principle of mounting guns for coast defence have been much discussed, and great advantages have been claimed for it with every show of reason, but no opportunity had ever been given to the system to practically demonstrate its defensive value. It was, therefore, authoritatively desirable that a practical experiment should be arranged in which 'service conditions' should be observed as far as possible, so that there might be a something definite to set against prejudice either in favour of or against the system. It was proposed, at the same time, to seek to obtain data as to the accuracy of howitzer fire from a floating platform . . . To sum up the case with judicial fairness, the Portland experiments fully bear out all that the champions of the disappearing system have asserted, while its opponents—if there are any such—must perforce admit that at least nothing whatever is proved against it. More than this, however, appears to be indicated by these trials. There seems to be every reason to believe that all direct fire, whether of heavy or machine guns, against a disappearing gun when down, is thrown away, that in the short time during which this gun need be visible, it will require a very smart gun captain on board ship merely to lay on it, that the more the smoke obscures it, the better, provided a position-finder is used; and finally, that to engage two or three dispersed disappearing guns would be a

heart breaking task for a ship. Probably the best chance of disabling guns mounted on this ship is in snap shooting from the six pounder quick firing gun, which can be handled almost as readily as a rifle. For, on the one hand, it does not necessarily fell a ship from the six pounder would have any effect on the disappearing gun, and, on the other hand, the latter would be able to get through a good deal of shooting before the six pounder was able to come into effective action. A gun, the six pounder on board ship would presumably be met by the six pounder on shore, which would shoot rather more accurately, while, even as opposed to these wonderfully handy little weapons, the disappearing system must stand superior to all others. In a turret or a cupola, more than half the length of the modern long gun must be always exposed to fire. All considerations, therefore, seem to point to the disappearing system as the most scientific method ever devised for protecting shore guns, and the advantages to be obtained being so great, it becomes worth while to use every possible effort to bring the disappearing gun to practical perfection. The main difficulty is to render the larger guns independently automatic, and at present no gun larger than the eight inch—the gun exhibited in the Inventions Exhibition—has been thus mounted in England.

SEA GOING FISHING LIFEBOAT VESSEL

Mr F. Johnson, the honorary managing secretary of the National Refuge Harbours Society, 17 Parliament Street, London, has made it the one aim of his life to devise such means as will conduce to diminish the large total of lives annually reported as having been lost at sea. He is now interesting himself in bringing to practical application an invention of Mr John White, of Cowes, described as a sea going fishing lifeboat vessel, a model of which is now on public view at 72 New Bond Street, London. Broad in the beam, she has a large air chamber divided into two compartments at the bow, another of a smaller size—at the stern, and on running along on either side. Thus, however much sea she may ship with these air chambers in use, it is not possible for her to sink. In spite of the roofs of the fore and aft air chambers, the vessel has no deck, an arrangement which of course gives her considerable buoyancy. The roofs of the side air chambers are curved off, so that any water which might wash over one bulwark would pass across the vessel and wash out over the other. As a matter of fact, however, it is confidently believed that, even in a high sea, the vessel will be too buoyant to ship much water. It has naturally occurred to the inventor that in fine weather the fore air chamber might be utilised as a cabin, he has therefore arranged that it may be unsealed and access obtained to it by means of a hatchway. It will be fitted up with cooking apparatus and beds, the latter articles also filling the role of life buoys.

Those who interest themselves in this invention propose that vessels of the kind shall be launched around our coasts, equipped with fishing gear, and manned with smacksmen, so that they may be 'self supporting,' while their primary object will be to afford succour during stormy weather to any craft in distress. Thus, it is felt that the Fishing Lifeboat vessels might ride in the different fishing fleets, the smacks of which, being frequently far away from any harbour of refuge, are often disabled or utterly wrecked during a storm. Then, too, the vessels might fish in the neighbourhood of dangerous reefs and shoals, where their presence would be especially valuable. We believe that two or three years ago a fishing smack was constructed very much on the lines indicated, and that, after effecting some rescues in the neighbourhood of the Goodwin Sands, she herself was wrecked, owing to her having been improperly laden with stone. Mr White has agreed to build such a fishing Lifeboat vessel of forty tons—a size which is considered most suitable—at a cost each of five hundred pounds. It is felt that a fair start might be made with twenty vessels, to be placed at different points around our coasts. Thus ten thousand pounds is required, and a public fund has been opened, and part of the money already subscribed. Those who desire to contribute should communicate with Mr Johnson, all cheques being crossed National Provincial Bank.

SOME FACTS ABOUT MONTE CARLO

The Report, says a contemporary, of the International Committee in Nice upon the disgraceful gambling hell of Monte Carlo, which has just been issued, is to be made the ground of a collective diplomatic action against the protection of that institution, Prince Charles III of Monaco. This important pamphlet gives a documentary catalogue of all the suicides which have taken place in Monte Carlo from 1877 to 1885. The total number of persons who have destroyed themselves in consequence of their losses at the Public Highness gambling tables is eighteen hundred and twenty—that is to say, there have been nearly a many suicides as the Prince has subjects. The catalogue is very complete, giving the name, the home, the age, and the date of death of each suicide, and a collection of the letters in which the wretched victims have commented upon their self destruction. Nearly all of them curse the hour in which their eyes first set sight upon Monte Carlo. It is agreeable to learn from the table of nationality that the English and Americans have supplied the smallest number of victims. A tenth of the number are Germans and Austrians, but the largest contingent by far has been provided by France, Italy, and Russia. The appalling census was instituted by the Italian Consul general in Nice, who found ready support from patriotic citizens of other lands. The callous brutality of the Monaco 'government,' if so honourable a name may be given to this organised gambling Company, is shown in the treatment of the suicides after their death. Scarcely one of them, except where friends have appeared in time to claim the body, has received a decent burial. After the poor wretch has lost all that he had, his corpse has been hurriedly hidden in the poor quarter of the burial ground without funeral rites or mourners.

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, 47 Paternoster Row, London, and 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

All Rights Reserved.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL
OF
POPULAR
LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART
Fifth Series
ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832
CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECOND SON)

No. 113.—Vol. III. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1886 PRICE 1½d.

FISSURE ERUPTIONS

Those who have been accustomed to regard volcanoes such as Vesuvius or Etna as the one form of volcanic action, may be somewhat startled by the statement that lava has sometimes been poured forth from fissures hundreds of miles in length, and have deluged vast tracts of country beneath sheets of molten rock, compared with which the puny lava fields of Italy sink into insignificance. Hitherto, Iceland and have been so long associated with the group of volcanoes overlooking the quiet Tyrrhenian Sea, that from the time when Pliny sang of the fire floods of Etna, and Pliny died, to recently investigating the great eruption of Vesuvius, till Scrope, Lyell, Von Buch, and Palmieri made them the centre of their researches, they have occupied too large a share of attention, and have been thus regarded as the full normal development of that volcanic activity of which they are but a phase, and only a minor phase. Hence, when, eighteen years ago Richthofen described the great lava plains of Western America, and attributed their origin to ejection from fissures, and not from vents, a firm hold had been taken of the minds of geologists by nearly twenty centuries of observation of Vesuvius and its fellows, that his arguments were received with incredulity, and though they have been amply verified by subsequent investigations, and have afforded the clue to the interpretation of the vast series of volcanic rocks in other quarters of the globe, they have not been generally circulated, and few, outside the circle of geologists, are acquainted with them.

In this paper, we propose briefly to describe some of the most noted of these "fissure"—or as Richthofen called them—"massive eruptions," selecting as types that on the Snake River in the United States, and those in India, Abyssinia, and the north west of Europe, and finally, to glance at their possible connection with the form of volcanic excitement more frequently displayed.

The one which has attracted most attention is that which formed the plateau of the Snake River, and which covers altogether, in Idaho, Oregon and Washington, an extent of country equal to France and Great Britain combined. The district is one wide verdureless waste of black basalt, stretching westwards from the mountains by which it is bounded on the north and east, as an apparently boundless desert, black and bare, as though it had but recently cooled. Except for the shifting sand dunes and slight ridges of basalt extending like long low waves or ground swells—to which Professor Geikie compares them—the surface would be quite level, the lava having, either been poured over a plain, or having buried the undulations of the country beneath hundreds of feet of stone. The columnar structure, so often adopted by basalt, is here largely developed, and to it is due the tessellated appearance of the rock which adds another to the many striking features in the scenery of the district. The only river in the district is the Snake River, which winds its way to the Pacific through a canon seven hundred feet deep, and which is joined, through underground courses by the few streams that flow on to the basalt from the neighbouring mountains, and soon sink beneath the surface.

The Director-general of the Geological Survey visited the district five years ago, and his graceful pen has thus described his first view of this great lava desert. "We had been riding for two days over fields of basalt level as lake bottoms among the valleys, and on the morning of the last day we emerged from the mountains upon the great sea of black lava which seems to stretch illimitably westwards. With minds keenly excited by the incidents of the journey, we rode for hours by the side of that apparently boundless plain. Here and there, a trachytic spur projected from the hills, succeeded now and then by a valley, up which the black flood of lava would stretch away into the high grounds. It was as if the great plain had been filled with molten rock, which had kept its level, and wound in and out along the bays and promontories of the

mountain slopes, as a sheet of water would have done.

The feature, however, that most struck Professor Geikie, is that had done previous observers was the absence of ash and scoria, and of any crater where the eruption could have occurred. There are indeed a few cinder cones, but they are and are—as he says—to the smaller cones on the flanks of a volcano, or more so to those around the vapour vents on the surface of lava streams. Such vast masses of lava were certainly not ejected from these, nor in the ordinary method of volcanic emission. We are therefore forced to accept Radtholtzen's theory, that they are due to a series of eruptions from fissures which stretched across the country for several hundreds of miles, but are now hidden by the sheets of stone in which, since no very long a period, the district has been engulfed. Geologically speaking, this must have taken place, as is evidenced by the lava floods having covered the present valleys and having sealed up the gravel in silt of their lakes and rivers, but sufficient time has elapsed to have allowed of the erosion of the picturesque ravine of the Snake River, and in so dry a climate and on so hard a rock, this must have been slow work, though in all probability it does not carry back the date of the event beyond the human occupation of the continent. It is by no means impossible that man may have witnessed the last of these eruptions from the summit of the trachyte hills at the base of which was oozing this ocean of molten rock.

Another series of volcanic rocks that has long been a source of perplexity to geologists is that which, covering two hundred thousand square miles of India, is known as the Deccan Traps. Though the separate lava flows are of no great thickness, they attain a total of six thousand feet, exclusive of the 'intertrappean' fresh water deposits with which they are associated. The rock is mainly dolerite or basalt, but is very variable, and in many places it exhibits spherical or columnar structure, unlike, however, that of the Snake River, volcanic ash is common. The plateau formed by these deposits consists of a vast undulating plain, and of flat-topped hills with occasional 'scarps' or cliffs, which in the Sahyadri range are four thousand feet high, the whole being marked by terraces along the outcrop of the horizontal layers of basalt. In many points, the scenery of this district is much like that of the Snake River, but, owing to the greater age of the beds—belonging to the Cretaceous or chalk group they are more weathered, and covered by a thin soil formed by the disintegration of the rock beneath, bearing a slight vegetation. This, however, heightens the monotony, as it consists of a simple covering of straw-coloured grass, though, from March, when the grass is burnt, till the commencement of the rainy season in June, the black soil, the black rocks, and the black ashes of the vegetation, combine to produce a scene of the most solemn desolation. The scene can be well viewed from the railway between Bombay and Nagpur, which traverses this plateau for five hundred and nineteen miles without once leaving the lava.

Many ingenious theories have been started to explain the origin of these lava-beds. Some writers, as Newbold, hold that the beds were ejected from submarine volcanoes, but this is conclusively disproved, since no marine fossils are associated with them, and as the minute dust—due to the shattering of the ash and ejected masses by the sudden cooling—so characteristic a feature in subaqueous eruptions, is wholly absent. According to another school, of which Hislop and Carter were the leaders, the lavas were poured over the bottom of an enormous lake, in places so shallow as to allow the igneous rock to rise above its surface into the atmosphere, thus giving rise to beds of ash, but as this assumes the existence of a vast fresh water lake hundreds of miles long and broad and shallow throughout, for which no evidence has been adduced, this theory is discredited. One of the latest writers upon the subject—Mr W. T. Blanford of the Indian Geological Survey—rejecting the former hypotheses, argues for the formal existence of volcanic foci in Cutch, in the lower Nerbudda valley and near the Sahyadri range, to the east and north east of Bombay, though he admits that if his theory be true, the lava must have flowed for immense distances, and hence postulates its excessive fluidity. The possibility, however, of the rock having done so on a surface quite horizontal, and in the same fluid viscous condition in which most basic lavas are erupted, presents insuperable difficulties, and there is now hardly any doubt that these Deccan Traps were ejected in the same manner as were those of the Snake River.

For our knowledge of the series of volcanic rocks that covers the greatest part of Abyssinia, we are also largely indebted to Mr Blanford, who explored the district during the expedition of 1867. These rocks, widespread though they be, are but the remnants, as are also those of Arabia, of a fissure eruption that inundated Abyssinia and Southern Arabia to a depth of two or three thousand feet.

Nearer home, in North-western Europe, are the relics of the same form of volcanic activity, as evidenced by those disconnected patches of lava streams and trap dikes, which, scattered over the north of Ireland, the Highlands of Scotland, and the northern counties of England, form such prominent features in the landscapes of those districts, as in the columnar basalts of Fingal's Cave and the Giants' Causeway, and the igneous dikes that cross, like walls of rock, the hills of our northern counties. The area that this eruption covered was at least one hundred thousand square miles, which, as it probably extended to the Faroes and Iceland, it may have been much larger. We are not left, as in the case of the Snake River, without evidence as to whence this mass of rock has come, for, since the Miocene Age, when it was ejected, denudation has attacked the district, and sea, stream, and ice have carried off most of the three thousand feet of lava that then covered the land, and have left but a few scattered fragments on which to reconstruct the record of the event. In doing so, they have laid the roots of the old fissures whence this mighty flood must once have welled; and we thus learn that we must trace its source to the long dikes that now stretch over the district, crossing from formation to formation, and traversing dislocations of thousands of feet without any break or change. Such dikes can

be traced from end to end of the region, from Donegal to Fife, and from Yorkshire to the Faroes, increasing in numbers as we approach the volcanic regions of Antrim and the Hebrides. They did not all reach and overflow the surface, as is conclusively proved by Scotch mining operations, and by the fact that they sometimes disappear, to rise again elsewhere on the same line. Such may have been the case with all those of Yorkshire, as the evidence by which we might decide this all been swept away. Nevertheless, we know that a vast district was covered by the great fire flood which was poured over the tropical forest that then flourished on the site of the Scottish Highlands.

From this brief description of the most important of these old fissure eruptions, we see that there is another and a grander phase of volcanism than that now displayed either by Vesuvius or Hecla. This is unquestioned, and the sphere of speculation is removed to the relation between the two classes. It is to Richthofen that we owe the most plausible theory. He considers these massive eruptions as the fundamental development, and modern volcanoes as merely parasitic excrescences on the subterranean lava reservoirs, very much in the relation of minor cinder cones to their parent volcano. Thus the form regarded till recently as the one method of volcanic eruption, appears to be of but secondary importance, being merely a safety valve to relieve the pressure from the lava sources below, or may represent but a feebler and waning condition of that volcanic excitement of which they have so long been regarded as the type.

IN ALL SHADES.

CHAPTER VI.

It is a truism nowadays in this age of travelling, that you see a great deal more of people in a few weeks on board ship at sea together than you would see in a few years of their vacant calling and dining and drawing-room lives, which is ordinarily speak of as society. Nora Dupuy and the two Hawthorns certainly saw a great deal more of Dr Whitaker during their three weeks on board the Saxon than they would ever have seen of him in three years of England or of Trinidad. Nora had had the young man's acquaintance thrust upon her by circumstances, to be sure, but as the Hawthorns sat and talked a great deal with him, she was compelled to do so likewise, and she had too much good feeling to let him see very markedly her innate prejudice against his colour. Besides, she admitted even to herself that Dr Whitaker, for a brown man, was really a very gentlemanly, well informed person—quite an exceptional mulatto, in fact, and as such, to be admitted to the position of a gentleman by courtesy, much as Gulliver was excepted by the Houyhnhnms from the same category of utter reprobation as the ordinary Yahoos of their own country.

Most of the voyage was as decently calm as any one can reasonably expect from the North Atlantic. There were the usual episodes of flying fish and Mother Carey's chickens, and the usual excitement of a daily sweepstake on the length of the ship's run, but, on the whole, the only distinct landmarks of time for the entire three weeks between Southampton and St Thomas were breakfast, luncheon, dinner, and bedtime. The North Atlantic, whatever novelists may say, is not a romantic stretch of ocean, and in spite of prepossessions to the contrary, a ship at sea is not at all a convenient place for the free exercise of the noble art of flirting. It lacks the needful opportunities for retirement from the full blaze of public observation to shy corners, it is far too exposed, and on the whole too unstable also. Altogether, the voyage was mostly a monotonous one, which is equivalent to saying that it was safe and comfortable, for the only possible break in the ordinary routine of a sea passage must necessarily be a fire on board or a collision with a rival steamer. However, about two days out from St Thomas, there came a little relief from the tedium of the daily situation, and the relief assumed the unpleasant form of a genuine mild West Indian hurricane.

Nora had never before seen anything like it, or, at any rate, if she had, he had chosen forgotten all about it. Though the captain had declared it was 'too soon' for hurricanes, this was, in fact, a very fine tropical tornado of the very fiercest and vehementest description. About two o'clock in the afternoon, the passengers were all sitting out on deck, when the sea, till then a dead calm, began to be faintly ruffled by little whiffs and spirts of wind, which raised here and there tiny patches of wavelets, scarcely perceptible to the blunt vision of the unaccustomed landsman. But the experienced eye of a sailor could read in it at once a malignant hint of the coming tempest. Presently, the breeze freshened with extraordinary rapidity, and before five o'clock, the cyclone had burst upon them in all its violence. The rush of a mighty gale was heard through the rigging, swaying and bending the masts like supple willows before the autumn breezes. The wave, lashed into fury by the fierce and fitful gusts of wind, broke over and anon over the side of the vessel, and the big Saxon tossed about helplessly before the frantic tempest like the veriest cockleshell in an angry sea upon a northern ocean. Of course, at the first note of serious danger, the passengers were all ordered below to the saloon, where they sat in mute suspense, the women pale and trembling, the men trying to look as if they cared very little about it, while the great ship rolled and tossed and pitched and creaked and rattled in all her groaning timbers beneath the mad frenzy of that terrific commotion.

Just as they were being turned off the decks to be penned up down stairs like so many helpless sheep in the lower cabin, Nora Dupuy, who had been standing with the Hawthorns and Dr Whitaker, watching the huge and ever-increasing waves bursting madly over the side of the vessel, happened to drop her shawl at starting on to the deck beside the companion-ladder. At that very moment, a bigger sea than any they had yet encountered broke with shivering force against the bulwarks of the steamer, and swept across the deck in a drowning flood as though it would carry everything bodily before it. 'Make haste, there!' the captain called out

imperatively—'Steward, send them all down below, this minute. I shouldn't be surprised if before night we were to have a capful of nasty weather'

But even as he spoke, the wave, which had caught Nora's shawl and driven it over to the leeward side, now in its reflux sucked it back again swiftly to windward, and left it lying all wet and matted against the gunwale in a mass of disorder. Dr Whitaker jumped after it instinctively, and tried to catch it before another wave could carry it overboard altogether. 'Oh, pray don't trouble about it' Nora cried, in hasty deprecation. 'It isn't worth it. Take care, or you'll get wet through and through yourself before you know it'

'The man's a fool,' the uncommonious captain called out bluntly from his perch above. 'Get wet indeed! If another sea like that strikes the ship, it'll wash him clean overboard.—Come back, sir, I tell you, come back. No one but a sailor can keep his feet properly against the force of a sea like that one!'

Nora and the few other passengers who had still remained on deck stood trembling under shelter of the glazed companion ladder, wondering whether the rash mulatto would really carry out his foolhardy endeavour to recover the wrapper. The sailor stood by, ready to batten down the hatches as soon as the deck was fairly cleared, and waiting impatiently for the last lingerer. But Dr Whitaker took not the slightest notice of captain or sailor, and merely glanced back at Nora with a quiet smile, as if to reassure her of his perfect safety. He stood by the gunwale, just clutching at the shawl, in the very act of recovering it, when a sea cold, still more violent than the last, struck the ship once more full on the side, and swept the mulatto helplessly before it right across the quarter deck. It dashed him with terrific force against the bulwarks on the opposite side, and for a moment, Nora gave a scream of terror, imagining it would carry him overboard with its sudden flood. The next second, the ship righted itself, and they saw the young doctor rising to his feet once more, bruised and dripping, but still not seriously or visibly injured. The sea had washed the shawl once more out of his grasp, with the force of the shock, and instead of rushing back to the shelter of the ladder, he tried even now to recover it a second time from the windward side, where the recoil had again capriciously carried it. 'The shawl, the shawl!' he cried excitedly, gliding once more across the wet and slippery decks as she lurched anew, in the foolish effort to catch the worthless wrapper.

'Confound the man!' the captain roared from his place on the bridge. 'Does he think the Company's going to lose a passenger's life for nothing, just to satisfy his absurd politeness?—Go down, sir—go down, this minute, I tell you, or else, by jingo, if you don't, I shall have you put in irons at once for the rest of the voyage'

The mulatto looked up at him with a smile and nodded cheerfully. He held up his left hand proudly above his head, with the dripping shawl now waving in his grasp like a mock bedraggled banner, while with his right he gripped a rope firmly and steadily, to hold his own against the next approaching billow. In a second, the big sea was over him once more, and till the huge wall of water had swept its way across the entire breadth of the vessel, Nora and Miriam couldn't discover whether it had dashed him bodily overboard or left him still standing by the windward gunwale. There was a pause of suspense while one might count twenty, and then, as the vessel rolled once more to port, Dr Whitaker's tall figure could be seen, still erect and grasping the cable, with the shawl triumphantly flourished, even so, in his disengaged hand. The next instant, he was over at the ladder, and had placed the wet and soaking wrapper back in the hands of its original possessor.

'Dr Whitaker,' Nora cried to him, half laughing and half pale with terror, 'I'm very angry with you. You had no right to imperil your life like that for nothing better than a bit of a wrapper. It was awfully wrong of you, and I'll never wear the shawl again as long as I live, now that you've brought it back to me at the risk of drowning'

The mulatto, smiling unconcernedly in spite of his wetting, bowed a little bow of quiet acquiescence. 'I'm glad to think, Miss Dupuy,' he replied in a low voice, 'that you regard my life as so well worth preserving.—But did you ever before in all your day see anything so glorious as those in a storm bell was?'

Nora bit her lip tartly, and answered nothing for a brief moment. Then she added merely 'Think you for your kindness,' in a constrained voice and turned below into the crowded dining saloon. Dr Whitaker did not regain them, he went back to his own stateroom, to put on some dry clothes after his foolhardy adventure, and think of Nora's eyes in the solitude of his cabin.

There is no position in life more helplessly feeble for grown men and women than that of people littered down in a ship at sea in the midst of a great and dangerous tempest. On deck, the captain and the officers, cut off from all communication with below, know how the storm is growing and how the ship is weathering it, but the unconscious passengers in their crowded quarters, treated like children by the rough seafaring men, can only sit below in hopeless ignorance, waiting to learn the fate in store for them when the tempest wills it. And indeed, the hurricane that night was quite enough to make even strong men feel their own utter and abject powerlessness. From the moment they were all battened down in the big saloon, after the first fresh squall, the storm burst in upon them in real earnest with terrific and ever increasing violence. The wind howled and whistled fiercely through the ropes and rigging. The ship bounced now on to the steep crest of a swelling billow, now wallowed helplessly in the deep trough that intervened between each and its mad successor. The sea seemed to dash in upon the side every second with redoubled intensity, sweeping through the scupper holes with a roar like thunder. The waves crashed down upon the battened skylights in blinding deluges. Every now and then, they could hear the cracking of a big timber—some spar or boom torn off

from the masts, like rotten branches from a dead tree, by the mighty force of the irresistible cyclone. Whirling and roaring and sputtering and rattling and creaking, the storm raged on for hour after hour, and the pale and frightened women, sitting huddled together in little groups on the crimson velvet cushions of the stuffy saloon, looked at one another in silent awe, clasping each other's hands with bloodless fingers, by way of companionship in their mute terror. From time to time, they could just overhear, in the lulls between the great gusts, the captain's loud voice shouting out inaudible directions to the sailors overhead, and the engineers bell was rung over and over again, with bewildering frequency, to stop her, back her, ease her, steady her, or put her head once more bravely against the face of the ever shifting and shattering storm.

Hour after hour went by slowly, and still nobody stirred from the hushed saloon. At eleven, all lights were usually put out, with Spartan severity, but this night, in consideration of the hurricane, the stewards left them burning still. They didn't know when they might be wanted for prayers, if the ship should begin to show signs of sudden foundering. So the passengers sat on still in the saloon together, till four o'clock began to hint back the daylight again with a hard glare away to eastward. Then the first fury of the hurricane began to abate a little—a very little; and the sun crashed a trifle less frequently against the thick and solid plate glass of the sealed skylights. Edward at last persuaded Marian and Nora to go down to their staterooms and try to snatch a short spell of sleep. The danger was over now, he said, and they might fairly venture to recover a bit from the long terror of that awful night.

As they went staggering feebly along the unsteady corridors below, lighted by the dim lamps as yet unextinguished, they happened to pass the door of a stateroom whence, to their great surprise, in the midst of the terrible awe inspiring hurricane, the notes of a violin could be distinctly heard mingling strangely in a weird harmony with the roaring of the wind and the ominous creaking of the overstrain'd and rumbling timbers. The sounds were not those of a regular piece of studied music; they were more fitful bars and stray snatches of tempestuous melody, that imitated and registered the inarticulate music of the whirlwind itself even as it passed wildly before them. Nora paused a moment beside the half open door. 'Why,' she whispered to Marian in an awestruck undertone, clutching convulsively at the hand rail to steady herself, 'it must be Dr Whitaker. He's actually playing his violin to himself in the midst of all this awful uproar!'

'It is,' Edward Hawthorn answered confidently. 'I know his stateroom—that's the number.'

He pushed the half open door a little further ajar, and peeped inside with sudden curiosity. There on the bunk sat the mulatto doctor, unmoved amid the awful horse play of the careering elements, with his violin in his hands, and a little piece of paper ruled with pencilled music-lines pinned up roughly against the wall of the cabin beside him. He started and laughed a little at the sudden apparition of Edward Hawthorn's head within the doorway. 'Ah,' he said, pointing to a few scratchy pencil marks on the little piece of ruled paper, 'you see, Mr Hawthorn, I couldn't sleep, and so I've been amusing myself with a bit of composing. I'm catching some fresh ideas for a piece from the tempest, wind, and the hubbub of the breakers. Isn't it grand, the music of the storm? I shall work it up by and by, no doubt, into a little hurricane symphony.—Listen, here listen.' And he drew his bow rapidly across the strings with skilful fingers, and brought forth from the violin some few bars of a strangely wild and storm like melody, that seemed to have caught the very spirit of the terrible tornado still raging everywhere so madly around them.

'Has the man no feelings,' Nora exclaimed with a shudder to Marian, outside, 'that he can play his fiddle in this storm, like Nero or somebody when Rome was burning.'

'I think,' Marian said, with a little sigh, 'he has some stronger overpowering feeling under neath, that makes him think nothing of the hurricane or anything else, but keeps him wrapped up entirely in its own circle.'

Next day when the sea had gone down somewhat, and the passengers had begun to struggle up on deck one by one with pinched faces, Dr Whitaker made his appearance once more, clothed and in his right mind, and handed Nora a little roll of manuscript music. Nora took it and glanced carelessly at the first page. She started when she saw it was inscribed in a round and careful copper plate hand—'To Miss Dupuy—Hurricane Symphony. By W Clarkson Whitaker, M B, Mus D.' Nora read hastily through the first few bars—the soothing and freshening of the wind in its earlier gusts, before the actual tempest had yet swept wildly over them—and murmured half aloud, 'It looks very pretty—very fine, I mean. I should like some day to hear you play it.'

'If you would permit me to prefix your name to the piece when it's published in London,' the mulatto doctor said with an anxious air, 'just as I've prefixed it there at the head of the title page—I should be very deeply obliged and grateful to you.'

Nora hesitated a moment. A brown man! Her name on the first page of his printed music! What would people say in Trinidad? And yet, what excuse could she give for answering no? She pretended for a while to be catching back her veil, that the wind blew about her face and hair, to gain time for consideration; then she said with a smile of apology. 'It would look so conceited of me, you know—wouldn't it, Dr Whitaker? as if I were setting myself up to be some great one, to whom people were expected to dedicate music.'

The mulatto's face fell a little with obvious disappointment, but he answered quietly. 'As you will, Miss Dupuy. It was somewhat presumptuous of me, perhaps, to think you would accept a dedication from me on so short an acquaintance.'

Nora's cheeks coloured quickly as she replied with a hasty voice. 'O no, Dr Whitaker, I didn't mean that—indeed, I didn't. It's very kind of you to think of putting my name to

your beautiful music. If you look at it that way, I shall ask you as a personal favour to print that very dedication upon it when you get it published in London.'

Dr Whitaker's eye lighted up with unexpected pleasure, and he answered, 'I think you,' slowly and softly. But Nora said to herself in her own heart 'Goodness gracious, now, just out of politeness to this clever brown man, and because I hadn't strength of mind to say no to him, I've gone and put my foot in it terribly. What on earth will papa say about it when he comes to hear of it? I must try and keep the piece away from him. This is the sort of thing that's sure to happen to one when one once begins knowing brown people.'

(To be continued.)

CUSTOMS OFFICERS AND WRECKS

The powers of custom officers in the matter of wrecking or salvage is a matter of great interest, and as it is referred to in a recent Report by Her Majesty's Commissioners of Customs, a few notes on the subject may not be out of place. The whole of the wreck work in the United Kingdom is discharged by these officers, under the general superintendence of the Board of Trade. All wreck found by any person, except the owner thereof, is to be delivered up to the duly appointed person termed the Receiver, and even if found by the owner, the receiver is to be apprised of the facts. The receiver has power, with a warrant from a justice of the peace, to enter into any house or other place wherever situated, and there search for, seize, and detain any wreck he may find. In all cases, he shall, within forty-eight hours after taking possession of any wreck, cause to be posted up at the custom house in the port nearest to which such wreck was found or cast, a description of the same, and of any marks by which it may be distinguished. In certain cases, he is, moreover, to transmit a description of the wreck in his hands to the Secretary of Lloyd's in London, and also to any admiral, vice-admiral, lord of the manor, or other person having claims for his own use to otherwise unclaimed wreck.

The work of the receiver includes many transactions in connection with wreck requiring much care, tact, and discretion, involving the arrest and detention of ships and cargoes, on declaration by salvors of claims to remuneration for salvage services, ships and cargoes being held under arrest until salvage claims are settled, or until proper security is given by bond or otherwise in satisfaction thereof, as well as the disposal of the claims of salvors, and the restoration of wreck to the owners thereof, after satisfying such claims, other than for salvage, that may be against it. The receivers are, moreover, authorised to dispose at once of all wrecked goods of a perishable nature, and of all other goods at the end of a year, unless they can be previously disposed of to the advantage of all persons concerned. In the performance of his work, the receiver is to 'endeavour to make himself acquainted with the persons and characters of the boatmen and others in the district who are likely to act as salvors or to find and recover wreck,' and he is to 'remember that the powers of controlling and directing such persons, and of furthering and adjusting their claims for salvage, are to be exercised in such a manner as shall most conduce to the preservation of life and property, and that he stands between them on the one hand and the owner and insurer on the other in an independent and judicial position.' It is his special duty, while providing for the claims of bona fide salvors, to protect, so far as his powers permit, owners against vexatious and improper claims. The receiver is further required to proceed to any place in the United Kingdom, either on the shore or in a tidal river, where any ship may be stranded or in distress, and there to take command of all persons present, and issue such directions as he may deem appropriate for the preservation of the ship and her apparel, as well as the cargo and the lives of all persons on board.

The number of wrecks reported in 1884–85 was eleven thousand three hundred and seventy-one, and the number sold or otherwise disposed of, ten thousand one hundred and thirty-three. The amount of money received on account of wreck was twenty-four thousand one hundred and fifteen pounds, but as much of this amount is received in very small sums, it does not adequately represent the very important work performed in this matter every year by the officers of Customs.

A GOLDEN ARGOSY

A NOVELETTE.

CHAPTER XV.—CONCLUSION.

Miss Wakefield surveyed the group with an air of stony deliberation, and the shakiness of her uneven teeth displayed itself with distinct unpleasantness. There was a cunning look in her eyes, a lack of hate and greed strangely blended with scorn.

Mr Carver, after a premonitory cough, addressed her. 'Pray, be seated, madam,' he said with his severest professional manner. 'The business which has brought us here to-day is not likely to be protracted, and I see no reason why we should not commence at once. I presume you would wish to get it over?'

'Certainly,' she said, 'I see nothing to detain us. I presume the thing is concealed somewhere in the house.'

'On the contrary, madam, no. Had such been the case, doubtless it would have been discovered long since. I do not suppose you would have been behindhand in the search, and if I remember, at the time of my late client's decease, no pains were spared to find his effects. I think that is so?'

Miss Wakefield emitted a grim smile, and nodded.

'Very good,' the lawyer continued—'very good.—Mr Shimm, I suppose you have the implements at hand? Nothing remains now for us but immediately to set to work and accomplish our mission. I have seen some extraordinary things

in the course of my professional career, but I must say that since I have had the honour to be on the rolls, I never encountered anything like this'

'How did it come out?' asked Miss Wakefield acidly

'Margaret Poulton—you remember her, of course—she was charged with a paper disclosing this secret If I mistake not, it was given her on the day of Mr Morton's death'

Miss Wakefield drew her breath sharply 'Had I but known!' she said slowly—'ah, had I but known!'

There are spots, astronomers inform us, on the sun—a metaphorical expression which, in the language of the day, implies that nothing is perfect The expression used by Miss Wakefield therefore proved her to be after all but human, and, I am afraid, raised a feeling of gratification in her listeners' breasts that she had not known

'We are wasting time here,' said Mr Carver shortly

At this signal, every one rose, and made their way out of the house, and thence on to the lawn They were secluded entirely from observation, and it was impossible for passersby to see the operations Mr Slimm presently appeared bearing a pickaxe and spade, and without delay commenced operations He was in old mine, and went to work in a scientific manner, which could not fail to win the entire approval of the spectators Miss Wakefield, who, be it remembered, was entirely in the dark, watched his proceedings with a thrilling interest entirely lost in contemplating the workman

The spot where they were landing was in the centre of the lawn, and there stood the figure of Niobe in the centre Truly, the last place to look for a fortune

Mr Slimm first cut a way to clear away the weeds and rubbish which had in time sprung up round Niobe's feet—a task in which he was heartily aided by the onlookers, Mr Carver doing great feats with the thistles, and even Bates joined in the task, covering himself with distinction by his desperate onslaught upon sundry dandelions which time had sown there This task being accomplished, the real work commenced

'I do not think we need move that ancient lady,' said Mr Slimm, touching the Niobe 'We will break earth here in front of her'

By this time, excitement reigned supreme Mr Carver hopped about like an animated cork, giving the most contrary directions, and ever interfering with the task in hand by his well meant interference After narrowly escaping sudden death from a hearty swing of Mr Slimm's pickaxe, he retired to a safe distance, and there directed the work in safety, giving instructions which were totally ignored by the worker

'I never calculated,' said the American, as he worked, 'to be prospecting for pay dirt on a gentleman's lawn As an ordinary rule, such is not the place to look for dust The symptoms don't indicate gold,' he continued, digging away with great heartiness, 'but we never can tell what's going to turn up, as the philosopher said Nothing like faith in these little operations Faith, we are told, will remove mountains It isn't a mountain exactly that I want to move, but this is precious slow work Perhaps I'm out of practice, perhaps it's my impatience, but this hoe don't seem to be in raising to any powerful extent It can't be very much farther down, and that's a fact, or my old comrade must have been a much more powerful man than I took him for'

By this time he had excavated the earth to some depth, but as yet nothing was visible He resumed his task heartily, but as he got deeper and deeper, his anxiety increased

'I hope we are not going to be sold,' Mr Slimm said at length

'*Under* the statue, remember,' said Edgar, 'you are going too deep'

'I believe you are right,' replied Mr Slimm, as he directed a few blows almost vicariously at the side of the hole he had dug At that moment the point of the pick struck on some hard surface Expectation was on tiptoe, and the utmost pitch of excitement was reached in other words, every one became intensely quiet—all quiet can be intense—and watched the worker closely A few more blows given with hearty good will, and the spade plied with equal zest, brought to light a square box, directly beneath the statue, but only a few inches underground. A few touches of the spade completed its liberation, and Charles Morton's hiding place was no longer in uncertainty, but a pleasant reality

There, after so long an interment, it lay The treasure which had caused so much jealousy and scheming, disappointment and misery, care and sorrow, treachery and cunning, was there For that money one life had been lost, for that treasure, two proud hearts had suffered four years misery and deprivation For that poor dross, one man's dying bed was embittered and poisoned, for the loss of it, one woman had wept and raved in vain Hidden from fear, found by that mysterious agency poor mortals call chance, let us hope at last that it is destined to work some good in a world of tears

It was no dream The contents were shaken out unceremoniously upon the grass, and certified by Mr Carver Neat piles of papers and securities, chiefly American, were wrapped in waterproof, in a careful manner Their previous estimate of Mr Morton's fortune was found not to have been far wrong, for when the amount of the securities came to be counted, the sum came to no less than thirty eight thousand five hundred and ten pounds

'Good!' exclaimed Miss Wakefield, first to break the silence, and speaking in a voice as nearly approaching satisfaction as it was possible for that estimable female to reach 'I presume the rest is merely formal—Mr Carver, I shall expect nineteen thousand two hundred and fifty-five pounds, free of costs, to be paid into my bankers at once I certainly take credit for my generosity in this matter'

No one answered this remark; the idea of Miss Wakefield's generosity being sufficient to provide every mind with abundance of speculation. But Mr Slimm's sharp eye had caught sight of an envelope, which the others, in the

anxiety to count the spoil, had entirely over looked. With a quiet smile upon his lips, he listened to the last speaker's gracious remark, and then handing the paper to Mr Carver, said—'I am afraid, madam, we shall have to tax your generosity still further. If a will was found in our favour, I think you were to be content with five thousand pounds. If I don't mistake, the paper I have given to our estimable friend is that interesting document.'

Meanwhile, Mr Carver was fluttering about in a state of great jubilation. His first words, soon as he had attracted the attention of the group, was to shake hands with Bates with great and elaborate ceremony. This gratulatory operation being concluded, he put on his spectacles and said—'Bates, I owe you an apology. I spoke of your intellect disparagingly. I think, not long since, and now, in the presence of this distinguished circle, I beg leave, in all due humility, to retract my words. It was I who had lost my wits—No—no contradictions, please. I say it was I. The paper I hold in my hand is the last will and testament of my late client, Charles Morton, the owner of this house. After giving a few brief reasons for disposing of his money in this extraordinary manner, and after a few small legacies, he says: "And as to the rest, residue, and remainder of my estate both real and personal, and of what description or kind soever and of which I may die possessed, I give and bequeath to my niece, Eleanor Seaton, for her absolute use and benefit." It is signed and witnessed by John Stokes and Aaron Crew, both names being familiar to me—Miss Wakefield, I congratulate you, I do, indeed. You have done really well.'

It was evident, from the expression of that lady's face, that she was very far from having this opinion. Her upper lip went up, and her saw like teeth came down in a manner evil to see. 'It is a conspiracy!' she hissed, 'a low, cunning conspiracy—Oh, you shall pay for it—you shall pay for it. Do you think you are going to rob me with impunity, with your lawyer schemes? I will fight the will,' she screamed, 'if I am ruined for it. I will ruin you all. I will have you struck off the rolls! Oh, you hoary headed, lying old reptile, you!'

'Madam,' said Mr Slimm sternly, 'you forget yourself. Do you not know it is in our power to count the money you have had into the sum we propose to give you? Have a care—have a care!'

These last words, uttered with peculiar emphasis, had a wonderful effect upon the 'woman scorned.' With a violent effort, she collected herself, and when she spoke again, it was without the slightest trace of her late abandoned, reckless manner.

'Be it so, she said slowly—'be it so. You are not likely to hear from me again.—Good morning—Mr Slimm, I see my cab is waiting. If you will be good enough to give me your arm, I shall be obliged to you.'

'One moment,' said Mr Carver. 'We do not propose to deduct the few hundreds you have from the stipulated sum to be paid to you. You shall hear from me in a few days.'

'Thank you,' she replied with strange humility—'Mr Slimm, are you ready?—Again, good morning.'

When the American returned, his face was grave and stern. What passed between him and Mrs Wakefield was never known. And so the curtain from our history. Her cunning and deceit if it was not something worse—had availed her nothing. Baffled and defeated, as she should always be, she retired to her dingy lodgings, and was never more seen by our friends. Whether there had been any foul play was never known. If the shrewd American had any such suspicions, he kept them to himself. It was best, he thought, to let the past dead bury its dead, and not stir up bitterness and the shadow of a crime, where nought but peace and sunshine should be.

Mr Carver was still puzzled. Why his client should have taken such a strange course with his money, and why he had not come to him and made his last will in a straightforward manner, was a circumstance he could not fathom. But wiser men than the astute lawyer have been puzzled ere now by the idiosyncrasies of man, and Mr Carver was only pondering upon a subject which has been and will be a theme with philosophers for all time.

'Why could he not have come to me?' he asked at length.

'I think it is easily understood, explained Felix, 'and the principal reason was fear. According to your own showing, Mr Morton was moody and fanciful, possessing a highly strung nervous system, and easily impressed. That woman's stronger will stilled his. I am under no obligation to her, but she possesses a mesmeric eye which has a peculiar effect upon me. Besides this, it is evident he never trusted her. He must have known, had he communicated with you, that she would sooner or later discover it, hence his strange conduct. The method, to me, savours strongly of a madman's cunning. It is provoking that such men trust no one.'

'It is rather idle to speculate upon it now,' Edgar said cheerfully. 'Justice has been done at last, and we are satisfied.'

'We are all satisfied, exclaimed Mr Carver. 'You have your money, and Bates has his partnership.—Eh, Bates?' slapping that individual with great heartiness on the back—'eh, Bates?'

'I suppose so, sir, replied that misanthrope gravely, 'but the whole matter is highly unprofessional. There is a lack of business form about it.'

'Ah, ah!' laughed Mr Carver—'just like Bates, no sentiment—no poetry.'

'And no romance,' put in Edgar.

It was a merry group. Mr Slimm was talking to Eleanor, making her laugh at his quaint American saws, and she was telling him of her strange dream, and how it had all come true. Edgar and Mr Carver were badgering Bates upon his gloomy state, and Felix was amusing and instructing little Nelly with a bewildering, awe inspiring fairy tale—the little one, who had been a silent spectator of the proceedings, and knew by some childish instinct that some happy event had happened.

'Ring down the curtain—the thing is played out,' Edgar said, 'and now back again to London town, Nelly.'

'Papa,' she said after a pause, 'has some day come?'

'Yes, darling'

'Really and truly?'

'Yes, darling Some day has come at last, little one.'

Sunshine and laughter, mirth and joy, instead of misery and despair, gloom and smoke Last wood again two months later, and high revels are being held, for is it not little Nelly's birthday! The blue sky, flocked with little white clouds, smiles overhead, and the birds are making merry in the trees Niobe still stands in the centre of the lawn, as ready to keep a secret as ever, and saying nothing either of the future or the past

A pattering throng of little ones are trying to play at tennis, and Eleanor and her husband are watching them with amused eyes Eleanor looks very sweet and fair to day, with the light of happiness in her eyes, and there is an expression of peace on her face, as she leans upon her husband's chair, which is good and pleasant to see Mr Lutes is looking on at the group with meditative looks, speculating no doubt, upon marriage settlement, which the little chatterers will want some day Jolly Mr Carver is in the midst of a group of little ones, making himself an object of ridicule and contempt on account of his lack of knowledge touching the mysteries of 'hunt the slipper' Fancy an old gentleman like that knowing nothing of the game!'—an opinion which one golden haired fairy tenders him without hesitation, and to which he listens with becoming humility and contriteness Noble hearted Felix has established a court, where he is doing his best to emulate the wonders of the eastern story tellers, and, to judge from the rapt attention of his audience and the extreme roundness of their eyes, his imagination is by no means faulty Lying full length on the grass, watching the various groups, is Mr Slimm There is a depth of sadness in his eyes to day, for he is thinking of another home—that was—thousands of miles away, and the echo of other voices than these rings in his ears.

'I did hope,' he said, rising up, 'that I should spend my old age with my own children, but I suppose it was not to be'

'Do not think of that now,' Eleanor said with womanly tenderness

'Perhaps it is selfish,' he replied, with a great heave of his chest 'It is all for the best, and I have my happiness in yours Had I not lost my dear ones, I should never have brought you your joy'

'Dear old fellow!' Edgar said, pressing his hand warmly 'Try and forget that for to day How good providence has been to us!'

'It is not every man who has a wife like yours, Seaton,' replied the American, heedless of the blushing Eleanor

'True for you, old friend,' Edgar replied, looking at his wife lovingly 'I have one in a million,' and he kissed her fondly

The American regarded them for a moment with something in his eyes suspiciously like tears 'It was not to be,' he said at length—'it was not to be!'

Eleanor came forward and took his hands in her own 'Why not?' she said 'You have always a home and welcome here. Stay with us, and we will give to you what we can Now, promise'

And he promised

THE MONTH

SCIENCE AND ARTS

The necessary excavations for an immense sewer in course of construction at Rome, have laid bare some interesting relics of the ancient city One of these is a tomb, almost perfect in every respect, which bears an inscription showing that it was the last resting place of Scipio, who was consul in the year 141 B C Cicero mentions Scipio as being a fine orator The tomb is a handsome one, and it is intended to remove and rebuild it in some spot where it will again be open to the light of day At present, it is at a depth of twenty feet below the modern level Other relics, separated from the present by an interval of twenty centuries, have also been laid bare Among them is the site of the College of Medicine, and an inscription bearing the names of thirty physicians

Another interesting find has occurred at Ramleh, near Alexandria This is the unearthing of an ancient statue of the great Hermes, which was recently discovered by the chief of the coastguardsmen, Middlemas Ley, while searching for contraband tobacco The statue has not been fully examined yet There is little doubt, however, that it is three thousand years old It is covered with hieroglyphics, which will most probably throw some light upon its history There is every indication that the spot where it has been found may form part of the site of a buried city

The Exhibition opened some weeks ago under the auspices of the Geographical Society (London), has proved a great success for it has been well attended Its object was to show, by exhibiting the maps, atlases, textbooks, and appliances devoted to this science by continental countries, and also by lectures, that the land upon which the sun never sets is beyond all others the most deficient in the means of teaching geography The collection will presently be exhibited at Manchester, and afterwards at Edinburgh It is said that the Council of the Geographical Society will give a favourable hearing, to any application which may be made to them for the loan of the collection for exhibition in other large cities

M Dubrisy, an authority on meteorites, has been examining two of these bodies which fell in India last year One of them fell at the village of Pirthalla, in the Punjaub It weighed twenty pounds, and had the appearance of granite, coated with a blackened skin The other meteorite fell in the North western Provinces, and its fall was accompanied by a flash of light and a noise resembling thunder A great deal of interest has been aroused lately in the subject of meteorites by the course of lectures which Professor Dewar has just concluded at the Royal Institution, London, and which have been addressed to a juvenile audience. Children of an older growth as well can hardly fail to be interested in these mysterious bodies, the only visitors that come to us from space

We stated last month in these columns that

MM Paul and Prosper Henry had succeeded in photographing a portion of the Milky way It has now been suggested by the same eminent French astronomers that the different observatories of the world should join hands in the stupendous undertaking of charting in their true positions all the stars, about twenty millions, which are included in the first fifteen magnitudes It is calculated that the work might be accomplished within the present century, if twelve observatories in different parts of the northern and southern hemisphere were to undertake it About five hundred and ten photographic plates would have to be taken at each place, and each plate would require perhaps one nights attention But the only nights available would be those having no moon and having a clear and still air If this work be carried out, its value to the future of astronomical science will be incalculable

A shock of earthquake was felt at about seven o'clock on the morning of January 20 in Cornwall, at St Austell and in the neighbourhood It appeared as if an explosion had taken place, so great was the noise, and the sound was immediately followed by the shaking of the ground Persons felt their beds moving under them, and many others had an impression that a portion of their house was falling down The shock was also felt at Mevagissey Many people were shaken in their beds In one instance a clock was stopped, and in many houses the doors and windows shook violently The inhabitants of St Blazey and neighbourhood were greatly startled, about a quarter past seven, by hearing a loud rumbling noise and by houses being shaken from foundation to roof It appeared to come from a northerly direction, and the vibration lasted about four or five seconds Persons coming in from the outlying districts and giving an account of the shock being more or less severe, all agree as to the time of its taking place

A more important instance of subterranean activity has been reported to the Admiralty by the United States government A submarine volcano, southward of the Culebra reef, has suddenly become active, and has thrown up an island two miles in length and about two hundred and fifty feet in height A similar volcano on the same spot was reported in the year 1877

From a study of six hundred and fifty thunderstorms that occurred in Italy in 1881, Signor Ferrari concludes that every thunderstorm is connected with a barometric, hygrometric, and thermic depression, it is behind the two former and in front of the last Most of those storms arose in the wide plain of the Po Coming from west north west with a velocity of from eighteen to twenty four miles per hour, they passed (in case of their greatest range) with slackening speed over the Apennines in Upper and Middle Italy For a given moment the thunderstorm has the form of a long narrow band, advancing, with numerous bends outwards and inwards, parallel to itself, and having its various characteristic phenomena most intense along the middle line The dominant wind direction is generally parallel to that of propagation of the storm

M de Lesseps, with delegates from the Chambers of Commerce of Paris, Marseilles, Havre, Rouen, Bordeaux, and Lyons, as well as representatives from England, Holland, Germany, &c, whom he has invited to accompany him, has started for the Panama Canal works The object of the journey is to dispel any doubts as to the completion of the undertaking, and also to give the representatives of the various nationalities an opportunity of seeing for themselves how far the work has progressed It is said that there are now twenty seven contractors on the works, who are tied down to finish their sections by certain dates So many adverse reports have been circulated as to the real condition of affairs, that news from competent and disinterested observers will be looked for with some anxiety

A scheme, under influential support, has been started for the partition and administration of that unfortunate part of Africa called the Soudan This happy consummation is to be brought about by the establishment of a chartered corporation of somewhat the same type as the defunct East India Company The nominal capital of this proposed Company is to be ten millions, with power to borrow as much more, and it is further proposed that the English government, in consideration of having the white elephant off their hands, should find a handsome subsidy The money would be employed in the development of the country generally, by the maintenance of roads, railways, irrigation works, and other works of public utility As the natives generally have the instinct of kern trader, it is hoped that these measures may induce them to 'turn their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks' It is hoped, too, that the operations of the Company may stamp out for ever the slave trade of equatorial Africa The scheme is a magnificent one, but its success will depend upon the tact of those who are brought into contact with the natives

Lieutenant Taunt, who was employed by the United States government upon a mission to the Congo, has recently returned, and gives a very favourable report as to the healthy climate of the free state With few exceptions, the chiefs of the different stations are on good terms with the natives Cattle are reared with great success, and fresh meat is therefore abundant, and the same may be said of European vegetables Lieutenant Taunt enjoyed good health, and considers that there is no reason why other white men should not do the same, if they will only exercise common prudence Upon only one occasion did the explorer meet with any animosity from the natives, and this he attributed to the fact that no station had been established in that particular district He considers that it would be to the interest of the free state if a great many more stations were established Finally, Lieutenant Taunt agrees with Mr Stanley that on the Congo there are abundant resources to develop

We have much pleasure in calling attention to the Typewriting and General Copying Association, which for twelve months has been established for the employment of reduced gentlewomen at Lonsdale Chambers, Chancery Lane, London This worthy little Association has during its first year been so successful in paying its way and making a profit on the work done,

that three new type writers have been bought by it. Authors, dramatists, and many others find it very convenient to have their writings translated into a form which can be so easily read. We wish the enterprise continued success.

The miniature hills and vales exhibited by the wood pavement of a railway where there is a constant traffic, is a familiar sight to dwellers in our cities. The only remedy hitherto found for the disease is the relaying of the road with fresh blocks of wood and a long exhibition of the notice 'No Thoroughfare,' while the tedious operation is going forward. Mr Bickmill, of the Sandycroft Foundry Company, Chester, has invented a machine to obviate this inconvenience, and it has been tried with some success at Manchester. It has the appearance of a traction engine, and it carries behind it a revolving disc furnished with cutters. These cutters pare the road level, after the manner of a planing machine, advancing upon the work at the rate of one foot per minute.

All anglers must be grateful to Mr Henry Dunnill for the care with which he gathers and publishes statistics relating to the Salmon Fisheries. His record for the past year is a very satisfactory one, for it tells us that fish of large size have fallen at times to the net and to the rod. Huge fish of forty pounds weight have been common, and as usual, the river Tay takes the lead in the number and weight of its fish. One angler, Captain Griffith, landed in a single day thirteen fish of the collective weight of two hundred and thirty seven and a half pounds. In the Dee, a fish of fifty seven pounds fell to the rod of the keeper, and a fish of the same weight was taken in Ireland, on the Shannon. On the Dee, it is reported that salmon, in the lower reaches has been carried on to such an extent that the upper proprietors who do as much to nurse the fish during their tender infancy as becoming quite disheartened. The same complaint comes from the water bailiffs on the upper portion of the Severn fishery. But here, it seems that the fish have other remorseless enemies in the otters, who of late years have increased in numbers to an alarming extent. These voracious hunters do not content themselves with simply killing a salmon now and then to supply their larder, but prefer, as their habit is, to eat a piece out of the shoulder, leaving the rest of the carcass untouched. As many as six or seven dead fish have been found in one place mutilated in this manner.

'Horses of the Past and Present' was the subject of a most interesting lecture given lately at the London Institution by Professor Flower, who, it will be remembered, succeeded Professor Owen as Director of the Natural History Museum at South Kensington. He pointed to the tapir as one of the earliest known ancestors of the horse, and showed that the family group to which the horse belonged had undergone great modifications. The changes which had gradually taken place in the horse consisted principally in a great increase of size, especially in the length of the neck and certain structural alterations in the bones. The teeth and the feet exhibit the most marked alterations from previous types, alterations which have been induced by conditions of life. The lecturer held that the domestic horse is undoubtedly derived from the wild species of Europe and Asia, but there is no means of arriving at the time when domestication took place.

The opening, last month, of the tunnel beneath the Mersey, which connects Liverpool with Birkenhead, marks the successful completion of one of the great engineering achievements of modern times. The boring differs from an ordinary railway tunnel in consisting of three separate passages through the solid rock. The lowermost of these is a drainage 'heading' eight feet in diameter. Seven feet above this comes the main tunnel, twenty six feet in diameter, through which the trains are now continually passing, and lastly, by its side runs the ventilating tunnel, seven feet in diameter. This last heading is a most important feature of the works. Revolving fans, forty feet in diameter, at each end of this ventilating tunnel, force the air to be changed continually in the main heading, so that passengers breathe air as pure as that they have left behind them above ground. Those who have travelled in the choking atmosphere of the Metropolitan Underground Railway will be able to appreciate the importance of this provision for fresh air. Golfers, too, who reside in Liverpool and who frequent the delightful Links of Hoylake, in Cheshire, will doubtless appreciate the convenience of being taken there and back minus the ferry boat passage.

It would seem almost an impossibility that snow could attach itself to and accumulate upon a strong metal wire suspended in mid air, to such an extent is to cause that wire to snap by reason of the extra burden imposed upon it. But recurring snowstorms teach us that this is what happens to many of our telegraph wires, to the great and serious injury of communication all over the country. One of the officials of the telegraph department has been at the pains to weigh a portion of the frozen snow which fell from a wire, upon which it had covered a space of one foot. The mass weighed just upon one pound. Now, as the supporting posts of such a wire are commonly two hundred feet apart, it is readily seen that a wire may be called upon by a snowstorm to support an extra weight of two hundred pounds. More than this, a wire so circumstanced may form one of two dozen or more supported on the same set of poles, and the supports naturally succumb to the unusual load. The remedy is obvious; wires should, whenever possible, be laid beneath the ground, and our postal authorities are carrying out this principle as far as they can.

Another advance in photography is represented by a process invented by M Thiebaut, which has recently been described before the Photographic Society of Great Britain. In this process the glass plate which usually forms the support of the photographic film is superseded by a sheet of cardboard. In other words, the sensitive mixture of silver bromide and gelatine is spread upon sheets of cardboard. After the picture is developed, the film is separated from its support, and can be printed from by the sun in the usual way. The advantage of this process is that a tourist can carry with him the material for a gross of pictures, while the weight is only about that of a dozen of the usual glass plates. More than this, several negatives when complete can be stored away in a very small space.

The great painter Van Dyck, while journeying Italy, fell sick at the village of St Jean de Maurienne, in Savoy, and was carefully nursed until convalescent by the family of one of the chief residents As some return for the kindness he received, Van Dyck painted the portrait of one of the children of his host, and left the picture behind him This picture has been for a long time known to exist, but where it had gone to, nobody could tell It has at last been discovered, and it is probable that the directors of the Brussels gallery will endeavour to purchase this precious relic of the great master

The machinery devised for producing cold air, and hitherto exclusively used for freezing meat and other perishable things, has lately been employed in Stockholm for quite another purpose A tunnel has been in course of construction there which passes through a hill, the soil of which is of a wet gravelly nature Upon this hill stand many buildings, which would have been in great danger if the work had proceeded without some means being taken of supporting their foundations Underpinning was considered too expensive, so the contractor hit upon the entirely novel plan of freezing the wet gravel into a solid icy concrete The plan has answered admirably, and many of the houses are being tunnelled under with perfect safety

The professors of the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary have adopted a new form of stretcher, the invention of Mr R. Stevens, who is an engineer employed at the institution The apparatus consists of a canvas sheet, with carrying poles on each side, attached to the ends of which are iron cross bars, to prevent the poles coming too near together, and providing therefore a sufficient space between them for the patient under removal But the chief feature of the new contrivance, and one which must prove very valuable in some cases of injury is, that the patient can be laid on a bed without being lifted from the stretcher This end is accomplished by making the canvas sheet in two parts, but secured by a cord or a rod passed through loopholes at the place of junction When the stretcher, with the patient on it, is placed on the bed, this cord or rod can be readily removed, and the stretcher falls in two halves, leaving the patient comfortable

We have already noticed the wonderful antiseptic properties of boracic acid in the article 'Borax' (*Journal*, January 5th) An interesting testimony as to its properties for preserving fresh fish comes from Norway Writing in the *Scotsman*, Professor J Cosmar Ewart draws attention to the fact that between four and five thousand barrels of herrings preserved by means of a mixture of this substance and salt, have been arriving weekly from Norway, and last winter, over twenty thousand barrels found their way into the English market Cargoes delivered before Christmas had a ready sale at twenty eight shillings per barrel The same writer indicates how the boracic acid may be applied in the preservation of fish For preserving herrings, the best plan seems to be a mixture of powdered boracic acid and fine salt The mixture having been made, the fresh herrings are packed in a barrel in exactly the same manner as herrings of the commerce of Paris, Rouen, Bordeaux, and Lyons, are packed, and each layer covered with a thin layer of the mixture When the barrel is full, it should be tightened down in the ordinary way and then 'pickled' with a weak solution of boracic acid. For treating a barrel of herrings in this manner, two and a half pounds of acid and five pounds of salt are required for spreading on the faces of herrings during packing, and about ten ounces of pure acid for dissolving in the fresh water used for pickling The boracic acid may be had for less than sixpence a pound

Dr Riley, Entomologist to the United States Agricultural Department, has presented his collection of insects to the United States It is said to contain one hundred and fifteen thousand specimens of twenty thousand species or varieties of insects.

In Germany, an unusual number of white varieties of animals are noticed this winter A white chamois was shot in the Totengebirge, a white otter was caught near Luxemburg, white partridges were shot near Brunswick, and a white fox was killed in Hessen

In the eleven years from 1873 to 1884, the number of lions killed in Algeria was two hundred and two, for which a premium of four hundred pounds has been paid by the government The number of panthers destroyed in the same period is twelve hundred and fourteen, and the money paid by the government seven hundred and twenty pounds About four hundred pounds has been paid for eighteen hundred and eighty two hyenas, and sixteen hundred pounds for twenty seven thousand jackals The large jackals are almost extirpated principally in the western provinces, and the lion of the desert is fast becoming a thing of the past

A BARRACK GHOST STORY

'Prisoner, have you any objection to be tried by me as president, or by any member of this court martial?' asked the field officer who had been detailed for the duty of presiding over the court

'No, sir, I answered, for it was my most unenviable situation that morning to be brought to the courtroom for trial, having been 'put back' by my commanding officer a few days before on a charge of having been asleep on my post while on sentry, an offence characterised in my indictment as 'conduct in prejudice to good order and military discipline'

The members composing the court were then sworn, and the trial proceeded in the cumbrous fashion peculiar to military tribunals, the president laboriously writing down every word of the evidence as it was uttered The sergeant who had been in charge of the guard at the time of my alleged offence was the principal witness against me, and he began to describe, with grotesquely unpremeditated volubility, how he had found me stretched on the ground asleep; but was at once pulled up short by the president, who ordered him to say what he had to say in as few words as possible

'Was the prisoner sober?' asked one of the officers when the sergeant had finished his evidence.

'Quite sober, sir,' replied the man of stripes.

The men who composed the relief having corroborated the sergeant's statement, I was called upon for my defence.

I therefore narrated to the court, that shortly before my two hours on duty had expired, I saw a white figure carrying a drawn sword pass close to my post, and that, being of a nervous, excitable temperament, I was so frightened that I fell to the ground in an unconscious state, and only recovered when I was roused by the sergeant of the guard.

'Prisoner,' remarked the president, 'in my twenty years' experience of the army, I have served on numerous courts martial, and have heard all kinds of ingenious defences put forward by men in your present position in excuse of the offences with which they were charged, but your line of defence is the most remarkable that has come under my observation. Who, do you think, will credit a story of that description? Assuredly not I, for one.—Now, prisoner,' continued the major in a kindly tone, 'I must advise you that your action in submitting to the court a statement of that description is extremely injudicious. You will do yourself a positive injury by persevering in it, not only with regard to the probable extent of your punishment, but also to your reputation as a soldier. It will be far better for you simply to own that you were asleep. You are a young man who has served but six months in the regiment, so, under the circumstances, assuming that you adopt my suggestion, which is assuredly meant for your good, the court may think fit, consistently with the duty demanded of it by the hard and fast requirements of military law, to recommend a much lighter sentence of imprisonment than would be administered to an older and more experienced member of the service.'

'I can only tell the truth, sir,' I urged.

'That, then, is your defence—that you were frightened by the figure you saw?' asked the officer in a tone of vexation.

'That is my defence, sir' I replied.

'Very well,' said the president, writing down my statement—'Escort, remove the prisoner.—Stop! About his character? Call the captain of his company.'

My captain answering the summons, told that my conduct had been most exemplary, after which I received the command 'Left turn, quick march!' and was removed to the guardroom, and the members of the court martial began their deliberations on the duration of the period of imprisonment which they meant to administer to me.

I shall now relate the facts in connection with the appearance of the 'figure' before alluded to. At one o'clock on the morning of my arrest, I was posted on sentry in front of a wall which had been built on the face of a cliff overhanging the beach. Why that particular spot required guarding, when any attempt on the part of a soldier to break out of barracks would be equivalent to committing suicide, as the rock had a sheer unbroken descent of one hundred and fifty feet, was a matter of puzzling speculation to the men of all the regiments which in turn occupied the quarters I refer to. A tradition, however, which was retailed to me by an aged veteran who officiated as a barrack labourer, threw some light on the subject. Many years before, the colonel of a regiment which was about to leave the town in order to embark for India, placed a sentry on the spot, to prevent his men from throwing over the cliff the rubbish that accumulates in changing quarters, and the relieving regiment finding this man on duty, had supplied his place without troubling themselves about the why and wherefore, the post became in consequence a permanent institution, and a sentry guards the wall to this day.

The morning on which I was guard was exceedingly cold and frosty. The moon shone brightly, throwing the dark shadow of the adjoining officers' quarters half way across the parade ground in front. In the valley beneath I could see distinctly every gable and chimney of the houses of the old fashioned town that nestled so cosily in the hollow between the precipitous cliffs. The moon was reflected brightly in the ocean to the south, and by its light I could even see the glittering bayonet of the sentry who guarded the government stores on the pier, a mile distant. Our gallant soldiers on duty, however, have but little regard for the picturesque, and like most men similarly situated, I was wearying for the termination of my two hours' vigil, and little inclined to admire the surrounding scenery. At length the clock struck three, and I was at once filled with a feeling of cheery satisfaction at the immediate prospect of being relieved, and of returning to the warm guardroom and drinking a cup of hot coffee before turning off to sleep.

I heard the sentry on the gate lustily shout 'Sentry go!' as a summons for the relief to turn out, and just as I was preparing to take a last turn on my post, I perceived, at the extremity of the shadow cast by the officers' quarters, a ghostly figure in a long white robe, bearing in its hand a drawn sword. I endeavoured to shout for assistance, but was so 'harrowed with fear and wonder,' that I was unable to articulate a single word, but stood perfectly transfixed, staring at the apparition. It moved slowly past me, but when it turned round and raised its dangling head to its white head covering, as if in salute, its aspect so filled me with terror, that being as I mentioned before, of a nervous temperament, I fell to the ground, and only recovered consciousness when, a minute or two afterwards, I was vigorously shaken up by the sergeant of the guard.

That non commissioned officer along with the men of the relief laughed heartily when I described the fright I had received, and remarked that I had been dreaming. The sergeant, however, performed the duty required of him by the rules of discipline in a most inexorable fashion. He deprived me of my arms and belts, and confined me in the prisoners' quarters in the guardroom.

Next day, I was taken before the commanding officer, a hot headed Welshman, whom I shall call Colonel Morgan, charged with having been asleep on my post. To him I related particulars of the mysterious figure I had seen, but my statement, instead of proving a satisfactory excuse for my offence, as I hoped it would, threw the worthy colonel into a state of great indignation, and he at once remitted me for trial by court martial.

On the third day after the sitting of the court I was informed that my sentence would be promulgated at forenoon parade. With a sinking heart I heard the 'assembly' sounded, then the 'fall in,' and shortly afterwards the band played merrily, as if in mockery of my agitation.

Escorted by a file of the guard, I marched to the centre of the hollow square into which the regiment had been formed, and the adjutant read out my sentence, which was, that I should be imprisoned with hard labour for a period of eighty four days. Appended to the confirmation of the proceedings of the court martial by the general commanding the district was a note to the following effect: 'Considering the nature of the prisoner's defence, which was calculated to excite an uneasy feeling among the men of his regiment, I consider the punishment inflicted quite made quite to the enormity of his offence.'

The next day, I was escorted, handcuffed, to a military prison about six miles distant, where, after having been medically examined and weighed, I was introduced to a most select assemblage of erring brethren of the sword, who were engaged in the exhilarating occupation of pulling oakum alternate with the equally unusual exercise of 'short drill.'

The humiliating and degrading situation in which I found myself, through no fault of my own, made me, naturally enough, deeply regret my folly in having joined the army, and excited within me many unpleasant reflections on the good prospects in civil life which I had thrown to the winds. Like Mickey Free's father, in Lever's *Charles O'Malley*, I heartily cursed 'Bad luck to the hand that held the hammer that struck the shilling that bound me!'

Now for the sequel to my ghost story, which was related to me when I was released from durance vile.

Between two and three o'clock on the morning of the day after I was taken to prison, a man came screaming into the guardroom of the barrack, exhibiting symptoms of the most extreme terror, and declaring that he, too, had seen the figure while on sentry, and his description of its appearance was precisely similar to mine.

The sergeant of the guard at once rushed to the officers' quarters, woke up the adjutant, and informed him of the ghost's alleged reappearance. A hue and cry was at once instituted, and the orderly sergeants having been roused, a 'check roll' was called, to ascertain whether any man had left his room for the purpose of playing a practical joke. Every nook and cranny in the barracks, from the officers' quarters to the wash houses, were minutely examined, but the spectre had apparently vanished into thin air, leaving all the regiment in a state of unpleasant suspense.

'What's all the row?' shouted the colonel from the window of his room, he having been awakened by the unusual commotion in barracks.

'The ghost has appeared again, sir,' replied the adjutant.

'Have you caught him?'

'No, sir.'

'If you do, put him, white sheet and all, in the guardroom. I should very much like to see the gentleman,' remarked the colonel as he closed the sash of his window and returned to bed.

That morning, at orderly hour, Colonel Morgan remitted the unfortunate fellow who, like me, had been seized by the mysterious visitant, for trial by court martial, declaring that he would put an effectual check on these absurd freaks of the sentries, and immediately before the usual parade he delivered a most characteristic warning to the regiment on the subject. After describing the condign punishment which any practical joker, whether officer or private, might expect if caught in the act of playing the ghost, the commanding officer furiously exclaimed: 'When a soldier is on duty, I expect that he will stick to his post, even supposing the Evil One himself should make his appearance, and I will try by court martial any man who dares to act contrary to my express injunctions.'

That afternoon, however, when the guard mounted, the adjutant privately gave orders that the oldest soldier should be detailed for the second relief on the haunted post, and this selection fell on a brawny Irishman, a Crimean and Indian veteran named Sykes. Sykes at once intimated it as his intention to have a shot at the spectre, and being filled with a superstitious belief in the efficacy of a silver bullet when fired at a visitor from the world of spirits, vowed that he would hammer up his dollar piece of sixpence and place it in a cartridge, to make sure of 'doing' for the ghost, even though he knew the specimen referred to would spoil the price of a quart of beer.

The sentry out of the guard having seriously inquired of the adjutant whether, in the event of the ghost again making its appearance, the sentry would be empowered to fire at it—

'I think not,' the officer laughingly observed. 'If it is a real ghost then I am afraid a bullet would be of much service. If it is a practical joker, then we'll mark it "bad" enough for him without shooting him.'

That evening, at mess, the appearance of the spectre was the general theme of conversation among the officers, but all of them, however, expressed their incredulity with regard to the story. A few of the youngsters, whose curiosity was strongly excited on the subject, made up their minds to keep watch beside the sentry, so as to pounce on the spirit when it made its appearance, and arranged to take with them a pail of bullets, belonging to the colonel, to assist in the operation.

'Want you to join us, sir?' asked a young ensign, addressing the commanding officer.

'I think not,' he replied. 'I am tired, and shall go to bed. If you catch the ghost—which I suspect is likely to be one of the men—clap him in irons and put him in cells. I'll attend to him to-morrow.'

When Colonel Morgan left the messroom, he visited the haunted post before returning to his quarters, which were close at hand. After replying to the sentry's challenge, he asked Sykes: 'Have you seen anything as yet?'

'Not yet, sir,' replied the man.

'I don't think that it is likely you will either,' remarked the colonel with a laugh as he retired to his room.

Shortly afterwards, when the clock struck two, the young officers left the messroom and cautiously stole over the barrack square to the

place where 'the spirit held his wont to walk' Poor Sykes was very glad of their company, for, though he was a man of undoubted pluck, and greatly respected in the regiment for his pugilistic prowess, he was not at all bright at the prospect of tackling the ghost all by himself. He paced about on his post, keeping a sharp lookout, and the officers crouched under the shadow of the wall, while the dog took up its quarters in the sentry box A little before three, they were startled by the abrupt appearance of the apparition, which carried as before a drawn sword

'Who comes there?' shouted Sykes, bringing his rifle to the 'charge'

The spectre made no answer, but slowly raised its left hand to its forehead

The dog, with a loud growl, sprang out of the box and rushed open mouthed at the figure, but when he approached it, he began to wag his tail, and evinced symptoms of great satisfaction The officers and the sentry at once surrounded the ghost, and found, to their most intense astonishment, that it was no other than Colonel Morgan himself, attired in his night dress, in a state of somnambulism!

Aware of the danger of waking him while in that condition, they followed him to his room, whither he almost immediately returned, and then they saw him sheathe his sword and return to bed seemingly oblivious of their presence

Next morning, he was apprised of the circumstances of the case, and the poor colonel was naturally very much concerned on learning the nature of the malady of which he had been an unconscious victim Of course his first act was to write an explanation to the general, with a request for my release, and his next, to publish in regimental orders his regret for the trouble he had unwittingly occasioned

Several red tape formalities had to be gone through, and it was some days before I was astonished and delighted by an intimation from the prison governor that I was free, and was handed over to the charge of a corporal, who had been sent to bring me to my regiment Whenever I entered the barracks, I was ordered to proceed at once to the commanding officers quarters Colonel Morgan shook hands with me, and expressed his extreme concern that he had been the innocent cause of my having been subjected to such ignominy

'Never mind that I frightened you, my lad, he observed with a smile After informing me that he was about to proceed on leave—with the intention of undergoing a course of medical treatment to cure him of his dangerous propensity to walk in his sleep—he presented me with five pounds by way of solatium, and further gratified me by saying that having ascertained I was of good character and well educated, he had that day placed me in orders as having been appointed lance corporal 'Always behave yourself, my lad, and I shan't forget you,' said the colonel, and I left his quarters perfectly overjoyed with my good luck, scarcely believing that the pleasant, affable, kindly gentlemanly with whom I had conversed was the bullying, bullying commander, who was the terror of his regiment.

The colonel faithfully kept his word to me. When he rejoined the corps, completely cured of his complaint, I was promoted rapidly, and eight years subsequently, through the influence of my patron, General Morgan, I was gazetted as quartermaster of my regiment

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

SMALL MOTORS.

The advantages of mechanical power have never been more appreciated than at the present time, when trade depression enforces economy in every industry and branch of production. Attention has accordingly been keenly directed of late towards that class of prime movers known as 'small motors,' deriving their power either from some central supply, or themselves generating the motive energy A wide field undoubtedly lies open to such motive force, not merely in the domestic operations—pumping water for house supply, driving sewing and culinary machinery—but also in such industrial work as cutting, chipping, grinding, churning, and sawing, in addition to the numberless requirements of the smaller manufactories and workshops

Gas engines have already reached a high stage of perfection, and in towns where gas can be procured at a moderate cost, large numbers of these motors are actively and advantageously employed in the various operations just enumerated The production of the gas at one central source, prior to its distribution, is, it may be remarked, on economical grounds, a very perfect arrangement, for the loss incidental to a series of small productions is avoided A similar law holds true of steam, it being well known that a number of small engines driven from one large boiler give a considerably higher duty than if each engine had its own small boiler

The employment of water pressure has of late received considerable impulse, and in large cities, systems of high pressure supply are now laid down The power is supplied from accumulators worked by pumping engines at central stations, and a pressure of one thousand pounds per square inch is not unfrequently maintained in the mains For lifts and hydraulic hoists, this system of transmitting power has been eminently successful, for other purposes, it has not as yet realised the expectations of its introducers, namely, it is asserted, far in difficulty in obtaining a satisfactory motor which shall transform the pressure into motion

Cost of production has as yet debarred electricity from competing commercially as a transmitter of power, viewing, however, the extraordinary progress recently made, it would be rash to assert how much further a comparatively near future may not bring us, if we would read the future by the past

Recently, a vacuum engine has been produced, which attracted considerable attention at the Inventions Exhibition, and from what has been achieved in a very short time, promises well. Amongst the advantages claimed for this engine is the fact that once started, no further attention is requisite for many hours By an ingenious use of gun metal in the cylinder, valves, &c., lubrication is rendered unnecessary, whilst, by

means of a hopper boiler, the furnace is self-feeding. Explosion is, of course, impossible, the engine working below atmospheric pressure.

This engine has been employed in small electric light installations; and from its regular motion and the ease with which it is managed, is undoubtedly eminently adapted for this class of work, whilst the smallness of its coal consumption and the high duty attained have procured the highest awards at the hands of all juries who have examined it.

In the future of 'small motors,' a future that appears an extended one, this new vacuum motor will doubtless play a not unimportant part.

A BOOK OF CLAN TARTANS.

Whether the kilt did or did not form part of the 'garb of old Gaul' may be left for the discussion of antiquaries, but there can be no doubt about the antiquity of tartans. As is well known, the various clans in the Scottish Highlands were distinguished from each other not only by their names, their badges, their war cries, but also by the particular pattern and colour of the tartan which they wore. In the magnificently painted volume just issued by Messrs W. & A. K. Johnston, entitled *The Tartans of the Clans of Scotland*, lovers of the Highland garb will be delighted by the splendid reproduction in colours of the tartan of seventy-one clans or septs. Nothing can excel the accuracy and beauty with which the cloth, both in colour and texture, has been imitated in these plates. Each plate, moreover, is accompanied by a few notes on the clan to which the particular tartan appertains.

THE INFANT BAND OF PORT JACKSON.

There is at present lying in Port Jackson, Australia, a training ship called the *Vernon*, and some of the boys who have musical ability are regularly trained in the study of music, with the view to becoming efficient musicians, and thereby able to take their place in military or orchestral bands. So small are these children, that it has been jokingly said half a dozen of them could readily be accommodated in their own big drum, whilst the grand ophicleide would afford a comfortable lodging for one or two at least! But small as they are, their playing is one of the wonders of the neighbourhood, and the delight of all who have had the good fortune to hear them. These diminutive artists execute classical music, as well as music of a lighter character, with a vigour and precision, and a finished taste and expression that are nearly incredible, and should be heard to be believed. In fact, many an ordinary military band might well take a lesson from them in the grace and point with which they play, and also in the perfect tone and delicacy of tone of all their instruments—virtues that are not common to boys' bands, extreme roughness, want of tune and tone, and total absence of grace or expression, being the usual failings of juvenile players. That the *Vernon* band is carefully taught, and trained with the utmost care and skill, there can be little doubt, and great credit is due to the directors and commander of the vessel, which, apart from the unrivalled band, is a model as regards drill, discipline, order, and cleanliness. The *Vernon* is maintained entirely at the cost of the state, not by private subscriptions, donations, or rates.

DAIRY EXPERIMENTS.

Lord Vernon, who was last year President of the British Dairy Farmers' Association, made a proposal for the institution of experiments, with the object of solving the following questions: (1) What is the smallest quantity of food upon which still fed cattle can be successfully and economically kept? (2) To what extent does a further supply of food repay its cost in the enhanced value of the milk? (3) What relation should the constituents of the food have to each other to produce milk, butter, and cheese? It was suggested that these experiments should be carried out under the superintendence of a Committee of the British Dairy Farmers' Association, and Lord Vernon, who undertook to provide everything necessary for their use, desired that any information obtained should be published for the benefit of those connected with dairy farming.

DOLLY.

We were schoolfellows Dolly and I,
At a little dame school in the town close by;
I carried her books and she had my hand,
Two innocent children of Gala's own land.
We would marry when we grew up, we said
Great plans for the time to come we laid—
A small boy I and a wee girl she
In those bygone days—ah me! ah me!

We grew—we were married—Dolly and I
At the quaint old church in the town close by.
The farm was purchased the fees were paid—
'What a blithe young couple!' the neighbours said.
And so we were till the winds blew bleak,
And chilled the roses on Dolly's cheek;
Like the waning tide of a wintry sea
Her life ebbed gently—ah me! ah me!

If you want to know why I oftentimes sigh,
You must come with me to the town close by.
You must see the church where our vows were said
And the mound that covers the restful dead.
For my love is sleeping the quiet sleep
That the shepherd gives to His wearied sheep—
And the world is not what it used to be,
For its sunlight faded for her and me.

NANNIE POWER O'DONOGHUE.

The Conductor of CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL hops to direct the attention of CONTRIBUTORS to the following notice:

1st. All communications should be addressed to the 'Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2d. For the return in case of ineligibility, postage stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3d. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

4th. Offerings of Verse should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

If the above rules are complied with, the Editor will do his best to secure the safe return of ineligible papers.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

All Rights Reserved.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)

No 114 —Vol III SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1886 Price 1½d

COCAINE

A new discovery in medicine, which has established its claim to general utility, is a matter for congratulation on the part of the general public as on the part of the members of that profession who duly it is to use it The star in the world which Simpson's grand discovery of chloroform excited is still well remembered, and upon reflection, persons even now could not fail to be impressed with the incalculable amount of relief from suffering, of which the drug is the source, if they were to pay a visit to one of our large hospitals and judge for themselves It is true that chloroform has some drawbacks, it is even true that indirectly, if not directly fatal results have followed its use, but what good thing is free from all blemish, and how, 'in this best of all possible worlds,' can we expect everything to be as we should wish?

The discovery of ether, it should be remembered, afforded surgeons the opportunity in after years of making a choice between the two drugs fortunately, in this connection the effects of each are different in certain particulars, so that, in a given number of cases, the use of ether is advisable, and chloroform is to be avoided The explanation of this can be readily understood The effect of chloroform is to depress the action of the heart In cases of an overdose of this drug, the heart is paralysed, and when death occurs during its administration, there need not necessarily have been more than a very small dose given, but owing to some undiscovered weakness of the heart, which the drug unfortunately becomes the means of rendering manifest, sudden stoppage of the organ takes place, with, of course, death as a consequence On the other hand, ether has exactly the opposite effect The heart's action is stimulated during its administration, and the contractions of the organ are rendered more vigorous Thus, whenever there is any suspected weakness of the heart in patients to whom an anæsthetic is about to be administered, there is no hesitation on the part of the surgeon in using ether, which under these circumstances is certainly the safest drug to employ

But apart from these considerations, all drugs which possess the property of producing what is called general anæsthesia, are associated with certain discomforts, certain inconveniences which materially detract from their usefulness It is not necessary here to specify the nature of these, for the knowledge of them has almost become common property, so that there are persons who would preferably endure the suffering of an operation than submit to the administration of an anæsthetic, the after effects of which, perhaps, previous experience has taught them to be careful to avoid Surely, then, under these circumstances, it must be a matter of extreme comfort for the public to know that a drug has been discovered whose property is such as to enable the surgeon in many cases to dispense with either ether or chloroform during the performance of an operation This is the new discovery which agreeably startled the world of medicine towards the end of the year 1884 The drug in question is called Cocaine, from Coca though sometimes also written cocaine and coca—and it possesses the remarkable property of causing local anæsthesia when applied to a mucous membrane, of which more anon The plant from which this alkaloid is derived is *Erythroxylon coca*, which is largely cultivated in the warm valleys of the eastern slopes of the Andes, between five and six thousand feet above the level of the sea, where almost the only variation of the climate is from wet to dry, where frost is unknown, and where it rains more or less every month in the year

A few details with reference to this remarkable plant may not here be out of place It is described as a shrub from four to six feet high, branches straight and alternate, leaves in form and size like tea leaves, flowers, with a small yellowish white corolla, ten stamens, and three pistals In raising the plant from the seed, the sowing is commenced in December and January, when the rain begins, and continues until April.

The seeds are spread on the surface of the soil in a small nursery or raising ground, over which there is generally a thatch roof At the end of about fourteen days, they come up, the young plants being continually watered and protected from the sun At the end of eighteen months, the plants yield their first harvest, and continue to yield for upwards of forty years The first harvest, the leaves are picked very carefully one by one, to avoid disturbing the roots of the young tender plants Gathering takes place three times, and even four times in the year The most abundant harvest takes place in March, immediately after the rains With plenty of watering, forty days suffice to cover the plants with leaves afresh It is necessary to weed the ground very carefully, especially while the plants are young The harvest is gathered by women and children. The greatest care is required in the drying of the leaves, for too much sun causes them to dry up and lose their flavour, while, if packed up moist, they become fetid They are generally exposed to the sun in thin layers' Such is, in brief, the account of the plant whose alkaloid, cocaine, has attained so marked a popularity within the short space of a few months

Although the plant has only recently become known to us, its virtues have long been recognised by the natives of that part of the world in which it grows It is stated that in 1583 the Indians consumed one hundred thousand 'cestos' of coca, worth 2½ dollars each in Cuzco, and four dollars in Potosi In 1591 an excise of five per cent was imposed on coca, and in 1746 and 1750, this duty yielded eight hundred and fifteen hundred dollars respectively, from Cuzco alone Between 1785 and 1795, the coca tariff was calculated at 1,207,176 dollars in the Peruvian vice-royalty, and including that of Buenos Ayres, 2,641,478 dollars The coca trade is a government monopoly in Bolivia, the state reserving the right of purchasing from the growers and reselling to the consumer This right is generally farmed out to the highest bidder The proximate annual produce of coca in Peru is about fifteen million pounds, the average yield being about eight hundred pounds an acre More than ten million pounds are produced annually in Bolivia so that the annual yield of coca throughout South America, including Peru, Bolivia, Ecuador, and Pasto, may be estimated at thirty million pounds

It is scarcely pleasant news for us to learn that the natives who cultivate the coca plant themselves absorb so much of the products of their own cultivation We have here, doubtless, the explanation of the coolness of cocaine and the scarcity of the drug in England This can hardly be otherwise, it is to be feared, for some time to come, when we remember that the reliance upon the extraordinary virtues of the coca leaf amongst the Peruvian Indians is so strong, that in the Huanuco province they believe that if a dying man can taste a leaf placed upon his tongue, it is a sure sign of his future happiness! When Weston the pedestrian was performing his feats of endurance in England, it was noticed that from time to time he placed something in his mouth, which he afterwards chewed For long he refused to divulge what the nature of this substance was, but at last he acknowledged that he always provided himself with some coca leaves, and he added, that the chewing of these gave him strength, and enabled him more easily to accomplish his allotted task

In the states above referred to, the natives are accustomed to use the leaves largely for the purpose of allaying hunger Now, the sense of hunger takes origin in the nerves of the stomach, and it is evident that if these nerves are rendered incapable of exercising their functions, the sensations to which they give rise must decline and remain temporarily in abeyance This is precisely what takes place when coca leaves are eaten Their effect is to produce for the time being the sensitive ends of the nerves of the stomach, and to establish practically a condition of local anæsthesia within the interior of that organ The sensation of hunger, of course, under such circumstances becomes impossible and the native, after eating a few leaves, goes on his way rejoicing, with the same sensation as if he had partaken of a hearty repast

Although cocaine has been known for a good many years, and has from time to time formed the subject of inquiry amongst distinguished British and continental savants, including the veteran Sir R Christison, it was reserved for Dr Carl Koller of Vienna to demonstrate the practical use to which its marvellous property could be put It occurred to this gentleman that the drug might be of use in the department of diseases of the eye With this object in view, he experimented upon the eyes of animals, applying the drug in solution of a certain strength, and carefully noting the results He found that in the course of a few minutes, after the drug had been installed several times into the conjunctival sac of an animal, the organ became insensible, that he was able to touch the cornea—the front part of the eye, which is lined with extreme sensibility—with a pin without the least flinching on the part of the animal Experimenting further, he ascertained that the insensibility was not confined to the superficial parts of the eye, but that it extended through out the corneal substance, even to the structures within the ocular globe, and thus the fact so far of the utility of the drug, for operative purposes came to be established Then he turned his attention to cases in which the eye was the seat of disease, and the cornea acutely inflamed and painful, and he found that much relief from the symptoms was obtained by the use of the drug Soon after this he commenced to employ cocaine in operations performed upon the eyes of patients The results were highly satisfactory, and since then, cataracts have been operated on, squinting eyes put straight, foreign bodies upon the cornea removed painlessly and with ease, under the influence of the drug In cataract especially, cocaine is of great value, this operation can be performed by its means without the slightest sensation of pain, and yet the patient is fully conscious, and is of course able to follow during its performance the precise instructions of the surgeon

Now, to an outside observer, cocaine is apt to produce impressions somewhat akin to the marvellous Here is a description which a writer gives in a recent number of the *St James's Gazette*. A camel-hair brush is dipped into a

small bottle containing a fluid as transparent as water. With the brush so charged, the part—let us say a portion of the tongue—is painted several times. After an interval of about a dozen minutes, another brush is taken, but in this instance a glass one, and dipped into a bottle, the fumes, colour, and label of which establish its contents as fuming nitric acid. The tongue is freely brushed with the acid, great care being observed in so doing, and submits to the procedure without the slightest visual indicative of pain.

Such is cocaine, and such is its effect upon every mucous membrane. We have referred to its utility in the practice of ophthalmic surgery, but it is not only in this department of the healing art that cocaine has been found useful. It can be employed whenever an operation upon any mucous membrane has to be performed. The drug has been used in the extraction and stopping of teeth, and results, nothing less than startling in their completeness, have been obtained with cocaine in all branches of medicine and surgery, bringing relief to thousands of sufferers, and—it is true to remark—more than that, unqualified satisfaction to the physician or surgeon in charge. Even that immemorial bugbear, sea sickness, has often fled before the influence of cocaine.

One word more. In the present prosaic condition of the world, when the surfeit of new discoveries seems to have bred in this connection the familiarity which produces the conventional contempt, it is refreshing to draw attention to a discovery which has surpassed the ordinary standard of greatness sufficiently to enable it to figure as a wonder of the age. Cocaine flashed like a meteor before the eyes of the medical world, but, unlike a meteor, its impressions have proved to be enduring, while it is destined in the future to occupy a high position in the estimation of those whom duty requires to combat the ravages of disease.

IN ALL SHADES.

BY GRANT ALLEN,

AUTHOR OF "BABYLON," "STRANGE STORIES," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

On the morning when the *Severn* was to reach Trinidad, everybody was up betimes and eagerly looking for the expected land. Nora and Marian went up on deck before breakfast, and there found Dr Whitaker, opera glass in hand, scanning the horizon for the first sight of his native island. "I haven't seen it or my dear father," he said to Marian, "for nearly ten years, and I can't tell you how anxious I am once more to see him. I wonder whether he'll have altered much! But there—ten years is a long time. After ten years, one's pictures of home and friends begin to get terribly indistinct. Still, I shall know him—I'm sure I shall know him. He'll be on the wharf to welcome me in, and I'm sure I shall recognise his dear old face again."

"Your father's very well known in the island, the captain tells me," Marian said, anxious to show some interest in what interested him so much. "I believe he was very influential in helping to get slavery abolished."

"He was," the young doctor answered, kindling up afresh with his ever ready enthusiasm—"he was, very influential. Mr Wilberforce considered that my father, Robert Whitaker, was one of his most powerful coloured supporters in any of the colonies. I'm proud of my father, Mrs Hawthorn—proud of the part he bore in the great revolution which freed my race. I'm proud to think that I'm the son of such a man as Robert Whitaker."

"Now, then, ladies," the captain put in drily, coming upon them suddenly from behind "breakfast's ready, and you won't sight Trinidad, I take it, for at least another fifty minutes. Plenty of time to get your breakfast quietly and comfortably, and pack your traps up, before you come in sight of the Port-of-Spain lighthouse."

After breakfast, they all hurried up on deck once more, and soon the gray peaks and rocky scarps of Trinidad began to heave in sight straight in front of them. Slowly the land drew closer and closer, till at last the port and town lay full in sight before them. Dr Whitaker was overflowing with excitement as they reached the wharf. "In ten minutes," he cried to Marian—"in ten minutes I shall see my dear father!"

It was a strange and motley scene, ever fresh and interesting to the new comer from Europe, that first glimpse of tropical life from the crowded deck of an ocean steamer. The *Severn* stood off, waiting for the gangways to be lowered on board, but close up to the high wooden pier of the lively, bustling little harbour. In front lay the busy wharf, all alive with a teeming swarm of black faces—men in light and ragged jackets, women in thin white muslins and scarlet turbans, children barefoot and half naked, lying sprawling idly in the very eye of the sun. Behind, white houses with green venetian blinds, waving palm trees, tall hills, a blazing pale blue sky, a great haze of light and shimmer and glare and fervour. All round, boats full of noisy negroes, gesticulating, shouting, swearing, laughing, and showing their big teeth every second as we listened to a marvellous a general pandemonium, sense of bustle and life, all mingling and all intuitive, much noise and little labour, a ceaseless chattering, as of monkeys in a menagerie, a purposeless running up and down on the pier and foreshore with wonderful gesticulations a babel of unintelligible words and cries and shouting and gesticulating. Nothing of it all clearly visible as an individual fact at first, only a confused mass of heads and faces and bandanas and dresses, out of which, as the early hubbub of arrival subsided a little, there stood forth prominently a single foremost figure—the figure of a big, heavy, oily, fat, dark mulatto, gray haired and smooth faced, dressed in a dirty white linen suit, and waving his soiled silk pocket handkerchief a tentatively before the eyes of the assembled passengers. A supple, vulgar, disagreeable man altogether, with an astonishing air of conceited self importance, and a profound consciousness of the admiring eyes of the whole surrounding negro populace.

"How d'ye do, captain?" he shouted aloud in a clear but thick and slightly negro voice, mouthing his words with much volubility in the true semi articulate African fashion. "Glad to see de *Severn* has come in punctual to her

Good ship, de *Severn*, nabo: munds storms or nuffin—Well, ah, who have you got on board? I've come down to meet de doctor and Mr Hawtorn Trinidad is proud to welcome back her children to her shores agin. Got em on board, captain?—got 'em on board, eh?

'All right, Bobby,' the captain answered, with cool humouristic 'Been having a pull at the mundshine this morning? Ah, I thought so I thought you'd taken a range of rum board Ah, you sly dog! You've got the look of it'

'Massa Bobby, him doan't hit de rum spirit in him cellar,' a ragged fat negress standing by shouted out in a stentorian voice 'Him know de way to keep him fit in spirit', so pour him down him own throat in time—eh, Massa Bobby!'

'Rum,' the only mulatto responded cheerfully, but with great dignity raising his fat brown hand imperiously for him—'rum is de staple produk in dis commercial commodity of de great island of Trinidad To drink a moderate quantity of rum every morning before breakfast is de best way of encouraging de principal manufacture of dis island I do my duty in dat respect I flatter myself, as faithfully as my pusson in de whole of Trinidad, not excepting His Excellency de governor, who ought to set de best example to de entire community As de recognised representative of de colonial people of dis colony, I feel bound to teach them to encourage de manufacture of rum by my own personal example in earnest endeavour And he threw back his greasy neck playfully in a pantomimic representation of the act of drinking off a good glass of rum and water

The negroes behind him laughed immoderately at the sally of the man addressed as Bobby and hooted him on with loud vociferation 'Evidently' I drawl said to Nora, with a fine air of some disgust 'this creature is the christened buffoon and chief jester to the whole of Trinidad They all seem to recognise him and laugh at him, and I do even the captain himself knows him well of old, evidently

'Bless your soul, yes,' the captain said, over hearing the remark 'Everybody in the island knows Bobby Good-natured old man, but conceited as a peacock, and foolish to—Everybody knows you here,' raising his voice, 'don't they, Bobby'

The gray haired mulatto took off his broad brimmed Panama hat and bowed profoundly 'I flatter myself,' he said, looking round about him complacently on the crowd of negroes, 'dat isn't a better known man in de whole great an' flourishin' island of Trinidad dan Bobby Whitaker'

Edward and Marian started suddenly, and even Nora gave a little shriek of surprise and disappointment 'Whitaker,' Edward repeated slowly —'Whitaker—Bobby Whitaker!—You don't mean to tell us, surely, captain, that that man's our Dr Whitaker's father!'

'Yes, I do,' the captain answered, smiling grimly 'That's his father—Dr Whitaker! hi, you, sir, where have you got to? Don't you see!—there's your father'

Edward turned at once to seek for him, full of a sudden unspoken compassion He had not far to seek A little way off, standing irresolutely by the gunwale, with a strange terrified look in his handsome large eyes, and a painful twitching nervously evident at the trembling corners of his full mouth, Dr Whitaker gazed intently and speechlessly at the fat mulatto in the white linen suit It was clear that the old man did not yet recognise his son, but the son had recognised his father instantaneously and unhesitatingly, as he stood there playing the buffoon in broad daylight before the whole assembled ship's company I had looked at the poor young fellow with profound commiseration Never in his life before had he seen shame and humiliation more legibly written on a man's very limbs and features The unhappy young mulatto, thunder struck by the blow, had collapsed entirely It was too terrible for him Coming in, fresh from his English education, full of youthful hopes and vivid enthusiasms, proud of the father he had more than half forgotten and anxious to meet once more that ideal patriot he had carried away with him of the liberator of Trinidad—there he was mad, on the very threshold of his native island, by this horrible living contradiction of all his fervent fancies and imaginings The Robert Whitaker he had once known filled my eye in it by image into absolute nonentity, and that valuable, grossly self satisfied, buffoonish old brown man was the only thing left that he could now possibly call 'my father'

I should pitied him for too earnestly to pitend just then upon his shame and sorrow But the poor mulatto, raising his eyes accidentally for a single second, turned upon him such a mutely appealing look of profound anguish, that Edward moved over slowly toward the grim captain and whispered to him in a low undertone 'Don't speak to that man Whitaker again, I beg of you Don't you see his poor son there's dying of shame for him'

The captain stared back at him with the same curious half sardonic look that Marian had more than once noticed upon his impassive features 'Dying of shame!' he answered, smiling carelessly 'Ho, ho, ho! that's a good one! Dying of shame is he, for poor old Bobby! Why, sooner or later, you know, he'll have to get used to him Besides I tell you, whether you talk to him or whether you don't, old Bobby'll go on talking about himself as long as there's anybody left anywhere about who'll stand and listen to him—You just hark there to what he's saying now What's he up to next, I wonder?

'Yes, ladies and gentlemen,' the old mulatto was proceeding aloud, addressing now in a set speech the laughing passengers on board the *Severn*, 'I'm de Honourable Robert Whitaker, commonly called Bobby Whitaker, de leadin' member of de coloured party in dis island Along wit my lamented friend Mr Wilberforce, on' de British parliament, I was de chief instrument in procurin' de abolition of slavery an' de freedom of de slaves throughout de whole English possessions Millions of my fellow men were moanin' an' groanin' in a painful bondage I have a heart dat cannot withstand de appeal of misery I laboured for dem, I toiled for dem, I bore de brunt of de battle, an' in de end I conquered—I conquered Wit de aid of my friend Mr Wilberforce, by superhuman exertions, I succeeded in passin' de grand act of slavery

emancipation. You behold in me de leadin' actor in dat famous great an' impressive drama. I'm an ole man now, but I have prospered in dis world, as de just always do, says de Psalmist, an' I shall be glad to see any of you whenever you choose at my own residence, an' to offer you in confidence a glass of de excellent staple product of dis island—I allude to de wine of de country, de admirable beverage known as rum!"

There was another peal of foolish laughter from the crowd of negroes at this one ancient threadbare joke, and a faint titter from the other passengers on board the steamer. Edward looked over appealingly at the old buffoon, but the mulatto misunderstood his look of displeasure, and bowed once more profoundly, with immense importance, straight at him, like a sovereign acknowledging the plaudits of his subjects.

"Yes," he continued, "I shall be happy to see any of you—you, sah, or you—at my own estate, Whitaker Hall, in dis island, whenever you find it convenient to visit me. You have on board my son, Dr Whitaker, de future leader of de coloured party in de Commonwealth of Trinidad, an you have no doubt succeeded in makin his acquaintance in de course of your voyage from de shores of England. Dr Whitaker, of de University of Edinburgh, after pursuin his studies"—

The poor young man, now in mortal gloom and turned away, in his poignant disgrace, to the very furthest end of the vessel. It was terrible enough to have all his hopes dashed and falsified in this awful fashion, but to be humiliated and shamed by name before the staring eyes of all his fellow passengers, that he felt was more than his poor burning heart could possibly endure. He walked away, broken and tottering, and leaned over the opposite end of the vessel, letting the hot tears trickle unnoticed down his dusky cheeks into the below.

At that very moment, before the man they called Bobby Whitaker could finish his sentence, a tall white man, of handsome and imposing presence, walked out quietly from among the knot of people behind the negroes, and laid his hand with commanding air on the fat old mulatto's broad shoulder. Bobby Whitaker turned round suddenly and hastened with attention to something that the white man whispered gently but firmly at his astonished ear. Then his lower jaw dropped in surprise, and he fell behind, abashed for a second, into the confused background of laughing negroes. Partly from his childish recollections, but partly, too, by the aid of the photographs, Edward immediately recognized the tall white man. "Mamin, Marian!" he cried, waving his hand in welcome towards the new-comer, "it's my father, my father!"

And even as he spoke, a pang of pain ran through him as he thought of the difference between the two first greetings. He couldn't help feeling proud in his heart of hearts of the very look and bearing of his own father—tall, erect, with his handsome, clear cut face and full white beard, the exact type of a self respecting and respected English gentleman, and yet, the mere reflex of his own pride and satisfaction revealed to him at once the bitter poignancy of Dr Whitaker's unspeakable disappointment. As the two men stood there on the wharf side by side, in quiet conversation, James Hawthorn with his grave, severe, earnest expression, and Bobby Whitaker with his greasy, vulgar, negro joviality speaking out from every crease in his fat chin and every sparkle of his small pig's eyes, the contrast between them was so vast and so apparent, that it seemed to make the old mulatto's natural vulgarity and coarseness of fibre more obvious and more unmistakable than ever to all beholders.

In a minute more, a gangway was hastily lowered from the wharf on to the deck, and the first man that came down it, pushed in front of a great crowd of eager, running, and elbowing negroes—mostly in search of small jobs among the passengers—was Bobby Whitaker. The moment he reached the deck, he seemed to take possession of it and of all the passengers by pure instinct, as if he were father to the lot of simple folk of them. The captain, the crew, and the other authorities were effaced instantly. Bobby Whitaker, with easy, gracious geniality, stood bowing and waving his hand on every side in an excess of universal graciousness towards the entire company. "My son!" he said, looking round him inquiringly—"my son, Dr Whitaker, of de Edinburgh University—where is he?—where is he? My dear boy! Let him come forward and embrace his father!"

Dr Whitaker, in spite of his humiliation, had all a mulattos impulsive affectionateness. Ashamed and abashed as he was, he yet rushed forward with unaffected emotion to take his father's outstretched hand. But old Lobby had no idea of getting over this important meeting in such a simple and undemonstrative manner; for him, it was a magnificent opportunity for the theatrical display, on no account to be thrown away before the faces of so many distinguished European strangers. Holding his son for a second at arms length, in the centre of a little circle that quickly gathered around the oddly matched pair, he surveyed the young doctor with a piercing glance from head to foot, sticking his neck a little on one side with critical severity, and then, bursting into a broad grin of oily delight, he exclaimed, in a loud, stagy soliloquy: "My son, my son, my own dear son, Wilberforce Clarkson Whitaker! Dr inheritor of de tree names most intimately bound up wit de great revolution! I have had de pride and de honour of effectin' for unborn millions of my African brethren! My son, my son! We receive you wit transport! Welcome to Trinidad—welcome to Trinidad!"

SHOT FIRING IN COAL MINES

AN IMPROVED METHOD

Shot firing or blasting in coal mines is a subject which has for many years engaged the attention of mining experts and scientists, in consequence of the disastrous explosions which have so frequently resulted therefrom, but the discovering of an agent or the devising of a method by which the operation would be attended with perfect safety, has hitherto remained a

problem too difficult to solve. At a very remote date in mining history, the use of explosives for blasting purposes was altogether unknown, and the various minerals, &c., were obtained from the bowels of the earth by means of hammer and wedge. Large quantities of these products were not then required, and the laborious and primitive method adopted for procuring them was fully equal to supplying the demand. But as time rolled on, mining produce became in much greater request, and means had to be devised which would enable mine owners to meet the growing requirements of commerce and civilisation. Gunpowder was consequently utilised for this purpose, being first employed on the continent in 1620, and in the same year it was introduced into England as a blasting agent by some German miners brought over by Prince Rupert, and who employed it at the copper mine at Ecton in Staffordshire. Gradually it came into general use as a means of rapidly developing the mineral resources of the earth, and by its use, the output of our coal mines has been increased by more than fifty per cent.

To its employment for obtaining coal, however, there were some great objections, both from a pecuniary and hygienic point of view. Large quantities of coal were converted into 'slack,' or a semi-pulverised state, in some cases to the extent of twenty-five per cent, and therefore great loss was sustained by the colliery proprietor, the marketable value of slack being very small. Again, the explosion of gunpowder is always attended with the formation of immense volumes of sulphuretted hydrogen, carbonic anhydride, and other gases, which are so deleterious to health, that, for a considerable space of time after a charge has been fired, the miners cannot work in that vicinity. Where large quantities of this substance are daily used, these noxious gases contaminate the air passing through the mine to such an extent that in the course of time they exercise an injurious effect on the health of the workmen.

Under these circumstances it was very desirable that other agents should be employed, but it is only within the last thirty years that other explosive substances have been submitted to mine owners. The first of these was gun cotton, which was invented by Professor Schönbein in 1846. It was not, however, until some years after its discovery that it came into use as a mining agent, such serious explosions attending its manufacture and storing, immediately after its introduction to the world, that no one would have more to do with so deadly an explosive. Eventually, however, it was ascertained how to render it safer, and it came into extensive use as a mining agent. Though it burns harmlessly away when simply ignited, yet, when fired by means of a detonator, as is done for mining purposes, it possesses some six times the explosive power of gunpowder, and its combustion in this way is so complete that no noxious gases are given off. It can be used either in the form of yarn or in a compressed block. When used in the former state, it is the opinion of many that its combustion is too rapid, and that it is thereby prevented doing its full amount of effective work. It bursts the minerals asunder with great force, but it lacks the cutting property which is essential to the performance of good work. The compressed cotton is free from these defects. It possesses all the force of yarn cotton, and in consequence of its slower combustion, it cuts in such a way as to make the block of mineral ready for the next charge. This latter is a great advantage to the workman, and hence the gun cotton used for mining purposes is generally in a compressed state. By the use of this agent, mining of all descriptions was immensely facilitated, and the dangerous operation of 'tamping,' or filling the shot hole with brick or coal dust ramming it hard, was rendered unnecessary.

At a somewhat later period, nitro-glycerine attracted much attention, the first to attempt its use as an explosive agent being Alfred Nobel, a Swedish engineer, in 1864. So far as explosive power was concerned, it was all that could be desired, possessing ten times the force of gunpowder, and therefore being of nearly double the strength of gun cotton. On the other hand, it was open to most serious objections. The danger of its exploding from concussion was very great, and many dreadful accidents have thus been caused by it. The liquid also, when poured into a shot hole, has frequently run into some unknown crevice, and when fired, has produced an explosion under the very feet of the miners. To obviate this in some degree, cartridges have been employed, but in what we light it is viewed, nitro-glycerine is a most perilous explosive.

To remove many of the dangers associated with the use of nitro-glycerine, particularly those of concussion, Mr Nobel invented dynamite, which was tried and approved as a mining agent at Merthyr in 1868. When properly prepared, it constitutes one of the safest, most convenient, and most powerful explosives applicable to industrial purposes. It burns without explosion when placed in a fire, or brought into contact with a lighted match. If struck with a hammer on an anvil, the portion struck takes fire without igniting the dynamite around it, and if packed with moderate care, it may be transported by road, railway, or canal with little danger of an explosion either from heat, sparks, friction, concussion, or collision. Such conditions of safety, however, entirely depend upon dynamite being properly made. If the *kieselguhr* or porous infusorial earth, of which it contains about twenty-five per cent, be not properly dried and prepared, so as not only to absorb but to permanently hold in absorption the nitro-glycerine mixed with it, exudation is apt to take place, and if this only occurs to the extent of a thin greasy layer over the surface, there are present all the dangers of nitro-glycerine pure and simple. It is of a pasty consistence, and thus possesses the advantage that, whilst being very little less powerful as an explosive than nitro-glycerine, bore holes can be filled with it without the dangers attending that liquid, and no cartridge case is required.

Since the introduction of dynamite, several other nitro compounds have been brought forward as blasting agents, such, for instance, as

dynamite, lithofracteur, blasting gelatine, and gelatine dynamite. With the exception of the two last named, however, they have not found much favour as mining agents in this country, and their use is mainly confined to the continent.

Whilst all the explosives mentioned in this article are more or less suited to blasting in mines, so far as their propulsive force is concerned, yet the use of each and all is attended with great danger in a coal mine, and for the following reason: coal being of vegetable or organic origin, is constantly giving off numerous gases, the most dangerous of which, under ordinary circumstances, is methylic hydride or marsh gas, known in mining districts as fire damp. It is of an inflammable nature, and when it becomes mixed with from seven to ten times its volume of air, it is highly explosive. It was the presence of this gas in coal mines that gave rise to the researches of Humphry Davy and George Stephenson, and which resulted in the production of two kinds of safety lamp, differing but little from each other in construction. As a mark of distinction for his invention the first named gentleman received the honour of knighthood. Explosive as is methylic hydride when mixed with air in the proportions stated, it becomes infinitely more so when the air contains a proportion of coal dust. A very small percentage of fire damp when mixed with air and coal dust is sufficient to cause a disastrous explosion. In all dry coal mines there is a considerable quantity of coal dust (coal in a state of impalpable powder) lying about, and a certain proportion of it is always floating in the air through the workings of the mine. Now, when explosives are used, no matter how they are ignited, their combustion is always attended with the formation of a mass of flame and consequently there is always great danger of an explosion of fire damp taking place. Especially is this the case with gunpowder, which, requiring to be used in large quantities to produce the desired effect, is accompanied with much flame at the moment of its ignition. Gun cotton being a much more powerful explosive than powder, can be used in far smaller proportions, and therefore to a certain extent possesses an advantage over it, inasmuch as its combustion is not attended with so great a mass of flame, thus to some extent, though only very slightly, reducing the danger of an explosion of fire damp. In addition to showing flame at the moment of its ignition, dynamite possesses the drawback, that the *kieselguhr* is liable to become incandescent, and whilst in this state, to be blown about by the force of the explosion of the blasting charge, and so fire any gas or mixture of gas and coal dust which may be in the vicinity.

But great as is the danger always attending blasting in coal mines, it becomes immeasurably greater in the case of a blown out shot—that is, a shot which blows out the tamping and does not bring down the coal—for the flame then issues unobstructed from the bore hole, and extending for some distance, is free to ignite any inflammable mixture with which it may come in contact. To blown out shots or charges is due the majority of colliery explosions. Before a shot is fired in a seam of coal, a portion of the latter is hewn away at the top to a depth of four or five feet, and is continued down one side, near the bore hole, so as to decrease the resistance to be overcome by the explosive. If the shot hole has been properly drilled, the blasting agent does its work, but if the hole has been drilled into the 'fast'—that is, if it has been bored farther into the seam than the cavity produced by hewing out a portion of the coal extends—a blown out shot is the result, for the charge of explosive is in such a case placed in the solid bed of coal, and the resistance, consequently, being too great to be overcome, the ramming, with which the shot has been fixed in its place is forced out, an outlet being thus formed, through which the propulsive power of the explosive issues without bringing down any of the coal.

From what has been said, it will be seen that the great desideratum of mine owners has been the discovery of an agent whose propulsive power could be utilised without any attendant flame, or the devising of a method by which the ordinary explosives could be rendered harmless in this respect—that is, that their flame could be extinguished at the moment of its formation. Mining experts, scientists, and others have for years been endeavouring to solve this problem, but without success. At last, however, an invention has been brought forward which leaves but little doubt that all difficulties have now been overcome, and that so soon as the appliance is in general use, colliery explosions resulting from shot firing will be at an end, and the dreadful loss of life and limb with which they are too frequently attended will be a thing of the past.

The invention, which has been patented, is introduced by Mr Miles Settle, managing director of the Maidley Coal and Iron Company, Stafford shire. The explosive used is gelatine dynamite (a chemical combination of gun wood and nitroglycerine), three ounces of which are equal in explosive power to a pound of gunpowder. It is of a straw colour, and about the consistence of soap. The design of the patent is to inclose the charge of gelatine dynamite in a tin case or any other material not necessarily waterproof, and to insert this in a larger case of oiled paper, india rubber, tin, or anything that is waterproof. Projections from the sides and ends of the inner case keep it in such a position that when the outer vessel is filled with water, the cartridge case is completely surrounded with fluid. A detonator is fixed to the explosive, and this is in turn connected with a magneto electric machine. When the outer case has been so secured as to prevent the escape of the water, the whole is inserted in the shot hole, and is fixed there by ramming, as for an ordinary powder shot. The operator then retires to a safe distance and fires the charge by electricity. No flame accompanies its explosion, as at the moment of its formation it is extinguished by the water surrounding the cartridge. In addition to this, the water causes the gelatine dynamite to exert its power equally in all directions, and it also absorbs the gases formed by the combustion of the explosive, so rendering it possible for men to commence working at the coal immediately after the discharging of the shot. Moreover, the coal dislodged by this method contains a minimum of slack, and there is therefore a

great saving to the colliery proprietor in this respect.

The cartridge has recently been put to some very severe tests in some of the most fiery coal mines in North Staffordshire, in fact, shots have been fired with this explosive in mines which are so gaseous that blasting is strictly prohibited in them, and the coal has to be obtained by the expensive and ancient method of hammer and wedge. In some of these fiery mines, blown out shots have actually occurred, and all the experts who were present at the time expressed a unanimous opinion that had such a circumstance happened in the ordinary method of blasting, a disastrous explosion would inevitably have been the result. In proof the safety with which one of these cartridges can be fired, they have been exploded in beds of coal dust, and not the slightest sparks of flame have attended their combustion. Gunpowder has been exploded under similar circumstances, with the result that the coal dust instantly became ignited, and shot into the air for several yards like one sheet of flame.

All the experts who have witnessed the experiments, both on the surface and down in the mine, have expressed their perfect satisfaction with the invention in every way, and have stated their belief that it can be used with entire safety in the most fiery mines. The Government Inspector of Mines for North Staffordshire, who has been present at some of the experiments, has announced that he is prepared to report to the Home Office that the appliance possesses the element of safety which is claimed for it.

A magneto electric machine is used to fire the shot in preference to an electric battery, as the former is considered much the safer of the two. With a magneto electric machine the current, as is well known, is generated by friction, and it can therefore be broken simultaneously with the firing of the shot, whilst in an electric battery it is generated for the most part by means of strong acids, and cannot be broken without disconnecting one of the wires from the battery. It is just possible, therefore, that as the current is continuous in the last named machine, the two wires might still remain so close together after the discharging of a shot as to allow a spark to pass between them, which in a very fiery mine would certainly cause an explosion.

Looking at the construction of Mr Settle's patent and at the very severe tests to which it has been subjected, there seems every reason to believe that at last has been solved the difficult problem of shot firing with safety in coal mines, and that henceforth explosions arising from this cause will be unknown. Such disasters are among the most dreadful calamities which can overtake a community, and only those who have been eye witnesses of the widespread sorrow and suffering they entail—whole villages and districts being in a moment plunged into mourning, and dozens of children rendered fatherless or orphans—can form an adequate idea of the boon which the 'water cartridge' promises to be to the mining population. That the highest expectations concerning it may be fully realised, is the devout wish of all who are connected with the management or working of our collieries, and who are so frequently called upon to witness some of the saddest and most heartrending spectacles that it is possible for humanity to gaze upon.

THE HAUNTED JUNGLE

A TIGER UP NORTH CEYLON

IN THREE CHAPTERS

CHAPTER I. THE TIGER'S ADVENTURE.

BURIED in the depths of the great Thonkalu jungle lay the little village of Pandiyan. Half a dozen low, round, mud huts with conical roofs, that had with rice straw, each with its pandal or workshed, granary, and cooking pot stand, composed the village. A strong stake fence surrounded each hut, intended as much to keep off the village cattle as a protection from the wild beasts which infested the surrounding jungle. On two sides of the village the jungle rose like a wall, on the third side lay the village tank. Along the *bund* or dam grew a number of giant mundin trees, with their sprawling, twisted roots in the water, and their long branches hanging gracefully over it. The placid surface of the tank, with its dark background of jungle, looked like a plate of burnished silver, and lay clear and unruffled save by the splash of some water bird fishing, or the movements of a slowly-swimming crocodile. On the top of the dam, under a gigantic tree, and overlooking the village, stood a little temple. It was a small mud hut, painted in vertical stripes of red and white. A ruddy human stone idol, smeared with oil and cocoa paint, and representing Pulliya the jungle god, stood on a niche at the further end. A rough slab of stone, on which lay withered offerings of flowers, in rice trident stuck in the ground *before the door*, a *dirty brass* lamp, and a bell, comprised the rest of the sacred furniture and utensils. Through a gap in the wall of jungle, on the other side of the village, could be seen the rice fields irrigated by the tank, an expanse of emerald green. Picturesque watch-huts and stacks of last season's straw stood here and there in the fields.

It was late in the afternoon and very hot. In the shade of a group of huge dense foliaged tamarind trees that stood in the centre of the village all the animal population of Pandiyan appeared to have come. Black mud covered buffaloes all standing and staring stupidly, dwarf village cattle wandering restlessly about, pestered by swarms of flies, mangy, gaunt, pariah dogs snarling savagely at each other, and long legged, skinny fowls—all had sought protection from the burning rays of the sun under the shady trees.

At one end of the village, nearest to the little temple, stood a hut, round the door of which was congregated nearly the whole population of the village. More than a score of persons, men, women, and children, stood round an object in their midst, all talking excitedly to each other and everybody at once. It was a buffalo they were looking at, and the interest and excitement they showed arose from its having sustained a severe injury. There was a gaping wound on

its hind leg, its hock sinew having been cut through. The great ungainly brute, though so seriously hurt, stood patient and quiet, looking about with a heavy stupid air.

Among the crowd surrounding the buffalo was a young girl, whose light colour, clean bright clothes, and profusion of jewellery, showed her to be of superior caste and position to the others. She was Vallee, the daughter of Raman Unniyan, the powerful village priest of Pandiyan. She was a handsome girl, about fifteen years old, tall, slender, and graceful, with regular features, large dark eyes, finely arched eyebrows, and small sensitive mouth. She was engaged in washing the blood and dirt from the buffalo's wound. It was evident, from the remarks addressed to her by the bystanders, concerning her offering advice, that her father was the owner of the wounded animal.

'It is no use, child, and an old man who had been examining the wound. 'He will never plough again. The sinew is cut the right and he will be lame for life.'

'Appah! What will my father say when he comes home?' exclaimed Vallee.

'Ah, there will be a breaking of pots then, no doubt,' replied the old man. 'Where was the beast found?' he added.

'Suriyan found him standing in the river, helpless this afternoon, and he led him home on three legs,' replied Vallee.

'Perhaps he cut himself on the sharp rocks in the river,' suggested a bystander.

'No, no!' said the old man. 'The cut was made by a knife, and we would not have to go far to find the owner of the knife,' he added, muttering.

'You are right enough, father,' whispered the other who had overheard the old man's remark. 'We know very well who did the deed and the pusari will know to!' 'There will be trouble when he comes home. Ah, here he comes!'

As he spoke, a man emerged from the jungle and entered the village, and seeing the crowd, walked hastily towards it. It was Raman Unniyan, the village priest. He was a tall spare man, clad in a simple yellow garment. Several strings of sacred beads encircled his neck and his forehead, breast, and shoulders were marked with consecrated ashes. His face indicated a man of strong passions. His keen, close set eyes, deeply lined forehead, thin sensitive nostrils, hard, straight mouth, and other strongly marked features, showed him to be of an irritable, quick tempered disposition. As he advanced, the little crowd round the wounded buffalo opened and made way for him.

'What is this? What is the matter with it?' he exclaimed as he glanced at the animal.

'See! father,' replied Vallee, pointing to the wound. 'Suriyan found it at the river, and has just driven it here.'

For a moment the pusari bent and looked at the wound, then he burst into a furious rage, striking the end of his stick heavily on the ground, he exclaimed pas: 'It is Ivan Eluvan who has done this!'

The pusari and the man he spoke of were fellow villagers and deadly enemies. The feud between them had arisen from a quarrel about a field which both men claimed. On going to law, the pusari had won the case, and the other consequently hated him with a deep and deadly hatred. Ivan Eluvan was a man of a cruel, malignant, cunning nature, and never lost an opportunity of injuring or harassing his enemy. The quarrel was now some years old, but his hatred was just as bitter as ever. Many a time had the pusari had cause to regret having incurred his neighbour's ill will. He was not equal to him in industry and income, and was also a much poorer man. He had to right many actions against his enemy, but the latter, keener brain and longer purse had due to always enabled him to get the better of his adversary. The object of each man was to have the other cast out of the village. But the interests of both of them in the village were too great to permit either to leave so they lived on within a mile of the world one another, deadly enemies, always on the watch to injure each other in every possible way.

'Ah, ah!' shouted the pusari, gesticulating furiously with his stick. 'I will have vengeance for it. I swear by Pulliyar I will not rest till I have repaid him with interest, though it costs me my last rupee.—How long,' he continued, turning fiercely to the villagers who had stood silent but sympathizing—'how long, are we to bear with this man? He is a wild beast as foul and dangerous as the fiercest brute in these jungles. He will stand at nothing to satisfy his hate. He has killed my cattle and slandered me and brought false accusations against me and now the brutal way has injured this poor brute of mine! He will try to murder me next. But I will have vengeance. I will complain to the headman!'

'Not much good in that, sir,' in a tone of respectful remonstrance the old man who had spoken before replied.

'Ah, I know the headman is a friend of his, no doubt. But I will outbid him! The muddiya shall have my first respect, and I will [illegible] of my vengeance!' So saying, he struck out his house, muttering curses and threats.

Vallee, after a short time, followed him in. 'The rice is ready, father,' she said. 'Shall I serve it?'

'No!' replied her father tersely. 'I will neither eat nor drink till I have seen to this matter. I shall go at once to Minkulam and see the muddiya.'

'Father,' said Vallee hesitatingly, 'perhaps Ivan did not do this, perhaps——'

'You're a fool, child!' returned the pusari sharply. 'Who but he could have done it?'

'Valan told me——' began Vallee timidly.

Her father interrupted her with an angry exclamation. 'Did I not order you never to speak to him? Have you dared to listen to the brother of my bitterest enemy? and he raised his hand threateningly. 'Now listen, daughter. If you ever speak to Valan or listen to him or have aught to do with him again, I will beat you as I would a dog. I swear to you I will.—Now, hearken to my words and obey!' And with a threatening look and a suggestive shake of his stick, the pusari stalked out. After an thoughtful look in silence at the wounded buffalo, he left the village and strode off in the direction of Minkulam, leaving Vallee crouching in a corner of the hut with her hands over her face and sobbing aloud.

Valan Eluvan, of whom they had been speaking, was the younger brother of the pusari's enemy, and was Vallee's lover. He was a man of a very different nature from his brother, being open hearted, generous, and good natured. Nevertheless, the pusari hated him almost as much as he did his brother. The understanding between Valan and Vallee had only recently been come to. For a long time, Valan had watched and admired the graceful maiden, but owing to the bad feeling between the two families, had not ventured to speak to her. One day, however, seeing her in difficulties with a troublesome cow she was trying to milk, he went to her assistance. She thanked him shyly, but with such evident pleasure at his attention, that he was emboldened to speak to her again, when he met her one day going to a neighbouring village. After that they frequently found occasion to meet alone, and gradually their acquaintance grew to intimacy, and finally ripened to love. Unfortunately, her father discovered accidentally what was going on, and sternly forbade Vallee ever to speak to her lover again. Since then, she had only had one opportunity of seeing Valan. This fresh outrage on the part of Iyan Eluvan, she knew but too well, finally extinguished all chance of her father ever accepting Valan as her lover, so, crouching in the dark hut, she gave vent to her grief.

Meanwhile, the pusari was striding along the jungle path leading to Minkulam, his mouth full of curses, and his heart full of hatred and thoughts of vengeance. The path was narrow and winding, leading now along sandy torrent beds, then through lofty forest or thorny jungle. The village was three miles distant, and it was now evening, so he walked as fast as he could, finding some vent for his feelings in the violent exercise. When he had walked two thirds of the way, he arrived at a broad river. It was now nearly dry, it being the hot season, and was merely a wide reach of deep sand, with shallow pools here and there under the high banks. The pusari had crossed the river and had just entered the jungle on the other side, when he suddenly uttered a curse and stopped short. Coming along the path towards him, and alone, was a man. It was his enemy, Iyan Eluvan! He was a broad shouldered, big headed man, with a round face, out of which looked two little pig like, cunning eyes. A slight contraction of one side of his face causing him to show his teeth, gave him a peculiar, sinister, sneering expression. He had been at work cutting fence sticks, for he was carrying his *kattu* or jungle knife over his shoulder.

On catching sight of each other, the two men stopped and looked at one another. The pusari's face worked with passion, his eyes glittered, and the veins stood out on his forehead. The other had a mocking, evil smile on his face, which seemed to irritate his enemy beyond endurance. Suddenly the pusari grasped his heavy iron shod stick and made two steps forward. In an instant Iyan swung round his jungle knife and stood on the defensive, while his sneering smile gave place to a look of concentrated hate. For a few moments they stood glaring at each other, and then the pusari slowly stepped to one side and motioned to the other to pass on, which he did, keeping an eye on his foe, however, and passing out of reach of him. As soon as he had gone by, the pusari resumed his journey, his rencontre with his enemy having added fresh fuel to the fire of evil passions blazing in his heart. Iyan watched him till he had gone some distance, and then, after a few moments' hesitation, turned and followed, keeping him in sight, but remaining a long way behind.

A walk of a mile further brought the pusari to the village of Minkulam, with Iyan following in the distance. It was rather a large village, consisting of about a score of huts, scattered about a wide open spot in the jungle, with a tank on one side, and rice fields stretching beyond it. On the outskirts of the village was a house larger and more pretentious than any of the others, and boasting a dense plantain grove, growing close to the hut, and a few cocoa nut palms. This was the residence of the mudliya, or headman of the district. On entering the inclosure through the rude stile or gap in the fence, the pusari paused for a moment, for the place seemed deserted, no one being in sight. He heard, however, the sound of voices inside the hut, so, stepping forward, with a loud unceremonious 'Vanakam, mudliya!' he entered the hut. Seeing his enemy enter the headman's house, Iyan came cautiously forward, but paused irresolutely at the gate. A glance round showed him that the people of the house were all indoors, so, stealing into the inclosure, he crept stealthily through the grove of plantain trees till he got close to the door of the hut, where he crouched down under the eaves. From his hiding place he could hear all that was said in the hut.

'What do you want?' he heard a wheezy, unpleasant voice say, and he knew it was the headman who spoke. The tone in which the question was asked was harsh and unfriendly, and an ugly smile passed over the listener's face as he noted it.

'I am come to lodge a complaint against Iyan Eluvan, replied the pusari sullenly.

'I thought so,' whispered the headman. 'You are as quarrelsome as a wanderoo bandar monkey. Do you think I have nothing to do but to listen to your fools quarrels?'

'You will listen readily enough,' retorted the pusari angrily, 'when Iyan Eluvan comes with his hands full of rupees!'

'What!' exclaimed the headman, wheezing and choking with wrath, 'do you charge me, the mudliya of Minkulam, with receiving bribes!'

'Ay, I do,' replied the pusari sternly. 'All the villages know it. Many a time have I brought just complaints to you, and you would not hear them. When Iyan threw a dead dog into my well, when he set fire to my straw stack, and when, by manthiram' [magical arts], 'he caused my cattle to fall ill, why did you not inquire into the complaints I made—why? but because your granary was bursting with the rice that Iyan gave you as hush money!'

'Get out of my house!' screamed the headman huskily—'get out, I say!'

'I'll have justice,' shouted the pusari fiercely. 'I am a poor man, and cannot bribe you, but I swear by Pulliya deva that I will have justice. I will make you both suffer for this. You shall pay

for that buffalo that Iyan has lamed to the lost hair on his tail It shall be an evil day for you that you refused me justice Look to yourself, mudliya, look to yourself, I say!"

"Leave my house, you madman!" exclaimed the headman in a voice so shrill it could scarcely articulate with rage

A moment later, Iyan, from his hiding place, saw his enemy burst out of the house almost beside himself with [illegible], his eyes shining, his lips drawn back in a grin of fury, and his whole frame trembling with excitement He watched him stride across the enclosure and make for the path leading to Pandiyan, swinging his arms and gesticulating like one demented Just as the pusari disappeared, a little boy came out of the hut, and Iyan heard him uttering exclamations of excitement and astonishment He could also hear the voice of the headman inside wheezing out threats and curses Presently, the little boy went out at the gate and disappeared in the village, and Iyan rose to leave his hiding place As he did so, he saw lying in the path a knife, which he at once knew must have been dropped by the pusari as he rushed out of the hut Picking it up, Iyan crept back into his hiding place, and crouching down, examined it long and curiously feeling its edge, and making motions with it in the air Suddenly, an idea seemed to strike him He look up hastily and around with a scared, startled glance, and then felt the edge of the knife again with his thumb slowly while he gazed cunningly in the direction of the door of the hut Presently, in cold, cruel smile curled his lips and sent a baleful gleam into his little eyes Muttering to himself, "Yes I'll do it, the suspicion is sure to fall on him he rose slowly, glanced round again, to assure himself that no one was watching him, and then, with a rapid, silent step, entered the hut

Meanwhile, the pusari was hurrying along in the direction of his village, cursing and raving The injury done him by his enemy, and the refusal of the headman to give him justice, had angered him to the verge of madness As he strode furiously along swinging his heavy stick, and grasping in the air with his other hand, as if he was in imagination tearing his enemy to pieces, he was quite oblivious of all surroundings, and only conscious of his wrongs and desire for vengeance Blind with rage, he hurried on, heedless of where he was going

By this time, the sun had sunk and night was rapidly coming on Gradually the path grew less and less distinct, and the surrounding forest more gloomy and fearful Suddenly, the pusari stopped and looked about him looking unable to see his way, he had at last come to his senses All that was visible of the path now was a dim white streak before him For a few moments he stood looking round Even in that faint light the path seemed strange to him, and he peered about in vain for some familiar object by which he could ascertain his position He soon satisfied himself he was not in the well known path between the two villages, but was following some game track, however, he felt sure he was going in the right direction, so went on, instead of turning back to look for the lost path Every now and then he stopped to listen, hoping to hear the distant barking of dogs or lowing of cattle at Pandiyan, but he only heard the sharp barking cry of deer in the jungle and the dismal hooting of a pair of owls It grew darker and darker, and the path worse and worse Soon it was so dark that he could not see his hand before his face He tried to feel his way with his stick, but nevertheless stumbled against the trees and over roots and stones More than once he stopped and shouted long and loudly, but no answer came but the mocking hooting of the owls The pusari was a brave man, but the dense darkness, the loneliness and silence of the jungle, were beginning to shake his nerves

Suddenly, just as he was about to give up in despair the attempt to find his way, a brilliant light appeared in the jungle ahead of him Uttering an ejaculation of surprise, pleasure, and relief, the pusari pressed towards it A few moments later he was standing, with open eyes and startled expression, gazing at a scene such as he had never before looked on Before him stretched a long narrow bazaar of houses, shops, and sheds, huddled irregularly together Close behind them, and overhanging them, rose the jungle like a wall of ebony, darkly dark Above, stretched a sky of inky blackness, starless and cloudless The whole bazaar was alive with light from numerous fires, torches, and lamps It was crowded with people, men, women and children, all apparently busily engaged in buying, and selling, and other occupations But they were people such as the pusari had never before seen—black, lean, ungainly, with thin evil faces, and long black hair flowing wildly over their necks and shoulders He noticed, too, that their feet and hands resembled more the claws of wild beasts than human appendages But the strangest thing of all was that, though the bazaar appeared to his eye to be full of bustle and noise, and all the people to be talking, wrangling, singing, and laughing, he could not hear a sound! Could he have shut his eyes, he might have fancied himself still alone in the jungle again

For some moment the pusari stood staring before him, bewildered at the sight To come suddenly upon a large village that he had never heard of, close to his own, filled him with speechless amazement He rubbed his eyes and felt his ears, thinking his senses must be playing him false Suddenly his heart stood still, and he gasped with horror He had rushed where he was—it was an enchanted or magic village of pusaris or demons that he had intruded on! As the full horror of his situation, alone among demons in the depths of the jungle at midnight, burst upon him, the pusari turned to flee To his intense surprise and terror, on turning, he found behind him, not the jungle, as he expected, but another part of the bazaar! Rows of huts and shops, crowded so closely together that there was no way through them into the forest beyond, barred his way After a moments hesitation, he plucked up courage, and muttering prayers and charms, started off to walk through the bazaar Grasping his stick firmly, he walked boldly on, showing no outward sign of fear, but with deadly terror at his heart

The bazaar seemed to lengthen before him as he went He walked on and on, but it seemed to have no end He turned aside into several by lanes, but they only led into others He looked in vain for any gap between the huts by which

he could escape into the jungle. As he went, he passed through crowds of demon folk. They took no notice of him; but he felt they were all watching him with their gleaming red eyes. To the pursuit, everything around him seemed to be alive. The boughs of the trees waved above him threateningly like weird skinny hands and arms; hideous faces peered out at him from all sorts of strange, unlikely places. Even the rice mortars and pots lying about, and the articles being hawked about or lying exposed on the stalls, seemed to assume grotesquely human forms and figures and to watch him stealthily. Numbers of strange, vicious looking, little and gaunt, evil faced dogs wandered about and the pursuit followed them leering at him and exchanging with a human out of expression which he knew what they were. Rows of fowl of prey hung on perches on the roofs of the huts and watch him as he passed with heads knowingly on one side.

Many a strange sight did the pursuit see as he walked along. He happened upon a curious and extraordinary thing such as he had never seen except in fairy tales. He passed at one place a party of pirates, dancing beating drums of strange shape with drumsticks of bones. Soon after, he came to a part of the bazaar where a fierce guard appeared to be trying to drive a dark coloured caught sight of a large party of the pirates who appeared to be dancing in some horrible rite. More than once he thought he saw the mock animals wandering about the bazaar talking to the keepers of the shops and to each other. It could be the pursuit that he had been walking for hours yet the bazaar appeared to be as interesting as ever. He walked on as in a dream for in spite of the apparent lively and excitement around him, he could hear nothing. Stupefied by his fearful position, he walked on mechanically, having now lost the sense of fear, and feeling only a sort of vague wonder.

And now a strange thirst seized on the pursuit. He had been in it all day in the sun, and all the afternoon his mouth had been hot and bitter with curses. He had drunk nothing for many hours. As he walked along, the craving for water grew stronger and stronger, till he could bear it no longer. He feels I vaguely the peril he was in in eating anything from the hand of a pirate, nevertheless he stopped and looked about, in the hope of finding something to drink. Near at hand was a small shop presided over by a hideous old sheepish. Under a tired by the horrible aspect of the red eyed, wrinkled, old hag the pursuit approached her with the intention of asking for a drink of water. As he did so, he felt sensations that all the pirates had suddenly stood still and were watching him. The shop contained some strange things. On one side lay a huge rock python out of its lengths, each of which was wriggling about as if full of life. On the other side lay a young crocodile apparently dead, but as the pursuit approached, it turned its head and looked slily at him with its cold yellow eye. Over the old hags head hung a crate full of live snakes, that writhed about and thrust their heads through the withes. Strings of dead bats, and baskets full of loathsome reptiles and creeping creatures, filled the shop. In front of her stood a hollow gourd full of water.

'Mother! I am thirsty,' said the pursuit as he pointed to the water. But though he said the words, he did not hear his own voice. The old hag looked fixedly at him for a moment, and then raising the gourd, gave it to him. He raised it to his lips, and drank long and eagerly. As he put the empty vessel down, he felt everything, red and swam about him. Giving wildly round, he grasped at the air two or three times for some support, and then fell to the ground motionless and senseless.

AN EVERY DAY OCCURRENCE

There are in all our lives episodes which we should be glad to forget, of which we are so much ashamed, that we scarcely dare to think of them, and when we do, find ourselves hurriedly muttering the words we meant we ought to have said, or making audible apologies for our conduct to the air, and yet the remembrance of episodes which necessarily involve a tangible sense of wrong done either to ourselves or to others. Some such episode in a commonplace life, such as must have fallen to the lot of many men, we would here reveal.

Once upon a time—to commence in an orthodox fashion—a man and a maid lived and loved. On the woman's part the affection was as pure and generous as ever filled the breast of a maiden, on the man's, as man is his nature permitted. His love did not absorb his whole soul, it rather permeated his mind and coloured his being. Like an element of his not uncommon at any his affection came given, was given for ever. His was not a jealous nature, nor did his feelings lie near the surface, and his manner was undemonstrative. The girl was clear sighted enough to see that what love there was, was pure and true, and she made up for its scarcity with the overflowings of her sympathetic nature. She idealised rather than condoned. She gave in such measure that she could not perceive how little she was receiving in return, or if she noticed it, her consciousness of its worth added to her a full equivalent. He was an artist and circumstances forced the lovers to wait, and at the same time kept them apart. A couple of days once a month, and a week now and again, was the limit of the time they could spend together. This, of course, prevented them getting that intimate knowledge of each other's personality which both recognised as an essential adjunct to the happiness of married life, though they did their best to obviate it by long letters, giving full details of daily events and of the society in which they moved. The remedy was in imperfect one. Strive as they might, the sketches were crude, and the letters had a tendency to become stereotyped. We only mention these details to show that they tried to be perfectly honest with each other.

While the girl's life, in her quiet country home, was one that held little variety in it, it was a part of the man's stock in trade to mix with society and to observe closely. Whether he liked it or not, he was compelled to make friends to such an extent as to afford him an opportunity of gauging character. Unfortunately for the purposes of my story, he had no sympathy with

pessimism or pessimists. He loved the good and the beautiful for their own sakes, and in his art loved to dwell on the bright side of human nature, a side which the writer has found so much easier to meet with than the more sombre colouring we are constantly told is the predominating one in life. Like most artists, he was somewhat susceptible, but his susceptibility was on the surface, the inward depths of his soul had never been stirred save by the gentle girl who held his heart, and she was such as to inspire a constant and growing affection rather than a demonstrative passion.

At one of the many hours at which he was a welcome guest, the lover found a young girl bright, sensuous, beautiful. Unwittingly, he compared her with the one whose heart he held, and the comparison was unsatisfactory to him, do what he would, the honesty of his nature compelled him to allow that this beautiful girl was the superior in a number of ways to her to whom he had pledged his life. He was caught in the Circe's chains of golden hair and fancied almost hopelessly fast, lest like bonds of cobwebs in the fairy tale, the toil were too strong for him to break. He could see, too, that the girl regarded him with a feeling so warm, that a chance spark would fan it into a flame of love, and this gave her an interest in danger as it was fascination. His fancy sported day after day in strife with himself, and by efforts, violent for him, he kept away from the sin till his influence fancy forced him back to her side.

To the maiden in the country he was painfully honest. In his letters he faithfully told her of his visits, and as far as he could recall his opinion of the girl who had captivated his fancy. He was keen an artist to be blind to her faults, he dwelt on them in his frequent letters at unnecessary length. When the letters came, the girl questioned him closely about his friend, but only from the interest she felt in all his friends, for an unknown, for her love for him was too pure and strong to admit of jealousy, and he, with what honesty he could, answered her questions unsparingly.

Little by little he began to examine himself. Which girl did he really love? Should he not be doing a wrong to both by not deciding? The examination was dangerous, because it was not thorough. The premises were true, but in one place. Yet we should wrong him if we implied that he for a moment thought seriously about breaking off his engagement. Even had he wished, his almost mistaken feelings of honour would have forbidden it. This constant surface introspection, a kind of examination which, had not the subject been himself, he would have despised and avoided—could have but one result—an obliquity of mental vision. He had a horror of being untrue—untrue to himself as untrue to his lass, and yet he dreaded causing pain to a bosom so tender and innocent. When he sat down to write the periodical letters to the girl to whom he was engaged, he found his phrases becoming more and more general and guarded. He took pains not to let her know what he felt must wound her, and the letters grew as unnatural as they had been the reverse; they were descriptive of the man rather than the reflex of his personality.

The country girl was quick of perception. The letters were more full of endearing terms than ever, they were longer and told more of his life, yet between the lines she could see that they were by one whose heart was not at rest, and that a sense of duty and not of pleasure prompted the simple details. Their very regularity was painful. It seemed as if the writer was anxious to act up to the letter of his engagement. She knew that the letters were often written when he was tired out. Why little not put off writing and taking advantage of her love, let her excuse her trust in him? Eagerly she scanned the pages to find the name of her rival, and having found it, wondrously weighed every word of description, of blame or praise.

When the lovers met, she questioned him more closely than she had ever done before. He was amiably as fond as ever, no change, nothing unaccustomed occurred, was forgotten. He spoke of himself and his friends as freely as usual, and all her questions were answered without a shadow of reserve. Yet the answers were slower, and his manner absent and thoughtful. For a time she put it down to the absorbing nature of his pursuit. But little by little, a belief that she was not losing a foothold in his heart, and would not be dislodged, tried to gain sight. She thought he was jealous and struggled against it, by, in her fault she dwelled above all other things in a paroxysm of despair, she allowed her lips to be wrung of what she feared, and, having him deeply pledged to make the greatest sacrifice an unselfish woman can offer. He, in his love for her, it was best he should be free.

When he had left with her he had told her that his coming dance must perforce be longer than usual and that she thought would be the best time for her party.

"Dear Frank," he wrote at the end of a painful little letter, "I am sure that you not to come here next week. This will surprise you, for in all my other letters I have told you that what I most look forward to in life is my visits. But I have been thinking, dear, that it will be best for us to part for a time. I feel for myself we love one another as much as we did, and I am afraid we do not. A lifelong married life will be to me delightful. I know that I have not risk it. It is I know that the parting shall come through me. Do not think that I am upon hung you, I cannot let to me you in above reproach, above blame. All I feel is that our affection is older, so we had better part. God bless you, Frank, I can never tell you how deeply I have loved you."

Frank was almost stunned by the receipt of this letter. He read it and read it till every word seemed burnt into his brain. That the girl's love for him was less, he did not believe, he could read undiminished affection in the vague phraseology, in the studied carelessness to take equal blame on herself. That she should be jealous, was out of the question, long years of experience had taught him that this was totally foreign to her tender nature. There was but one conclusion to come to. She had given him up because she thought his happiness involved. Yet she wished him to be free, might it not be ungracious to refuse to accept her gift?

Free! There was a terrible fascination in the sound. Be the bondage ever so pleasant, he is even preferable to liberty itself, the idea of freedom is irresistibly alluring. If the same bondage will be chosen again, there is a delight in the consciousness that it will be your own untrammelled choice. Frank was aware of a wild exultation when he realised the fact that he was once more a free agent. In the first flush of liberty, poor Elsie's image faded out of sight, and that of the siren took its place. Now, without wrong, he might follow his inclination. He determined to write to Elsie, but knew not what to say, and put it off till the morrow.

There could be no harm in going to the house of his fascinator; it was pleasant to think that he might now speak, think, look, without mental reservations; there would be no longer any need to watch his actions, or to force back the words which would tell her that she exercised a deadly power over him. The girl received him with a winning smile, yet, when he touched her hand, he did not feel his brain throb or his blood rush madly through his veins as he had expected. He bore his part through the evening quietly, and owned that it was a pleasant one; still, the flavour was not what he had expected. He called to mind that when he was abroad for the first time, he had been served with a peculiar dish, which he remembered, and often longed for when unattainable. After several years, he had visited the same city and ordered the same dish. The same cook prepared it, and the same waiter served it, but the taste was not the same; expectation had heightened the flavour, and the real was infinitely to the ideal.

So it was with Frank. Before, when the siren had seemed unattainable, he had fascinated in her beauty, admired her grace and genius, and revelled in her wit; now, when he felt he might call these his own, his eye began to detect delinquencies. The girl noted his critical attitude and chafed at the calmness of his keen, watchful glance. Where was the open admiration she used to read in his eyes? Piqued at his indifference, she grew silent and irritable; and when he bade her farewell, both were conscious that an ideal had been shattered.

He buttoned his overcoat, and prepared for a long walk to the lonely chambers where he lived the usual careless, comfortless life of a bachelor whose purse is limited. All the way home he submitted himself to a deep and critical examination. He felt as if he was sitting by the ashes of a failing fire which he had no means of replenishing; the night was coming, and he must sit in the cold. If passion died out, where was he to look for the sympathy, the respect, the true friendliness which alone can supply its place in married life? Then he thought of Elsie. He had made a mistake, but a very common mistake. He had thought that the excitement of his interest, the enchanting of his fancy, and the enthralment of his senses, was love, and lo! it was only passion. He analysed his feelings more deeply yet, and getting below the surface currents which are stirred by the winds, saw that the quiet waters beneath had kept unswervingly on their course.

When he reached his chambers, he sat down by his table and drew paper and ink towards him. 'I shall not accept your dismissal, Elsie,' he wrote hurriedly in answer to her piteous letter. 'I should be very shallow if I could not read the motive which prompted your letter. I shall come down as usual, and we will talk over it till we understand each other fully. Till then, you must believe me when I tell you that I love you all the more for your act of sacrifice, and that I love you more now than I have ever done before.'

Frank and Elsie have been long married, and are content. There is no fear of his swerving again, but the event deeply left its mark on Frank. He knows now that he was on the verge of committing a grievous mistake, and one which might have darkened all his future life. For it is not great events, involving tragedies and tears, that impress themselves most deeply upon the body of our habits and thoughts, but the tendency of our life, as in the case before us, is often most deeply affected by what is no more than 'an every day occurrence.'

A NIGHT IN A WELL.

The station of Rawul Pindi, in which the following incident took place, is a large military cantonment in the Punjab, about a hundred miles from the Indus at Attock, where the magnificent bridge across the rapid river now completes the connection by rail between the presidency towns of Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay with Peshawur our frontier outpost, which, like a watchful sentinel, stands looking straight into the gloomy portal of the far famed Khyber Pass. It was at Rawal Pindi that the meeting took place between the Viceroy of India, Lord Dufferin, and the present Ameer of Afghanistan, before whom were then paraded not only the garrison of Rawal Pindi, or, as it is more generally known in those parts, by the familiar abbreviation of Pindi—a Punjabi word signifying a village—but a goodly array of the three arms, artillery, cavalry, and infantry, drawn from the garrisons of the Punjab and North-west Provinces of India. In ordinary times, the troops in garrison at Pindi consist of four or five batteries of royal artillery, both horse and field, a regiment of British, and one of Indian cavalry, and one regiment of British, and two of Bengal infantry, with a company of sappers and miners. The barracks—or, as they are called in India, the lines—occupied by these troops extend across the Grand Trunk Road leading to Peshawur, those of the royal artillery being almost, if not quite on the extreme right, and it is here that the occurrence which gives the heading to this article took place.

In front of the lines of each regiment is the quarter guard belonging to it, at a distance of two or three hundred yards from the centre barrack. The men of this guard are turned out and inspected once by day and once by night by the officer on duty, technically known as the orderly officer. In rear of the quarter-guard, as has been already said, are the men's barracks, and in rear of them the cook houses and horse lines, amongst and behind which are

large wells—'pucka wells,' as they are called, from being lined for a long way down and about the surface with brick work and cement, in distinction from the ordinary 'kutcha wells,' which are merely circular holes dug until water is reached.

The *pucka* wells in the Pindi cantonments are from twelve to fourteen feet in diameter, and from thirty to forty feet from the surface to the water. They are surrounded by low parapets, and from each well extend long troughs of brick and cement, into which the water drawn from the well is conducted by channels, for the use of the horses and other cattle belonging to the artillery or cavalry. The low parapets round the wells are sufficient protection, at all events in the daytime, though instances are not infrequent when accidents have occurred on a dark night to goats, sheep, and even bullocks straying from their tethers, especially when a dust storm has been blowing, by its turmoil to the bewilderment of all so unfortunate as to be caught abroad in it, as the writer has on more than one occasion, when compelled to stand or sit for hours behind some protecting wall or tree, the darkness in noon day has been so great that his hand, though held close to his eyes, was with difficulty discernible. When to such a state of things are added the roar of the wind and the beating of broken branches of trees, wisps of straw, and other articles caught up and hurtled along, it may be easily imagined how dazed and perplexed is the condition of every creature so exposed. A dust storm, however, has nothing to say to the accident with which we have to do.

In rear of the cook houses, wells, &c., come the mess house and the bungalows in which the officers reside, each in its own compound or melooana, about eighty or a hundred yards square, and about a quarter of a mile from the men's lines.

One night in the cold season of 1866-67, as well as I can remember, the subaltern on duty at Pindi was Lieutenant Black—as we will call him—of the Royal Horse Artillery. He was well known in the arm of the service to which he belonged as a bold and fearless horseman, who had distinguished himself on many occasions as a race rider both at home and abroad. On the evening in question he remained playing billiards in the mess house until it was time to visit the quarter guard in front of the lines. A little before midnight he mounted his horse at the door of the mess, and started. It was very dark, but he knew the road well, and had perfect faith in his horse, a favourite charger, so, immediately on passing the gate of the mess compound, he set off, as was his custom, at a smart canter along the straight road leading to the barracks. He passed through these, and soon reached the guard, which he turned out, and finding all present and correct, proceeded to return to his own bungalow having completed his duty for the day. He rode through the lines by the way he had come, but then, being in a hurry to get to bed, he left the main road and took a short cut across an open space. Notwithstanding the darkness, the horse was cantering freely on, no doubt as anxious as his master to reach his comfortable stall, when all at once Black felt him jump over some obstacle, which he cleared, and the next moment horse and rider were falling through the air, and a great splash and crash were the last things of which Black had any consciousness. After an interval—how long he couldn't tell—sensation slowly returned, and he became aware that he was still sitting in his saddle, but in falling a dead horse. His legs were in water, and the hollow reverberation of his voice when he shouted for help, as he did until he couldn't do so no longer, informed him that he had fallen into one of the huge wells scattered in the lines. It was intensely dark, but he soon became aware that there were other living creatures in the well, for from its sides came occasional weird rustlings and hissings, which added considerably to the horror of his situation, by creating a vague feeling of the evil in an unknown danger lost at hand.

Slowly the hours might passed, and he could plainly hear the gongs of the different regiments as the hour were struck on them, and the sentries as if in mockery, rang the usual 'All's well!' Gradually day began to dawn, and light to show up dimly at the mouth of the well. By degrees his prison became less dim, and he could see his surroundings. He was bestriding his dead horse, which lay crumpled up with a broken neck at the bottom of the well, in which was not more than three feet of water. Black himself, except for the shock, was uninjured. His legs were pretty well numbed, from being so long in the water, but there were no bones broken, and barring the terrible jar to his system, he was sound in every respect. As the sun rose, he began to peer about, and again tried to make himself heard above ground. This caused a renewal of the peculiar rustlings and hissings we have referred to, and he was now enabled to verify what he had dreaded and suspected when he first heard them in the dark. All round the sides of the well were holes, tenanted by snakes, most of them of the deadly cobra tribe, and many, seemingly, of an extraordinary size. Presently like muffled thunder, the morning gun roused the sleepers in the various barracks, and the loud reveille quickly followed, at, by night hope of speedy release to the warm sunshine.

The first to discover him, and their loud cries soon surrounded the mouth of the well with stalwart artillerymen. Ropes were brought from the nearest battery, and Black, barely able to attach them to his body, was at length drawn, to all appearance more dead than alive, to upper air, unable to reply to the eager questionings of those by whom he was surrounded. He was placed on a hospital litter, and hurried off to his own bungalow. Under careful treatment, and thanks to a splendid constitution, he was in a short time again fit for duty.

When recounting the events of the night, Black didn't forget to mention his sensations at hearing the hissings all round him, and which the darkness at first made him think to be closer even than they were. This at once caused a proposal to be made for a raid upon the inhabitants of the holes, but he begged that they should not be disturbed, saying that they could do no harm where they were, and that

he couldn't but feel deeply grateful for their forbearance in confining themselves to having his first and, he sincerely hoped, his last appearance in a well

PERSEPHONE.

Far down the dusky halls of Hades
Thrills the echo of a voice
Full of love and full of longing
'Come, and bid my heart rejoice!
Dead to me, all the world is dreary
While I mourn this long, long day!
Hear me, Demeter calling
On her lost Persephone!

Sad is Queen Hades, queen of Hades,
On the throne of her sombre kingdom,
While in silence she hears the echoes
Calling thus world of light and joy,
And in vain her lips are trying
With a dreamy sadness to say—
And her heart is sighing and sighing
'Would that I could never, never stay!'

Sorrowfully in the shadowy circle
Of her sombre hall she lifted her head,
And from mitred brows behold as
Down the long, long aisles of the Dead
Half a dream, yet resolute
To the world that holds her come
Sighs the mournful Muse, that calls me,
Hermes waits to lead me home.

'Will thou leave me? I have loved thee,
Hold thee dear as queenly wife,
Jewels for thy sake I gave to me
Life to Death and Death to Life
Still a dreamer and a dreamer I
Ah! she sighs complaining low,
'How can you not be Queen Hades?
Long, long I have said I know.'

Long, long by her golden hair darling,
But she leaves the shadow land
With his spell on her spirit
With his chain on her hand
She will come again to whisper
'And from union earth and heaven
Young life drawn from Death's embraces
Will return to share his throne!'

Pure and queenly, all immortal,
Stands in the north her native skies
Cloud and sunshine, dew and rainbow,
Mirror in her lovely eyes

Fitful smiles and vivid blushes
Blend to banish every tear
And, like lute, her tender accents
Fall upon Demeter's ear

'Mother, from the heart of Hades
I have come again to thee!'—
Desert wide and boundless wilder,
Grove and valley, hill and sea,
All the animate creation,
All the haunts of listening day,
Echo with Demeter's answer
'Hail my child Persephone!'

Let the world awakes to rapture,
Love rejoices, gods are glad,
Flowers unfold around her footfalls,
Youth in virgin garb is clad
All the Muses chant a welcome,
Nymph and Naiad swell the chorus,
Dancing sunbeams, laughing waters,
And the triumph of her train

Where she moves, a magic whisper
Stirs the world to wanton mirth,
Winter flies before her presence
Forms of beauty find new birth,
Where she wanders pulses flutter
With the fervid thrill of Spring,
Zephyrs sell to openness, flowers
'Lo, comes to reign as king!'

Ah! what life breathes forth in music,
Sun, rill, bower and heavenly hills
Warmth, and love and forest promise
Still a vision of the night
Oh! let silence at the happy Present,
Vague is harvest hopes in Mirth,
Tis a dream of gloomy Hades
Hymns the young Persephone!

So, to Mother Earth she returns
'Thou hast been daughter, still his wife
Zeus, the sun in kindly fashion,
Death shall hold the hand of Life
Zeus decrees, and in one chord
Life and Death doth still combine
Though I crown thee with my beauty,
Though my soul is part of thine,
Yet the mighty Hades holds me
By a spell that is divine

'Lost, sweet mother Life can only
Be with dawn. It never dies
From the heart of sombre Hades,
At thy call I will arise.
Year by year thy queen summoned
Shall have power to break the chain,
And in all her youthful glory,
Will thy daughter come again

'Yet, because his spell must ever
Lie upon my charmed soul,
He, the gloomy Lord of Shadows,
Shall my wayward will control
As I heard thee call, my mother,
So he call I must obey,
Even here shall come his mandate,
And I may not answer nay
Ah! when harvest fruits are gathered,
Mourn thy child Persephone!'

JOSEPH M. M. BAILEY

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

All Rights Reserved.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL
OF
POPULAR
LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART
Fifth Series
ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832
CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)

No. 115.—Vol. III. SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1886. Price 1½d.

THE MONARCH OF AFRICAN MOUNTAINS

To those who associate the name of the great African continent only with visions of the steaming mangrove swamps of the west coast, the luxuriant flower carpets and grasses of the south, the trackless sand wastes of the north, and the undulating, thirsty plains of 'the Bush,' whose idea of Africa, indeed, may be summed up in three words—sun, savages, and fever—to such, we say, it may be difficult to accept the knowledge that snow capped mountains exist in the very heart of this dry and heat enkindled land. But yet, there have been for ages, strange tales of a wonderful mountain mass in the tropical centre, whose summit was perpetually covered with a mysterious substance which the natives called 'white salt.' Now, as perpetual snow under the equator was known only in Central America—nowhere else do mountains in the tropics reach the snow line—these did count for ages incredulity as to the existence of this alleged African Mont Blanc or Chimborazo. The legend referring to it must have been known to the early Portuguese travellers at least three centuries ago, for the Portuguese were at Mombasa in the sixteenth century, and as Mombasa is within one hundred and eighty miles of the mountain, and is the coast limit of the trade route between it and the sea, they must have heard the stories of the native and Arab traders. Others believed this Kilima Njaro* to be merely the legendary 'Mountains of the Moon.'

The earliest authentic record of 'discovery' by a European is that of Rebmann, a German missionary, who, on the 11th of May 1848, first sighted the wonderful snowy dome. Baron Von der Decken, another German, actually reached Kilima Njaro in 1861, and stayed on its slopes for some three months. On a second visit, Von der Decken ascended to a height of ten thousand five hundred feet, although he did not reach the snow. He was followed, in 1871, by an English missionary, the Rev. Charles New, who made two journeys to Chagga—the native name for the inhabited belt between three and seven thousand feet above the sea, stretching round the mountain—and on the second occasion was robbed and ill used by Mandara, a native chief. Mr Joseph Thomson, after making the journey through Masai land, of which he has published so interesting an account, arrived at Kilima Njaro in 1883. He journeyed nearly all round the base of the mountain, but did not ascend more than nine thousand feet. He also was robbed by Mandara.

It was reserved for Mr H. H. Johnston, F.R.G.S., to penetrate the mysteries of the 'Mohrauch of African Mountains,' and to record his experiences in a most interesting book, *The Kilima Njaro Expedition* (London: Kegan Paul). Mr Johnston's experiences on the Congo qualified him for African exploration, while his services to science in other parts of the world, pointed him out as well equipped for the search into and observation of the natural history of the locality, selected for exploration by a joint-committee of the British Association and the Royal Society. To solve the many interesting problems surrounding the fauna and flora of this African alpine region, was the task delegated to Mr Johnston. He left London in March 1884, and in due course arrived at Zanzibar, where he was assisted by Sir John Kirk in getting together a band of porters, servants, and guides. After some delay at Mombasa, caused by a sharp attack of fever, Mr Johnston plunged into the wilderness at the head of his long band of porters, carrying loads of domestic necessaries, provisions, water, and 'trade' goods. The long tramp inland was a weary one, for it was through a hot and thirsty land, which sorely tried the endurance of the party.

The first glimpse of Kilima Njaro was obtained long before the party reached its base. And here it may be proper to explain that this name

* Pronounced Killy manjaro, and meaning 'The Mountain of the Demon of Cold.'

is given to the whole mountain mass, which consists of two huge peaks and a number of smaller ones, just below the third parallel south of the equator. The highest of the peaks is called Kibô, is eighteen thousand eight hundred and eighty feet above the level of the sea, and is always covered with snow on the top, and occasionally down to the altitude of fourteen thousand feet. This is, so far as is at present known, the highest mountain in Africa. The twin peak, Kimawenzi, is sixteen thousand two hundred and fifty feet high, and although above the snow line, is not continuously snow clad. The whole mass is of volcanic origin, and the two peaks are the craters of extinct volcanoes.

Approached from the south-east, the mountain has the appearance of lonely isolation, and presents a truly remarkable spectacle, with its peaks towering to the clouds and its glittering snow caps. It is worth while giving in Mr Johnston's words his emotions on first gaining sight of the goal of his desires. 'With the falling temperature of the small hours, a brisk wind arose from the heated plain, and swept the clouds from off the sky, all except the mass which obstinately clung to Kilima Njaro. Feverish and overtired, I could not sleep, and sat and watched the heavens, waiting for the dawn. A hundred men were snoring around me, and the night was mythic, but silent, for the hyenas were laughing hideously in the gloom outside our circle of expiring embers. At five o'clock I awoke my servant Vinapin, and whilst he was making my morning coffee I dropped into a doze, from which at dawn he roused me and pointed to the horizon, where in the north-west a strange sight was to be seen. "Laputa," I exclaimed, and as Vinapin, though he had read *Stories from Gulliver* and the *Arabian Nights* in his native tongue, had never heard of *Gulliver's Travels*, I proceeded to enlighten him as to the famous suspended island of Swift's imagining, and explained my exclamation by pointing to the new visible Kilima Njaro, which, with its two peaks of Kibô and Kimawenzi, and the parent mass of mountain, rose high above a level line of cloud, and thus completely severed in appearance from the earth beneath, resembled so strangely the magnetic island of Laputa.'

It was not until the thirteenth day after leaving Mombasa, that the party entered the state of Moshi, ruled over by the chief Mandara, already mentioned. This little kingdom is of about the same area as London, and is on the lower slope of the mountain, between three and four thousand feet above the sea. Splendid views are obtained from it over the plains below, and its condition is anything but one of savagery. The agriculture is of a high order, and the people, although nearly naked, are both intelligent and industrious. The fields are well intersected by artificial water courses, led from the mountain streams higher up, and 'the air is musical with the murmur of trickling rivulets and the tinkling bells of the flocks and herds.' Wherever the ground is not in cultivation, it is covered with brilliantly coloured wild flowers of numberless known and unknown species, the hum of bees is suggestive of endless stores of honey; and the flow of milk is guaranteed by the innumerable herds of mild-eyed kine cropping the rich pasture.

Finding that the feuds between the Moshi people and the other mountain tribes were a bar to his progress through Mandara's country, Mr Johnston withdrew, and negotiated treaties of peace and commerce with one of the rival potentates whose territory extended nearer the summit. Before doing this, however, he had to retire to a place called Taveta, through which he had passed on his way to Mandara. Of this place he says: 'From the day of my first arrival up to the time of my final departure, it seemed to me one of the loveliest spots on the earth's surface.'

Taveta is the seat of trade centre of the district, and is ruled over by a senate of notables, called the 'Wazee' or elders, who preserve law and order, and arbitrate in disputes between the resident natives and the nomadic traders. Its population is about six thousand.

From Taveta, Mr Johnston negotiated with the chief of Marangu a state rather larger than Middlesex, on the south-eastern flank of the mountain. After many preliminaries and much exchanging of presents, he was at length admitted into this kingdom, and had positively to crawl into it through the defensive stockades, which it seems the custom in this country for the separate peoples to erect around their domains. Between the kingdom of Marangu and the summit of Kibô, there lay no opposing tribe, so that, having obtained guides, Mr Johnston was, after a little delay, enabled to continue his journey to the snow.

The route crossed a fine river, and lay at first through a smiling and fertile country, with signs of cultivation and flourishing banana groves up to an altitude of five thousand five hundred feet. Shortly after that, cultivation ceased, and a healthy distant was reached, with grassy knolls and numerous small streams of running water. The ascent was very gradual, and the first night was spent in camp at six thousand five hundred feet. Leaving this, a dense forest was reached at seven thousand feet, then a district of uplands thickly covered with moss and ferns, studded with short gnarled trees, and teeming with begonias and sweet scented flowering shrubs, but with few signs of animal life. At nine thousand feet, the region was all in of forests, and merely covered with grass, but higher up, the woodland began again, and water became very abundant. The third camp was formed at ten thousand feet, and here the party encountered a terrific thunderstorm and rainfall. It was succeeded by a fine and serene morning, leaving the two snow peaks in full view against a cloudless blue sky. At this point Mr Johnston resided nearly a month, actively prosecuting his collecting and observing, and preparing for the final ascent. Then, one day, with three followers only, he started for great Kibô.

For some two thousand feet higher, vegetation is abundant, and over at twelve thousand six hundred feet the party struck a pretty little stream, on the banks of which were patches of level greensward and abundance of gay flowers, while the spoor of buffaloes was also observed. Strange sessile thistles, five feet in circumference, were noticed; and an extraordinary lobelia, between three and four feet in height, with bright blue blossoms, as also other remarkable plants. Bees and wasps

were still to be seen at this high altitude, and bright little sunbirds darting about. But beyond thirteen thousand feet, vegetation was seen only in dwarfed patches, and the ground became covered with boulders, lying in confused masses, with occasional huge slabs of rock, singularly marked like tortoise shells. At thirteen thousand six hundred feet, the last resident bird was noticed—a species of stone hut—although high soaring kites and great billed ravens were seen even higher up. At fourteen thousand one hundred and seventeen feet, the Zanzibari followers were thoroughly done up, and began to show unmistakable signs of fear of the 'bogey' of the mountain, so they were left to prepare a sleeping place for the night, while Mr Johnston continued his ascent alone.

At fifteen thousand one hundred and fifty feet he reached the central connecting ridge of Kilima Njaro, and could see part of both sides. The 'Mawenzi,' however, was veiled in clouds. What followed cannot better be given than in the adventurer's own words. 'At length—and it was so sudden and so fleeting, that I had no time to fully take in the magnificent of the snowy dome of Kibo—the clouds parted, and I looked on a blaze of snow so blinding, white under the brief flicker of sunlight, that I could see little detail. Since sunrise that morning I had caught no glimpse of Kibo, and now it was suddenly presented to me with unusual and startling vividness. Knowing now the direction of my goal, I rose from the clammy stones, and clutching, my sketch book with numbed hands, began once more to ascend towards Steinbach, but a few yards in front of me, choked with mist, I made but slow progress, nevertheless, I continually panted along, a scantily sloping, hummocky ridge, where the spaces in between the masses of rock were filled with fine yellowish sand. The slabs of rock were so slippery with the drizzling mist, that I very often nearly lost my footing, and I thought with a shudder what a slip would mean here.

'At length, after a rather steeper ascent than usual up the now smoother and sharper ridge, I suddenly encountered snow lying at my very feet, and nearly plunged headlong into a great rift filled with snow, that here seemed to cut across the ridge and interrupt it. The dense mist cleared a little in a partial manner, and I then saw to my left the black rock sloping gently to an awful gulf of snow, so vast and deep that its limits were concealed by fog. Above me a line of snow was just discernible, and altogether the prospect was such a gloomy one, with its all surrounding curtain of sombre cloud, and its unvisitated wastes of snow and rock, that my heart sank within me at my loneliness. Turning momentarily northwards, I rounded the rift of snow, and once more dragged myself, now breathless and panting, and with aching limbs, along the slippery ridge of bare rock, which went steeply mounting upwards. The feeling that overcame me when I sat and gasped for breath on the wet and slippery rocks at this great height, was one of overwhelming isolation. I felt as if I should never more regain the force to move, and must remain and die amid this horrid solitude of stones and snow. Then I took some brandy and water from my flask, and a little courage came back to me. I was miserably cold, the driving mist having wetted me to the skin. Yet the temperature recorded here was above the freezing point, being thirty two degrees Fahrenheit. The mercury rose to 16°8. This observation, when properly computed, and with the correction added for the temperature of the intervening air, gives a height of sixteen thousand three hundred and fifteen feet as the highest point I attained on Kilima Njaro.'

When he returned to the camping place, Mr Johnston found that 'three followers had deserted him, being thoroughly terrified, and certain that the white man had perished on the lonely height. With much difficulty he made his way to the station on the lower ground, where the great body of his attendants had remained, and in due course the whole party arrived safely again at Taveta. From there a new route was taken, by way of Lake Jipe, to the coast at Pangani, where the followers were paid off. An English mission afforded Mr Johnston shelter until he could get a passage on an Arab dhow to Zanzibar, where he caught the usual steamer, and in little more than six weeks after getting his last glimpse of the snow peaks of Kilima Njaro, from the shore of Lake Jipe, the gallant explorer was in London once more.

Although attaining the highest altitude yet reached by man in Africa, Mr Johnston did not complete the conquest of Kilima Njaro. But he reached within two thousand feet of the summit, and having shown the way, it will be odd if some of the adventurous spirits among alpine climbers do not venture the task of penetrating into the hidden depths of the extinct crater. But this is as it may, the expedition has resulted in the acquisition of a vast amount of valuable information about the geography, the fauna, and flora of this strange district, which in two days you can ascend from equatorial heat to arctic cold. Even in the plains, the temperature is, for six months in the year, quite bearable, and in some parts delightful. The extreme fertility of the mountain slopes, the abundance of [illegible], the stone of ivory to be obtained from the vast herds of elephant, the rare and beautiful skins—in short, all the known riches of animal and vegetable production, and the supposed existence of mineral deposits, such as copper and nitrate of soda, point to this district as destined to play an important part in the future of Africa.

IN ALL SHADES

CHAPTER VIII

'Father, father,' Dr Whitaker whispered in a low voice, 'let us go aside a little—down into my cabin or somewhere—away from this crowd here. I am so glad, so happy to be back with you again, so delighted to be home once more, dear, dear father. But don't you see, everybody is looking at us and observing us.'

The old mulatto glance around him with an oily glance of profound self satisfaction. Yes, undoubtedly, he was the exact centre of an admiring audience. It was just such a house as he loved to play to. He turned once more to his trembling son, whose sturdy knees were

almost giving way feebly beneath him, and re-doubled the ardour of his paternal demonstrations. 'My son, my son, my own dear boy' he said once more, and then, stepping back two paces and opening his arms effusively, he ran forward quickly with short mincing steps, and pressed the astonished doctor with profound warmth to his swelling bosom. There was an expansiveness and a gushing effusion about the action which made the spectators titter audibly, and the titter cut the poor young medico keenly to the heart with a sense of his utter helplessness and ridiculousness in this absurd situation. He wondered to himself when the humiliating scene would ever be finished. But the old man was not satisfied yet. Relaxing his son once more from his fat grasp, he placed his two big hands akimbo on his hips, puckered up his eyebrows as if scrutiny, for some possible flaw in a horse or in a woman's figure—he was a noted connoisseur in either—and held his head pushed jaunty forward, staring once more at his son with his small pig's eyes from top to toe. At last, satisfied apparently with his close scrutiny, and prepared to acknowledge that it was all very good, he seized the young doctor quickly by the shoulders, and kissing him with a loud smack on either cheek, proceeded to slobber him piecemeal all over the face, exactly like a nine months' old baby. Dr Whitaker's cheeks tingled and burned, so that even through that dusky skin, Edward, who stood a little distance off, commiserating him, could see the hot blood rushing to his face by the deepened and darkened colour in the very centre.

Presently, old Bobby seemed to be sufficiently sated with this particular form of theatrical entertainment, and turned round pleasantly to the remainder of the company. 'My son, he said, not without a real touch of heart felt, paternal pride, as he glanced towards the gentlemanly looking and well dressed young doctor 'your fellow passengers!' Introduce me! Which is the son of my old and valued friend, the Honourable James Hawtorn, of Wagwater?'

Dr Whitaker, glad to divert attention from himself on any excuse, waved his hand quickly toward Edward.

'How do you do, Mr Whitaker?' Edward said, in as low and quiet a tone as possible, anxious as he was to disappoint the little gaping crowd of amused spectators. 'We have all derived a great deal of pleasure from your son's society on our way across. His music has been the staple entertainment of the whole voyage. We have appreciated it immensely.'

But old Bobby was not to be put off with private conversation such in a gentle undertone. He was accustomed to living his life in public, and he wasn't going to be balked of his wonted entertainment. 'Yes, Mr Hawtorn,' he answered in a loud voice, 'you are right, sah. De taste for music an de taste for beauty in de ladies are two tastes dat are seldom wantin' to de sons or de grandsons of Africa, however far removed from de original negro.' (As he spoke, he glanced back with a touch of contempt and an infinite superiority of manner at the pure blooded blacks, who were now busily engaged in picking up portmanteaus from the deck, and squabbling with one another as to which was to carry the backsis' luggage. Your mulatto, however dark, always in a good humoured, tolerant way, utterly despises his coal black brethren.) 'Bote dese tastes are highly developed in my own person. Bote no doubt my son, Wilberforce Clarkson Whitaker, is liable to inherit from his father's family. In de exercise of de second, I cannot fail to perceive dat dis lady beside you must be Mrs Hawtorn. Sah'—with a sidelong leer of his fat eyes—'I congratulate you most sincerely on your own taste in female beauty. A very nice, fresh lookin young lady, Mrs Hawtorn.'

Marian's face grew fiery red, and Edward hardly knew whether to laugh off the awkward compliment, or to draw himself up and stroll away, as though the conversation had reached its natural ending.

'And de older young lady,' Bobby went on, quite unconscious of the effect he had produced—'de older young lady? Your sister, now, or Miss Hawtorn?'

'This is Miss Dupuy of Orange Grove,' Edward answered hesitatingly, for he hardly knew what remark old Bobby might next venture upon. And indeed, as a matter of fact, the old mulatto's conversation, even in the presence of ladies, was not at all times restrained by all those artificial rules of decorum imposed on most of us by what passed to him a ridiculously strait laced and pointedly conventionality.

But Edward's answer seemed to have an extraordinary effect in slowing and toning down the old man's exuberant jubility, he pulled off his hat with a respectful bow, and said in a lower and more polite voice 'I have de honour of knowing Miss Dupuy's father, I am proud to make Miss Dupuy a quaintance.'

'Hoa, Pobby!' the captain called out from a little forward—'you come here, sir. The first officer wants to introduce you—with a wink at Edward—'to His Excellency the Peruvian ambassador.—Look here, Mr Hawtorn, don't you let Bobby talk too long to your ladies, sir. He sometimes blurts out something, you know, that ladies aren't exactly accustomed to. We seafaring men are a bit rough on occasion our selves, certainly, but we know how to behave for all that before the women—Bobby, don't, you'll letter be careful.'

'Thank you,' Edward said, and again felt his heart smitten with a sort of remorse for poor Dr Whitaker. That quick, sensitive, enthusiastic young man to be tied down for life to such a father! It was too terrible. In fact, it was a tragedy.

'Splendid take down for that stuck up, young brown doctor, the English officer exclaimed aside in a whisper to Edward. 'Shakes a little of the confounded conceit out of him, I should say. He wanted taking down a peg.—Screaming farce, isn't he, the old father?'

'I never saw a more pitiable or painful scene in my whole life,' Edward answered earnestly. 'Poor fellow, I'm profoundly sorry for him, he looks absolutely broken hearted.'

The young officer gazed at him in mute astonishment. 'Can't see a joke, that fellow Hawthorn,' he thought to himself. 'Had all the fun worked out of him, I suppose, over there at Cambridge. Awful prig.' Quite devoid of

the sense of humour. Sorry for his poor wife, she'll have a dull life of it.—Never saw such an amusing old fool in all my days as that ridiculous, fat old nigger fellow!"

Meanwhile, James Hawthorn had been standing on the wharf, waiting for the first crush of negroes and hangers-on to work itself off, and looking for an easy opportunity to come aboard in order to meet his son and daughter. By and by the crush subsided, and the old man stepped on to the gangway and made his way down upon the deck.

In a moment, Edward was wringing his hand fervently, and father and son had exchanged one single kiss of recognition in that half shamefaced, hasty fashion in which men of our race usually get through that very unenglish ceremony of greeting.

"Father, father, Edward said, 'I am so thankful to see you once more, so anxious to see my dear mother!'

There were tears standing in both their eyes as his father answered: 'My boy, my boy! I've denied myself this pleasure for years, and now—now it's come, it's almost too much for me!'

There was a moment's pause, and then Mr Hawthorn turned to Marian. 'My daughter,' he said, kissing her with a fatherly kiss, 'we know you, and love you already from Edward's letters, and we'll do our best, as far as we can, to make you happy!'

There was another pause, and then the father said again: 'You didn't get my telegram, Edward?'

'Yes, father, I got it, but not till we were on the very point of starting. The steamer was actually under weigh, and we couldn't have stopped even if we had wished to. There was nothing for it but to come on as we were, in spite of it!'

'Oh, Mr Hawthorn, there's papa!' Nora cried excitedly. 'There he is, coming down the gangway!' And as she spoke, Mr Dupuy's portly form was seen advancing towards them with slow deliberateness.

For a second, he gazed about him curiously, looking, for Nora, thus, as he saw her, he walked over towards her in his leisurely, dawdling, West Indian fashion. Nora darted forward and flung her arms impulsively around him: 'So you've come, Nora,' the old gentleman said quietly, disembarrassing himself with elephantine gracefulness from her close embrace—'so you've come, after all, in spite of my telegram!—How was this, my dear? How was this, tell me?'

'Yes, papa,' Nora answered, a little abashed at his serene manner. 'The telegram was too late—it was thrown on board after we'd started. But we've got out all safe, you see.—And Marian—you know—Marian Old—Mrs Hawthorn that is now—she's taken great care of me, and, except for the hurricane, we've had such a delightful voyage!'

Mr Dupuy drew himself up to his stiffest eminence and looked straight across at Marian Hawthorn with stiff politeness. 'I didn't know it was to Mrs Hawthorn, I am sure,' he said, 'that I was to be indebted for your safe arrival here in Trinidad. It was very good of Mrs Hawthorn, I don't doubt, to bring you out to us and act as your chaperon. I am much obliged to Mrs Hawthorn for her kind attention and care of you on the voyage. I must thank Mrs Hawthorn very sincerely for the trouble she may have been put to on your account.—Good morning, Mrs Hawthorn!—Good morning, Mr Hawthorn!' 'Your son, I suppose? Ah, so I imagined.—Good morning, good morning.' He raised his hat with formal courtesy to Marian, and bowed slightly to the son and father. Then he drew Nora's arm carefully in his, and was just about to walk her immediately off the steamer, when Nora burst from him in the utmost amazement and rushed up to kiss Marian. 'Papa,' she cried, 'I don't think you understand. This is Marian Old, don't you know? General Old's daughter, that I've written to you about so often. She's my dearest friend, and now she's married to Mr Edward Hawthorn—this is he—and Aunt Harriet gave me in charge to her to come across with, and I must just say good-bye to her before I leave her.—Thank you, dear, thank you both so much for all your kindness. Not, of course, that it matters about saying good-bye to you, for you and we will be such very, very near neighbours, and of course we'll see a great deal of one another.—Won't we, papa? We shall be near neighbours, and see a great deal of Marian during, now she's come here to live, won't we?'

Mr Dupuy bowed again very stiffly. 'We shall be very near neighbours, undoubtedly,' he answered with unruffled politeness, 'and I shall hope to take an early opportunity of paying my respects to—to your friend, General Old's daughter.—I am much obliged, one more, to Mrs Hawthorn for her well meant attentions. Good morning.—This way, Nora, my dear. This way to the Orange Grove carriage.'

'Father!' Nora exclaimed, in doubt and dismay, looking straight down into her father's eyes, 'what does it all mean? Explain it all to us. I'm utterly bewildered. Why did you telegraph to us not to come? And why did Nora Dupuy's father telegraph to her, too, in identical messages?'

Mr Hawthorn drew a deep breath and looked back at him with a face full of consternation and pity. 'He telegraphed to her, too, did he? he muttered half to himself in soliloquy. 'He telegraphed to prevent her from coming out to the Orange?' I might have guessed as much—it's very like him. My boy, my boy—and my dear daughter—this is a poor welcome for you, a very poor welcome! We never wanted you to come out here, and if we could, we would have prevented it. But now that you've come, you've come, and there's no helping it. We must just try to do our best to make you both tolerably comfortable.'

Marian stood in blank astonishment and silent wonder at this strange greeting. A thousand vague possibilities floated instantaneously through her mind, to be dismissed the next second, on closer consideration, as absolutely impossible. Why on earth did this handsome, dignified, courtly old gentleman wish to keep them away from Trinidad? He wasn't poor, he wasn't uneducated, he wasn't without honour in his own country. That he was a gentleman to the backbone, she could see and feel the moment

she looked at him and heard him speak. What, then, could be his objection to his son's coming out to visit him in his own surroundings? Had he committed some extraordinary crime? Was he an ex-convict, or a fraudulent bankrupt, or a defaulting trustee? Did he fear to let his son discover his shame? But no—the bare idea was absolutely impossible. You had only to gaze once upon that fine, benevolent, clear cut, transparently truthful face—as transparently truthful as Edwards's own—to see immediately that James Hawthorn was a man of honour. It was an insoluble mystery, and Marians heart sank within her as she wondered to herself what this gloomy welcome foreboded for the future.

'Father,' Edward exclaimed, looking at him once more with appealing eyes, 'do explain to me what you mean! Why didn't you want us to come to Tumbill? The suspense is too terrible! We shall be expecting something worse than the reality. Tell us now. Whatever it is, we are strong enough to bear it. I know it can be nothing mean or dishonourable that you have to conceal from us! For Marians sake, explain it, explain it!'

The old man turned his face away with a bitter groan. 'My boy, my boy, my poor boy,' he answered slowly and sadly, 'I cannot tell you. I can never tell you. You will find it out for yourselves soon enough. But I—I—I can never tell you!'

DUST AND HOUSE REFUSE.

SHOWING WHAT BECOMES OF IT.

If any of our readers are in the habit of passing a contractors or towns yard, he will, perhaps, remember perceiving, although the outer walls, a busy scene going on, which he cannot easily make out. A crowd of women sifting and moving small heaps of rubbish, two or three barrows laden with vegetable refuse, he can distinguish plainly enough, but it is not until he sees a string of dustcarts slowly wending their way towards the distant wharf, that the thought flashes upon his mind that the busy human ants he has been watching are scavengers, sorting and arranging the refuse of the great towns and cities. There is nothing particularly attractive in a scavengers yard neither the sights nor the smells are pleasant, nevertheless, the scene that here meets his eye, repellent as it is, could not exist in any other than a high state of civilisation. When we think of it, the dustbin is the tomb of the householder, it is the grave into which all our domestic surroundings mentally sink. Of old, in the ruder states of society, this dust and refuse found its final rest in the earth, but with us, its removal by the scavenger is only the first step of its elevation to a higher existence, if we may so speak. In detail, as it exists in every household, it is a nuisance to be got rid of, in the aggregate, it becomes a valuable commodity, to be re-imported into our arts and manufactures.

As the great lumbering carts arrive in a dust contractor's yard, their contents are emptied into isolated heaps. No sooner does this take place, than they are each in detail attacked by grimy men, who remove all the larger articles, such as vegetable matter, old coal scuttles, old crinolines—or rather crinolettes—old hats, and old garments. This is a kind of rough sifting which prepares the heap for the attacks of the women, who instantly settle upon every heap like a flock of crows that may happen to spy any carrion in a field. Each woman as she settles upon the heap comes down in hand, and spreads around her a number of baskets, the man now fills the sieve, and the process of separating the dust heap into its elements begins. The first few shakes of the sieve throw down all the fine ashes and the coal dust. This detritus becomes a very valuable commodity when collected and put to its right use. It is used by brick makers to mix with the clay, and does its part in the ultimate baking of the brick. In the neighbourhood of most of our railways, our readers may have noticed vast heaps of fine black dust burning with a slow combustion and with much smoke. These heaps consist of bricks which are being baked. They are placed in rows a little apart, and then interstices are filled with the fine 'breeze,' as the coal ashes are termed, which is set below, and gradually the whole mass rises to a dull red heat, the 'breeze' intimately mixed with the clay helping to bake the inside of the bricks in the most perfect manner without vitrifying it. The 'breeze' is the most valuable portion of the dust, and it rises or falls in value according to the amount of building going on and to the rate of its production, in the summer, but little, comparatively is made. Coal dust it must be remembered, is entirely a distinct item from road dust, which also possesses a certain value, as we shall show by and by. When all the finer refuse has passed through the sieve, the larger and coarser articles remain upon the top. These consist of some pieces of broken glass, that, of course, only requires to be remelted to be put on more into circulation in the world. Considering the brittle nature of the material and the enormous quantities of it employed, it is fortunate that it is almost indestructible. When we break a window, we only alter the arrangement of its particles. Broken into a thousand pieces, it remains as good glass as ever, time will not touch it. The remnants of glass that are found among the litter remains that have been lying in the ground for two thousand years, are as fit for the glass pot as though it had been made yesterday. Phials and old bottles are rarely even chipped, hence they are merely washed, and they pass again into the drawers of the chemist or apothecary.

Bones form another constant contribution to the sieve, and a valuable item they are to the dust contractor. There is a grand tussle going on for their possession both by the manufacturer and agriculturist. The larger bones are first boiled, in order to extract all their fat and gelatine. The purposes the former article is put to are too numerous to be mentioned, a good deal of the finer kind goes to make pomatum and soap, the gelatine is, we do not doubt, used as the basis of soups, and we know that it is employed in the manufacture of jujube lozenges. The smaller bones, which cannot be used in the constructive arts, are equally valuable in agriculture. When ground down to a fine powder

and mixed with sulphuric acid, they become that great fertiliser, superphosphate of lime, restoring to the soil all the productive qualities that have been taken out of it by over cropping. Wheat growing is very exhaustive to the soil, indeed, we could not go on growing wheat for many years without reducing it to sterility, were it not for the use of this superphosphate. Phosphorus, again, is another extractive from bones.

Old iron finds its way into a very spacious sieve. Like the glass, its substance is difficult to destroy, indeed, some old iron is rendered much more valuable by being knocked about. Thus, old iron in the form of horseshoes, and horseshoe nails, fetches a much higher price than the original metal from which they were made, the toughness it acquires by constant blows and concussions gives it a greatly enhanced value in the market. Old tinned articles, such as slop pails and saucepans, are first heated, to recover their tin and the solder with which they are made, both of which articles are more valuable than the old iron. Paper is carefully collected, and goes once again to the paper mills. Like glass, the original fibre is very indestructible, for all we know, the note paper on which we indite the tenderest love letters to our beloved was made from an old account book of a tallow chandler, or from the musty records of the past centuries. In turning over the 'rag-man' basket, what a singular history we have! The ball dress of a lady drops into a sack of market and reappears as a billet doux, disappears again to reappear once more in the drawing room or the nursery as a workbox of papier mâché, or a doll, or even into the wheels of railway trucks, and other uses to which paper is now put.

Whilst, however, we are watching the sifters grubbing over the heaps—as we have said, like so many crows—they all rise together, as we sometimes see these birds do, without any apparent cause, and make off to the nearest public house. But there is a cause, we may be sure, for this sudden flight. If you ask the overlooker, he speedily enlightens you. 'Oh, they've been and found some money in the dustheap, and when they do, it is a rule among them to share it together in drink. By and by, their little jollification over, they return. If there is any thing that can be used is food in the dust, the 'hill women' are entitled to it as a perquisite. In this manner they obtain many pieces of bread which the reader might not like to eat, but which they either do not object to, or put to other uses.

All the pieces of wood are also considered to be theirs, and when they leave work, they may be seen laden with fuel of this kind, which saves them more expensive fuel. The broken china and crockery goes to make the foundations of roads and paths, and all the 'soft core'—namely, refuse vegetable matter—is returned directly to the fields in the shape of manure. Old clothes are not the least valuable items of the dustyard. Anything in the shape of cotton, even to the covering of the crinoline steels and stay bones, is put aside for the paper mill. Cloth finds its way to the shoddy mills of Lancashire, where it is purified and ground down and remade into coarse cloth. The old woollen garments that are turned thus into shoddy are equal to a contribution of twenty five thousand tons of wool. Yet these old clothes, not many years ago, were considered of no more value than to be thrown upon the manure heap, there slowly to suffer disintegration until fit to be placed upon the land. Indeed, there is a class of rags which is now taken directly to the soil. Old house and dish cloths soaked with grease and animal refuse make capital manure. In the dust contractors' yards we may see them spread upon the ground to dry, preparatory to their being forwarded to the hop-grounds, where they are much used for the cultivation of that plant. Old boots and shoes, if not too much dilapidated, find their way to the back slums of the town, where a class of tradesmen live who patch them up, and, by the aid of lead ball, make them once more presentable.

We had almost forgotten to say that no inconsiderable amount of coal is rescued from the dustheap. This, of course, does not go to the better class, it is purchased by the poor. In well to do neighbourhoods, and especially in the fashionable quarter of the town, the ashes are finely sifted, hence, pieces of coal half burnt, or small lumps, are thrown away every morning. This extract, once makes the 'dust' of the better portions of the town far more valuable than that collected from the poverty stricken districts. Indeed, the dust in the aristocratic portion of the town is richer in every valuable refuse—there are more bones, more 'breeze,' more refuse clothing, than ever find a chance of getting into the low and maddened of the poor quarter.

We have said that the dust from the roads is kept distinct from the dust of the ashpit. Road dust is always very rich in manure, which makes it valuable as a top dressing for meadows. It is also largely used to mix with soft clay for the making of inferior bricks, and we have ascertained that it is also used for a more unsightly adulteration. The composition with which many of the cheaply run up houses are smeared over and made to appear ornamental is very freely mixed with road dust. The evil of this we speedily see in the green stains with which all such structures are disfigured, such green stains being nothing more than vegetation that occurs in all damp spots, and finds its support in this surreptitious dust.

Thus the grimy scavenger and 'hill women' perform a valuable part in the world. By their aid we return to the exhausted fields the riches the towns have drawn from them, and they arrest from speedy destruction a score of valuable products, and set them once more in circulation in the busy world.

THE HAUNTED JUNGLE

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.—INVISIBLE.

When the person came to his senses, he found himself lying in the jungle. It was early morning; but there was sufficient light for him to distinguish the surrounding objects. He sat up and looked about him. At first, he could not realise where he was; but when recollection of his night's adventure flashed across his mind, he became instantly wide awake. He looked curiously and anxiously round. There was not

the least sign of any village or habitation of any sort—only dense, pathless jungle all round! For some time he sat trying to recall the incidents of the past night. It seemed to him like a wild dream. He shuddered when he thought of it, and rising hastily, he prepared to leave the uncanny spot. But he could see no path or track of any kind. At length, noting the position of the sun, he decided that Pandiyan must be in a certain direction, and at once began to make his way through the jungle towards it. It was laborious and slow work forcing his way through the dense undergrowth, but in about half an hour he struck a path which he recognised as leading from a neighbouring village to Pandiyan. He had not gone far along this path when he met a man driving a number of pack bullocks. To his surprise, the leading bullock came straight towards him, as if it did not see him, and the path being narrow, he had to step aside into the jungle to avoid it.

'Hallo, brother!' he said to the man driving the bullocks, 'where are you going, and what have you got in the packs?'

The man took no notice and made no answer, but merely shouted to his bullocks and passed on. The pusari was inclined to be angry at the man's supposed rudeness, but thinking that perhaps he was deaf and had not seen him, he went on his way without remark.

Presently he met a man from a neighbouring village whom he knew well, coming along the path towards him. 'Salam, Arumukam!' he said as they neared each other, 'you are about early this morning.'

To his great astonishment, the man came striding along as if he neither saw nor heard him, and the pusari had to jump hastily aside, lest he should be thrown down. For a few moments he stared after his retreating friend, amazed at his extraordinary conduct, then he burst into a passion, and shouting after him loudly, cursed him and his manners. But the man went quietly on without replying, or even turning his head.

Very much surprised at what had happened, and in an angry, disturbed frame of mind, the pusari resumed his journey. Soon he came to the river. As he went down the steep descent to the water, he was horror struck to see a huge wild elephant appear from behind the bushes overhanging the river, a few yards off, and come towards him. There was no way of escape. The banks of the river rose perpendicularly on either side of him, and there was no time for him to scramble back by the way he had come. On came the elephant, dripping with water from its morning bath in the river, and lazily swinging its trunk and flapping its ears. The pusari stood petrified with terror in full view of the animal, unable to move hand or foot. The elephant advanced till it stood directly over him. But instead of throwing him down and crushing him to death, as the pusari momentarily expected, it leisurely broke off a branch from a bush on the bank above him and slowly munched it. He could feel its hot breath as he crouched against the bank under its huge head. Suddenly it turned away, listened for a moment to some sound in the distance, and then walked slowly off down the river. With a feeling of intense relief, he watched it out of sight. It was evident the elephant had neither seen nor smelt him, but for what reason he could not imagine.

Picking up his stick, which he had dropped in his flight, the pusari went down to the water to wade through to the other side, and then he discovered the reason of the strange behaviour of the two men he had met, and why the elephant had not molested him. As he entered the pool, he happened to glance down, and instantly saw, to his intense horror, that his form was not reflected in it! It was some moments before he realised what had happened. He was invisible! The water he had drunk at the pusari village was a magic draught, and its effect had been to make him invisible. Long and earnestly did he gaze down into the water, but in vain, only the reflection of the blue sky and overhanging trees appeared on the bright face of the pool. At length, in an agony of alarm and distress, he waded through the water, without, however, causing the faintest ripple on its surface, and hurried off to the village, in the hope of finding that his dreadful suspicion was not true. Close to the village he met a boy, the son of a neighbour, driving some cattle to the tank pasture. The urchin passed him without a word and without looking at him. The pusari groaned aloud and passed on. Soon he reached the village, and passed through, glancing about him with terrified anxiety, in the hope that some one would recognise him. But though several of the villagers were standing about, not one of them took the smallest notice of him. He went straight to his own house. Just as he reached the gate, his daughter came out carrying a water pot on her hip; she was going to the well for water. The pusari stood before her in an agony of fear and expectation. To his unutterable horror, she walked past him without the slightest sign of recognition!

'Vallie, my child!' he cried, stretching out his hands beseechingly, 'do you not see me?' But the girl walked on unconcernedly.

Just then a woman came out of a hut near by bound on the same errand as herself. 'Well, child, she exclaimed, addressing Vallie, 'what did the mudliyar say to your father?'

'I don't know,' she replied, 'he has not come back yet!'

This answer completely dispelled the hope that the pusari had clung to—that his daughter might yet recognise him. He knew now what a mighty spell was on him, and that he was invisible to mortal eyes, and had no substance or voice. Wringing his hands and wailing aloud, but inaudibly to all human ears, he followed the two women to the well, and listened with agony and despair in his heart to their chatter and laughter. Several times he shouted, as he thought loudly, to his daughter, in the hope of making her hear, and also attempted to seize her by the arm, but she neither heard his voice nor felt his touch. Before entering the house again, on her return from the well, Vallee looked for some moments in the direction of the path to Mankulam, in the hope or expectation, apparently, of seeing her father appear, little thinking how near he was to her. The pusari entered the hut with her and sat down in his

accustomed corner, overwhelmed by his terrible misfortune

Suddenly there was a noise in the village outside Some one, in loud excited tones, was relating something which seemed to be of startling import, from the loud ejaculations of surprise that followed Listening intently, the pusari heard a man say 'Yes, the mudliyar has been murdered, and his money box broken open and rifled!'

Vallee, too, had evidently caught the words, for, starting up, she rushed out, and was followed by her father A number of villagers were standing under a tree listening to a man whom the pusari recognised as an inhabitant of Minkulam He was talking rapidly and with much gesticulation On catching sight of Vallee, he stopped short, and with a glance round, asked loudly and abruptly 'Where is your father, child?'

'I don't know,' replied the girl, noting with surprise the meaning looks which the villagers exchanged 'He went last night to Minkulam to see the mudliyar, and has not yet come home'

'The mudliyar has been murdered,' said the man gravely, 'and the pusari's knife has been found, and it is covered with blood!'

Vallee instantly understood what the man implied With widely opened eyes and parted lips, she stood transfixed to the spot She knew too well her father's uncontrollable temper, not to feel him capable of any deed, however atrocious, when his passions were roused Yet she loved him fondly and sincerely, and when she realised the awful nature of the crime with which he was charged, she threw herself on the ground and abandoned herself to grief and despair, refusing the comfort offered her by the women standing round

The villagers, meanwhile, piced the bringer of the news with questions He related how the mudliyar's little grandson had been present at a stormy interview between his grandfather and the pusari, at which the latter had uttered many threats, how, after the pusari had left the house, he had returned when the mudliyar was alone, and had murdered him and then robbed him of all his money and jewels This was proved by the finding of his knife covered with blood, and by his disappearance he having clearly fled to escape the penalty of his crime The pusari's rage on hearing himself charged with such a dreadful deed was excessive Foaming with wrath, he turned about in the crowd, addressing one and then another with indignant denials and protests But though he shouted and raved and gesticulated, no one saw or heard him, and at length, seeing how fruitless his efforts to make himself heard were, he quieted down and waited to see what would be done next

Presently, a party of villagers, full of pleasant excitement and curiosity, started off for Minkulam, the scene of the murder, and the pusari decided to go with them As they went along, he listened with grim, bitter amusement to the remarks his fellow villagers made about him His unneighbourly hatred of Iyan Eluvan, his violent temper and quarrelsome nature, were the subject of general condemnation It appeared, by what they said, that one and all of the party had long foreseen what his evil passions would bring him to Every man of them believed him to be guilty of the murder, and there was not one to express any doubt or to say a good word for him

In such pleasant converse the party arrived at Minkulam, and went to the headman's house It was crowded itself and out by an excited, curious throng The pusari made his way into the hut On a bed, in the middle of it, lay the body of the mudliyar A wound in the throat, exposed to view, showed how he had come by his death, and indeed he was not wanting that he had struggled hard for life A number of women, relatives of the deceased, were shrieking in chorus the death wail over the corpse In a corner of the hut sat a young man, a minor headman from a neighbouring village, busily engaged in inquiring into all the circumstances of the murder He was occupied in making a list, from the statements of the murdered man's relatives, of the missing articles of jewellery The strong box from which they had been stolen stood, with its lid broken, before him Lying on the floor beside him was a knife, which the pusari immediately recognised as his own, though how it got there and came to be covered with blood, was more than he could guess As he listened to the questions of the headman and heard the remarks of the bystanders, the pusari began to feel a kind of grim satisfaction in the fact of his being invisible, so black seemed the case against him He could not but feel that the evidence produced more than justified them all in believing him to be the murderer

As he moved invisibly about the hut, he suddenly caught sight of his enemy Iyan Eluvan entering the door Iyan was accompanied by his younger brother Vidan, Vallee's lover a tall, well made young man, with handsome, pleasant features The two men were very unlike each other in every way—in features, expression, and manner, and no stranger would have thought them to be brothers On catching sight of Iyan, the pusari moved close to him and watched him keenly He had a nervous downcast air, very different from his usual bold, bold expression He looked furtively and quickly round, and the pusari noticed a peculiar expression pass over his face as he glanced at the corpse and then hurriedly averted his eyes A thought, a suspicion suddenly rushed into the pusari's mind There stood the murderer! It was Iyan Eluvan who had taken the mudliyar's life, and he had used his enemy's knife, of which he had in some way got possession, in order to cast the suspicion on him As the thought struck him, the pusari stepped fiercely forward to seize and denounce him, then he recollected his strange position, and with a strong effort, restrained himself For some moments he stood glaring malevolently but invisibly at his enemy

'This is an awful thing, Iyan,' remarked a man standing by

'Ay,' he responded in a gruff, harsh voice. 'I felt sure that mad fool Raman Unniyan would do this I met him yesterday on his way here, and heard him swear he would have the mudliyar's life'

On hearing this he, the pusari's rage boiled over, but he could do nothing but utter inaudible curses and threats He soon tired, however, of his useless ravings, and calmed down once more Iyan did not remain long in the house, he went to the headman, who took down his statement, to which he swore, adding many cunning and malicious embellishments, which made the lie seem very like truth As he left the hut accompanied by his brother, the pusari followed them The brothers separated in the village, and Iyan started for Pandiyan with his unseen enemy behind him The pusari could not rid himself of the feeling that he was still visible, and so followed at some distance Iyan walked fast, glancing over his shoulder from time to time and muttering as he went

The pusari followed his enemy about all day Iyan did but little work of any kind, but sat moody and sullen in his hut all the afternoon, only going occasionally to the door and glancing anxiously around He was alone in the hut, as he was a widower and had no children, while Valan, who lived with him, was absent at Manikulam Late in the afternoon he began to make preparations for cooking the evening meal, but in a very preoccupied, desultory manner When it grew dusk, he suddenly stepped, went to the door, and looked out to see if he was being watched, and seeing he was not, slipped out, through the fences, into the jungle at the back of his hut The pusari followed him Iyan pushed his way through the dense undergrowth for some distance till he came to a huge hollow tree that had been blasted by lightning, here he stopped for a few minutes in a listening attitude Hearing nothing, to alarm him, he fell on his knees and thrust his arm into a hole under the roots and drew out something tied up in a cloth The pusari saw his enemy open the bundle, and then his suspicion that he was the murderer of the headman was fully confirmed, for it was full of jewellery and rupees For some minutes Iyan remained gloating over his ill-gotten wealth, counting the money and fingering the jewels One he admired, and a look of vanity passed over his face He had heard a rustle overhead, but it was only caused by a small monkey in the tree above, which was watching his movements with intense curiosity At length Iyan tied up his booty and replaced it in the hollow tree, and then sneaked back to his hut, unseen by any one but his invisible enemy Soon afterwards, his brother Valan returned home, and the two men cooked and ate their evening meal almost in silence After waiting them for some time, the pusari went off to his own house

He found Valliee lying moaning in a corner, utterly prostrated by the heavy blow that had fallen on her. A kind-hearted woman of the village had brought her some food, as she had not cooked anything for herself, but the weeping girl refused to eat, and lay moaning and sobbing as if her heart was breaking The pusari longed to be able to speak to her and assure her of his innocence, but made no attempt to do so, knowing how useless it would be At length the woman went away, and the pusari sat for a long time watching with an aching heart his sorrow-ing unhappy daughter At last, exhausted by her weeping and grief, Valliee fell asleep Seeing this, he rose, and went out into the village It was now quite dark, and nearly every one had retired to rest He wandered aimlessly about till he found himself before the little temple on the dam of the tank All was dark within save where a faint light shone through a hole in the roof on to the hideous little idol He entered the temple and stood before the shrine Long and earnestly did he pray to the god to deliver him from the spell that had been cast on him, and many were the promises and vows he made should his prayer be granted Then he began to dance before the idol, chanting sacred manthras or hymns All night long did the pusari remain in the temple, sometimes offering puja, sometimes praying, and at other times dancing wildly before the shrine But the little stone god stood black and silent in its niche, and no answer came to the pusari's passionate prayer

A NIGHT RAID ON DONEGAL SMUGGLERS

On a wild, stormy evening, some years ago, the writer was returning to Ballyroughan, a miserable little town on the bleak coast of Donegal It had rained heavily all day, but having cleared up a little, I drew rein as I approached the town On such an evening the scene was far from inspiriting The road followed the windings of the seashore, here bounded by huge rocks, over which the waves were dashing furiously, like demons storming a fort About five miles from the mainland lay the little island of Innismurry, almost shrouded in mist, and only discernible by the ring of white foam which marked its coast Beyond, stretched the Atlantic, raging with all the force and passion of a November storm I had barely time to take in this scene, when I was accosted by a man, who seemed to rise out of the road at my side

'It is a severe day, yer honour,' said he, politely touching his hat 'God be good to them that is at sea on an evening like this!'

'It is very stormy, indeed, but I think the worst of it is now over'

'God send it, sthin, for it's hard times for the fishermen, though it's mighty good for the stillin'

'Good for the stilling!' I said 'What do you mean?'

'Why, I mane there's little fear of "the boys" being interrupted in weather like that.'

'Interrupted at what?'

'Why, at the stillin', av coorse, and by the same token, yonder they're at it,' and he pointed to the little island already referred to, now partially disrobed of its mist

'Do you mean to say that there is illicit distillation now going on at that island?'

'Thax and you've just guessed it, and sure it comes mighty handy, by reason that the fair is on Monday'

I need not weary the reader with all that passed between me and my chance companion,

whom I recognised as Mickey Mehaffey, a hanger on about one of the hotels in the town. From Mickey I learned that the inhabitants of Innismurry consisted of about a score of families who obtained a living by fishing and illicit distillation, and I grieve to say, chiefly by the latter. There were no police on the island, and as in stormy weather it was wholly unapproachable from the mainland, they could carry on their nefarious business without fear of 'disturbance.' At other times their scouts could give at least half an hour's warning of approaching danger, and this was sufficient to enable them to secrete their contraband goods before the 'inimy' arrived. And when hard pressed, the Atlantic always formed a safe and capacious storehouse. They had also their agents and confederates on the mainland, who wanted them to land and dispose of the poteen prior to fairs, wakes, and marriages, these being the favourite channels of 'home consumption.'

But to return to Mickey. He still kept a wistful eye on the island, particularly on one little curl of blue smoke that he assured me arose from the identical cabin where the still were at that moment being 'fired.'

'They'll be sure to land it on Sunday night,' said he, 'as Monday is the fair. The new ganger is very severe, I'm towld, and means to make a raid on them.'

'Who told you that?' I asked.

'Oh, the divil a one, sure, I've been dhreamin it, or somethin.'

'Well, Mickey, and I since you've been so very free with your information, I don't mind telling you that I am the 'new ganger' myself, and certainly mean to put a stop to the smuggling, if possible.'

'Oh, the saints protect us!' piously ejaculated Mickey. 'Bad luck to the tongue of me! I've been an informer all unknowst to myself, but your honour won't betray me?'

'Never fear. I know already most of what you told me.'

'Arrah! did you, now? Well, and if you want any more information about thim same smugglers, sure Mickey Mehaffey's the boy that can find it out for ye.'

I was certainly rather amused at Mickey's sudden change of principles, and telling him to call on me next day, if he had further information to give, I put spurs to my horse and trotted in to town.

I had only been recently appointed to Ballyroughan, with special instructions to do my utmost to suppress smuggling, which was at that time very prevalent in the district. And from all the information I could gather, I came to the conclusion that the most effectual way of doing this was to intercept the landing of the goods from the island. The supply, I reasoned, would soon cease, if I succeeded in cutting off the demand.

Mickey kept his promise about giving me further information. I had just thrown myself on the lounge next evening after dinner, when a fiery altercation broke in upon my rest. It was my landlady and Mickey on the stairs. 'Ye can't disturb him now, I'm telling ye, he's only afther his dinner.'

'But I want to see him partikular,' persisted Mickey, endeavouring to pass her on the stairs.

'And it's wan ye'll meet with, thin, ye can watch for him as he goes out in the mornin.'

'It's a matther of life and death, I'm tellin' ye, and the mornin wouldn't do at all, at all.'

'Well, and what if it is a matther of life and death? Sure, he isn't the docther!'

I now thought proper to interfere. 'If that is Mickey Mehaffey, I said, 'you may allow him to come up, Mrs. McKetchup.'

'Very well, sor—Bad luck to the lurthy boots o ye!' This last to Mickey in an under tone.

'Well, Mickey, shut the door, and let me hear what you have got to say.'

'I've learned it all, sor. Hughie Shan gave me all the news this mornin' afther chapel. He's wan of the smugglers, ye know, from the island.'

'What 'news' did he give you?'

'Why, about the landing of the poteen for the fair. It's just as I towld ye. They're to land it to-night about twelve o'clock, as the moon will be dark by that time.'

'Where do they usually land it?' I asked.

'Well, sor, there are only two places where a boat can put in with safety—wan of these, the Smugglers' Pier, is just between the high rocks forninst Ballyroughan, and the other is about a quarter of a mile further along the shore. It's not so safe as the first as the Smugglers' Pier, and so they never land it.'

After arranging with Mickey to meet me that night at a certain point, I dismissed him, and proceeded to mature my plan for trapping the smugglers. It was thus I arranged with the coastguard officer to meet me at the Smugglers' Pier about eleven o'clock. He was to bring two boats and three boatmen with him, and row up silently from the station to the place appointed. Three constables of the 'Royal Irish' were also detailed to meet me at the same time and place. Mickey, as previously stated, was to go with myself and act as guide. The rendezvous was about a mile from the town, so I started off about half past ten on my secret expedition. Fortunately Ballyroughan retires early to rest, so not a soul was to be seen as I passed through the town. A subdued cough at the outskirts told me that Mickey was true to his appointment.

We walked in silence to the place, and found the 'peelers,' as Mickey called them, waiting. The coastguard officer and his men had not yet arrived. They came, however, shortly afterwards, and I then gave my final instructions. One boat, manned by the coastguard officer, a boatman, and one of the constables, was to row about four hundred yards out, and lie on its oars, out of the track of the smugglers, but ready to intercept them on their return to the island, if they escaped us. A shot from my revolver was the signal for them to be on the alert. The other boat, I directed to be kept out of sight

between the rocks, but ready for action at a moment's notice. These arrangements completed, every one waited quietly at his post to watch the turn of events. It was now midnight, and though the moon had been down almost half an hour, there was no sign of the smugglers. Could it be that Mickey was playing us false? This thought had just occurred to me, when my ear caught the sound of distant oars.

'Did you hear anything, sir?' one of the constables whispered.

'Hush! Listen,' I said.

Yes, there was no mistake. Nearer and clearer came the plash of the oars and the creaking of the rowlocks, and in a few minutes afterwards, the boat grated on the gravel within a few yards of where we lay concealed. I saw through the darkness that there were only two men in the boat, with a boy to steer. The former proceeded at once to land the goods. They brought a keg ashore, but before I could give the order for capture, a ludicrous incident arrested us. Mickey, I noticed, had been nodding with sleep for some time, and at the most critical moment began to snore so loudly, that the man at once hopped the keg and made a rush for the boat.

'Arrest them!' I shouted, and one of the policemen succeeded in catching hold of an oar just as the boat was being pushed off, but the smuggler was equal to the occasion. He drew the oar towards the boat, then pushed it rapidly back again, and next moment the unfortunate constable was left sprawling in the water. 'Man the boat!' I shouted, as I observed they were about to escape us. 'You,' I said to the policeman who got the ducking, 'will remain on shore to guard the seizure, and Mickey may keep you company.—All ready!' I added, stepping into the boat, and at the same time discharging my revolver, as a signal to the coastguard officer in the other boat.

'All right, sir!'

'Then pull off,' and away we went in the wake of the smugglers. The chase was an exciting one. They had got about twenty yards ahead, but our boat was the swifter, and we soon came up with them. 'Now we have them,' I exclaimed, as our other boat came into view, intercepting their course to the island. They were not, however, to be caught so easily. Making a rapid double to the left, our boat was shot far ahead of them before we could turn. I now saw that the advantage did not all lie on our side, for although we had greater speed and greater numbers, on the other hand, the smugglers' boat was so formed as to twist and turn about with the greatest rapidity, rendering it very difficult for us to come into close quarters with them. Again we came up with them, and again they made a double towards the mainland, leaving us still at a distance.

I now adopted a different mode of operations. Both our boats were between the smugglers and Innismurry, and I directed them to separate about twenty yards, and row close behind the enemy, keeping the latter always in front and between the two boats. This plan was perfectly successful. The smugglers were now compelled to 'move on' before us towards the mainland, any attempt to turn aside being prevented by either boat. Their only escape now was landward, and they made a spurt to reach the shore before us, heading directly for the Smugglers' Pier, but their boat had scarcely touched the gravel, when our men, jumping into the water, surrounded it, and took the occupants in charge ere they had time to land.

I now directed my attention to matters on shore. Mickey was still there, but the constable was nowhere to be seen. A feeble groan from behind the rocks led Mickey to explain.

'It's the paler, yer honour,' said he. 'He took mighty ill after you left.'

'Has he been to the keg?' I asked.

'Fix, and he has, thin, and it didn't agree with him.'

It evidently did not. The ground beside him bore witness to the fact.

'Confound the stuff!' growled one of the boatmen, who had taken the opportunity to follow the police's example and have a pull at the keg. He was expectorating at a furious rate and making horrible grimaces.

'Is it poison?' feebly groaned the police man.

'Poison? Confound it!' said the boatman, 'it's water, and as salt as blazes.'

It was indeed water, fresh drawn from the Atlantic. The constable, it seems, feeling cold after his immersion, knocked the keg in an obscure, and had taken a good pull at it before he discovered that it wasn't the 'rale Innismoween.' It produced such a nausea and sickness of stomach, that the poor fellow thought he was poisoned, and became frightened into the ludicrous state of distress in which we found him.

I now examined the contents of another keg in the boat. Salt water. Meanwhile, our three prisoners, who understood not a word of English, stood quietly looking on, and seemed quite satisfied with their position. Our own position was certainly a novel one. There we stood, eight men in Her Majesty's service, with three prisoners in charge, and for what? For having two kegs of salt water in their possession, while the broad Atlantic rolled at our feet. No one appeared to be able to give any explanation of our peculiar 'seizure,' and we were about to leave the place in disgust, when the coastguard drew my attention to the sound of oars farther up the shore, and we could dimly discern a boat putting off towards the island.

'Depend upon it,' said he, 'that boat has just been landing the potcen, and this has only been a decoy, to divert our attention from the real culprits.'

This indeed was the true explanation of the mystery, so I discharged my prisoners, who coolly towed the kegs into their boat and pulled off towards Innismurry.

I afterwards learned that Mickey, with all his apparent simplicity, was a shrewd confederate of the smugglers, and that it was really he who planned and set us on this 'wildgoose chase.' They expected, it seems, a raid made on them that night, and Mickey was deputed, under cover of giving information, to learn the mode of attack, and, if possible to thwart it. In this he was but too successful. And although, on many subsequent occasions, I had ample revenge for the trick played on me that night, I must confess

that these later and more successful experiences appear to me but tame and commonplace, compared with my first encounter with the Donegal smugglers.

SOME FAROE LEGENDS.

Adapted from the Danish

I. THE SEAL-GIRL.

SEALS have their origin in human beings who of their own free-will have drowned themselves in the sea. Once a year—on Twelfth-night—they slip off their skins and amuse themselves like men and women in dancing and other pleasures, in the caves of the rocks and the big hollows of the beach. A young man in the village of Myglodahl, in Kalsoe, had heard talk of this conduct of the seals, and a place in the neighbourhood of the village was pointed out to him where they were said to assemble on Twelfth-night.

In the evening of that day he stole away thither and concealed himself. Soon he saw a vast multitude of seals come swimming towards the place, cast off their skins, and lie down upon the rocks. He noticed that a very fair and beautiful girl came out of one of the seal-skins and lay down not far from where he was hidden. Then he crept towards her and took her in his arms. The man and the seal-girl danced together throughout the whole night; but when day began to break, every seal went in search of its skin. The seal-girl alone was unsuccessful in the search for her skin; but she tracked it by its smell to the Myglodahl-man, and when he, in spite of her entreaties, would not give it back to her, she was forced to follow him to Myglodahl. There they lived together for many years, and many children were born to them; but the man had to be perpetually on the watch lest his wife should be able to lay hands on her seal-skin, which, accordingly, he kept locked in the bottom of his chest, the key of which was always about his person.

One day, however, he was out fishing, when he remembered that he had left the key at home. He called out sorrowfully to the other men: 'This day I shall lose my wife.' They pulled up their lines and rowed home quickly, but when they came to the house, his wife had disappeared, and only the children were at home. That no harm might come to them when she left them, their mother had extinguished the fire on the hearth and put the knives out of sight. In the meantime, she had run down to the beach, attired herself in her seal-skin, and directed her course to the sea, where another seal, who had formerly been her lover, came at once to her side. This animal had been lying outside the village all these years waiting for her.

And now, when the children of the Myglodahl-man used to come down to the beach, they often saw a seal lift its head above the water and look towards the land. The seal was supposed to be the mother of the children.

A long time passed away, and again it chanced that the Myglodahl-man was about to hunt the seals in a big rock-hole. The night before this was to happen, the Myglodahl-man dreamed that his lost wife came to him and said that if he went seal hunting in that cave he must take care not to kill a large seal which stood in front of the cave, because that was her mate; and the two young seals in the heart of the cave, because they were her two little sons; and she informed him of the colour of their skins. But the man took no heed of his dream, went away after the seals, and killed all he could lay hands upon. The spoil was divided when they got home, and the man received for his share the whole of the large male seal and the hands and feet of the two young seals.

That same evening, they had cooked the head and paws of the large seal for supper, and the meat was put up in a trough, when a loud crash was heard in the kitchen. The man returned thither and saw a frightful witch, who sniffed at the trough, and cried 'Here lies the head, with the upstanding nose of a man, the hand of Haarek, and the foot of Frederick. Revenged they are, and revenged they shall be on the men of Myglodahl, some of whom shall perish by sea, and others fall down from the rocks, until the number of the slain shall be so great that by holding each other's hands they may girdle all Kalsoe.' When she had uttered this communication, the witch vanished from the room and was seen no more.

Many Myglodahl-men soon afterwards came to a violent end. Some were drowned in the sea by Kalsoe while fishing, others fell from the rocks while catching the seafowl, so that the witch's curse might be said to have taken partial effect. The number of the dead, however, is not yet so large that they can encircle the whole of the island hand in hand.*

II. HOW TO BECOME RICH.

If you would be rich, you must go out on Twelfth-night to a cross-road where five ways meet, one of which leads to a church; and you must take with you in your hands a gray calf-skin and an axe. When you reach the cross-road, you must sit down on the calfskin, the tail of which must be extended in the direction of the road which leads to the churchyard. Then you must look fixedly at the axe, which must be made as sharp as possible. Towards midnight, the goblins will come in multitudes and put gold in great heaps round you, to try and make you look up, and they will chatter, grimace, and grin at you. But when at length they have failed in causing you to look aside, they will begin to take hold of the tail of the calfskin and drag it away, with you upon it. Then you will be fortunate if you can succeed in cutting off the tail with the axe without looking about you and without damaging the axe. If you succeed, the goblins will vanish, and all the gold will remain by you. Otherwise, if you look about you or damage the axe, it will be all up with you.

III. THE LUCKY-STONE.

The 'lucky-stone' is a good thing to possess, because the man who has it is always fortunate and victorious in every struggle; nor can any

* Kalsoe is about ten miles long by about one mile and a half in width.

man or evil spirit harm him. Success follows him wherever he goes; everything happens according to his wishes; he is every one's favourite. It is not wonderful, therefore, that man are eager to bargain for a stone that can work so much good for its owner. Unfortunately, however, no man knows where to find it; only the raven knows this, and now you shall hear how the raven may be induced to discover it. It is a common saying that this bird mates in February, lays its eggs in March, and hatches its young in April. Now, when the raven has laid its eggs, the man who determines to have the lucky stone must climb the rock wherein the raven has its nest. There he must sit still with its latter, the raven see him, until the bird flies away from its nest. Immediately afterwards the man must hasten to the nest, take the eggs thence, go away and boil them hard, and then lay them in the nest again, that the raven when it comes back may not notice anything unusual. The bird then at once its attempt to hatch the eggs. When it never, it has sat past the ordinary hatching time without young ones coming out of the eggs, it gets impatient and tired of sitting any longer. Now it flies after the lucky stone to place this in the nest between the eggs, so that by its help the young may get out of the shell, and, in return for its return, the man must station himself by the nest and shoot the bird when it reappears. Then he may take the lucky stone out of the ravens beak and go home with it.*

IV. THE SKARVEN AND THE EIDER DUCK

The skarven and the eider duck both wished to wear down and could not determine which of them should have that privilege. They came to a decision that it should belong to that one of them who first saw the sun rise in the morning, and cried to the other, 'The sun is up!' Accordingly, they sorted themselves among the rocks side by side that evening. The eider duck fell asleep immediately after sunset, but the skarven, knowing that he was a sound sleeper, formed the wicked resolution not to go to sleep that night, lest he should oversleep himself. Thus he became almost assured that he, and not the eider duck, should get the down. The skarven sat full of pride in his resolve to keep awake the whole night. This was easy enough at the outset, but later on in the night his head grew heavy and he had to fight hard with sleep, however, he held out until it began to be light in the east, then, elated with joy, he cried 'Now the east becomes blue!' But by this cry the skarven awoke the eider duck, who had enjoyed his accustomed sleep, while, on the other hand, the skarven could no longer keep his eyes open. When the sun really rose, the eider duck was not slow to cry to the skarven 'The sun rises over the sea!' Thus the eider duck received the down. As for the skarven, his punishment was very severe. Because he could not keep silence, but by his outcry awoke the eider duck, from that time forward he has been tongue-tied as well as without down.

V. A FAIRY OF SANDOE

West of the town of Sandoe is a great hole deep in the ground where a witch used to live. A man from Sandoe once went down into this hole and saw a woman standing crushing gold in a hand mill, and a little child sitting by her playing with a gold stick. The old crone was blind. After a little reflection, the man went softly up to the woman and took away the gold which she was crushing. Hereupon she said 'Either a mouse is being crushed or a thief is stealing, or else something is wrong with the queen.' The man left her took the gold stick from the child, whom he struck and made to cry. The old woman now instantly divined that something was wrong. She jumped up and groped after the man in the hole. But he was no sooner out of the cave than he ran home at a clip with the gold. The witch then blind a neighbour crone, related her misfortune, and besought her help. The neighbour withdrew in with all speed after the man. She jumped across certain holes on the way, and these have to spring may be seen in the stone on each side of the water to this day. But the man escaped her until he came to a marshy tract of land, where she succeeded in laying hold of his horse's tail. However, he whipped the horse forward so that its tail broke off. Nor did this stop him. On he went until he came in sight of the church. Here the witch could do him no harm, but was obliged to turn back. To this day, it is said that one may hear the old blind witch crushing gold in the cave.*

VI. THE MAN AND THE BROWNIES

The village of Gaasdahl, in Wanoe, has no harbour but is about fifteen fathoms straight up from the sea, so that boats could not very well be kept there. Moreover, the inhabitants are too few to man a large boat for sea fishing. They have, therefore, their boat jointly with the neighbouring village of Foe, with the men whereof they associate in fishing. On night a man from Gaasdahl went by appointment out to Akkuns, where the men from Foe wanted to take him in the boat to row with them to the fishing. When he had come to Skandvig, he observed a boat which lay by the land in the appointed place, and, fearful lest he should delay the others, he hurried down to it. He saw that there were seven in the boat, and that a place was vacant by one of the thwarts. He believed, therefore, that all was as it should be, although he could not recognise any of the men, because of the darkness. Then he jumped hastily into the boat and sat down by his oar, but, to his great terror, he now perceived that he knew none of the men, and he did not fail to understand that he had got

* Gaasdahman Müller of Thorshavn, has possession one of these stones. It is brown and rather common to look at, but no doubt the fact that Herr Müller is reputed to be the richest man in the Isles, as he certainly the most influential, is due to the virtue of this stone. Herr Müller sits in the upper house of the Danish government, and this also may be attributable to his lucky stone.

* This story it is obvious, is allied to the Ayrshire traditions on which Burns founded his *Tam o' Shanter*.

among the brownie folk. Still, he would not let them see that he was afraid, but sat down to row as capably as the others. They steered north of Waagoe towards Ravnemuien, a fishing place to which the men of Waagoe are accustomed to row.

The elves now began to put but on their hooks and to cast out, but the Gaasedahl man sat still because he had only a line with him, his hooks were in Boe. Then the leader of the elves gave him both hooks and bait, with which he made a cast, and immediately caught a big cod. When he had pulled up the fish and killed it, the leader took and marked it, and in the same way he marked every other fish caught by the man. They fished until the boat was full, then rowed home, and touched the land by Akraines, where the Gaasedahl man had come to them. The brownies threw on shore to him all the fish he had caught. When he was going away, the Gaasedahl man remembered that he had left his knife behind him in the boat, and said to the brownies that 'the sharp thing' by his bench was left in the boat. The brownies thereupon took the knife and threw it at him to hurt him but it did not hit him. Then he said 'You were a good man but you are a lucky man' and the other brownies then rowed off, abusing him because he would not thank them for the use of the boat.*

VII. ABOUT WITCHES

It is said that witches are fond of people's houses especially when they find them empty. North of Nuuvum, in Eggurdahl on the island of Myggnes, there is a little but well built house. In this place to pass the night in, when it certain time in the year they come here to look after the sheep, because the point of the island is far away from a village. On night at an unusual time, one of these shepherds went thither. But when he was about to take his rest in the house he heard much noise and saw light within the building. He stealthily hunted by a little window, and perceived that the house was full of witches, who were holding carnival. They danced and sang 'Cold is the witches' home in the hills. It is better within the house than the cliff by Skalvirdhi—hum, hum, trallaro—to dance close to the doors.'

But it was much worse at Krolsens, which is the most northerly village in Kalsoe. Thither the witches used to come every Twelfth night in such multitudes that the township for a short time forced to flee to the neighbouring Myggdahl, and stay there while the witches were by a tedious hence this town got the name of Krollun (Witches' Point). It happened once that an old woman was not able to dance with the others to Myggdahl on Twelfth night. She lay under a table in the kitchen and had herself from the witches. In the evening, she saw the witches come in and begin to shout and dance. But in the height of their merriment the old woman under the table cried out 'Jesus, be merciful to me!' When the witches heard the blessed name of Jesus, which they hate and tremble at, they began to scream, and said to each other 'Gydja* disturbs the dance.' Thereupon they disappeared from Trollnes, and they have not dared since to trouble that village. When the people came back from Myggdahl after the festival, they expected to find the old woman dead, but she then told them of her adventure with the witches.

VIII. THE TWO SISTERS

Once upon a time there was a man and a woman. They had one daughter, and when the child was a year old, her mother died. The man, poor creature, was now left alone with this little girl. No wonder, therefore, that he, like so many other men in a similar plight, began to think of taking a second wife, and duly married again. By this second wife he had a daughter. The two girls were nearly of the same age, there being not much more than two years difference between them. They grew up together in the house, but it may be imagined which of them the woman made the most of. For whilst she gave her own daughter every thing, that was nice and light have her way both in good and evil, she could not bear the sight of the elder child, her step-daughter, but truck and trounced her both early and late. The poor girl was made to do all the worst work to keep the cowhouses in winter to crush every grain of corn that was eaten in the house, to pick the wool, and the like. In summer, she had to go into the fields to milk the cows both morning and evening, often a long way up the mountains, without anything to eat.

The step-mother was perpetually gnawed with envy of the elder of the girls because she was as beautiful as the finest summer apple, red and white like blood upon snow, whilst the younger was ugly in appearance and displeasing every man. The wicked woman wanted, therefore, to spoil her step-daughter's pretty face, and with this intention, compelled her to do all the worst and hardest work both in house and in the fields, but in spite of it all, she grew yet more beautiful, while her half-sister became pale and sickly from sitting indoors and never stirring out to lend a helping hand to my one.

The woman now tried to make her step-daughter so thin by starvation that she could not fail to lose her beauty, and come to be as insignificant as her own daughter. She refused to give her any supper, so that the poor girl had to go into the fields to do the milking without having had anything to eat the previous evening, and without breakfast that day. With a heavy heart and a hungry stomach, she now left home with the milk pail on her back, not knowing how to get anything to eat. While she went along crying, and so exhausted that she was ready to fall to the ground, she saw a hill straight before her open, and a table standing there decked with meat and drink.

* It is necessary to explain that in talking to a brownie one must not call a knife, a sword or anything of the kind by its right name but indicate it by a periphrase 'The sharp thing.' Also one must say 'Thank you' to the brownies, if they do one a service because, if so, it gives them power to injure the person who thanks them.

* Gydja is Faroese for an old wife, crone, or aged woman.

She asked God to guide her, went in, and refreshed herself with the meat and drink. Then she thanked God for the meal, and went on joyfully in quest of the cattle. The hill opened for her in the same place every morning and evening, and by this means she kept so strong and healthy that her step mother's scheme quite failed.

The younger sister now asked how it was that he herself, who had good things every day and all she wanted, did yet not thrive so well as the other, who was always working and got little to eat? But the elder sister would not at first answer her questions, she simply said that she had taken nothing from her or her mother. In the end, however, she told her that she got meat and drink in the hill. When the younger sister heard this, she immediately wanted to go into the fields and milk the cows, that she might see what took place in the hill, and she besought her mother's permission to go the very next day. This the mother granted at once, though she wondered that her daughter should conceive such a fancy. Accordingly, the girl went. The hill was open. She sat down, ate and drank of the good things, and never bethought herself how they came thither nor, when she had finished eating, did she think of taking Gold to be with her or of thanking Him. This she was not accustomed to do. In the evening, she would not eat at home, so that she might eat the more when she went again to the hill. But the second time, when she was come thither, the hill was shut for her, so she had for once to experience what it was to go hungry into the fields and look after the cows. She had to go high up the mountains and search a long time before she found the animals, and she returned home in the evening angry, and said that she would not make many such excursions.

And so the elder sister had gone to go in the old way, but for her the hill was never closed. She went without shoes and dressed in rags, like the most miserable of beggars, and the worse she looked the better pleased was the step mother.

One day, when the poor girl came to the hill, her rags were ready to fall off her, so that she had good cause to cry and grieve over herself. How great, then, was her joy when she saw some beautiful clothes hold towards her within the hill, and heard a voice say that they were for her. She hastened to dress herself in these new clothes, and sat down in the field, the better to examine them. But she had no sooner seated herself, than a grand kings son, with a large suite of attendants, came riding towards her, and entered into conversation with the fair maid. The kings son liked her so much that he fell in love with her immediately and asked whom she was. The girl replied to his declaration of love, that if he did not change his mind within a year, then he might come back to her parents and ask their consent, she herself would not say him 'Nay.' On this understanding they separated.

When she reached home again, the girl said not a word about this meeting. Her fine clothes were taken from her by her half sister, and again she had to go to the fields in her rags, as before.

When the year had gone by, the king's son came riding into the farmyard as a suitor. He shone with gold from top to toe, and likewise the man who accompanied him. He explained his mission, and asked for the hand of the farm people's daughter. They consented to the match; but the woman went away and locked up her step daughter in the strong room, made her own daughter array herself in the clothes which the kings son had seen on the elder of the girls, and brought her before him. The prince said that he had never seen this girl before, and had not come to court her. The mother replied that the girl was the same, but that she had been so disfigured by a severe illness as to be unrecognisable. When the kings son heard this, his blood rushed to his heart, and he begged her to go apart alone with him. The girl followed behind him, but no sooner were they out of the house, than she fell down and burst asunder.

Then the kings son entered the house. He perceived that the woman had deceived him, and he threatened to kill them all unless they instantly gave him the real girl whom he had come to wed. They could go out and see the consequences of having already lied to him.

The man now fetched his elder daughter, and the kings son was joyful when he saw her. He gave her the choicest clothes and presents, then he set her upon a fine horse, and they rode away home to his kingdom. When the king his father died, the prince himself became king, and the poor girl his queen, and they lived happy together all the rest of their days.

As for the wicked step mother, she died of grief and vexation.

THE OLD VIKING

AN ATLANTIC MELODY.

Why must those shadowy woods shroud I
In grave the loneness lingering, dim?
Tis ours to unfurl the sail and roll
Away as of old on the foaming tide.

How bleak these beetling crags and bare!
What lifeless gloom broods everywhere!
In this poor mousetrap of a hold,
How can a warrior's heart be bold?

The billows dark, the gallev strong
I learned to love when life was young
Why then should I, with whitened hair,
Die like an old wolf in his lair?

Oh better far it were for me
To risk my life on the rolling sea,
To die as died my fathers brave,
And sleep with them in their ocean grave!

Farewell, ye woods and crags, farewell!
My bark rides brave on the billowy swell,
The tall mast swings, the sail flaps free,
And our home once more is the boundless sea.

JOHN BURGESS.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, London, and 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

All Rights Reserved.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL
OF
POPULAR
LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART
Fifth Series
ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832
CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)
No. 116.—Vol. III. SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1886 Price 1½d.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S KEYS

The time-honoured ceremony that is still observed when the gates of Her Majesty's Tower of London are 'locked up' is probably not unfamiliar to the public. What actually occurs, however, can be witnessed by a very limited number of persons who are not resident within the Tower, for a nightly attendance in that celebrated fortalice 'strength' is essential in order that the proceedings of the 'escort for the keys' may be satisfactorily seen and heard, the vital portion of the formalities being by no means the least important. But the present writer having frequently been called upon to accompany the Queen's Keys in their nightly perambulations, has enjoyed opportunities, not open to all, for viewing the curious ceremony of 'locking up' from the best possible vantage-ground. A brief sketch of the somewhat unique details connected with it may perhaps prove interesting to the uninitiated reader.

When not engaged in making their midnight or early morning perambulations, the Queen's Keys are deposited in the residence of the Deputy Constable of the fortress. Not very remarkable from an architectural point of view, this house stands almost in the shadow of the weather-beaten walls of the White Tower—the famous Norman 'keep' that can boast of eight centuries of authentic history, and around which as a nucleus the various other buildings now collectively known as the 'Tower' have from time to time been erected. And the dwelling-place of the Keys overlooks the spot—now in-lined by a railing—where so many political offenders, real or imputed, have been executed on the block. The Keys, when brought forth, are invariably carried by a warder, who is a member of the corps of Yeomen of the Guard, or Beefeaters as they are familiarly called. It may quite truly be said that the antiquated, but picturesque, costume of these men constitutes one of the 'sights' of the Tower, though in recent times the garments have been to a considerable extent shorn of their mediæval characteristics. Besides the onerous duty of carrying the Queen's Keys, the Beefeaters are in other ways employed within the precincts of the Tower; among other things, they exercise—or at least they used to exercise—a sort of supervision over the visitors who flock into it on 'open' days. Beyond its gates they take part in certain state ceremonials, and, as is well known, assist in the periodical searching of the vaults underneath the Houses of Parliament, thus materially helping to keep alive the remembrance of Guy Fawkes and the celebrated 'treason and plot' in which he was so deeply implicated. That neither the supervision nor the search is wholly unnecessary, has been sufficiently well demonstrated by events of recent occurrence.

By the Main Guard, which occupies a guard-house distant about a stone's throw from the Constable's quarters, the Keys are provided with an armed escort on the occasions on which they venture into the open air. This guard is 'mounted' daily by some thirty soldiers, who are furnished by a regiment stationed in the adjacent barracks, which were constructed to replace other buildings totally destroyed by the great fire that made such havoc in the Tower nearly half a century ago. Over and above attending to the royal keys, the members of the guard have other and perhaps equally responsible duties to perform, being in a general way answerable for the security of the fortress and its contents during the twenty-four hours they continue 'on guard.' One very important item in their tour of duty may here be mentioned—this is the protection of the Jewel House, within which are kept articles of almost fabulous value, including the regalia and the remarkable Kohinoor diamond. So low in the ceiling is the entrance to this Eldorado, that soldiers of short stature are selected to stand as sentries therein, for a tall man bearing arms would, under the circumstances, be apt to excite the ridicule rather than the awe of the visitors who are conducted into the place by the Beefeaters. The

Main Guard, as its title implies, is the principal one; but two other distinct guards are maintained in the Tower, and it is necessary, in order to understand what follows, to rapidly glance at these. One of them mounts at the drawbridge—a structure that no longer exists, and of which, indeed, the guard itself seems to be the sole memento. The party is what is termed a 'corporal's' guard. The other, known as the Spur Guard, occupies a group of buildings which probably represent the ancient barbican of the stronghold. It is a 'sergeant's' guard, and is entrusted with the keeping of the two outer gates, to which we shall have to refer later on.

When the Main Guard enters upon its duties in the forenoon, certain men are detailed to act when required as escort for the Keys. Their services in this respect are not, however, called upon till the near approach of midnight. But when the clock on the White Tower begins to chime a quarter to twelve, the word 'Keys!' uttered in a stentorian tone by a sergeant rouses the soldiers, who are usually slumbering with much apparent comfort on the wooden guard bed. In a few moments they are transferred to the exterior of the building, fully accoutred, and accompanied by a youthful drummer, who bears a rather dusty lantern which he has heavily lit. Perhaps the lantern may be regarded mainly as a sort of relic of the times when it may be supposed to have afforded the only available light on the route traversed by the Keys. But the way is now amply illuminated by gas lamps of the ordinary pattern, and the not very brilliant lantern might, without very serious disadvantage, be dispensed with. Having drawn up his somewhat drowsy men, the sergeant bids now to wait for the officer, if that individual in authority has not already appeared. The interval, if any, is employed by the soldiers in yawning or in bestowing a finishing touch upon the adjustment of their accoutrements, which have no doubt become slightly displaced during their owners' late 'changes of front' on the guard bed. When present, the captain of the guard—having ascertained that the escort is likewise 'present,' or complete in number—marches off the little party towards the Constable's house. There the soldiers are met by the warder, suspended from whose hand, as he descends the steps, the Queen's Keys jingle merrily.

At this juncture, the sergeant commands his subordinates, whom he has halted for a moment, to 'present arms,' and the Beefeater takes post a little in advance of his protectors, who forthwith set off in the direction of the gates. The first sentry to be passed stands expectant under the veranda at the entrance to the guardroom, where is also the whole guard not elsewhere engaged. It has been 'turned out' to do honour to the Keys. When the sentry sees the escort, headed by the lantern, coming very near to his post, he calls out 'Halt! who comes there?' not, 'Who *goes* there?' the popular acceptation of a military challenge, perhaps derived from the words used in like contingencies by sentinels of certain continental armies. The advancing party is brought to a stand still by this summons, and the warder, who, as a rule, is enveloped in the folds of an antiquated looking cloak, replies, in a kind of sepulchral tone of voice, 'Keys!'—'Whose keys?' inquires the soldier, who is meanwhile standing with his piece at the 'port' an attitude preparatory to assuming that of the 'charge.' The warder answers 'Queen Victoria's Keys.' But even now the escort is not permitted to proceed on its journey, for the obdurate sentry, coming down to the charge, makes the demand 'Stand, Queen Victoria's Keys. Advance one and give the countersign.' The password, being well known to the warder, is of course given, and the sentry cries 'Pass, Queen Victoria's Keys. All's well!' After the above dialogue has come to a termination, the Keys are conveyed past the guardhouse, being in their transit saluted by the assembled guard, which is then 'turned in.'

Before the Beefeater and the escort have marched twenty yards, further obstructions delay their progress. These fresh obstacles appear in the forms of the vigilant sentinels at the Jewel House and at the Traitors Gate, which latter was once used for the admission of 'traitors' brought down the river from Westminster. In succession, each of the soldiers challenges in the same way as his comrade at the Main Guard. And when the Beefeater has satisfactorily answered both men, the party moves onward for some little distance, and is a fourth time brought to a halt by a sentry at the Byward Gate. This gate is on the inner margin of the now dry ditch that encircles the Tower. It stands under an arch, which is surmounted and flanked by turrets or fortifications of a long obsolete design. Besides the soldier alluded to, a Yeoman is at all hours on duty at this point. He is always to be found in an apartment, with a quaint vaulted roof, close by the gate, the place has obviously once been the quarter of a regular military guard. The sentry here having been satisfied as to the character of the escort, it passes on, traverses a causeway leading across the moat, and reaches the Spur Guard. There, of course, it is stopped by a sentry belonging to that body, and the Keys are eventually saluted by this soldier, as well as by the guard of which he forms a unit. And now, after all these impediments have been overcome, the Barrier Gate is at length approached, its custodian having been apposed in the stereotyped manner. The Barrier Gate is the outermost gate of the Tower, and it is necessarily the first to be looked.

As already noticed, the warder marches a little in front of the escort. When he is within some fifteen or twenty paces' distance from the gate, he halts. Then the man composing the escort advance, and under the superintendence of the sergeant, line the sides of the road, facing inwards towards its middle. The Beefeater, with considerable solemnity of demeanour, now wa[illegible] up between the ranks, selects the appropr[illegible] key, and locks the gate, which in the [illegible] time has been closed by a corporal. This [illegible]tion accomplished, and having given [illegible] a shake, to assure himself of its being [illegible] fastened, the Beefeater resumes his [illegible] few yards away, passing as before [illegible] lines of soldiers. Arms are pre[illegible] Keys, both when they are proceeding [illegible] gate and when they are retir[illegible]

word of command from the sergeant, for the officer remains behind with the Main Guard.

The party is now rearranged in the order of march, and at once retraces its steps to the next gate to be secured—the one at the Barbican or Spur Guard. On the outer side of the ditch, this portal is exactly opposite the Byward Gate, which we have seen to be situated on its inner bank. Having passed through the as yet open gate, the soldiers are again drawn up in lines, and it is closed and locked, and as the key is withdrawn from the lock, all present say, or are understood to say, 'God save Queen Victoria!' The Spur Guard is turned out to salute, and the Keys and their escort retreat across the moat to the Byward Gate, where precisely the same ceremony takes place. This completed, the three chief gates of the Tower have been made fast for the night.

But there exists a fourth gate, which may be accurately described as a 'back entrance' to the fortress; it stands in the vicinity of the ancient drawbridge, in the eastern portion of the outer wall of the Tower. The gate in this somewhat remote region is locked in a slightly less formal style than the other or 'front' gates, and the men of the escort soon step out smartly on their return journey to the Main Guard. There they are hailed by the sentry at the outlet, and to the echo of his final 'All's well,' the Queen's Keys are carried into their quarters.

No one, however high in rank or authority, can enter, or leave, the Tower after midnight. But the sergeant in command of the Spur Guard is authorised to admit residents as he passes guardhouse, where there is a waiting room for the accommodation of such belated persons. For this purpose he is provided with key—quite distinct from those of the escort—wherewith to open, not the gates, but wickets alongside them. And thus the people admitted do not enter the Tower proper, for it will be remembered that the ditch intervenes between the Barbican and the Byward Gate, where there is no wicket. The architects, ancient or modern, who designed the waiting room took pains that it should not be a very attractive abode, and though it may compare favourably with another apartment said to exist in the Tower, and called 'Little Ease,' there is yet but small encouragement held forth to the inhabitants of the fortress to remain abroad subsequent to the hour appointed for 'locking up.'

At five o'clock in the morning, the sergeant again summons his men, on this occasion, to open the gates of the Tower. The ceremony, though essentially similar to the midnight one, is perhaps a little more hurriedly performed in the unlocking than it is in the locking of the gates, and the officer on guard does not appear in the morning, though we may safely assume that he had to 'turn out' when the opening of the Tower was a more significant matter than it happily now is. But besides being present with his guard at midnight, he has other duties to carry out by day, he marches off the 'relief' at intervals of two hours, and in the afternoon goes round the sentries, hearing them repeat their orders—an almost obsolete custom, but still kept up in the Tower. Previous to the hour appointed for this ordeal, the man may be seen studiously reading their instructions, or committing them to memory as they pace up and down. By night, the officer goes his 'rounds' accompanied by a small escort, including the drummer boy and his rather opaque lantern. In the course of this tour, every sentinel connected with the garrison is visited, and by the time the rounds return to the Main Guard, the members of that important body have usually been called into activity by the loud cry of 'Keys!'

IN ALL SHADES.

CHAPTER XIV.

Edward and Marian spent their first week in Trinidad with the Hawthorns, and Mr Hawthorn was kindness itself to Marian—a dear, gentle, motherly old lady, very proud of her boy, especially of his ability to read Arabic, which seemed to her a profundity of learning never yet dreamt of in the annals of humanity—and immensely pleased with her new daughter-in-law, but nothing on earth that Marian could say to her would induce her to unlock the mystery of that alarming telegram. 'No, no, my dear,' she would say, shaking her head gloomily and wiping her spectacles, whenever Marian recurred to the subject, 'you'll find it all out only too soon. God forbid, my darling, that ever I should break it to you. I love you far too well for that. Marian, Marian, my dear daughter, you should never, never, never have come here!' And then she would burst immediately into tears. And that was all that poor frightened Marian could ever get out of her new mother-in-law.

All that first week, old Mr Hawthorn was never tired of urging upon Edward to go back again at once to England. 'I can depute in peace now, my boy, he said, 'I have seen you at last, and known you, and had my heart gladdened by your presence here. Indeed, if you wish it, I'd rather go back to England with you again, than that you should stay in this miserable Trinidad. Why bury your talents and your learning here, when you might be rising to fame and honour over in London? What's the use of your classical knowledge out in the West Indies? What's the use of your Arabic? What's the use of your law, even? We have nothing to try here but petty cases between planter and servant of what good to you in that will be all your work at English tennies and English land laws? You're hiding your light under a bushel. You're putting a trotting horse into a hansom cab. You're wasting your Arabic on people who don't even know the difference between Greek and Latin.'

To all which, Edward steadily replied, that he wouldn't go back as long as this mystery still hung unsolved over him, and that if he had practically made an agreement with the colonial government, it would be dishonourable in him to break it for unknown and unspecified reasons. As soon as possible, he declared firmly, he would take up his abode in his own district.

House-hunting is reduced to its very simplest elements in the West Indian colonies. There

is one house in each parish or county which has been inhabited from time immemorial by one functionary for the time being. The late Attorney-general dies of yellow fever, or drinks himself to death, or gets promotion, or retires to England, and another Attorney-general is duly appointed by constituted authority in his vacant place. The new man succeeds naturally to the house and furniture of his predecessor—as naturally, indeed, as he succeeds to any of his other functions, offices, and prerogatives. Not that there is the least compulsion in the matter, only you must. As there is no other house vacant in the community, and as nobody ever thinks of building a new one—except when the old one tumbles down by effluxion of time or shock of earthquake—the only thing left for one to do is to live in the place immediately occupied by all one's predecessors in the same office. Hence it happened that at the beginning of their second week in the island of Trinidad, Marian and Edward Hawthorn found themselves ensconced with hardly any trouble in the roomy bungalow known as Mulberry Lodge, and he hereditarily attached to the post of District Court Judge for the district of Westmoreland.

Marian had herself out at once for callers, and very soon the callers began to drop in. About the fourth day after they had settled into their new house, she was sitting in the big, bare, tropical-looking drawing-room—a great, gaunt, spare hall, sparsely furnished with a few tables and rocking-chairs upon the carpetless polished floor—so gaunt, that even Marian's deft fingers failed to make it at first look home-like or habitable—when a light carriage drew up hastily with a dash at the front door of the low bungalow. The young bride pulled her bows straight quickly at the heavy, old-fashioned, gilt mirror, and waited anxiously to receive the expected visitors. It was her first appearance as mistress of her establishment. In a minute, Thomas, the negro butler—every man-servant is a butler in Trinidad, even if he is only a boy of twenty—ushered the new comers pompously into the bare drawing-room. Marian took their cards and glanced at them hastily. Two gentlemen—the Honourable Colonial Secretary, and the Honourable Director of Irrigation.

The Colonial Secretary sidled into a chair, and took up his parable at once with a very profuse and ponderous apology. 'My wife, Mrs Hawthorn, my wife, I'm sorry to say, was most unfortunately unable to accompany me here this morning.—Charmingly you've laid out this room, really, so very different from what it used to be in poor old Macnurdo's time.—Isn't it, Colonel Daubeny? Poor old Macnurdo died in the late yellow fever, you know, my dear madam, and Mr Hawthorn fills his vacancy. Excellent fellow, poor old Macnurdo—much judge I've known killed off by yellow fever in this district since I've been here.—My wife, I was saying, when your charming room compelled me to digress, is far from well at present—a malady of the country, this shocking climate; or else, I'm sure she'd have been delighted to have called upon you with me this morning. The loss is hers, the loss is hers, Mrs Hawthorn. I shall certainly tell her so. Immensely sorry.'

Colonel Daubeny, the Honourable Director of Irrigation, was a far quieter and more easy-spoken man. 'And Mrs Daubeny, my dear madam,' he said with a languid manner that Marian found exceedingly distasteful, 'is most unfortunately just this moment down—with toothache. Uncommon nasty thing to be down with, toothache. A perfect martyr to it. She begged me to make her excuses—Mr Hawthorn'—to Edward, who had just come in—'Mrs Daubeny begged me to make her excuses. She regrets that she can't call to-day on Mrs Hawthorn.—Beautiful view you have, upon my word, from your front piazza.'

'It's the same view, I've no doubt,' Edward answered serenely, 'as it used to be in the days of my predecessor.'

'Eh! What! Ah, bless my soul! Quite so,' Colonel Daubeny answered, dropping his eye-glass from his eye in some amazement.—'Ha! very good that—confoundedly good, really, Mr Hawthorn.'

Marian was a little surprised that Edward, usually so impassive, should so unmistakably snub the colonel at first sight, and yet she felt there was something very offensive in the much familiar manner, that made the retort perfectly justifiable, and even necessary.

They lingered a little while, talking very ordinary tropical small talk, and then the colonel, with an ugly smile, took up his hat, and declared, with many unnecessary asseverations, that he must really be off this very minute. Mrs Daubeny would so much regret having lost the precious opportunity. The Honourable Colonial Secretary rose at the same moment, and added that he must be going too. Mrs Fitzmaurice would never forgive herself for that distressing local malady which had so unfortunately deprived her of the privilege and pleasure.—Good-morning, good morning.

But as both gentlemen jumped into the dog-cart outside, Edward could hear the Colonial Secretary, through the open door, saying to the colonel in a highly amused voice: 'By George, he gave you as much as he got every bit, I assure, Daubeny.'

To which the colonel responded with a short laugh: 'Yes, my dear fellow, and didn't you see, by Jove, he twigged it?'

At this they both laughed together immoderately, and drove off at once laughing, very much pleased with one another.

Before Marian and her husband had time to exchange their surprise and wonder at such odd behaviour on the part of two apparently well-bred men, another buggy drove up to the door, from which a third gentleman promptly descended. His card showed him to be the wealthy proprietor of a large and flourishing neighbouring sugar-estate.

'Called round,' he said to Edward, with a slight bow towards Marian, 'just to pay my respects to our new judge, whom I'm glad to welcome to the district of Westmoreland. A son of Mr Hawthorn of Aguilta is sure to be popular with most of his neighbours.—Ah—hem—my wife, I'm sorry to say, Mrs Hawthorn, is at present suffering from—extreme exhaustion, due to the heat. She hopes you'll excuse her not calling upon you. Otherwise, I'm sure,

she'd have been most delighted, most delighted —Dear me, what an exquisite prospect you have from your veranda!" The neighbouring planter stopped for perhaps ten minutes in the midst of languishing conversation, and then vanished exactly as his two predecessors had done before him.

Marian turned to her husband in blank dismay. "O Edward, Edward, she cried, unable to conceal her chagrin and humiliation, "what in earth can be the meaning of it?"

"My darling," he answered, taking her hand in his tenderly, "I haven't the very faintest conception."

In the course of the afternoon, three more gentlemen called, each alone, and each of them in turn apologised profusely, in almost the very self same words, for his wife's absence. The last was a fat old gentleman in the Civil Service who declared with effusion many times over that Mrs Bolithe was really prostrated by the extraordinary season. "Most unusual weather, this Mrs Hawthorn. I've never known so depressing a summer in the island of Trinidad since I was a boy, ma'am."

"So it would seem, Edward answered drily. "The whole female population of the island seems to be suffering from an extraordinary complication of local disorders."

"Eh—my soul!" the fat old gentleman ejaculated with a stare. "Then you've found out that, have you?—Excuse me, excuse me I—didn't know. Hm, I hardly expected that you expected—or rather, that Mrs Hawthorn expected— Ah, quite so—Good morning, good morning."

Marian flung herself in a passion of tears upon the drawing room sofa. "If any one else calls this afternoon, I begin, she said, I am not at home. I won't see—I can't see them. I'll endure it no longer—O Edward, darling, for God's sake, tell me, why on earth are they treating us so if—as if I were some sort of moral leper? They won't call upon me. What can be the reason of it?"

Edward Hawthorn held his head between his hands and walked rapidly up and down the drawing room. "I can't make it out," he cried. "I can't understand it. Marian—I must see as too terrible."

THE TURQUOISE

THERE are few gems more commonly seen on jewelry than the blue turquoise. Its beauty, its serviceable hardness, its pleasing contrast with gold, and its moderate price, explain why it is so much esteemed. Only a few exceptionally fine specimens of the stone rank with the rarest and rare gems. In the unlikely event of Persia being at war with all the rest of the world, it would, no doubt, become scarce and dear outside the dominion of the Shah, since it is only in that country that the mineral in a state fit for the jeweller's purpose is found. Much and widely as the turquoise is used for personal ornaments, the supply has for some time considerably exceeded the demand except for fine stones of an unusuallyon size. But, as in case with all precious stones, unusually fine pieces—those approaching the size of a hazel nut, for example—which of good quality, are eagerly sought after, and have a high intrinsic value.

The turquoise has in all likelihood been used as a gem from a very remote antiquity, since the range of mountains where it is plentifully found is situated at no great distance from the southern shore of the Caspian Sea, near to, if not within, the area believed by many to have been the cradle of the human race. By some scholars, it is thought highly probable that the turquoise was used for inlaying the delicate and beautiful gold work of ancient Greece, and at all events, there is a cameo portrait of a classic Greek prince in this mineral among the specimens in the famous collection of Marlborough gems. There is some doubt about the name this precious stone was known by in Pliny's time. He mentions that the *callais*, which was probably the turquoise, was found in Asia, where it occurred projecting from the surface of inaccessible rocks, whence it was obtained by means of slings, but that were the days of fables. That it was known to the ancient Romans is, however, proved by the fact that their still exist some, though only a very few, of their works of art cut in this mineral.

Want of certainty about the name applied to the turquoise in classic times leaves us in doubt as to what mystic virtues were then attributed to it. But in the middle ages, the turquoise, like other gems, was believed to have wonderful properties, indeed, it was credited with more supernatural virtues than most of them. The wearer of it had both his sight strengthened and his spirits cheered, he enjoyed immunity from the consequences of a fall by the gem itself breaking, in order to save his bones, and his turquoise, like himself, turned pale if he became sick. When its possessor died, it entirely lost its colour, but recovered it again on passing into the hands of a new owner. In some mysterious way, when supplied by a stream, it correctly struck the hours on the inside of a glass vessel. Other precious stones have lost all the marvellous powers that belonged to them for centuries. The emerald no longer relieves the fatigued eyesight, the diamond cannot now dispel fear, the sapphire, though still cold to the touch, has ceased to be able to extinguish fire. In these perverse days, the bulls-eye comes down even upon the wearer of an amethyst and bright red coral attracts rather than repels robbers. But the turquoise still retains one of its mysterious properties and flaunts it in the face of modern science. It sometimes slowly, sometimes suddenly, it unaccountably turns pale, becomes spotted, or changes from blue to white, and specimens that behave in this capricious manner are found more commonly than those whose colour is distinctly permanent.

The turquoise is called in chemical language a hydrated phosphate of alumina. This means that it consists mainly of phosphoric acid and alumina, along with nearly twenty per cent of water. It owes its colour to small quantities of compounds of copper and iron. It occurs blue, green, and bluish green, but the change to a pale, mottled, or white colour, which infuriates turquoises undergo, generally takes place soon after they are taken from the mine. These

colours are opaque, or only very slightly translucent, and the stone has a somewhat waxy lustre. It is only those of a fast 'sky blue' colour that are prized for jewelry, but at one time, a green turquoise was more highly valued than a blue one. Nowadays, however, people have no patience with either precious stones in precious metals that can be easily mistaken for those of inferior value. Either green felspar, which is of the same hardness, or malachite, which is softer, might be mistaken for green turquoise, and both are more common minerals. But there is hardly any other natural stone of the same, or even inferior, hardness that can be confounded with a blue turquoise. The material of some fossil teeth when coloured with phosphate of iron does, however, resemble it. Still, there need be no confusion, because this substance is softer. It is called odontolite or occidental turquoise, while the real stone is known by jewellers as the oriental turquoise. Odontolite is easily recognised under the microscope by the characteristic markings of dentine. Opaque blue glass can be made to imitate the turquoise, but the former differs in lustre and in the nature of its fracture.

Turquoises are found in Tibet, China, and the neighbourhood of Mount Sinai; but, as has been already stated, the supply for jewellers' purposes comes almost wholly from the celebrated Persian mines. Very little was known about these till a remarkably interesting and exhaustive Report upon them was recently furnished to the British Foreign Office by Mr A. Houtum Schindler, who was for a short time Director of the mines. They are situated in a range of mountains bounding on the north an open plain in the Bar i Mid n district, thirty two miles north west of Nishapûr, in the province of Khorassan. Botanists tell us that the brightest blue is seen on alpine flowers. If pure mountain air could be supposed to brighten the colour of a gem as well as a flower, there is no want of it where these turquoise veins occur. Their position is between five and six thousand feet above the level of the sea, and a strong north wind blows almost continually over the ridges of the hills, rendering the situation very healthy. Wheat, barley, and mulberry trees grow well on the slopes at the lower heights.

Geologically, the mountains are composed of sandstone and nummulitic limestones lying on clay slates and enclosing immense beds of gypsum and rock salt. But these stratified rocks are broken through and metamorphosed by rocks of igneous origin, such as greenstones and porphyries. The turquoise bearing veins occur in the metamorphic strata, and the mines proper consist of shafts and galleries in the solid rock. There are also 'diggings' in the detritus of disintegrated rock washed down towards the plain, and it is here that some of the best turquoises are found. A number of the mines are ancient and very extensive, and although most of them are now more or less in a state of neglect, Mr Schindler states that the presence of many old shafts—now filled up—for light and ventilation proves that they have at one time been skilfully worked, and were probably then under government control. But they appear to have been, for nearly two centuries, farmed by the villagers, who only think of a quick return for their money, and therefore cut away the rock wherever they see turquoises, without leaving proper supports to prevent the falling in of the mine. Several labourers have at different times been buried in the galleries through the rubbish being badly propped up. The perpendicular depth of one mine is one hundred and sixty feet, and others are nearly as deep. The miners work with picks and crowbars in much the same way as that in which coal mining is carried on elsewhere, and it is a curious illustration of how slowly long established processes are altered in the East, that gunpowder should have been used in these mines only within the last thirty years. But it is not strange, as can be seen by some examples of rock-blasting at home, to learn that the results obtained by gunpowder are, in one view, less satisfactory than those got by the pick. The powder does more work, but it is also more destructive, as it breaks the turquoises into small pieces.

Here we may say a few words about how it fares with the people who are occupied with the mining, cutting, and selling of the turquoises. About two hundred men work in the mines or at the diggings, and some thirty more—elders of the village—buy the turquoises and sell them to merchants and jewellers. A certain additional number of hands cut and polish the stones, but this work is done elsewhere, as well as in the district where they are found. The population of the villages in the neighbourhood of the mines is about twelve hundred, and the mining units, as in most mining districts, are improvident. Nearly all the men, and not a few of the women, are inveterate opium smokers. Agriculture is neglected. Turquoise dealing and its gains make the people careless of anything else. As a rule, the money is quickly spent, and men who easily earn a sum fully equal to fifty pounds sterling per annum, have often nothing to eat.

At the mines, the turquoises are roughly divided into three classes, of first, second, and third qualities. All the stones of good and fast colour and favourable shape belong to the first class. But how curiously these vary in value will be best understood by quoting Mr Schindler's own words: 'It is impossible to fix any price, or classify them according to different qualities. I have not yet seen two at mines alike. A stone two thirds of an inch in length, two fifths of an inch in width, and about half an inch in thickness, cut *pel'ras* (camel) shape, was valued at Meshed at three hundred pounds; another, of about the same size, shape, and cut, was valued at only eighty pounds. Turquoises of the size of a pea are sometimes sold for eight pounds. The colour most prized is the deep blue of the sky. A small speck of a lighter colour, which only connoisseurs can distinguish, or an almost unapparent tinge of green, decreases the value considerably. Then there is that undefinable property of a good turquoise, the *ab*, something like the "water" of a diamond or the lustre of a pearl, a fine colour turquoise without the *ab* is not worth much.' He subsequently adds: 'The above mentioned three hundred pounds Meshed turquoise was bought from the finder by one of the Rish i Sahids (elders of the village) for three pounds, the latter sold it still unsut at Meshed

for thirty eight pounds. As soon as it was cut, its true value became apparent, and it was sent to Paris, where it was valued at six hundred pounds. The second purchaser, however, received only three hundred and forty pounds for it; the difference was gained by the agents. Among the fine turquoises in the possession of the Shah, there is one valued at two thousand pounds.

The best stones of the second class are worth about ninety pounds per pound, whilst the most inferior will scarcely bring a twentieth part of this price. The latter are chiefly used in Persia for the decoration of swords, horse trappings, pipe heads, and the common kinds of jewelry. Small cut turquoises of a slightly better quality than these sell at the rate of from two to three shillings per thousand. In the third class are included stones unsuitable in Persia, as well as large flat stones, some of which are esteemed for amulets, brooches, buckles, and the like. The prices given there will be more than doubled when the turquoises are sold in Europe.

The turquoise being an opaque stone, it would be useless to cut facets upon it, as these would not reflect light in the same way as when fashioned upon a transparent gem like a diamond or a sapphire. There are three ways of cutting the turquoise, all much in the same style—the flat or slightly convex form, the truncated cone, and the hollow drop or *en cabochon*. The higher the conical and convex surfaces in the two latter, the more the turquoises are prized. None but a fine deep coloured stone can be advantageously cut into a conical shape, since one of pale colour would appear almost white at the apex. Turquoises are cut by the hand on wheels made of a composition of emery and gum. They are afterwards polished by being rubbed on a fine grained sand-stone, and then on a piece of soft leather with turquoise dust.

Of the few mines which yield good turquoises, one or two are dangerous, on account of the loose rubbish they contain. The one from which the best of all are obtained yields very few. Some mines contain stones which look well at first, but soon change their colour and fade. Mr. Schindler gives an instance of a recently found turquoise, as large as a walnut and of fine colour, being presented to His Majesty the Shah, which he had for only two days, when it became green and whitish, and therefore of no value. Throughout Europe, there has been a great fall in the price of this gem within the last few years, and it would seem that this is owing to the fact that large quantities of stones which appeared to be of fine quality, but were really of fugitive colour, had been disposed of not long ago at good prices. Up to the time that they were sold, their colour had been preserved by keeping them damp, but when taken out of their moist packing, they slowly became white. It need hardly be said that the colour of most precious stones is very permanent. There is, however, a variety of opal occurring in Mexico which is very beautiful when first found, but after a brief time it entirely loses its bright play of colours. Both the turquoise and the opal are peculiar in containing a considerable amount of water in their composition.

The colour of a fine turquoise has not escaped the notice of enamellers and potters. For centuries, an imitation of its characteristic and lovely blue has been applied among other colours to the exquisitely decorated pottery of Persia. On the most expensive and perhaps also the most beautiful of all porcelain, the Sèvres ware of soft body made in the latter half of last century, the turquoise blue is often a conspicuous colour. Towards the end of the century, when the directors of the far famed *fabrique* change the character of the blue to that of a hard paste or body, its decoration with a turquoise colour was no longer possible. But modern English porcelain, like the old Sèvres, is of soft paste, and one of the facts on which our great Staffordshire potters pride themselves is the successful production upon it, in recent years, of soft and clear turquoise blue.

THE HAUNTED JUNGLE.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAP. III.—THE BREAKING OF THE SPELL.

When the day dawned, it found the pusarin still in the temple offering prayers and supplications to the god for deliverance from the spell he was under. As soon as it was sufficiently light for him to see his way, he left the temple and went down into the village. A hope had risen in his breast that his prayers may have been answered and he was anxious to ascertain whether he was still invisible. The hope was soon dispelled. As he passed the door of a hut, an old man came out yawning and stretching his arms, and though the pusarin stood right before him, took no notice of him. Filled with despair, the pusarin went to his house and sat in the porch a prey to the gloomiest, most miserable thoughts. He occupied himself in watching Vallee. The overwhelming grief and agitation of the preceding day had passed off, leaving her listless, unhappy, and tired. She was trying to attend to her household duties, but her thoughts were elsewhere, for she sighed frequently and her eyes filled with tears very often. Every now and then, he went to the door and glanced out. On one such occasion she utterred an exclamation of surprise. On looking out, the pusarin saw several men and women to whom he recognised as some of his relatives, who lived in a village at some distance, coming towards him. On entering the house, one or two of the new comers saluted Vallee coldly and coldly, but the rest took no notice of her. Abashed and pained by their conduct, Vallee retired to a corner and waited to see what they had come for. They made themselves quite at home at once. It was soon evident they had heard of the pusarin's disappearance, and were come to see about his property, being persuaded he would never come back. After a while, they began to examine the house and to make a sort of rough inventory of what it contained.

'What are you doing, uncle?' asked Vallee of one of them, a thin, fussy little man, who was her father's brother.

The man made no reply. Presently, he caught sight of the pusarin's strong box in a corner of the hut, and turning to her, abruptly demanded the key.

'My father keeps it,' she replied.

'Do not name your father to us!' said her uncle sharply. 'We have cast him off, we disown him.'

'But not his property, it appears,' retorted Vallee with spirit. 'And I tell you, human Umuyan, it will not be well for you when my father comes home and hears what you have said of him!'

'Dare you mock me, daughter of a murderer!' exclaimed her uncle, as he gave her a sharp box on the ear.

Vallee did not cry out or burst into tears, but drawing herself up, walked silently and proudly out of the house, and disappeared into the jungle.

Great was the disgust of the pusari at the conduct of his impious and selfish relatives, and his indignation at their treatment of his daughter. Muttering wrathfully to himself that he would make them regret it, if he ever regained his human form, he got up and went out after Vallee. As he entered the jungle at the spot where he had seen her disappear, he heard a voice that he instantly recognised—it was that of Valan Elavan. Vallee had just met her lover.

'What is the matter, sweet one?' he heard Valan say. 'Are you crying for your father?'

'Aye, aye!' wailed the girl. 'I shall never see him again!'

'Do not give way to such thoughts, little one,' replied Valan. 'He will certainly return. He has probably gone to some distant village on urgent and important business.'

'O Valan,' exclaimed Vallee, 'then you don't think you do not believe that he—killed the headman?'

'No, I do not. Puliya knows,' returned her lover gravely. 'Twas some stranger, no doubt, that did the cruelly dead. Your father will doubtless return soon and prove his innocence.—Were those some of your people who came to your house just now?' he added.

Vallee explained who they were, and told him of her uncle's treatment of her.

'Never mind, child,' he said soothingly, when she had finished speaking. 'Should anything have happened to your father, and he not return, I will take you to my house as my wife, and we will go and live in some distant village where nothing is known about either of us and no one can say malicious things of us.—What say you, sweet one?'

Vallee made no reply and no protest when he tenderly embraced her. They continued to talk together for some minutes. When they separated, the pusari followed Valan home, as he wished to see what his enemy was doing. As they entered the house, the pusari saw Iyan hastily hide some money he had been fingering, in his waist cloth. Valan, too, saw his brother's action, but did not say anything, however, till he had deposited his jungle knife in a corner, then, without looking round, he said quietly:

'Elder brother, where did you get that money?'

'What money?' blustered Iyan.

'That which you have in your waist cloth.'

'I have had a debt repaid,' growled Iyan after a short pause.

'What debt?' persisted Valan. 'I did not know any one owed you anything.'

Iyan grunted angrily, but made no answer.

'Where were you the day before yesterday, when the mudliya was murdered?' continued Valan in a stern, grave tone and looking keenly at his brother.—'And why,' he continued, when he received no answer, 'did you change your cloth when you came home that night, and wash the one you had been wearing? And why, too, did you——?'

'Mind your own business!' interrupted Iyan fiercely, as he got up and walked out. 'You had better not spy on me, Valan Elavan, or I will make you repent it!'

For some minutes after his brother had gone, Valan sat looking thoughtfully out of the door, evidently turning something over in his mind; then he got up and carefully searched the hut, examining with great care a cloth he found in a corner. He appeared not to be satisfied with what he saw, for he shook his head, and muttered two or three times to himself in a tone of sorrow and misgiving.

The whole of that day the pusari wandered restlessly about, spending most of the time, however, in and about his own house. By noon, his relatives had quite settled down in his home. It was clear they had no expectation of his ever returning, and had, therefore, constituted themselves his heirs. They did not treat Vallee with cruelty or harshness, but simply ignored her, or treated her as if she was dependent on them. Early in the afternoon, the young headman whom the pusari had seen at Munkulam the previous day, came to the village armed with a warrant. He was accompanied by several men, who searched his house carefully but of course found nothing to incriminate him. They seized, however, the pusari's gun and two or three jungle knives that were in the house. Vallee's distress and indignation at the action of the headman and his satellites was great, but she restrained herself, and made no protest or remark of any kind. The pusari learned from the conversation of these unwelcome visitors that men had been sent to all the neighbouring villages in search of him.

Night at length came on. The pusari hung about the village till every one had retired to rest. Suddenly the idea occurred to him to go in search of the pusari village in the haunted jungle. He started off at once, and before long found himself in a part of the jungle which he knew could not be very far from the scene of his dreadful night's adventure. But though he wandered about all night and climbed two or three trees, in the hope of seeing the glare of the magic fires, he found nothing. Though he knew himself to be invisible, and therefore perfectly safe, he could not overcome the sensation of fear when he heard the fierce cries of wild beasts in the dark, lonely forest. He listened anxiously to the crashing and trumpeting of a herd of elephants in the jungle near him, and to the grating roar of a leopard seeking its prey. He fairly fled when he heard the whimpering of a couple of bears coming along the path towards him. When the morning broke, he returned to the village.

Several days passed, and the pusari remained invisible to mortal eyes. He suffered neither from hunger nor thirst nor fatigue, and required no sleep. Aimlessly and ceaselessly, he wandered

about, sunk in the lowest depths of misery and despair. His great wish was to find the pusiri village again, as he hoped that, in some way, the spell might then be removed from him. Night after night he entered the forest and wandered about till daybreak with eyes and ears open for any sign of the presence of pusiris, but though, before long, he knew every path and game track, and almost every tree for miles round, he could not find again the haunted jungle. Sometimes, when tired of his fruitless midnight wanderings, he would go to the rice fields and sit by the blazing fires in the watch huts and listen to the talk of the men and boys guarding the crops from the wild beasts. During the day, he haunted the village, entering all the huts unseen, and listening to the conversation of the villagers. Often he laughed to himself as he overheard secrets disclosed, weaknesses exposed, and deeds laid bare, by men and women who thought themselves alone and safe from eavesdropping. The excitement about the murder of the headman soon died out, and it ceased to be the absorbing theme of conversation in the village. The pusiri was supposed to have got safely off to some distant country with his booty.

During this time, the pusiri watched his enemy unceasingly, his feelings of hatred and desire for vengeance growing deeper every day. Ivan was too cunning a villain to excite suspicion by showing his ill gotten wealth, and he had not as yet profited much by his crime. Every evening, the pusiri watched him go into the jungle and gloat over the money and jewels he had hidden in the hollow tree.

The pusiri also kept an untiring, loving watch over his daughter. His brother and family had by this taken complete possession of his house and property. Valka felt keenly their rapacious proceedings and unkind treatment of her, for her father more than once saw her, with tears of mortification and indignation in her eyes, rush out of the house into the jungle. But she very often met there one who dried her tears quickly and easily. Valan appeared to be always on the watch for her, and met her so often and so openly, that it soon became the talk of the village. Many meant it as a fool to think of marrying a portuguese girl, as they now thought her, and also the daughter of a murderer. It soon became clear to the pusiri that matters were coming to a crisis, and that Valan, stung into resentment and defiance by the remarks of the villagers, and pitying Valka's distress and unhappiness, would soon make her his wife and take her away. Valan's generous and honourable conduct towards his daughter, and his expression of belief in his innocence, had completely won the pusiri's heart. He saw with approval and pleasure the relations between the two, and the thought that his daughter would soon be provided for, helped in considerable measure to reconcile him to his unhappy lot.

It happened one night that the pusiri in one of his nocturnal rambles found himself at the river. It was now the height of the hot season, and the river was almost dry. Near where the path crossed the river was a small pool, the only water for miles around; to this the pusiri went, and seated on the bank above, watched the wild animals coming to drink. It was a bright moonlight night, and the light reflected from the white sandy bed of the river made everything clearly visible. First came a pair of porcupines, which played about and chased each other, rattling their quills noisily, till the sudden appearance of an old she bear with a cub on her back put them to flight. The bear drank and shuffled off, and then, with noiseless, stealthy step, a leopard glided out of the jungle into the moonlight. It looked about with its cruel, round gleaming eyes for a few moments, and then, lying down on its stomach, lapped its fill of water. Afterwards came a herd of wild pigs, suspicious and wary, followed by a number of graceful spotted deer. As these were drinking, a slight noise in the distance caused them all to throw up their heads and listen in attitudes of alarm, and then to disappear in the jungle like shadows. A few moments later, with heavy but silent tread, a herd of elephants came along, the river and drank at the pool, throwing copious showers of water over themselves with their trunks afterwards. The pusiri had by this time quite lost all fear of wild animals, so he sat and watched them with pleasure and in perfect security.

Suddenly the pusiri started to his feet, and with staring eyes and beating heart, gazed at something in the distance that had caught his eye. It was a brilliant glare of light over the trees. It was the pusiri village at last! Without a moment's hesitation, and breathless with anxiety, he hurried off in the direction of the light, going straight through the jungle towards it. Nearer and nearer appeared the light, till at last, with joy and exultation in his heart, he stepped out of the jungle into the well remembered enchanted bazaar. But instead of the unearthly silence that had reigned in the bazaar the last time he was there, it was now filled with uproar. No particular sounds were distinguishable, but horrid shrieks and yells, awful execrations and hideous sounds of every sort, filled the air. Instead of taking no notice of him as before, the pusiris glared balefully at him, and scowled and showed their teeth. The creatures in the shape of cattle and dogs followed him threatningly, and numbers of evil looking birds and loathsome creatures with wings flapped and fluttered about his head. But undaunted and undeterred, the pusiri walked steadily on, searching for the old she pusiri's stall where he had drunk the magic potion. At last he found it. There sat the old hag, thinking and leaning with the same hollow gourd of water before her. Seizing it, the pusiri raised it to his lips, and in spite of the awful din that instantly arose, drained it to the bottom. As he put it down empty, he fell to the ground insensible.

It was daylight when he recovered and staggered to his feet. He remembered instantly what had happened during the night and was filled with intense anxiety to ascertain whether his experiment had broken the spell that had bound him. He gazed at his arms and legs, and it seemed to him that they were real flesh and blood. He pinched them, and was sure he had felt the sensation. A thrill of joy passed through him, for he felt certain that he had recovered his human

form. Taking his bearings by the sun, he made his way rapidly through the jungle to the river. As he descended the bank, he came upon a herd of deer, and it was with rapture that he saw them gaze in alarm at him and then dash hastily away. As he walked along the bed of the river, he noticed with intense satisfaction that he now had a shallow! There was no longer any doubt, and in the gladness of his heart the pusari began to sing at the top of his voice. As he turned into the path leading to Pandiyan, he caught sight of a man coming towards him; a moment later, he saw it was Valan Eluvan. On seeing the pusari, the young man stopped and looked at him with astonishment. After a moment's hesitation, he came forward. 'Why, iya, where have you been?' he exclaimed.

'I cannot tell you now, Valan, replied the pusari. 'I am anxious to get to Pandiyan. Come with me, and I will tell you all.'

'Then you are not afraid to go to the village, iya?' said Valan hesitatingly.

'No. Why should I?'

'Have you not heard, then, of the murder of the muthiyan and what is said about it?'

'Yes, yes! I know all about it, and who the murderer is'—Valan glanced quickly and sharply at the pusari—'Ay, and I know more than that,' continued the pusari, returning his glance with a smile. 'I know how you have been making love to my daughter in my absence, and heard every word you said to her!'

Valan looked puzzled and confounded, but said nothing, and the two walked on together in silence, each buried in his own thoughts. Valan was wondering whether the pusari could possibly have been hidden in the jungle near his house all the time, and thus overheard his interviews with Vallee. He was also trying to account for his friendly manner towards him, so different from his former behaviour. He could not help feeling that the pusari was only feigning friendliness, and that he had some deep design in view, especially when he thought over his remark, that he knew who was the murderer of the headman, and who that was he felt only too sure—his own brother, and the other's deadly enemy. Meanwhile, the pusari, filled with joyful thoughts and anticipations, strode along at such a rate that Valan could scarcely keep up with him.

At length they reached Pandiyan. A number of the villagers were standing about, and they no sooner saw who it was that accompanied Valan than the cry was raised 'The pusari has come back!' and men, women, and children came running out of the houses filled with astonishment and excitement. Vallee, however, was not to be seen, though both the men looked round for her. Without taking notice of anybody, the pusari walked through the village, past his own house, to Iyan Eluvan's hut. Valan followed, grave and silent. The pusari's face was hard and stern as he entered the house. A glance round showed him there was no one there; it was, however, in great disorder, and something lying on the floor caught his eye. It was a torn fragment of cloth, and near it lay a small knife, its point stained with blood. The pusari picked them up and examined them; then, without a word, and followed by Valan and an intensely curious and excited but silent crowd of villagers, he left the hut, and entering the jungle at its back, made his way to the hollow tree where Iyan had hidden the valuables he had robbed the muthiyan. As the party neared the spot, a loud cry rose from the villagers, for lying at the foot of the tree was a dark object; it was the body of Iyan Eluvan!

Uttering an exclamation of horror, Valan knelt beside his brother and laid his hand upon his heart. The body was still warm, but Iyan was quite dead. His right hand was bound up with a strip of cloth. On this being unwound by Valan, a couple of small punctured wounds were discernible in the fleshy part near the thumb. Ones of, 'It is a snake bite!' 'He has been bitten by a snake!' rose from the villagers crowding round, for they all recognised the marks. Meanwhile, the pusari, with the assistance of a stick, had drawn the bundle out of the hollow in the tree. With it came the freshly shed skin of a cobra, and it was at once seen how Iyan had come by his death. A cobra had taken up its abode in the hollow where Iyan had placed his ill-gotten treasure, and on his attempting to withdraw it, had bitten him in the hand. Iyan had then gone back to his house, and lanced and washed the wound and bound up his hand, but feeling the approach of death, had crawled back to the tree, but for what purpose was never known, and had there expired.

Opening the bundle, the pusari displayed to the astonished gaze of the villagers the money and jewels it contained. Every one of them knew at once that it was the stolen property of the murdered headman, but how it came to be hidden in the tree and what Iyan had to do with it, they were at a loss to guess. And now the pusari spoke, and in a few words told them all that had happened to him since they had last seen him. They listened eagerly and attentively, and believed every word. They frequently interrupted his story of what he had seen in the pusari village, with exclamations of horror and amazement, and when he finished, they one and all loudly expressed their satisfaction at his return, and belief in his innocence.

The whole party then returned to the village, carrying the body of Iyan, and taking with them the recovered treasure. The pusari went at once in search of his daughter, and soon found her in the threshing ground in the fields winnowing rice. The meeting was a very happy one. Vallee's delight and joy knew no bounds. Could it have been possible to increase her happiness at her father's return, the assurance he now gave her of regard for Valan Eluvan and his approval of him as her future husband, would have done so. The pusari's next step was to go home accompanied by Vallee, and in a few cold, bitter words, to upbraid his relatives for their conduct and order them to leave his house at once. Ashamed and abashed, they went away without any attempt at explanation or apology. That afternoon, the young headman who had before inquired into the murder arrived at Pandiyan and at once instituted inquiries. The result was that the pusari's innocence was established and the dead man's guilt proved. The headman took charge of the stolen property.

'Truly, iya,' he said to the pusari as he departed, 'you have much to be thankful for.

Only by the favour of Puliya have you escaped from the wiles of the pisaka, and from the snare that Iyan Khwan laid for you 'Tis well, indeed, to be a favourite of the god. May you be happy and prosper!'

Before many days, Valan and Vallee were married, and went to live in an adjoining village. Relieved by the death of his enemy from constant worry and irritation, the pusin's temper greatly improved. In course of time he became so much respected and so popular, that he was elected headman of the district The secrets he learned when he wandered about the village invisible, proved to be of great value to him, as he was often able to turn his knowledge to account in his dealings with his fellow-villagers. He became in time a man of substance.

The pusin's adventure was the subject of conversation through the whole country round for many weeks, and for a long time not a man, woman, or child dared enter the jungle after nightfall But though in course of time the fear of the pisaka wore off, and on several occasions villagers were lost in the forest and wandered about there all night, no one ever found again the Haunted Jungle

A STICK OF INDIAN INK.

Amongst familiar things that are of comparatively recent introduction we must include that artistic article inaccurately known as Indian ink Even when the seventeenth century was more than half spent, it was a rarity; and in the folio volume, published in 1672, descriptive of the Museo Moscardi, there is an engraving of a stick of Indian ink, which was included with some 'giants' teeth'—in reality mammoth bones—as amongst the chief curiosities of the collection Notwithstanding its usual English name of 'Indian ink,' it is a Chinese manufacture. M Maurice Jametel, a careful and accomplished French scholar, has compiled from Chinese sources an interesting monograph on its history and manufacture (*L'Encre de Chine, d'après des Documents Chinois*, traduits par M. Jametel Paris, 1882) The historians of the Celestial kingdom, according to their usual custom in dealing with the affairs of their own land, attribute high antiquity to the use of ink; they say that it was invented by Tien-tchen, who flourished somewhere between 2697 and 2597 B.C. The Chinese at the time made use of a lacquer which was spread upon silk by the help of bamboo sticks. That, at least, is one interpretation of certain passages as to bamboo books Next we are told that they used a sort of black stone, to which water was applied.

About two centuries and a half before the birth of Christ, a new departure arose in Kiang-si province, where they began to manufacture balls of lampblack made of a mixture of lacquer, firwood, and size. The new invention was warmly welcomed, and the processes rapidly improved. A poet, Ou-fou-jen, celebrating the novel aid to literature, mentions with especial praise the ink that was made from the fire that grew on the hillsides of Lou-chan, in the province of Kiang-si This province was celebrated for the fine quality of its ink; and under the Tang dynasty, in the seventh, eighth, and ninth centuries of our era, there was an overseer who was a government official and whose functions were hereditary Every year, a certain number of sticks of ink were sent to the Emperor as tribute.

During the reign of the Tang dynasty, we are told that the ink grew blacker with age, and that the size hardening, made the sticks as hard as stone. This points to the early development of the industry; for these characteristics of more than a thousand years ago are precisely those which are still regarded as the true tests of excellence. There is even some reason to think that there were state manufactories. The names of Li tsao, Tchou feung—whose place was called the Fir burning Workshop—and of Li tchao have been recorded as makers of excellence, but the son of the last named, Li ting-kouei, is still regarded as the most famous of ink makers. He was an ingenious person, and moulded his 'sticks' of ink into a variety of quaint forms; and his 'swords' and 'cakes' were greatly admired His reputation, however, rests on a more solid basis than a talent for fancy shapes The sterling character of the man was reflected in his work, and the excellence and good quality of his ink attracted general admiration It was said that if you wanted to test the genuineness of an ink-stick that professed to be from his workshop, you must break it in pieces, and throw the bits into a vessel of water If the pieces at the end of a month remained intact and undissolved, it was a proof that the ink had come from the works of Li ting kouei

There are points of contact between the manners of the East and West, for an honorific syllable or title was granted by the Emperor to the successful ink maker, who thus became Li ting-kouei Another famous ink maker was Tchang yu, who was furnisher to the household of the Emperors under the dynasty of the Song, who flourished from 998 to 1053 The manufacture, however, declined in its artistic quality, but sometimes a maker arose who gave it a fresh impetus and importance Two of these are named Pan kou and Tchou an, the latter of whom is said to have rediscovered some of the antique processes by which Li ting kouei had gained his renown A great variety of processes have been employed, and nearly every kind of combustible has been used for the production of the lampblack. The Emperor Hsiuan-tsong made use of perfumed rice-powder steeped in a decoction of *Hibiscus rosadabiva*. At one locality where petroleum is used for lighting purposes, the lampblack resulting from its combustion is said to make an ink which for brilliance and blackness is superior to that made from firwood. The latter was, however, formerly the great source of Indian ink. After the lampblack or soot obtained by the burning of the wood, the most important thing is the size by which the particles are held together. This is frequently of animal origin.

The horns of the stag and of the rhinoceros are said to be laid under contribution, as also the ox and various kinds of fishes There is some reason to think that this industry came to the Middle Kingdom from Corea. At the present time, it is said that, instead of firwood, the oleaginous matters of the *Dryandra nodata* and grains of hemp are almost universally used In some places, the *Gleditschia sinensis* is preferred, and even the cane flower and the haricot do not escape It is curious that the Chinese author Chen ki souen does not mention the *Sesamum orientale*, which is generally regarded as the chief source from which the soot of Indian ink is now obtained The processes of the manufacture have been elaborately described, and Chinese artists have exerted their ingenuity to portray all the details of an industry so important both to literature and art. In Europe, Indian ink is used for drawings only, but in China, it is the instrument by which the poet writes his verses and by which the judge records his sentences, as well as that by which the artist embodies his fugitive fancies

Chinese imagination has run riot in doing honour to ink As there are divinities to preside over almost every object, the instruments of literature do not lack their supernatural guardians, and their place and precedence are settled by strict rules of etiquette The 'Prefect of the Black Perfume' is the official style of the ink doth, and he ranks higher than the 'Guardian Spirit of the Pencil,' whilst on a still lower level stands the 'Genius of Paper' One day when the Emperor Hiuan tsong, of the Tang dynasty, was at work in his study, suddenly there popped out from a stick of ink that lay upon his table a quaint figure no larger than a fly, but having all the appearance of a Taoist priest The startled monarch was soon reassured by the words of the apparition 'Behold,' it said, 'the Genius of the Ink My title is the Envoy of the Black Fir, and I have to announce to you that henceforth, when a man of true learning or genius writes, the Twelve Deities of Ink shall make their appearance to testify to the reality of his powers' Also for literature! From that day to this, the Twelve Deities of Ink have remained invisible, although many centuries have passed away

THE GREAT JEWEL ROBBERY

THE little world of fashionable London society was startled a few years ago by reports of a series of daring jewel robberies The most costly gems seemed to disappear as if by magic under the very eyes of their owners. These robberies defied detection A clue in one case was upset by the facts in another When my aid as private detective was called in, I resolved to confine my attention to three distinct cases, though, of course, if useful information came in my way concerning other matters, I should know how to take advantage of it.

The first of the three on my list was the case of the Dowager Lady A, a somewhat eccentric old lady, who found her chief delight in arraying herself in her most valuable jewels and visiting in regular rotation all the West-end theatres One night, when returning from one of these expeditions, her carriage had been overturned by colliding with an omnibus The dowager was seriously injured, and within a few days she was dead Then, apparently for the first time, it was discovered that the whole of the jewels worn by Lady A on the night of the carriage accident had mysteriously disappeared Her maid was so overcome by the sight of her injured mistress, that she failed altogether to remember what was done with these jewels at the moment when her ladyship was undressed It was even a question whether they might not have been actually lost in the street during the confusion of the accident. At all events, no trace of them could be found, and it soon became evident that in the excitement of summoning relatives, fetching doctors, and, very soon, nurses and undertakers, half a dozen persons might have entered the house and walked off with the jewels without any chance of detection

Then I turned my attention to the second case —that of the young Countess of B There seemed less room for doubt in this instance The fashionable wedding of the autumn had been that of the Earl of B with Miss Blank There had been a churchful of people at St George's, Hanover Square, and a host of guests at the breakfast at the *Unique Hotel* On the morning of the wedding, the earl had presented his bride with a magnificent tiara of diamonds As the 'happy pair' were to start almost immediately for the continent, these diamonds, inclosed in a case, were hastily packed in a travelling bag, which the bride's travelling maid was never to let out of her sight. On arriving at Paris, the bag was apparently intact, but on opening the jewel case, the tiara was missing Clearly, it must have been cleverly extracted from the case while lying in the bridal dressing room, the empty case then being placed in the bag Who had stolen the countess's diamonds? The maid, the bride's mother, and a younger brother had alone, as far as it was known, entered the room where the jewels were lying I don't mind saying I had some difficulty in believing that a *bonâ fide* robbery had been committed You may not believe it, but I am convinced that many a startling robbery of jewels would be explained, if we knew of all the private debts incurred by ladies of fashion, and of the sacrifices sometimes made by them to screen from disgrace themselves or some deeply involved connection

Meanwhile, I made inquiries concerning robbery number three This was at Colonel C's There the only thing missed was a very valuable bracelet There had been a dance at the house During the evening, Mrs C had slipped and sprained her ankle so severely that a doctor had to be summoned, and the party was somewhat prematurely brought to a close Mrs C distinctly remembered wearing the bracelet, but whether she had it on at the moment of falling, she could not remember There had been naturally some confusion in the ballroom, and the lady had been carried to her own room It was not for some hours that the loss of the bracelet was noticed Then a search was made, but altogether without success

In the first and third of these cases, suspicion seemed to point at once to some member of the household, but all my inquiries failed to find

any trace of the missing property. The servants all willingly consented, nay, even offered, to have their boxes searched, and for some weeks I confessed myself baffled. The missing property had disappeared as completely as though it had never existed.

Again and again I went over the whole circumstances as they had been related to me. There was, I reflected, one circumstance common to all three of the robberies, if robberies they were. There had been at the time some unusual amount of confusion, all lending opportunity for a theft to take place without immediate detection. The Dowager Lady A's diamonds had been stolen during her illness, or about the time of her death. The Countess of B had lost her diamonds during the excitement of a wedding breakfast at an hotel. At Colonel C's house there had been a ball on the night when the bracelet was lost. Was there any one, I asked myself, who, by chance or intuition, had been present at each place at the time of the robbery? Any occasional waiter, for example, or servant of any kind? I could not find that there had been. Yet, if the thief were not one of the household, how was it that a stranger should in three separate instances fix on an establishment where the circumstances were favourable to a robbery of valuable property? In two cases, there had been illness and a hasty summoning of doctors. That led to another thought—was it possible that some experienced thief or gang of thieves had laid themselves out to track the broughams of fashionable West end physicians, on the chance of finding hall doors left open, and property somewhat loosely guarded?

I had not thought of such a thing seriously before, but it seemed now to be an idea worth following up. Once more I resumed inquiries. Who was the doctor summoned in the case of the Dowager Lady A? I easily ascertained. It was one of the best known men, at that time, in London. He and his brougham would be familiar to every thief who frequented West end thoroughfares. I next inquired at Colonel C's. To my satisfaction, I learnt that the same doctor had attended in this case. 'Here,' I said to myself, 'I begin to see daylight.' Shortly afterwards, I made a further discovery. The coachman who drove the famous physician to Lady A's on the night of the accident, and to Colonel C's on the night of the ball, had only been in his employ a few weeks, and on the date of the Earl of B's wedding, the man had driven the carriage of one of the guests at the breakfast.

The clue I felt was becoming strong. The thief, I grew convinced, was a confederate of the grave faced man in spotless black who drove the fashionable doctor from one house of sick man to another. I resolved to obtain an interview with the doctor, and after explaining my suspicions, plan some mode of detecting so consummate a rascal. Circumstances occurred to make me resolve to carry out my purpose without delay.

My journey took me to one of the somewhat sombre-looking streets that run down to the Thames, from the Chelsea side, between Chelsea Bridge and Battersea Bridge. The name 'Gideon West, M.D., Physician and Surgeon,' inscribed on a brass plate told me when I had reached my destination. Dr West, I was informed, was still out, late though it was, and the time of his coming home was most uncertain. I was determined, however, not to return without seeing him, and after assuring the tired looking servant that I should certainly await Dr West's return, even if I had to spend the night on the doorstep, I was shown into the consulting room, where a wood fire was still burning on the hearth. Seating myself in an armchair with a high screen behind me, I settled down to my vigil, however long it might be.

I had often noticed the house, for who did not feel some interest in so famous a medical man as Gideon West? Why he had chosen such a house I did not learn until afterwards, but I knew it was an old fashioned, rambling sort of place, with a room built on here at one time, and there at another time. Windows had been blocked up at one place, and windows had been let in at another. In fact, it was a house that seemed to defy a stranger to explain upon what rule, or what want of rule, it had been so constructed.

Those who first heard of Gideon West as one of the most famous physicians in London, asked in astonishment how he could live in such a ramshackle looking building. Perhaps they forgot that even famous doctors were not born famous. Gideon West, when he entered on his professional career, was anything but famous, and he was as poor as he well could be. Father and mother were dead, brothers and sisters he had none. An almost forgotten godmother had, to his surprise, left him the old house at Chelsea. This was about the time he received his diploma. Thereupon, Gideon West married, for love, a girl without a penny, settled himself in his new possession, had the brass plate affixed to the door, and awaited the patients who were to prove his skill and make his fortune. It was a weary waiting, but the young bride had unlimited trust in her husband, and Gideon West never for an instant lost faith in himself. Slowly, very slowly, a small practice grew up in his hands, but the struggle that only had Gideon West for the battle of life proved too terrible for the frail young wife. But there was no complaining, no repining, no word to tell of doubt, much less of despair, and Gideon West battled on. He knew, as though it had already come, that he should at last prevail. He had measured his own strength, and felt that he could trust it. But—and it was that *but* alone which troubled him—suppose he should have to wait years and years—suppose, as those years went by, he should see the colour pale on the face he loved, the brightness fade from the eyes he delighted to gaze into—suppose his long years of waiting were marked in the lines on his wife's young face, suppose when the golden gates of fortune flew open, he should find it was—too late!

How long I sat dreaming in Dr West's room, I know not, but it is certain I must have fallen asleep before the crackling embers. When I awoke, I found myself in all but darkness. The gas had been lowered, and only a flickering glow from the dying fire remained to cast drear and fantastic shadows on the ceiling. Many

hours must have passed. I must have been forgotten when the servants retired to rest, and Dr West either had not returned, or had not been made aware of my presence. My position was embarrassing. To wake up in the middle of the night and to find myself in a strange house, was a new experience. I groped about the room and felt for the door by which I had entered. It was locked. Bell of any sort I could find none. I tried to raise my voice, but the death stillness and darkness of the room seemed to stifle me. I found the window, and looked out. It opened high above a courtyard closed in by walls. Again I tried the door. Then I remembered that it was a sort of passage room, that there was a door leading from it to an apartment beyond. I managed to find this door, covered as it was with heavy tapestry hangings. Feeling very much like a thief, I tried the handle. It turned in my hand, and the door yielded noiselessly. Beyond, I saw a large square chamber, evidently a bedroom, but the bed was unoccupied. It was a quaint and haunted looking room, with high oaken skirting and panelled ceiling. A couple of candles burned on the dressing table, and threw a faint light over the dark furniture and the tapestries that hung against the walls.

Once more I tried to call out, but my tongue seemed dried up, and my voice refused to be heard. Presently, to my relief I heard a human voice. It evidently came from an apartment beyond the one into which I had ventured. Impelled, I hardly knew how, I resolved to venture farther, and as my footsteps fell noiselessly on the thick carpet, I could hardly believe I was not wandering in a dream through the mysterious chambers of the dead.

Yet more and more distinctly I heard the sad low voice that had caught my ear, and I approached stealthily, and I confess with something like awe, the door, which, as I perceived, opened from the bedroom to the chamber whence the voice proceeded. Here, as before, a curtain of antique tapestry, reaching from the ceiling to the floor, concealed the aperture, and trying cautiously the door, I found that it opened towards me. This gave me time to reflect before intruding, with stealthy steps, in the dead of night, into the privacy of this innermost chamber. Like a guilty creature, I stood and listened. The voice—for there seemed to be but one—was close at hand. It was a strangely melancholy voice, yet possessing a fascinating power that chained me to the spot.

'Will you never, never speak to me again, my darling, my darling?' I heard the words too plainly to mistake or forget them. 'Will you never speak to me again? Year after year, as the day comes round, I have prayed to God to grant me but one sweet word—one word to tell me of your love! Oh my darling, my darling, have I prayed in vain? Will those lips never again open with a smile, those eyes never again look into mine, even when I come to you on my knees, as I do this Christmas morning?'

These strange words reproached me. Into what sacred precincts had I intruded? What heart breaking grief was I desecrating?

Suddenly the tone of voice changed. The sad pathos gave way to accents of joy. 'See! see, my beloved one, here are gifts worthy of a queen. Did I not tell you the time would come when all our struggles would be over, when there would be no more fighting for very bread, no more daily care, no more dread of the future, no fears for success, because it would be already mine! Ah, Gertrude, my wife, my darling, you were good and patient to me in those days. If the clouds were dark, your eyes were always bright, if the heavens were overcast, your smile drove away the storm, your voice was the music of my life, your ceaseless trust was my lodestar. But all has changed. Those days have passed. I am rich now, they say I am famous. The day is now too short for my work, and the night too short for rest. And yet I need rest. I feel I cannot live much longer if I may not rest. My brain is ever reeling, with its weariness, yet I cannot sleep. Night after night is one long vigil. No sleep, no rest, no peace! I have been waiting for this night, for you, my love, for you! And now the hour has come. It is Christmas morning,—Hark! already I hear the sound of the Christmas bells. Ah! no wonder, for my wife, my beloved, has come back to me at last—come back to me from the dead!'

In feverish excitement, I listened. But there was no answer—not a sound, when that trembling voice ceased, to break the stillness of the night.

Presently, it began again. 'They tell me it is thirty years ago. Nonsense! This is only a dream. It was yesterday—yesterday, that you spoke to me for the last time—yesterday, that you bade me good bye, and kissed me when I went away. And to day, you are as you were then. No change, no change, none at all. You are as young and as fair as when I first took your hand in mine and called you 'wife.'

Then there was a pause, and I was conscious of some movement beyond the tapestry behind which I was guiltily hiding.

What followed startled me, but it called me back to life. With a voice thrilling with emotion, the man once more broke the silence. 'Gertrude! These are yours. This is your birthday, and our old wedding day, and I have not forgotten you. You do not yet believe that I am rich and famous, and that you husband has many friends. See! These are gifts from those whom I have rescued from death! They are thank offerings to the "doctor's wife." Here is a bracelet. It is set with emeralds. No rarer could be found. Ah! how charming it looks on that dainty wrist! And here is something a princess might wear. It is a tiara of diamonds, and it is yours. Ah, my wife, let me place it on your brow! Oh, my queen, my queen!'

Unable to restrain myself longer, I cautiously drew aside the tapestry and peered into the chamber beyond it. It was comparatively small, but richly furnished, though in the fashion of olden times. It was, I thought, a lady's boudoir; but from where I was concealed, only a portion of the room was revealed to my view. It was not the room that arrested my attention, but what it contained. On a small table, almost within reach, lay those very ornaments—the earrings, the necklet, the pendant—of rubies and pearls, the loss of which had first led me to

unravel, if I could, the mystery of the great jewel robbery I could not be mistaken The description given me had been most minute An exact counterpart of the set was not in existence, and here it lay on the table before me

As I looked on with astonishment, from the part of the room I could not see there approached me, slowly and with pensive step and bowed head, like one walking in his sleep, the man whom I now almost dreaded to see—the famous doctor, Gideon West

Could he be the author of these mysterious thefts? I could not believe it, and yet the proofs of his guilt lay before me No longer hesitating, I stepped forward So sudden and so unexpected was my appearance, that the man was unconscious of my presence until I had placed my hands upon his arm and gasped in trembling tones 'Dr West—I—arrest'—— But the sentence was never completed

With a cry that might have been heard almost in the grave, the unhappy man shrank from me At that instant I turned in the direction to which he was pointing, with that agonized look upon his face, and as I did so, I loosened my hold and my hands fell powerless to my side In the corner of the chamber hitherto hidden from me, I saw one of those old fashioned bedsteads, with heavy draperies around it The curtains were of silk, once a pearly white, now dulled and faded by age The counterpane and pillow, once like driven snow, were white no more Lying on the bed, with her head on the pillow, and her body partially concealed by the bed linen, I saw the form of a woman—a woman who must once have been fair and beautiful to behold Her luxuriant hair fell in wreaths on each side her face, and was then brought together over the fair white throat Her arms were uncovered by the counterpane, and, clasping an infant child in their embrace, lay folded across her breast

As I realised all the details of what seemed like a vision, I confess that my nerves failed me I could only look at that cold pale face, lying so still on the pillow, with the child face nestling beside it, and as I looked, I realised that the stillness was the stillness of death

Like one entranced, I remained motionless for some moments, when again I was aroused to action

A figure clothed in white—the face scarcely less pale than the face of the dead, the scanty locks of hair, white with age, hanging loosely about her shoulders, the eyes fixed on the bed, and the hands stretched out supplicatingly towards it—glided into the room Then catching sight of the prostrate figure of the man who had cast himself beside the bed, with his hands spread out on the form that lay there, this apparition of woe, turning on me a glance of reproach that will haunt me to my dying day, exclaimed, amid streaming tears 'You have killed him! My son, my son!'

And now, how shall I finish my story without wearying you with explanations? Let me go back to that old question once asked by Gideon West 'What if success should come too late?' For all the happiness it could bring him, it did come too late His struggle with fate, if not a long, had been a bitter one There fell a grievous sickness on the neighbourhood, disease and death stalked abroad, and mowed down their victims without counting the numbers Against the grim tyrants, Gideon West fought day and night, his energy was endless, his courage undaunted, and he triumphed No, not Gideon West, but the weapons of science triumphed in his hands Disease and death were driven from the field, as they fled, they shot one last bolt at their victor—it glanced off his armour, but left his wife and child dead at his side

Yes, he had won But what was the victory worth? Fame, reward, wealth, all were his, but the one hope of his life was dead Yet he never spared himself—never ceased work for a day—never hesitated at any sacrifice He lived, he said, for only one object—it was to 'wear out his life' The old home knew him to the end, and one faithful and devoted woman gave all her years to cheer the one hero of her life, the poor struggling surgeon, the great physician—the man who for pure love had married her only child Gertrude's husband!

But the end came suddenly at last, and out wardly there seemed to be no signs of failing power The mind seemed as fresh and as vigorous as ever Only in one direction did it give way Years of never ceasing brooding over his dead wife and child did its work, and in the sad anniversary of his wife's birthday, her marriage, and of her death, once more approached, the strain overpowered him A mania seized him, he must offer her the most costly treasures Yet they must not appear to come from him, but from others, from those who owed their health their life, to his skill They must be proofs of his fame—proofs to the dead wife of her husband's triumph The mania grew upon him Wherever he saw anything that was of peculiar value, he seemed to claim it as his own, fully persuaded, as I believe, that it was a willing offering to the memory of his dead wife And so those once inexplicable disappearances were explained No one suspected, would dream of suspecting, the great doctor, and sane in everything else, yet with his brilliant intellect already ripe for decay, the unhappy man for weeks past had been the victim of a mania he neither comprehended nor was able to resist I learnt afterwards that a medical conference had taken him to the house where the countess diamonds were lost on that particular morning, and he must by accident have entered the room where the diamonds were momentarily left unguarded, and at once he had been led, by an irresistible impulse, to possess them

Before I left that strangely haunted house at Chelsea on that Christmas morning, the tearstricken mother led me to the dead bedside and placed my hands on the cold face I looked at the mother, and then I felt the white hands that lay clasped before me The woman read my thoughts

'No,' she whispered, 'it is not the flesh of mortal' It is but a fearful counterfeit of death It was modelled from the dead wife and child, and was to have been reproduced in marble for Gertrude's tomb But Gideon West would not have it removed Call it a morbid fancy or a

passionate love, which you will, but for years he has spent the hours of his solitude beside this poor image of his wife!—Now, tell me, was yonder dead man a thief, or was he the victim to unconquerable mania?'

For Gideon West was dead, and his secret died with him.

We laid him on his own bed, and when the coroner's jury said next day that he died 'by the visitation of God, they spoke the truth.

The lost jewels were restored to their owners with the simple explanation that he who had taken them was beyond the reach of human justice.

For my part in the restitution, I was generously rewarded, but it was the last investigation I ever undertook. Many years have passed, and the world soon forgets, but I thought it would interest some to learn what I knew concerning the Great Jewel Robbery.

THE CULTIVATION OF CELERY

Celery is an important and useful anti-scorbutic vegetable, which can be prepared for table in many ways, or simply used in soup. It is also by some held to be a good specific against rheumatism. Within the last seven years, celery growing has become quite a business in North Notts and South Yorkshire. Within a radius of ten miles of Bawtry, in the latter county, twenty-five acres of land sufficed for the crop in 1878, but during 1885, upwards of four hundred acres were devoted to the cultivation of celery. Peat with a clayey or cool subsoil answers better for growing celery than stronger land. Most kinds of crops exhaust the land, but celery improves it.

The seed beds are prepared in January and early in February, of leaves or manure, or any kind of heating material at hand. We learn from a communication by Mr C. M. Brewin, of Bawtry, that the earliest crops are ready for taking up the first week in September, and realise from two to three shillings per dozen roots retail price. The crop is worth from fifty-five to sixty pounds per acre, often more for very good crops, later crops from thirty-five to forty-five pounds per acre. The number of plants required per acre is sixteen thousand. Cost of labour in producing earliest crops on the ground. Average rent from thirty-five shillings to two pounds per acre, rates, taxes, and tithe, ten shillings per acre, manure, from nine to ten pounds per acre, labour, ten pounds per acre, carting to stations, four pounds per acre, leaving a profit for the best early crops of twenty-eight to thirty-two pounds. For late crops, labour is two pounds less, bringing a profit of ten to twenty pounds per acre. There are some failures, which are generally in the first year. The average quantity sent away weekly from various stations in the neighbourhood is two hundred tons.

Several labourers, very poor men, have started with small plots, and worked them in early morning before their ordinary day's work began, and in the evenings, with the assistance of their wives and children. These men have now, some one horse and cart, and others two, and grow from two to five acres each.

SPRING'S ADVENT

I looked forth as the world to day,
As waked the rosy morn,
And every budding leaf and blade
Proclaimed the spring was here.
The southern wind a salutatory sailed
My footsteps lured along
Far from the town's unlovely ways,
Far from its meddling throng.

O sweet the first glad greeting is
With nature when the Spring,
In spreading forth her tender charms
And flowers are blossoming!
O sweet to meet the soft green earth
When fresh the breezes blow
Untrammelled by a thought of care,
And free to come or go!

The lambs were bleating on the hills
Where frosts in resting lie
Safe sheltered fe in the rude fences that
Thus storm the hill tops high
The swallows glad on flashing wing
Dear birds of promise they
That speak the reign of winter past
Down of a brighter day.

Down from the heavens the poet lark
His numbers gaily flung
In liquid notes of pure joy
That through the valley rang
And leaping streams from winter's yoke
So glad to be set free
Took up the jocund minstrelsy,
And bore it to the sea.

In sport we glee the children trooped
The meadows pastures along
And carolled forth in happy voice
A careless snatch of song
Ah well they know the sunlit spot
Where first the primrose venturesome
Looks out upon the wooded copse
The waking earth to greet.

O happy children! life to you
Is full of light and flowers
Athwart whose skies of tender blue
No threatening storm cloud lowers.
Ye rather do ye ever think
Of children far away
Who only see through vistas dim
God's glorious light of day!

Whose lives are spent in narrow streets,
Or alleys foul with sin
Where sickness, poverty and death
Alas! are rife within
No fresh pure wind in their frames blow,
Green fields they never trod,
Or plucked the wedding flowers that grow
Fresh from the hand of God.

O little children! young, yet old
In life's course of woe
I dread for you the dreary ways
Your faltering feet must go
O little eyes that never yet
Beheld a lovely thing,
I wonder what joys joy shall be
Through God's eternal Spring!

CHARLES H. HARSTON.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, London, and 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

All Rights Reserved.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL
OF
POPULAR
LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART
Fifth Series
ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832
CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECOND SON)

No. 117.—Vol. III. SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1886. PRICE 1½d.

GRETNA GREEN AND ITS MARRIAGES.

A few miles beyond the walls of 'merrie Carlisle,' and only just across the Lorder on the Scottish side, is a lonely old world little village, whither in days not yet remote, frequent couples, in life's bright golden time, hurriedly resorted, no less eager to cross the bridge spanning the river Sark, which here forms the boundary of the two kingdoms, than, with blind trust in the future, to undertake the all untried responsibilities of forbidden wedlock. The village itself consists of a long straight street of cleanly whitewashed houses, beyond which stretches the solitary tract of Solway moss, scene of many a Border foray, and of one miserable rout in the days of the Scottish Jameses; while, towards England, the landscape is bounded by the 'skyey heads' of the Cumberland mountains, clad in such hues of grayish green as nature uses to modify her distant tints. Curious to view a spot so far renowned, albeit without design of invoking aid from any chance survivor of the 'high priests of Gretna Green,' we alighted on the platform of its roadside station on the Glasgow and South Western Railway one summer afternoon, and pursuing our way towards the village in company with a not uncommunicative policeman, quickly found many illusions dispelled, by no means least the widespread legend as to the officiating blacksmith. Our attention was early called to the figure of a middle aged, by no means clerical looking, man, at the time engaged in filling his pipe by the wayside, with whom we entered into conversation. Nowise anxious to magnify his apostleship, our new friend somewhat deprecatingly acknowledged that the priestly mantle had descended upon his too unworthy shoulders, and that, indeed, but a few days prior to our visit, he had been called on to exercise the weighty functions of his office.

This man, by trade a mason, spoke, not without regret, of the good old days when fugitive lovers crowded to the Border village, the poorer sort being most often united at the tollhouse just over the bridge, while the more well to do betook themselves to the hotel, which, though no longer devoted to nuptial hymenal, still stands at the entrance of the village street. The priestly office, it was said, had been filled, more or less worthily, by many, who claiming no unbroken descent, had in a somewhat casual sort of way succeeded to it, and amongst others concerned in what certainly appeared to have been the triple trade of the place, the local population was initiated as custodian of registers reaching back into the palmy days of Border marriage, and containing names no less remarkable for nobility of birth than for the possession of wealth and state.

Left at length to ourselves, we passed onward up the village street, not a few small inns were there, the humble of one of the very least of which assured us that as many as nine couples at a time had, in days when business was brisk, sought the shelter of her tiny roof. A little way further on, we did not fail to notice the name of 'Lord Erskine' scratched upon an ancient and decidedly rickety pane in a window of the *Queen's Head*, where also is exhibited, framed and glazed of course, his so called marriage certificate, in form precisely as in use to-day, thus: '*Kingdom of* SCOTLAND *County of* DUMFRIES, *Parish of* GRETNA.—These are to certify, to all whom they may concern, that ——, from the parish of ——, in the county of ——, and ——, from the parish of ——, in the county of ——, being now both here present, and having declared to me that they are single persons, have now been married after the manner of the laws of Scotland. As witness our hands at Gretna Green, this — day of —— 188–.' Witnesses (two in number).

That a marriage like this can still be solemnised between 'such as will not get them to church, and have a good priest that can tell them what marriage is,' may come as a surprise to many who have believed that the glories of Gretna Green lay all in the past. Not only, however, had we the assurance of our friend the

mason, but a tale of recent matrimonial venture was imparted, as evidence conclusive that Border marriage is even now an occurrence by no means unfrequent. The *dramatis personæ* in this real nineteenth century romance were a young English lady, who, as a visitor at a neighbouring resort of pleasure, had satisfied the requisite condition of three weeks' residence in Scotland by one of the parties, and a young officer in an infantry regiment. Taking the train one fine morning to Gretna Green, the lady was met at the station by her intended bridegroom, with whom she was speedily and indissolubly, according to local rule, made one for ever. Neither can any man say that 'not being well married, it will be a good excuse for him hereafter to leave his wife,' because, provided that two witnesses be present and the questions put be satisfactorily replied to, nothing such is the outlook nought of the legal validity and obligation of those contracts with pulling organ and the most cer mannish conducted ecclesiastical display. The Act of 1856 only makes Scotch marriages illegal in the case of one or other of the parties not having resided for three weeks in the kingdom of Scotland, thereby putting a stop to many runaway marriages, especially among servants, who came down in numbers from Carlisle at the season of annual hiring.

Not very long since, a fathless swain, weary promenaded of vows exchanged at Gretna Green, and doubting somewhat, it may be, of the holiness of the estate inaugurated by rites so manual, betook himself, in the company of another and, to him, doubtless fairer half, to a Roman Catholic priest in a southern Scottish burgh, who all unwittingly solemnised a marriage between them destined to work no small evil to the fickle bridegroom, for mark how will the sequel hings together. The deserter, a soldier and perhaps a man, torn from the arms of his too credulous bride, a Niobe all tears, was hauled before the outraged majesty of law, and compelled to undergo the penalties, not trivial, awarded to crimes of perjury and bigamy.

Whatever peculiar popularity as a marriage resort may have been enjoyed by Gretna Green is doubtless due to the convenience and accessibility of its situation on the Great North Road, for there is no instance of especial virtue residing, in local fountains, but merely of such virtue—if, indeed, one may so use the term—as is participated in by every other spot of ground within the whole realm of Scotland, nor, indeed, as a matter of fact, were Coldstream and Lamberton near Berwick with all some measure of peculiar advantage, which they offered to those impatient ones who, from the more eastern counties, were minded to avail themselves of the proximity of the Scottish Border.

The origin of these marriages has been sought by some in the wild habits of times far distant, when lack of clergy in the district was to some extent supplied by the ministrations of friars from the adjacent abbeys of Melrose and Jedburgh, who in the course of their perambulations performed the rites of baptism and marriage. The borderer, nowise forgetful, ever sitting forth on expeditions of rapine and plunder, to fall his beads right reckonly, was yet grossly ignorant about many things, nor had he access to any other source of enlightenment than the 'Book a bosoms,' as the mass book was called, from the habit of the wandering ecclesiastics carrying it in their bosoms. Thus it was that stout William of Deloraine seemed, to the astonished eyes of the Goblin Page, so strangely to resemble one of these friars, when

> As the corselet off he took
> The book he copied the night by Pook!
> Much he marvelled, a knight of pride
> Like a book he should pass should ride!

But it may have been that this custom originated at Gretna Green about 1738, on the suppression of the infamous Fleet marriages, though, without doubt, irregular marriage was far from unknown long prior to this time in the Border parishes. At all events, acting on his knowledge that Scotch marriages, where parties accepted each other as man and wife before witnesses, were legal, one Scott opened a place at the Rigg, in the parish of Gretna, and there marriages were celebrated between runaway couples about the year 1753. Scott was succeeded by an old soldier named Gordon, who was wont to ride in uniform, wearing a huge cocked hat, and girt about the waist with a ponderous sword.

In 1812 were published by Peter Pitt the *Gretna Green Memoirs*, wherein we are told how Elliott—a retired surgeon's driver—became acquainted with Joseph Paisley, an elder of the veteran Gordon in 1810. Paisley, who had been a smuggler, a farmer, nay, even, it is more than hinted, a smuggler, became known as 'the blacksmith,' from the speed with which he united the bonds of runaway couples. Elliott, who married Paisley's daughter, and eventually succeeded him in his office, continued sole and only 'priest' of Gretna Green for twenty-nine years, during which period he is said to have united more than three thousand couples of all ranks and varies in society, the greatest number in any one year (1825) having been one hundred and ninety-eight, and the average from 1820 to 1835 inclusive upwards of one hundred and sixty each year. Although tradition says that Lord Erskine paid as much as eighty guineas on the occasion of his marriage, the average fee at Gretna Green is estimated at fifty guineas, whence we may at anyrate infer how much more highly paid was the Border 'priest' than the majority of the more regular clergy on either side of the Sark.

In a suit case tried some years ago at Liverpool, the plaintiff, Robert Kerr, had been married on two occasions at Gretna Green—in 1850, and again in 1853—the first marriage having been solemnised in a hayhouse at Springfield, near Gretna, and the second in an alehouse kept by William Blythe, when Thomas Blythe, in presence of his wife, performed the ceremony, which was thus described: 'I went in and had some conversation, and asked him [Thomas Blythe] to do this little job. He said he would, and asked me if I was willing to take this lady as my wife, and I said yes. Then he asked her if she was willing to take me for her husband, and she said she was; and I got hold of her hand and put the ring on, and we were declared man and wife, and that was how we were married.'

At this trial, a book containing a register of marriages performed by the Blythes was produced in evidence.

Thomas Blythe was himself examined in the Probate Court at Westminster, and stated that in the May of 1852 he was living at Spring field, Gretna Green, and was in the agricultural line, though he did a small stroke of business in the 'jumping line' as well. Replying to counsel as to how he performed the ceremony, he gave the following account of the marriage service as by him conducted. 'I first asked if they were single. They said they were. I then asked the man, "Do you take this woman for your wife?" He said, "Yes." I then asked the woman, "Do you take this man for your lawful husband?" She said, "Yes." I then put on the ring. The ring was put on. I then said, "The thing is done, the marriage is complete." A certificate of marriage was written out and given to the woman.

We doubt not, however, that many of our readers may learn with surprise that, even now, marriage—provided that one or other of the parties have resided three weeks in Scotland—may be thus speedily and effectually performed at the erstwhile notorious little village of Gretna Green, as well as at other points of the Border.

IN ALL SHADES

CHAPTER VI.

A FORTNIGHT after Norris arrived in Trinidad, Mr Tom Dupuy, neatly dressed in all his best, called for Nora one evening at Orange Grove for the express purpose of spending an hour with his pretty cousin. Mr Tom had been anxious to see her more than once already, to be sure, and had endeavoured to chime in many of his mean acquaintances, on his return from his cell, that Uncle Theodore's girl, just come out from England, was really in her own way a most elegant and attractive creature. In his own opinion, she would set splendidly at the head of the table at Pimento Valley. 'A man in my position in life wants a handsome woman, you know,' he said, 'to do the honours, and keep up the dignity of the family; and after the women servants, and all that sort of thing, so Uncle Theodore and I have arranged between that it would be a very convenient plan if Nora and I were just to—you know, make a match of it.'

With the aid of definitely fixing this preconceived harmony to his uncle's mind, Mr Tom had decked himself in his very smartest coat and trousers, stuck a *gloss de Dieppe* rose in his top button-hole, mounted his elevated grey Mexican pony 'Sambo Gill,' and rattled across to Orange Grove in the cool of the evening.

Nora was sitting by herself with her cup of tea in the little boudoir that opened out on to the terrace garden, with its big bamboos and yucca and dracæna trees, when Mr Tom Dupuy was announced by Rosina as wishing to see her.

'Show him in, Rosina,' Nora said with a smile, 'and ask Aunt Chauncy to send me up another tea-cup.—Good evening, Tom. I'm afraid you'll find it a little dull here, as it happens, this evening, for papa's gone down to Port-of-Spain on business, and as you'll have nobody to talk with you to-night about the prospects of the year's sugar crop.'

Tom Dupuy seated himself on the ottoman beside her with evidently lively 'Oh, it don't matter a bit, Nora,' he answered with his own peculiar gallantry. 'I don't mind. In fact, I came over on purpose this evening, knowing Uncle Theodore was out, because I'd got something very particular I wanted to talk over with you in private.'

'Indeed,' Nora answered emphatically. 'I'm surprised to hear it. I assure you, I am. I am absolutely ignorant on the subject of cane culture.'

'Girls brought up in England mostly are,' Tom Dupuy replied with the air of a man who generously makes a great concession. 'They don't appear to feel much interest in sugar, like other people. I suppose in England there's nothing much grown except corn and cattle.—But that wasn't what I came over to talk about to-night, Nora. I've got something on my mind that I've thought I'd have been thinking over, and I want to make a proposition to you about it.'

'Well, Tom?'

'Well, Nora, you see, it's like this. As you know, Orange Grove is land the best of me, and it's in time, he'll give it to you, of course. But Pimento Valley's entailed on me, and that being so, Uncle Theodore has taken it on himself during his lifetime, so that of course, whatever I put up in it in the way of permanent improvements is really put in building upon property that's not my own property.'

'I understand. Quite so.—Have a cup of tea.'

'Thank you.—Well, Pimento Valley, you know, is one of the very best sugar plantations in the whole island. I've introduced the patent Demerara evaporators in the centrifugal process, and I've imported some of those new Indian mangoes that everybody's talking about, to kill all the cockroaches and lizards. I came through the hurricane over from Mauritius, and there's not a more excellent property in Trinidad. Why, Nora, I've lately shown you the profit part of the figures, and it's stood at twenty-nine, seven, seventy, giving a yield, you know, of something like one hundred pounds for the average to the acre of canes under cultivation.'

Nora held up her fan quickly to another yawn. 'I dare-say it did, Tom,' she murmured with obvious vacuity, 'but, you know, I told you I didn't understand anything about sugar, and you said it wasn't about that that you wanted to talk to me in private this evening.'

'Yes, yes, Nora, you're quite right, of course. It's about a far deeper and more interesting subject than sugar that I am going to speak to you.' (Nora mentally guessed it was to be rum.) 'I only mentioned those figures, you see, just to show you the sort of thing we're making now at Pimento Valley. Let you, we did have

hundred hogsheads, and two hundred and eighty fine puncheons. A man who does a return like that, of course, must naturally be making a very tidy round little income.'

'I'm awfully glad to hear it, I'm sure, for your sake,' Nora answered unconcernedly.

'I thought you would be, Nora, I was sure you would be. Naturally, it's a matter that touches us both very closely. You see, as you're to inherit Orange Grove, and as I'm to inherit Pimento Valley, Uncle Theodore and I think it would be a great pity that the two old estates—the estates bound up so intimately with the name and fame of the fighting Dupuys—should ever be divided or go out of the family. So we've agreed together, Uncle Theodore and I, that I should—well, that I should endeavour to unite them by mutual arrangement.'

'I don't exactly understand,' Nora said, as yet quite unsuspicious of his real meaning.

'Why, you know, Nora, a man can't live upon sugar and rum alone.'

'Certainly not,' Nora interrupted, 'even if he were confirmed drunkard, it would be quite impossible. He must have something solid often enough to eat as well.'

'Ah, yes,' Tom said, in a sentimental tone, endeavouring to use as far as he was able to the height of the occasion. 'And he must have something more than that, Nora. He must have sympathy, he must have affection, he must have a companion in life, he must have somebody, you know, to sit at the head of his table, and to—to—to ——'

'Do poor out tea for him,' Nora suggested blandly, filling his cup once all time.

Tom reddened a little. It wasn't exactly the idea he wanted, and he began to have a faint uneasy current of suspicion that Nora was quietly laughing at him in her sleeve. 'Ah, well, to pour out tea for him,' he went on, somewhat suspiciously, 'and share his joys and sorrows, and his hopes and aspirations ——'

'About the sugar crop?' Nora put in once more, with provoking calmness.

'Well, Nora, you may smile if you like,' Tom said warmly, 'but this is a very serious subject, I can tell you, for both of us. What I mean to say is that Uncle Theodore and I have settled it would be a very good thing, indeed if we two were to get up a match between us.'

'A match between you,' Nora echoed in a puzzled manner—'a match between papa and you, Tom? What at? Billiards? Cricket? Long jumping?'

I am fairly lost his temper. 'Nonsense, Nora,' he said testily. 'You know as well what I mean as I do. Not a match between Uncle Theodore and me, but a match between you and me—the heir and heiress of Orange Grove and Pimento Valley.'

Nora stared at him with irrepressible laughter twinkling suddenly out of all the corners of her merry little mouth and puckered eyelids. 'Between you and me, Tom, she repeated mere dulously—'between you and me, did you say? Between you and me now? Why, Tom, do you really mean this for a sort of an offhand casual proposal?'

'Oh, you may laugh if you like,' Tom Dupuy replied evasively, at once assuming the defensive, as boors always do by instinct under similar circumstances. 'I know the ways of you girls that have been brought up at high-falutin schools over in England. You think West Indian gentlemen aren't good enough for you, and you go running after cavalry officer fellows, or else after some confounded upstart woolly headed mulatto or other, who come out from England. I know the ways of you. But you may laugh as you like. I see you don't mean to listen to me now, but you'll have to listen to me in the end, for Uncle Theodore and I have made up our minds about it, and what a Dupuy makes up his mind about, he generally sticks to, and there's no turning him. So in the end, I know, Nora, you'll have to marry me.'

'You seem to forget,' Nora said haughtily, 'that I too am a Dupuy as much as you are.'

'Ah, but you're only a woman, and that's very different. I don't mind a bit about your marrying me so to say. It seems I've tipped the puncheon a bit too early, that's all. Leave the liquor alone, and it will mature of itself in time in its own cellar sooner or later, Nora, you see if you don't marry me.'

'But, Tom,' Nora cried, she had lost serious now for a moment by his sudden outburst of native vulgarity, 'this is really so unexpected and so unkind. We are cousins, you know. I've never thought of you at all in any way except as a man I didn't mean to be rude to you, but your proposal and your way of putting it took me really so much by surprise.'

'Oh, if that's all you mean,' Tom Dupuy answered, somewhat mollified, 'I don't mind your hesitating, my dear, happens. All I mind is your saying you don't like me outright to me. If you want time to consider ——'

'Never!' Nora interrupted quickly in a sharp voice of unswerving firmness.

'Never, Nora? Never? Why never?'

'Because, Tom, I don't care for you, I can't care for you, and I never will care for you. Is that plain enough?'

Tom stared his cousin and looked at her doubtfully, as a man looks at an impaired horse of doubtful temper. 'Well, he said, 'Nora, you're a fine one, you are—a very fine one. I know what this means. I've seen it before lots of times. You want to marry some woolly headed brown man. I hear you were awfully thick with some of those people on board the Seven. That's what always comes of sending West Indian girls to be educated in England. You'll have to marry me in the end, though, all the same, because of the property. Put you just mark my words: if you don't marry me, as sure as fate, you'll finish with marrying a woolly headed mulatto.'

Nora rose to her full height with offended dignity. 'Tom Dupuy,' she said angrily, 'you insult me! Leave the house, sir, this minute, or I shall retire to my room. Get back to your sugar canes and your centrifugals until you've learned better manners.'

'Upon my word,' Tom said aloud, as if to himself, rising to go, and flicking his boot carelessly with his riding whip, 'I admire her all

the more when she's in a temper. She's one of your high steppers, she is. She's no common fine girl, too—hangd if she isn't—and, sooner or later, she'll have to marry me.'

Nora swept out of the boudoir without another word, and walked with a stately tread into her own room. But before she got there, the ludicrous side of the thing had once more overcome her, and she flung herself on a couch in uncontrollable fits of childish laughter. 'Oh, Aunt Dummy,' she cried, 'bring me my tea in here, will you? I really think I shall die of laughing at Mr Tom there.'

CHAPTER XVI

For a few days, the Hawthorns had plenty of callers—but all gentlemen. Marian did not go down to receive them. Edward saw them by himself in the drawing room, a captain, their excuses with polite inquiries, and dismissing them as soon as possible by a certainly quiet and taciturn demeanour. Such a singularly silent man as the new judge, everybody said, had never before been known in the district of Westmoreland.

One afternoon, however, when the two Hawthorns were sitting out under the spreading mango tree in the back ground, forgetting their doubts and hesitations in a quiet chat, Thomas came out to inform them duly that two gentlemen and a lady were waiting to see them in the big bare drawing room. Marian sighed a sigh of profound relief. 'A lady at last,' she said hopefully. 'Perhaps, Edward they've begun to find out, after all, that they've made some mistake in other. Can—can my wicked person, I wonder, have been spreading around some horrid report about me, that's now discovered to be a mere falsehood?'

'It's incomprehensible,' Edward answered moodily. 'The more I puzzle over it, the less I understand it. But as a lady has called at last, of course, darling, you'd better come in at once and see her.'

They walked together, full of curiosity, into the drawing room. The two gentlemen rose simultaneously as they entered. To Marian's surprise, it was Dr Whitaker and his father, and with them had come—a brown lady.

Marian was unaffectedly glad to see their late travelling companion, but it was certainly a shock to her, unprejudiced as she was, that the very first and only woman who had called upon her in Trinidad should be a mulatto. However, she tried to bear her disappointment bravely, and set down to do the honours as well as she was able to her unexpected visitors.

'My daughtah!' the elder brown man said ostentatiously, with an expansive wave of his greasy left hand towards the mulatto lady—'Miss Euphemia Powell Buxton Duchess of Sutherland Whitaker.'

Marian acknowledged the introduction with a slight bow, and bit her lip. She stole a look at Dr Whitaker, and saw at once upon his face an unwonted expression of profound dejection and disappointment.

'An' how do you like Trinidad, Mis Hawtorn?' Miss Euphemia asked with a saucy simper, while Edward began engaging in conversation with the two men. 'You find de excessiveness of de temperature prejudicial to salubrity, after de delicious equability of de English climate?'

'Well,' Marian replied smiling, 'I certainly do find it very hot.'

'Oh, exceedingly,' Mrs Euphemia replied, as she mopped her forehead vigorously with a highly scented lace edged cambric pocket handkerchief. 'De heat is most oppressive, an' unendurable. I could wring out my handkerchief, I swore you, Mis Hawtorn, wit de extraordinary profusion of my perspiration.'

'But this is summer,' you must remember,' Dr Whitaker put in nervously, and assuming in vain to divert attention for the moment from Miss Euphemia's conversational peculiarities. 'In winter, you know, we shall have quite delightful English weather on the hills—quite delightful English weather.'

'Ah, yes,' the father went on with a loyal smile. 'In winter, Mis Hawtorn, ma'am, you will be glad to drink a glass of rum and milk some time. I tell you, to warm de blood in dese chilly hills.'

The talk went on for a while about such ordinary social topics, and then at last Miss Euphemia happen to remark confidentially to Marian, that that very day her cousin, Mr Septimius Whitaker, had been married at eleven o'clock down at the cathedral.

'Indeed,' Marian said, with some polite show of interest. 'And did you go to the wedding, Miss Whitaker?'

Miss Euphemia drew herself up with great dignity. 'She was a good King, Marian, round faced, very much flattened nose, and dark in complexion as her brother the doctor, but much more decidedly thick lipped and flat nosed.' 'O no, she said, with every trace of offended prejudice. 'We didn't at all approve of de match, me an' Septimius wa' unhappily married.' 'De lady, I regret to say, was a Sambo.'

'A what?' Marian inquired curiously.

'A Sambo, a Sambo gal,' Miss Euphemia replied in a shrill cackle indeed.

'Oh, indeed,' Marian assented in a tone which clearly showed she didn't the faintest idea of Miss Euphemia's meaning.

'A Sambo,' Mr Whitaker the elder said, smiling and coming to her rescue—'a Sambo, Mis Hawtorn, is one of de inferior degrees in de classified scale and hierarchy of colour. De offspring of an African and a white man is a mulatto—dat, madam, is my complexion. De offspring of a mulatto and a white man is a quadroon—dat is de grade immediately superior. But de offspring of a mulatto and a negro is a Sambo—dat is de class just beneath us. De cause of complaint alleged by de family against our nephew Septimius is dis—dat he, himself a mulatto—de very first remove from de pure blooded white man—he has chosen to ally himself in marriage wit a Sambo gal—de second and inferior remove in de same progression. De family feels dat in dis course Septimius has totoughly and irremediably disgraced himself.'

'And for dat reason, added Miss Euphemia with stately coldness, 'none of de ladies in de brown society of Trinidad have been present at dis morning's ceremony. De gentlemen went, but de ladies didn't.'

'It seems to me,' Dr Whitaker said, in a pained and humiliated tone, 'that we oughtn't to be making these absurd distinctions of minute hue between ourselves, but ought rather to be trying our best to break down the whole barrier of time honoured prejudice by which the coloured race, as a race, is so surrounded.—Don't you agree with me, Mr Hawthorn?'

'Pho!' Miss Euphemia exclaimed, with evident disgust. 'Just listen to Willoughby! He has no proper pride in his family or in his colour. He would go and shake hands with any vulgar, dirty, nigger woman, I believe, as black as the poker; his ideas are so common!—Willoughby, I declare, I'm quite ashamed of you!'

Dr Whitaker played nervously with the knob of his walking stick. 'I feel sure, Euphemia,' he said at last, 'that petty discriminations between shade and shade are the true disgrace and ruin of our brown people. In despising one another, or boasting over one another, for an extra fraction or so of white blood, we are implicitly admitting in principle the claim of white people to look down upon all of us impartially as inferior creatures.—Don't you think so, Mr Hawthorn?'

'I quite agree with you,' Edward answered warmly. 'The principle's obvious.'

Dr Whitaker looked pleased and flattered. Edward stole a glance at Marian, and neither could resist a faint smile at Miss Euphemia's prejudices of colour, in spite of their passing doubts and preoccupations. And yet, they didn't even then begin to perceive the true meaning of the situation. They had not long to wait, however, for before the Whitakers rose to take their departure, Thomas came in with a couple of cards to announce Mr Theodore Dupuy, and his nephew Mr Tom Dupuy of Plantation Valley.

The Whitakers went off shortly, Miss Euphemia especially in very high spirits, because Mrs Hawthorn had shaken hands in the most cordial manner with her, before the face of the two white men. Edward and Marian would fain have refused to see the Dupuys, as they hadn't thought fit to bring even Nora with them, and at that last mysterious insult—a dagger to let heart the tears come up irresistibly to poor worried Marian's swimming eyelids. But Thomas had brought the visitors in before the Whitakers were to go, and so there was nothing left but to get through the interview somehow, with what grace they could manage to muster.

'We had hoped to see Nora long before this,' Edward Hawthorn said pointedly to Mr Dupuy—after a few preliminary polite inanities—half hoping thus to bring things at last to a positive crisis. 'My wife and she were school girls together, you know, and we saw so much of one another on the way out. We have been quite looking forward to her paying us a visit.'

Mr Dupuy drew himself up very stiffly, and answered in a tone of the chillest order. 'I don't know to whom you can be alluding, sir, when you speak of "Nora," but if you refer to my daughter, Miss Dupuy, I regret to say she is suffering just at present from—ur—a severe indisposition, which unfortunately prevents her from paying a call on Mrs Hawthorn.'

Edward coughed an angry little cough, which Marian saw at once meant a fixed determination to pursue the matter to the bitter end. 'Miss Dupuy herself requested me to call her Nora,' he said, 'on our journey over, during which we naturally became very intimate, as she was put in charge of my wife at Southampton, by her aunt in England. If she had not done so, I should never have dreamt of addressing her, or speaking of her, by her Christian name. As she did do so, however, I shall take the liberty of continuing to call her by that name, until I receive a request to desist from her own lips. We have long been expecting a call, I repeat, Mr Dupuy, from your daughter Nora.'

'Sir!' Mr Dupuy exclaimed angrily, the blood of the fighting Dupuys was boiling up now strongly within him.

'We have been expecting her,' Edward Hawthorn repeated firmly, 'and I must insist upon knowing the reason why you have not brought her with you.'

'I have already said, sir,' Mr Dupuy answered, rising and growing purple in the face, 'that my daughter is suffering from a severe indisposition.'

'And I refuse,' Edward replied, in his sternest tone, rising also, 'to accept that flimsy excuse—in short, I call it by its proper name that transparent falsehood. If you do not tell me the true reason at once, much as I respect and like Miss Dupuy, I shall have to ask you, sir, to leave my house immediately.'

A light seemed to burst suddenly upon the passionate planter, which altered his face entirely, by gradual changes, from livid blue to bright scarlet. The corners of his mouth began to turn up and ways in a solemnly ludicrous fashion, the crow's feet about his eyes first relaxed and then tightened deeply, his whole frame seemed to be inwardly shaken by a kind of suppressed impalpable laughter. 'Why, Tom,' he exclaimed, turning with a curious half comical look to his wondering nephew, 'do you know—upon my word—I really believe—no, it can't be possible—but I really believe—they don't even now know anything at all about it!'

'Explain yourself,' Edward said sternly, placing himself between Mr Dupuy and the door, as if in purport to bar the passage outward.

'If you really don't know about it, Mr Dupuy said slowly, with an unusual burst of generosity for him, 'why, then, I admit, the insult to Miss Dupuy is—is—is less deliberately intentional than I at first sight imagined.—But no, no, you must know all about it already. You can't still remain in ignorance. It's impossible, quite impossible.'

'I explain,' Edward reiterated incoherently.

'You compel me!'

'I compel you!'

'You'd better not, you won't like it!'

'I insist upon it!'

'Well, really, since you make a point of it—but there, you've been brought up like a gentleman, Mr Hawthorn, and you've married a wife who, as I learn from my daughter, is well connected, and has been brought up like a lady, and I don't want to hurt your feelings needlessly. I can understand that under such circumstances'——

'Explain. Say what you have to say; I can endure it!'

'Tom!' Mr Dupuy murmured imploringly, turning to his nephew. After all, the elder man was something of a gentleman, he shrank from speaking out that horrid secret.

'Well, you see, Mr Hawthorn,' Tom Dupuy went on, taking up the parable with a sardonic smile—for he had no such scruples—'my uncle naturally felt that with a man of *your colour* ——' He paused significantly.

Edward Hawthorn's colour at that particular moment was vivid crimson. The next instant it was marble white. 'A man of my colour!' he exclaimed, drawing back in extreme amazement, not unmingled with horror, and flinging up his arms wildly—'a man of my colour! For heaven's sake, sir, what, in the name of goodness, do you mean by a man of my colour?'

'Why, of course,' Tom Dupuy replied mildly and coolly, 'seeing that you're a brown man yourself, and that your father and mother were brown people before you, naturally, my uncle'——

Marian burst forth into a little cry of intense excitement. It wasn't horror, it wasn't anger, it wasn't disappointment; it was simply relief from the long agony of that endless, horrible suspense.

'We can bear it all, Edward,' she cried aloud cheerfully, almost joyously—'we can bear it all! My darling, my darling, it is nothing, nothing, nothing!'

And regardless of the two men, who stood there still, cynical and silent, watching the effect of their unexpected thunderbolt, the poor young wife flung her arms wildly around her newly wedded husband, and smothered him in a perfect torrent of passionate kisses.

But as for Edward, he stood there tall, as white, as cold, and as motionless as a statue.

(To be continued.)

CANAL NAVIGATIONS

Until the middle of the last century, our forefathers thought far more of foreign enterprise than of the internal communications of their own island. An Englishman of the time of Elizabeth might be acquainted with all the intricacies of the Arctic Ocean or of the West Indies, but it by no means followed that he was able to sketch a map of his own country. The sea was the great highway of trade and time, and the commercial towns were all seaports.

Previous to the accession of George III., the communications throughout England were of the most wretched kind, the great highways being simply the worn out tracks of the old Roman roads. The manufactures of our country, springing into notice, were greatly hampered by this lack of communication, few facilities for carriage existing, and distant markets being beyond reach. The little carrying trade was necessarily of the slowest and most expensive kind, and goods were conveyed to the nearest port or navigable river, generally by long strings of packhorses, less frequently by the slow clumsy stage wagon. Packhorses conveyed from the Severn the clay used in the Potteries, bringing back in return coarse earthenware for export. The cloth manufacturer of Yorkshire saddled his horse with his wares and travelled from fair to fair as his own salesman, and the little cotton wool in the Manchester looms was transported from Liverpool in the same primitive fashion.

This was the state of the communications in England in 1767, when the Duke of Bridgewater, having been crossed in love by one of the beautiful Miss Gunnings, turned his attention to the more practical employment of canal construction. His idea was to construct a waterway, or 'navigation,' from his collieries to Manchester, a distance of ten miles. Short as this distance appears in our time, it offered—what it would appear in these days, that the supply of fuel was always limited and uncertain. The duke, who was desirous of engaging an engineer to put his idea into practical form, was advised to employ the famous millwright Brindley, who had already made himself a name in the district for his clever contrivances in the pottery works and the silk factories. Like many others who have risen to fame, Brindley was a self made man. In his natural born genius, there were united two characteristics which are necessary to all such pioneers—great perseverance, and a confidence in his own judgment which overcame all the adverse criticism of the multitude. His diary, which is extant, shows his schooleducation to have been of the scantiest, the world, spelt in the broad Staffordshire dialect, and the painfully cribbed writing, evoke alternately our amusement and our respect, which it shows through out the dogged determination of the individual to overcome difficulty.

Brindley was no sooner installed as engineer of the works than he completely altered the duke's plan. To construct the proposed canal—or 'navigation,' as Brindley has it—it was necessary to cross the river Irwell, and it was here that he first showed his marvellous courage and skill. The duke's plan had been to drop the canal by a series of locks to the level of the river, and to raise it again on the farther side by the same means. But Brindley, who foresaw that locks would always prove a great hindrance to traffic, decided that the canal should not change its level, but should cross the river on a stone aqueduct. Nothing of the kind had ever before been attempted in this country, and, to ordinary minds, the idea of boats, laden with coals, sailing, as it were, in mid air, seemed preposterous. It must be allowed, to the everlasting credit of the duke, that, although somewhat uncertain in his own mind as to the result of the scheme, he nevertheless allowed Brindley to proceed. In spite of general ridicule, the works were commenced, the aqueduct was built, and derision was turned into amazement when the canal boats passed over and the structure showed no sign of collapse. The packhorses were dispensed with, and the price of coal in Manchester fell to one half. The success, both to the projector and the community, was so complete, that the duke at once sought further powers to extend the canal westward, and thus to open communication with the port of Liverpool. After much opposition from landowners and others, Brindley commenced this extension, but although no great engineering difficulties were encountered, the expenditure for some years had been so heavy that the want of money threatened to

offer a serious obstacle to the completion of the scheme. The duke's credit became so low that the greatest task of the week was the collecting of a sufficient amount to pay the wages of the labourers on the works, and it was only by much scheming and economy that the works were at length completed.

Meanwhile, the Staffordshire Potteries had begun to clamour for a waterway, and Brindley had undertaken the survey of a canal which was to connect them with the Trent and Mersey. Wedgwood, the great potter, gave all his influence to a scheme for uniting his factories with the sea, and even removed his works to a site on the proposed canal, known henceforth by the ancient name of Etruria. The great undertaking in the construction of this canal was the tunnel, a mile and a half in length, under that part of the Pennine chain which separates Staffordshire from Cheshire. This tunnel was to constitute the highest point or 'summit level' of the canal, and the supply of water was to be obtained from a system of reservoirs situated at a still higher elevation and fed by the surrounding hills. But tunnelling was a new experiment in engineering, many unforeseen difficulties arose to hinder the work, and it was only after eleven years of heavy anxiety and stubborn perseverance that this last link in the communication was completed. The carriage of a ton of goods from Liverpool to Etruria, which had cost under the old system fifty shillings, was reduced to one-fourth. This tunnel, the pioneer of many miles of tunnelling since constructed, still exists. It is simply a long culvert, just large enough to allow of the passage of a single barge. There is no accommodation for hauling the traffic through, and the barges are consequently propelled from end to end by the exertions of the bargemen alone. Fifty years after it construction, the traffic on the canal had increased to such an extent that the mouths of the tunnel were perpetually blocked by a crowd of boats waiting to pass through, and the fights and quarrels among the bargemen for first place were a disgrace to the Canal Company. After much pressure, the authorities called in the Scotch engineer Telford, and to him was intrusted the construction of a second tunnel. The want of suitable machinery, of skilled labour and of money, were obstacles comparatively unknown to Telford, and the new tunnel, large enough to allow of a towing path, was constructed in three years. The two works, side by side, represent fifty years' progress in the science of engineering.

But to return to Brindley and his triumphs. In North Warwickshire, a colony of iron workers had sprung up in the midst of a plain, worn into narrow 'hollow ways' by the tread of the ubiquitous packhorse. The few letters sent to this large village of blacksmiths were addressed 'Birmingham, near Colshill,' this latter place being the nearest point on the high road. Through this district, Brindley succeeded in cutting a canal from the Trent to the Severn, and thus Birmingham, the Potteries, and Manchester were each connected with the Irish and North Seas.

Brindley's last great work was the projection of a canal from Leeds to Liverpool, but owing partly to the difficulties of the country passed through, and partly to the scarcity of labourers through the continental wars, the canal was not completed throughout until 1816, long after Brindley's death. The summit of this canal is in the wild and stony district of Pendle Forest, where are situated the great reservoirs—one being over a hundred acres in extent—which feed the higher levels of the canal with water. These reservoirs are maintained in repair and efficiency at the present day by the owners of the numerous stone quarries of the district, to whom the canal offers great facilities for transit.

Under Rennie and Telford, canal construction was continued, and old methods were improved upon. The Barton aqueduct of Brindley sank into insignificance before the works of these later engineers, whose canals, instead of winding round the hillsides to avoid cuttings, were led through hills and over valleys regardless of obstacles. Besides the completion of English canals, we owe to these two men the construction of the canal from the Forth to the Clyde and the Caledonian Canal, in Scotland, and the two parallel canals in Ireland which connect Dublin with the Atlantic. Thus, in half a century was the country covered with a network of waterways, giving an impetus to manufactures which had hitherto been shut out from foreign markets.

About the end of last century, a great impulse was given to the traffic on the canals by a Mr Baxendale, the agent of Pickford, the well-known carrier. By his efforts, a thorough system of canal communication was established and maintained, and greater punctuality was observed in the arrival and departure of the boats. Express or fly boats also came into use for the more important merchandise and for passenger traffic. On the Bridgwater Canal, they plied with passengers between Manchester and Liverpool, and in the neighbourhood of the larger towns they conveyed the market women home to the surrounding villages. In 1796, many of the troops for the Irish campaign were conveyed by canal from London to Liverpool. When the railway systems were projected, some of their greatest opponents were the canal Companies, who fancied they saw in the new mode of transit, utter ruin to their own traffic. It was said that the canals would soon become useless and overgrown with weeds, and it was even proposed to buy up the canal Companies, fill in the water channels, and lay down the line of rails in their stead. But in spite of all these dark forebodings, and notwithstanding the utility of the new method as compared with the old, the canals still maintain their ground. Their traffic since the advent of the railways has steadily increased, canal shares are usually considered safe stock, and therefore seldom change hands. Both systems of communication have their advantages, and whilst the locomotive is the great economizer of time, there are many articles of commerce, in the shape of building materials and fragile goods, in the carrying of which the canals are more suitable. They remain at the present day a lasting and still useful monument to the English enterprise and perseverance of the last century.

To turn to the present century: M de Lesseps

has been so successful with the Suez Canal, and promises to be with the Panama one, that it is no wonder that he should have many followers, and it is to be noted that the canals proposed now are all on the large scale—canals for ships of large size. They are mostly through narrow necks of land, although one of them is to connect an inland town, Manchester, about thirty miles from salt water, directly with the sea. The Isthmus of Corinth is the site of another, and still another is to run into the great Sahara of Africa and convert it into a great salt water lake. How long this lake would take to fill up with solid salt is a mere question, which we have not sufficient means of determining, as the other 'salt lakes' of the world we all sup plied with fresh water, and have only as yet attained to a more or less briny state.

AN IRISH TRAVELLING THEATRE

Many people who have heard of a travelling theatre may find perhaps the following, peep behind the scenes somewhat interesting.

On a cold, black day towards the end of October 1886, I received the following letter:

'Respected Lady—I is in a stress, and have a travelling theatre. We came to this village two days ago, but the times is bad, and business so slack, I has had to sell most all the theatrical wardrobe, and my concert is has but little left as we can wear. Respected lady, I write to ask you to have the kind to help me and my company. Any evening dresses, special fallal dresses, no matter how old, and any unused flowers, will be thankful received by one who set and health is alike fashion. Respected Lady, I has a large family to provide for, and my old stockings and shoes I pray you to bestow, lady. My daughter is waiting for an answer. We has a benefit for her to-night. Any clothes, lady, looks well on the stage. Reserved seats fourpence, and pit twopence.—Yours respectful to command,

Madeline Emerson,
or Mary Travers.'

I went for the bearer of the letter, who had, as intimated, waited for my reply. A little girl of about eight years old appeared, and bowed to me very gravely. She was thinly and poorly clad, and looked miserably cold and wretched. Her little feet were without stockings, and red from exposure; they peeped through her broken shoes.

When I asked her would she like some food while she waited, her poor pinched little face brightened as she eagerly said, 'Yes, lady, if you please. I have had no breakfast, and I am so hungry.' So, while she partook of the meal she so much needed, I collected what clothes I could, and gave them to her, promising to have some more on the morrow, when I desired her to call again. She did so, bringing with her a letter full of expressions of gratitude from her mother for the help I had given. It was on this occasion I heard from little Mary the following history of a travelling theatre:

'We came to this village two days ago. Our theatre is erected in the street, and we call ourselves the Emerson Company. That's my mother's name, and it sounds grander like than my father's, which is Flanagan. There are six of us alive, but my eldest sister is married these two years, and has a theatre of her own. We mostly marry into the profession, for we find it more useful, she tells I. My big sister at home is fourteen, and we hand two. Next to her, then I come, and I am eight, and my only brother, who comes next to me, is six. No more of us act, because Ma is not mind the baby while mother is a-tang. My sister dances and sings beautifully, and for an Irish jig you never saw the like of her, she's that good. But she gets frightfully tired, for she has heart disease, and the doctor says is how she may die any minute. I can sing, too,' she continued proudly, 'and I could dance on the "tight wire" too, but I fell off it two years ago. Because I forgot to rub my feet in a white powder we have to use before going on, and since then I am afraid. But my little brother can, and he can turn a somersault on the wire and jump through. He can throw the knives as high as that, catching with his hands a distance of three or four feet—and can bring the sharp points of the blades on to the palms of his hand without so much as giving them a scratch.'

'How can he do that, if the knives are so sharp?'

'Well, you see, lady, father has a big pot of stuff like bear's oil—I don't know its real name—and my brother rubs his hands all over with some of it—very little does, then the knives cannot cut him. It will only come off again by washing his hands in another thing water.'

'How many are there in your company?'

'We have only three at present, she replied, besides the family. When we want more, my mamma sets hands us one or two out of her troupe, but of course we pay them. Those we have now get very fair one, six shillings a night, and the other two get three shillings and half a crown. If we have a good take at the door, father will give them an extra shilling apiece all round, but some nights they get all we make, and we get none. We only took one pound between these two night. Business is slack, but maybe we'll make more soon, when the people in the country hear of us, for we are a most respectable company,' she added proudly. 'In the last village we were in, we "took" a lot because we had the wonderful speaking pony "Jack." But another company as had a travelling theatre too, came while we were there, and as they were poorer than we were, father, who is real good to any one in the profession, lent them the pony.'

'And what could this wonderful pony do?'

'He could most speak, lady, he was that clever. At Pounds Place—that's where we were before we came here—we lodged with a grocer in the village. He had a little girl as used to steal sweets out of the bottle from behind the counter in the shop, and the pony found it out, and told on her.'

'How did he do that? Tell me some of this clever animal's tricks.'

'Well, lady, you see, the night father and Jack came on the platform as usual. First, father says, "Now, Jack, who is the biggest

rogue in the theatre?" The pony walked round and bowed at every one, and then came back and stood before father and nodded his head twice, which meant, "I am." But that's only a part of the play, lady; father isn't really a rogue—he's a real good. Then father says a man "I wonder, Jack, could you discover who likes a good pinch of snuff?" Jack looked about, and walked a few steps and then stopped before the old woman who sell apples round the corner. 'It's quite true,' continued the child, 'for she used to buy it where we lodged—After this father said "Now, Jack, as you are so clever, tell the company which of all the little girls present likes sweets, and is in the habit of stealing them?"—and if Jack didn't find out Mollie—that's the little girl as I told you of, lady—and he nodded and nodded his head ever so often, to show he was quite sure it was Mollie! She was very angry, and began to cry, and told Jack as how she didn't steal them. But he knew it was a lie, added Mary, 'for he would not go away though father called him. And Mollie, she was that mad, she would never, never come inside the theatre, she said, because the pony told his of her before every one!'

'We have different plays each night, and have beautiful "cuts." Some nights, when the reserved seats are mostly empty, we have only singing and dancing. My sister loses a lot of steps then, and when she comes off the stage she is well nigh dead, she is so hot and tired. Mother is tired every day, for she cooks nearly all night. We are mostly all tired,' the child continued, 'for its twelve o'clock, and often one, before we get to bed any night. Then there is a rehearsal every day at twelve o'clock. Mother never gets up till 'tis time to go to it.—Our tent was partly blown down last night, lady, for it blew very hard, and it was much damaged. Every strip of canvas costs six shillings, and it takes a great many to make a tent. Mother and the company are mending it now, while I am here.'

'How long will you remain in our village?'

'Maybe a week longer, or maybe two,' answered the child, 'it all depends on this "take" we have. We were six weeks in Pounds Place, but we've only made enough these two nights here to pay the company, and had nothing for ourselves. We are often hungry, Jim and me.

'Do you like being an actress, and wearing all those bright dresses, and singing for people who applaud and praise you?'

'O no, lady, I hate the life,' she replied, 'and the audience are cross often, if they don't like the piece and what we do, and then I get frightened. Then father sings a comic song, and they all mostly like that.'

'How do you manage to take the tent, its fittings, and your wardrobe about from place to place?'

'We have a big wagon as holds everything, and the horse and the donkey they draw it. Then father hires a car for us, and another for the company, and we travel from village to village that way. We go to the towns in winter. Our theatre is well known, and in some places we make six pounds, and maybe seven or eight, in one night. Other times we might only take—as we've done here—ten shillings. We never go in debt, she added. 'Mother sells our wardrobe when we are very poor, and then she asks kind ladies to help us by giving us their old clothes. Anything does for the stage so long as it's bright. Once mother got a dress from a lady all over silver stars, and she wore it when she is the Queen. I doesn't mean she is a real queen, but one in the play. But that's worn out now,' she added sadly.

'I mustn't be going now,' Mary said, getting up; 'and I'm very thankful entirely, lady. Maybe you would send the servants to morrow night to the theatre, for Jim is having his benefit. We don't have any real ladies come, or I'd be real glad to see you,' she concluded ingenuously.

Accordingly, I sent the servants, and from them I heard that the theatre was the most wretched place imaginable. A small tent, in many places broken and saturated with rain, which had been falling heavily, was pitched in the principal street in the village. A few forms served as reserved seats, whilst those who could not afford this luxury, stood in groups behind. The stage was raised some three or four feet from the ground by means of some barrels, on which long planks of wood were arranged in rows to form a platform. A few candles placed along the edge of it served for footlights, whilst large gaudy 'cuts,' representing some specially attractive character in the several plays acted, formed the scenery, as Mary had stated; and on the occasion in question, when singing and dancing were the only entertainments provided, the audience were asked if they wished to come upon the stage and dance an Irish jig or horn pipe. One man accepted the invitation, and danced both so well and with such a will, amusing the people so effectually, that fully half an hour's profit was enjoyed by the tired, weary company of the travelling theatre.

INDIAN SERVANTS

A somewhat wide-spread opinion prevails in this country that our Anglo-Indian friends, with their handsome rupee-rich-based salaries, are in the habit of living more than comfortably, if not luxuriously, in the far East. But, in reality, whatever may have been the case formerly, in what were called 'the good old times,' this is not so nowadays, and we should remember that what in England may justly be considered to be a luxury, in a tropical climate like India often becomes a necessity. Our countrymen now—unlike their predecessors, who lived like princes, spent their money freely, and made India their home—wisely adopt the opposite course, and look forward to the time when they may retire on a pension, and pass the remainder of their days in old England.

Perhaps the chief cause which has given rise to the erroneous impression above referred to is the number of native servants which the young Anglo-Indian usually entertains on first taking up his appointment in the Civil Service, the military profession, or other line of business, as the case may be. His mother and sisters are astonished to learn by the first letter received from Jack or Harry—fresh from school, and perhaps hardly out of his teens

—that already he has enlisted into his service no fewer than seven or eight attendants, and not comprehending the rights of the case, are apt to mistake on youthful extravagance. This, however, is a mistake on their part, which we will endeavour to explain, at the same time offering a few remarks, for the benefit of our countrymen duly leaving our shores for India, on native servants in general, their duties, peculiarities, and the best way of treating them to meet with success. But before taking them individually, it is with regret we feel compelled to allude to a practice not unfrequently indulged in by the young and thoughtless, of constantly using native terms of abuse to their attendants for the most trivial faults. This is a habit much to be deprecated. The natives of India are extraordinary judges of character, and quickly lose all respect for a master who demeans himself in this manner, and no native servant of any worth will permit himself to be called and knocked about, and, rather than submit to such treatment, will give up his place immediately. The submissive air and humble bearing of the natives of India should dissuade sufficient to deter a European, and prevent him from ever lifting his hand against one of them, even when provoked to the utmost by some gross act of carelessness or stupidity. A little patience and kindness, coupled with firm and firmness, will generally produce the desired effect, and is much to be preferred to harshness and constant abuse.

The young Anglo-Indian, on reaching his destination, we will suppose, some up-country station in the North-western Provinces of Bengal or the Punjab, will, generally speaking, require the following servants: a *bearer* or personal attendant, *Khitmutgar* or table attendant, *khansamah* or cook, *dhobie* or washerman, *mehter* or sweeper, *syce* or groom, and a grass-cutter to provide fodder for his pony, and throughout the hot weather months, two additional *coolies* will be necessary to keep the punkah moving throughout the exhausting nights of the season.

On first landing from the steamer at the end of the voyage, the young Anglo-Indian is sure to be met by numerous applicants for service. The door of his hotel will be thronged by eager candidates for situations, but unless under exceptional circumstances, such as a fellow countryman travelling homewards, and anxious to obtain a place for a really good servant, he will act wisely in deferring making a selection until he has reached his journey's end, when, probably, he will have more time to look around and make his selection.

The first and most important servant to procure is a *bearer*, and it is by no means an easy post to fill up satisfactorily. He should be a Hindu of not too high a caste, nor, on the other hand, of the opposite extreme, a very low caste. The latter is almost certain to prove a failure. There is much to be learned from the personal appearance and style of dress of native servants. Certificates to character should be carefully examined and received with caution, for not unfrequently these documents are forgeries, or borrowed for the occasion, sometimes copies from some genuine certificate supplied to another individual. The applicant for a place should also be questioned on the why and the wherefore of his quitting his last situation. As to caste, perhaps the *Tiyar* is the best for a *bearer*. Taken generally the *Hindus* are in indolent, quiet race of beings. One of their chief occupations is carrying palanquins, but the opening of railways throughout India has in a great measure done away with this mode of travelling. It may be mentioned that the title *kahar* many years ago was also the distinctive appellation of a Hindu slave.

As head servant of the house, the *bearer* should always be well dressed, more especially so as one of his chief duties is to receive visitors at the door. He should never appear without wearing a turban, nor ever enter the house with shoes on his feet. These two latter remarks apply to every class of servant. Nor should a plea of forgetfulness for neglect of the same be ever accepted. The *bearer* is responsible for his master's clothes, he has charge of the keys. He should be the first astir in the morning, and call the "sahib" at the proper hour to dress for parade, the early walk, or ride. He dusts and arranges the different rooms while his master is out, and on the latter's return has the bath in readiness. With the exception of an hour or two about midday, when the *bearer* disappears for his dinner, he remains in the veranda or within call. He keeps account of small household expenditures, and attends his lord on the latter returning to rest, when the *bearer* makes his final salaam or obeisance, and takes his departure.

The next in importance among Indian domestic servants is the *khitmutgar* or table attendant. It need hardly be mentioned that he is invariably of the Mohammedan religion, and great care is necessary in choosing this particular servant, for among their ranks are many low, dissipated characters. A single glance at one of the latter will generally suffice to make one aware of the fact. Old grizzled, though of course less active than younger followers of the Prophet, yet often prove to be better servants in the long run. When questioned, these gentry almost invariably deny all knowledge of the English language, but, generally speaking, the Bengal *khitmutgar*, as he stands with folded arms and imperturbable countenance at the dinner-table, readily follows and fully comprehends the topic of conversation carried on by his English master.

The duties of the *khitmutgar* commence at daylight, when he puts in an appearance bearing the morning cup of tea. Unless otherwise ordered, he is only expected to be present, properly dressed, at each meal. One of his most important duties is to be able to cook fairly well when called upon to do so, more especially when his master may move into camp either on the march or on a shooting expedition. Then he is expected to show his powers in the culinary art, and, generally speaking, Mohammedan cooks acquit themselves admirably in this respect. They are especially clever at making omelettes, soufflets, and such like. It may be here mentioned, however, by way of warning to the uninitiated in such matters, that the native method of preparing a meal is not always too

not to our ideas, so that it is well to avoid visiting the cooking-tent immediately before dinner, or not improbably you will there see something or other going on not calculated to give one an appetite.

Next in our list comes the *bheestie* or water carrier, also of the Mohammedan religion, but altogether a less troublesome mortal to deal with. Generally speaking, the Bengal *bheestie* is a good, willing, hard working, servant, seldom giving trouble or requiring supervision. His chief duties are to supply the house and stables with fresh water from the best well in the neighbourhood. It is the special duty of the *bheestie* to keep the *chattie* or earthen pots of the bath-room filled with water. When water is kept up—and in hot climates there is nothing so refreshing to the eye as a few flowers and bright green shrubs around the house—it is the duty of the *bheestie* to assist the native gardener in watering the plants. He also, morning and evening sprinkles with water the flooring of the verandah, footpath, and dusty roads in the vicinity of his master's abode. This has the effect of laying the dust and cooling the air—no slight boon to exhausted Europeans during the terrible months of April and May, just before the first rainfall.

The *dhobi* or washerman is another important individual in the Anglo-Indian establishment. The great majority of *dhobies* are Hindus, but in Eastern Bengal, Mohammedan *dhobies* are often to be met with. Though given to assuming airs and importance, the *dhobie* is of low caste, generally speaking a mild inoffensive being, plying his trade industriously, and giving little trouble to his master. There is a proverbial saying that obtains among the Hindus which pronounces a *dhobie* as untrustworthy; but in reality he is no worse than his brethren in this respect. The *dhobie* is one of the first to begin himself in the early morning, and accompanied by a small *bullock* or bullock, carrying his bundle of clothes, he may be seen making his way in the direction of some tank or distant pool on the river bank. On reaching the scene of operations, he strips himself of superfluous clothing, girds up his loins, and proceeds to business. Soon the air resounds with the heavy thwacks of some article of raiment, which, twisted into a small compass, the *dhobie* turns and again whirls round his head, and brings down upon a flat piece of wood or stone placed on the margin of the water. Each blow is accompanied by a grunt from the operator, as if to give an additional impetus to the stroke. This some what rough treatment is liable to wear out fine linen all too soon, and to make buttons fly; but considering that the *dhobie* has no mangle to assist him, nor any of the ordinary appliances of a laundry, and, generally speaking, only a small smoky hovel—probably filled to overflowing with his wife and numerous children—wherein to complete his work, it is astonishing how well he acquits himself of his task; the well starched, snow white shirt fronts bearing witness to his skill and painstaking. Unless articles of clothing are plainly marked, the *dhobie* has a tiresome habit of sewing coloured pieces of cotton into the corners of every shirt and handkerchief, to distinguish them from others, which practice has anything but a beautifying effect. The *dhobie* considers himself so far independent that he need only appear at stated times, to receive or make over his master's clothes from the hands of the *bearer*. He will never take service as an indoor servant in the house of a European.

The duties of the *sweeper*, or 'knight of the broom,' are so commonplace as to require only a brief notice. He is always of low caste, and though often addressed is 'familiar' by the other servants, he is always looked down upon, more especially for his habit of eating or drinking anything left from the table of his master. It is his special duty to take charge of and feed his master's dogs. He supplies them with food at a fixed rate, takes them in the early morning for a bathe in the nearest tank, and towards sunset, produces for inspection, in separate iron dishes, the food which he has provided for each one of his charges.

It is amusing to observe how well-bred English dogs despise and turn up their noses at their native attendant, permitting the latter to lead them about and wash them when necessary without a growl of disapproval, but at the same time clearly showing by their outward bearing that no familiarities will be permitted.

Next we come to the *syce* or native groom, and in a stable where a double Arab horse has to be cared for, he is a most important personage. A really good, trustworthy *syce* is nowadays seldom to be met with. There are Mohammedan *syces* throughout Northern India, but the great majority are Hindus of low caste. The duties of the *syce* are, to groom and feed the horse, he is put in charge of—a separate *syce* is necessary for each one of the horses comprising a stable—to be ready to accompany his master to the parade ground, the band stand, or far wherever he may be bound, and to keep the latter in sight and follow him any distance, no matter at what pace the sahib may choose to trot. It is astonishing what powers of endurance these native grooms display in this respect; for how far for the distance or quick the gallop, he is seldom left far behind, and nearly always makes his appearance soon after his master draws rein.

A Bengal *syce* worthy of the name can hardly in any country in the world be surpassed at his work. He is a most excellent groom, and by means of hand rubbing—which he often practises for hours together—he brings out the muscles and sinews of a horse till they are as tough and hard as iron. It is a good custom to inspect daily the allowance of corn or grain provided by the *syce* for his charge, as not unfrequently dishonest grooms steal a portion of it and grind it for their own food.

The 'grass cutter,' the last in our list, is a humble individual, who, as his title tells us, supplies grass for the horse to which he is attached. Hay is seldom seen in India, but horses thrive well on a particular kind of soft green grass, which the grass cutter cuts, or rather digs up with a small iron instrument called a *koorpah*. It is well, every now and again, to examine the quality and quantity of the grass supplied for each horse, or else lazy individuals will likely enough bring in coarse hard stuff quite unfit for the purpose. In large stations, a grass cutter

who performs his work properly has often to walk many miles before reaching a spot where soft tender grass is procurable. The grass cutter is under the immediate orders of the syce, and usually receives four rupees a month as pay for his services.

In conclusion, it may be mentioned, that one of the most important rules in the young Lushimana's household should be that each native servant regularly receives his pay on a certain date in each month. Without this being steadily acted up to, matters never work smoothly in an establishment, but will cause constant bickerings. When, when paid regularly, and treated with kindness and forbearance, these poor people speedily become attached to their master, and exert themselves to meet with his approval.

THE MONTH

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

According to *Nature*, the much dreaded scourge of the vine, the Phylloxera, has made its appearance in the vineyards of the Cape Colony. Some years ago, the most stringent regulations were made to prevent, if possible, the importation of these unwelcome guests. The Cape government even refused to allow consignments of bottle trees from England and trees from New Zealand to be landed in the colony, and fixed a very heavy penalty as a punishment for any infringement of the law. But by some mysterious agency, two or three of the vineyards are swarming with the Phylloxera. The most approved insecticides, carbon disulphide, &c., have been telegraphed for, but they are not at hand in the colony, and in the meantime the affected vines are being uprooted and burnt.

A curious instance of tenacity of vitality in low forms of life has been discovered by Professor Leidy. Upon examining a block of ice which formed part of a large quantity stored at Moorestown, N.J., and had been so stored for more than twelve months, he found it riddled with air bubbles and drops of water. Upon melting a portion of the block, a number of worms made their appearance. They died almost immediately on liberated from their frozen prison. The worms cannot be identified with any known species, and Professor Leidy believes them to be of a form as yet undescribed.

It is satisfactory to note that the Emperor of Brazil has given orders for a photographic astronomical apparatus like that employed so successfully by MM. Henry of Paris, in order that Brazil may do its share in the proposed photographic survey of the heavens initiated by the French astronomers named.

Lloyd's agent at Athens has recently reported some information as to the progress of the canal which is to cut the Isthmus of Corinth. Out of a total of thirteen million cubic yards of earth which must be dug out before the canal is completed, nearly three millions have been removed. The canal is to have a surface width of twenty-four yards, except at the entrances, which will be widened to between fifty and sixty yards. One thousand men are at present employed upon the works, which, at the present rate of progress, should be completed in five years.

The Austrian government offer a prize of one thousand ducats (nearly five hundred pounds) for the discovery of a system of working coal in fiery mines without shot firing. The method must not be more expensive than that of ordinary blasting. It must not be capable of igniting fire damp or coal dust, and it must not leave any injurious products behind it. These are the chief conditions.

An improved method of etching metallic surfaces has been invented by Mr. A. Jaquet of Wolverhampton. The metal surface is first all coated with gold, silver, nickel, brass, or any other metal which, the ordinary electroplating bath. The design is then drawn upon it in some resinous or other acid resisting medium, and the metal immersed in an acid, which eats away the exposed metal, and at the same time produces a dead or frosted appearance upon the exposed metal beneath. The resinous drawing is now removed by any suitable medium which will dissolve it, leaving the design in relief upon a frosted ground. If desired, the operation can be reversed by leaving a ground work of plated metal, while the design is bitten out by the acid.

An automatic buffer stop for railway stations and siding, was recently described in a paper read before the Institution of Mechanical Engineers by Mr. A. Langley of Derby. This buffer stop consists of two hydraulic cylinders fitted with pistons. The piston rods carry in front buffer heads to meet those on the locomotive. There are also projecting rods behind the cylinders connected by chains with counterweights, to return the pistons after pressure to their former position. The stop has to have a stroke of four feet, and it is calculated that this amount of depression would enable trains to stop without jerk or damage, even if it were moving at the rate of eight miles an hour.

Gases inclosed in iron cylinders under enormous pressure are now used in various branches of science and art, and are supplied commercially by many firms in various countries. The gases most commonly used are hydrogen and oxygen—for the limelight—carbonic dioxide, and nitrous oxide—this last being now employed as an anæsthetic by dentists. Hitherto, there has been a much difficulty in controlling the outrush of gas from these cylinders, for the internal pressure often amounts to six hundred pounds on the square inch. By the aid of a new regulator, invented by Messrs. Oakley and Beard of London, this difficulty is at once obviated. The regulator consists of a small india rubber bellows inclosed in a brass box, which screws upon the nozzle of the gas cylinder. By an ingenious device, as the bellows expands with the pressure of the gas, a screw valve descends upon the opening in the cylinder. In this way the user of the gas can regulate the outflow to his requirements. We understand that it is in contemplation to adapt the same principle to ordinary gas consumption in houses, so that the supply may always be adjusted to the number of burners in actual use.

Habitual drinkers of varied beverages were some time ago startled by the report that the original source of the water used in the manufacture did not much trouble the attention of

the wind is, and that micro organisms in fabulous numbers might find their way to the consumers of these apparently innocent fluids. According to Dr T Lennox researches, aerated waters are peculiarly safe from such contamination. Taking a typically pure potable water, he tried how many micro organisms could be developed in it in a given time. In five days the water contained immense numbers of organisms. But when charged with carbonic dioxide, as all aerated waters must be to give them their effervescent quality, the number of living creatures was at once diminished. Water so charged contained at the end of fifteen days only a mere trifle of the original organisms. Dr Lennox therefore concludes that the long aerated waters are kept, the less chance is there of bacterial contamination.

The great living authority on bacteria, M Pasteur, has in recent experiments proved that water containing only two per cent of concentrated sulphuric acid possesses the property of destroying these organisms. He recommends that this acidulated water should be used as a disinfectant for floors of stables, manger, cattle shed, &c. The compound has certainly the merit of extreme cheapness, for about twelve gallons could be prepared at a cost of threepence. We may mention that M Pasteur's inoculations for hydrophobia have met with unlooked for success. He recently told the French Academy of Sciences that out of three hundred and twenty five cases of inoculation for this terrible disease, only one had proved a failure, and that one he attributed to delay. It is suggested that an international hospital should be established for the reception of patients from every country.

The all seeing microscope has very often played an important part as an assisting witness, more especially in the identification of blood stains. Recently in Illinois the same detective agent was instrumental in hunting a murderer, but the method of conviction was novel. Here is the case. A half an found murdered while lying on a pile of sawdust in a certain warehouse, which we will call No 1. Two were suspected of the crime because particles of sawdust were found on his clothing and on his boots. He accounted for this by pleading that he had been sleeping in another house (No 2) which was far away and he had that he had not been near the No 1 house. It was proved that warehouse No 1 contained pine sawdust, and house No 2 hardwood sawdust only. The microscope showed that the clothes and boots had attached to them particles of the former only. The man was convicted and executed.

Professor Vogel has lately brought forward the curious fact that the generation of alkaloids in plants is dependent upon sunlight. The hemlock plant which yields conine in Southern Europe contains none in Scotland. Again, the tropical cinchona, from which quinine is obtained, will yield very little of that valuable product if cultivated in our weakly lighted hothouses. Professor Vogel has examined many specimens of the plant from various conservatories, and has been quite unable to obtain the characteristic reaction of quinine, although the method of testing is a delicate one, and sensitive to minute quantities of the alkaloid. It is curious to observe that although sunlight seems so necessary to the formation of quinine in the living plant, it acts most injuriously upon the alkaloid in the stripped bark. In the latter case, the quinine is decomposed by it, and assumes the form of a dark coloured resin. Because of this, in the manufacture of quinine, the bark is always dried in the dark.

The recent severe weather must have led many a half frozen traveller to wonder if our railway and tramway Companies will ever hit upon some method of heating public conveyances. With a steam engine as a necessary adjunct, it would seem to the disinterested inquirer that a method of warming by pipes fed from the exhaust would be a comparatively easy way of managing the business, and would at the same time save much labour in doing away with the filling and distribution of inflammable foot warmers. In Chicago, a new method of heating tramcars is being tried, and it promises well. The apparatus, which is placed under the floor of the car, consists of a brass cylinder filled with coal oil, which, under pressure of a strong spring, is forced into a small upper heater, where it becomes vaporised. This oil gas is ignited in a fire clay combustion chamber, and although there is no flame, the fire clay is brought to a white heat. The outer air passing over this hot box becomes well warmed, and a constant stream of fresh, warm air is assured to the passengers. The only visible evidence of the stove is a grating in the floor of the car through which the hot air rises. When will our tramway Companies consent to a small reduction in their high dividends, to afford their patrons similar comfort?

The use of wood pavements in Sydney has been very strongly condemned by a Committee appointed by the Legislative Assembly of New South Wales to inquire into the subject. It had been alleged that these wood pavements exert a deleterious influence on the health of persons living in their proximity, and the conclusions arrived at by the Committee would seem to justify the allegations. Analysis showed that the blocks in actual use had absorbed a vast amount of organic matter, even though they had only been laid down a comparatively short time. It was evident, too, that complete impregnation of the wood was only a matter of time. In the words of the Report "So far as the careful research of your Board goes, the porous, absorbent, and destructible nature of wood must, in their opinion, be declared to be incurable by any process at present known, nor, were any such process discovered, would it be effectual unless it were supplemented by another which should prevent fraying of the fibre." It should be noted that this strong condemnation is applied to the *best* wood blocks used for the purpose of paving in Sydney, and not to the soft wood used here at home. These latter are so thoroughly impregnated with tar, that it is difficult to imagine that room could be found for anything else, organic or otherwise.

The cable tramway which is situated on the historic hill at Highgate, London, has worked without hindrance during the recent frost and snow. This is due to the fact that the working parts are underground. But of late a new use

has been made of the system. Heavy vehicles even with six horses attached could not be moved up the hill during the recent frosts. Many of them were therefore fastened to the tramcars, and were pulled up the steep incline—one in eleven—at the rate of six miles an hour.

In his recent lecture at the Royal Institution, Mr. A. A. Common, the founder of the Astronomical Society, point out that the old method of eye observation in telescopic work would probably in the near future give way to automatic records on sensitive dry plates by means of photography. He also pointed out what extreme variations existed in the amount of light emitted by different celestial objects, contrasting with the blinding glare of the sun the small quantity of light received from a faint star. The latter he described as being equivalent to the twenty thousandth part of the light given by a candle seen from the distance of a quarter of a mile. It is not a matter for wonder, therefore, that the most sensitive dry plate which will yield a photograph in daylight in the small fraction of a second, should require an exposure of two hours, or thereabout, when used for recording the existence of one of these distant orbs.

Signor Tacchini, after making observations on between six and seven hundred thunderstorms which occurred in Italy a few years back, has noted that every thunderstorm was preceded with a barometric hygrometric, and electric depression. A German scientist who has interested himself in the same line of inquiry, states that the danger of a building being struck by lightning increased in his country during the past half century from three to five fold. He attributes this increased danger to impurities emitted into the atmosphere from factory chimneys, the number of which is constantly increasing.

A new electric thumbbell for use in places where highways and railways cross one another has been invented in the United States. On approaching such a crossing, the wheels of the train depress a heavy strip placed by the side of the rails. This trip causes an electric fly wheel sufficiently powerful to turn the armature of a small magnet machine. The current thus generated rings a bell at the crossroad, so that warnings have an audible reminder of the near approach of a train. Of course the same result might be brought about with an electric battery. But the magneto machine has the advantage of requiring no attention, and of not being affected in any way by changes of temperature. Its batteries can be provided with air cups, so that it will act for months together without supervision.

Professor Ewart lately read a paper before the Royal Physical Society of Edinburgh, in which he stated that from examinations of specimens of 'whitebait' sent into the London market during the past year, he had come to the conclusion that the much esteemed little fish consisted of sprats and herrings, about sixty per cent of the former to forty per cent of the latter. The opinion that the delicately called 'whitebait' has always been such a dish called 'whitebait' has always been partly of point that the Professor remarks out that fully interesting. He also pointed as sardines made, sprats are extensively used in these pots we some time ago pointed out a similar trade has been for a long time carried on at more than one place on the south coast of England. We may mention that the authorities of the South Kensington Aquarium are about to introduce herrings into the tanks under their control, in spite of the fact that all such attempts, in inland places at least, have hitherto failed. We trust that their endeavours will be crowned with success.

Messrs. Lambkin and Wells, Manchester, have lately much improved their screw forging machine. By this method of making screws, it is claimed that much greater rapidity, durability, and durability are obtained in the finished product, for the fibres of iron, instead of being cut through, are pressed and bent round to the shape of the thread. In short, the machine rolls out the screw, instead of cutting them out. We have lately seen photographs of some thousand screws which have been partially cut in two with steel, for the purpose of showing the fibrous nature of the metal. It is curious to note how the fibre is bent in and out as it follows the direction of the thread on the screw. This method of manufacture is said to present advantages equal from better quality. The screws can be more quickly produced at a less cost, and there is a great saving of material, for nothing is cut away to waste.

The result of a curious but very important test as to the accuracy with which chemists, druggists, and others make up prescriptions committed to their care, has recently been presented to one of the London vestries. Fifty prescriptions were sent out to ordinary druggists, to co-operative stores, to 'dispensary shops,' and to certain traders styling themselves drug Companies. The mixtures made were afterwards analysed, to find out how nearly they agreed with the prescriptions they represented, but in order to give a liberal margin for error, it was decided not to put a black mark against any one, if the chemical constituent were within ten per cent of the right amount. Notwithstanding this margin, no fewer than seventeen out of the fifty mixtures were incorrectly dispensed. In one case the principal drug was less by eighty-five per cent than the amount ordered, while in another it was thirty-seven per cent in excess. The chemists and druggists came out best in the strange competition, as only six per cent of their prescriptions had to be called in question. Next came the co-operative stores with twenty per cent of error, then the 'dispensary shops' with fifty per cent, and lastly the drug Companies, who are credited, or rather discredited, with seventy-five per cent of error.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE ROSSIN METHOD OF PRESERVING FISH.

We have already noticed the method recommended by Professor Cossar Ewart of preserving fresh fish with boracic acid and salt. Mr. Rossin of Hamburg has patented another method, which was lately tested in Edinburgh. The process consists in the salmon being placed in an air-tight compartment among a solution of boracic acid, salt, and water, and a heavy pressure being applied, the solution penetrates and thoroughly

disinfects the fish, which are prevented from decaying, and retain all their strength and nourishment. On the 15th of February, a steel barrel, made for the purpose, and capable of holding about three hundred pounds of fish, was filled with salt water containing about fifty per cent of borasic acid, and into this compound five splendid salmon, fresh from the Tay, were placed. The barrel having been entirely withdrawn, the barrel was hermetically sealed, a pressure of six atmospheres, or ninety pounds to the square inch, being applied. After standing for seventeen days, the barrel was opened on the 4th of March, and all the salmon were found in as fresh and healthy a condition as when they were first placed among the solution. The flesh of the fish was of a beautiful colour, and could not be distinguished from that of a fresh salmon placed alongside of it while the blood seemed to flow freely immediately on the salmon being cut up. The salmon was served up at a luncheon, on the following day, in different forms of cooking, and the general opinion was that the new method of preservation was upon the whole successful. The fish was of good flavour and colour, it could be separated in nice flakes, and the curd was well preserved.

A NEW BOILER FEEDER

The problem of feeding boilers has yet to be solved, no method yet introduced having by its intrinsic merits superseded all others. At the present time, injectors or donkey engines are usually employed—the former being an ingenious apparatus which forces the feed water into the boiler by the rush of steam through a narrow orifice, the latter differing in no way from an ordinary pumping engine, and usually deriving its power from the boiler itself. Both these systems of feeding require constant supervision, and it is to obviate the necessity of continued attention and the risk resulting from carelessness, that boiler feeders automatic in action have been designed. So far, their application has not been extensive, but a recent improved design, patented as 'Mathews's Automatic Boiler feeder,' bids fair to push its way even in these times of depressed trade, when boiler owners not unnaturally hesitate to incur any outlay, however slight, which a rearrangement of the boiler feed necessarily entails. The apparatus consists essentially of two vessels—the upper of copper, the lower of cast iron. An ingenious valve arrangement connects the former with the boiler, whilst the latter is connected with the supply of feed water. When the water in the boiler falls below a certain level, the end of the pipe connected with the upper vessel becomes uncovered, and the steam being free to enter it, operates on the valves, thereby admitting a charge of water to the boiler from the copper vessel. A vacuum is formed in the copper vessel, which now recharges itself from the one beneath, ready for another operation. As many as five charges a minute can thus be obtained. Should the apparatus, from any cause, fail to work, and the water fall too low, a fusible plug melts and sounds an alarm whistle. It is satisfactory to note that an ingenious straining arrangement works well for feeding with dirty water—the great difficulty in all apparatus of this class, owing to the valves becoming choked. The feeder may be regarded as safely beyond the mere experimental stage, a large number already being in operation in different works throughout the country, and with results satisfactory in every respect.

SHOT FIRING IN COAL MINES

A correspondent thus writes: 'In your article on "Shot firing in Coal mines" you speak of the dangerous operation of tamping or plugging the shot hole with brick or coal dust rammed hard. It must indeed be a dangerous operation, but cannot the hole be as effectually plugged without any danger at all? It is usual, after charging a rocket, to drive in dry clay upon the top of the fuse, to prevent its blowing through, but a layer of wet plaster of Paris poured in and allowed to set, dries harder than the clay, and obviates all danger from concussion or jar. Cannot the shot hole be in like manner plugged? Plaster of Paris (gypsum or sulphate of lime) expands, not shrinks, when combined with water, so that it fills accurately every part of the bore. If the hole were slightly conical the smaller end outwards, or made with an internal flange, the plaster would offer more resistance than the clay.'

PARTED

The silver brooks will miss thee,
The lions that used to kiss thee
And sniff with a soft caressing curiosity your hand
When the early lovers depart at dawn
On the roses they will turn
For thy step upon the garden walk, thy laughter in the sun.

The meadows gay with flowers,
The summer's leafy bower
Will know thy joys and no more the woodlands shall allure,
I hear the soft complaining
Of birds from morning lingering
That rouse with their carols sweet thy waking every morn.

Poor birds! hush thy weeping
Above thy darling's grave
Not fret with anguish of earthly grief the stillness where he lies
If were in his little fingers
Where the rose flush still lingers
For the angels are his playmates on the plains of Paradise.

F. T. L.

The Conductor of CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL begs to direct the attention of CONTRIBUTORS to the following notice:
1st. All communications should be addressed to the 'Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
2d. For the return in case of unsuitability, postage stamps should accompany every manuscript.
3d. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should bear the writer's Name and Address written upon them, IN FULL.
4th. Offerings of Verse should invariably be submitted by a stamped and directed envelope.
If the above rules are complied with, 3d. on the do his best to ensure the safe return of unsuitable worked first and working a new use

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, Nassau Street, Edinburgh, and 339 High Street, London.

All Rights Reserved.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECOND SON)

No. 118.—Vol. III. SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1886. Price 1½d.

THE SCOTTISH BEADLE

BY A CLERGYMAN

Just as the old familiar landmark of a parish minister, in the course of time, that changed and decay which is the common lot of all things earthly, or else is finally removed from sight nevermore to be seen, or a name or memory is many of the features or characteristics of an old but continually being submitted to that process of transformation, and, in many respects, of obliteration, which prevents all in the mind and the physical world. That process is going on every day. It is a result of the incessant law to which everything human is a mere institution of man making or disappearing, a fleeting and ever Assuredly, there is no feature or characteristic of life, whether in social, in national or in individual sense, but has to submit to the law of this universal order of things, and so naturally, we may hold, and look in vain to days in that which but yesterday was an interesting and distinguishing trait in a certain sphere of the social life of those who then filled, is we do now, the measure of the time.

This reflection is irresistible in considering such a subject as that of 'beadles,' a class of individuals who once fill a unique and peculiar place in the humbler walks of the social life of their time; for, as a class, they certainly cannot be said to form a feature in the social life of the present day. Of course, even yet the number of persons fulfilling the outlying functions appertaining to the beadle is as large as ever—in all probability, larger. No minister surely, in Scotland at least, but on his appurtenance in the person of his 'man' or officer. But the beadle of fifty years ago, such a dignified beadle with whom Dean Ramsay ever in delightful people, and which brought him in their performance not a little of that social renown which is usually belonged to him, and it himself.

The many stories of the doings and ways of beadles—the old original—would fill, which Dean Ramsay in his delightful Reminiscences, which many may be called to in other well known of Scottish incident. These stories point to all beadles to have been a humorous, as has been said, a all but extinct in our times. A few remote parishes may yet retain worthy enough representatives of the quaint and ancient 'bellhus,' but, generally speaking, they are merely milk and water copies of the old originals. Inevitably, he has lost his very name, which mincing modern speech has corrupted from beadle to 'church officer.' Thus, at his personal identity, in place of the old time personality he was wont to wear, he has now—who often he has to show! In lieu of the blue swallow tail coat with the brightly burnished button, and the quaint knee breeches wherein they were displayed, these 'shrunk shanks' of his which betokened that possession of that sixth sense of the human child, he now wears 'a certainly suit of solemn black.' Instead of that delightful affection and familiarity which existed between himself and his minister, there is now a due and proper regard paid to their respective 'places.' Instead of the minister and his elders being, ever in awe of their 'man,' he has now to bear himself with appropriate respect and deference towards the minister and his session. All, indeed, is now changed, and his ancient worthiness cannot surely be identified among the plain and—in point of public character—featureless individuals who mechanically and perfunctorily follow in his footsteps. If he survive at all, it is only here and there in a few stray stories and traditions embodying a pathetic remembrance of him as having lived in a bygone time in that social life of our

[illegible] gathered, where now is he? Sadly out that he is at length sleeping his as sadness within the quiet precincts of his in these pages [illegible] another performs, after a [illegible] tions of his office which were

country to which he was peculiarly indigenous, and of which he was in a remarkable degree, a distinctive and interesting feature.

Perhaps the time when the beadle flourished at his best and attracted to himself most of that social renown which made him a prominent, if no little imaginary, personage—in rural district at anyrate—was from half a century to a century ago. Of course many persons will yet vividly remember certain villas of their acquaintance who were extant even within a decade or two ago, and enjoying in the flesh all that 'pride of place' to which their condition with respect to civil affairs had elevated them. Indeed, not a few may yet be living in various parts of the country who may not unworthily claim a place in that peculiar notoriety which so many of their predecessors in office enjoyed, but it is to be feared that even they are very soon becoming more and more a minus quantity, and the time is all but come, if it has not already come, when, so far as their social popularity is concerned, they will soon, like the flower of the field, be 'a wild away'.

Half a century ago or so, however, it was a poor country parish that had not within its confines some entertainment, worthy in the opinion of the beadle, for which the parishioners held entertainment, which, in a sense, could be a gener kind, in the circle of their clan, which indeed, was rarely the case, then they were almost certain to obtain it in some form or other in the various meetings of the inhabitants, but not less minute, fun-loving than beadles. In not a few place, the popularity of the latter far eclipsed that of the minister, a fact which was on at least a notoriously emphatic used by the party of the very parish clerk who, on a bet of great moment, once in drunkenness—a propensity which had merit the respected rebuke of his minister, who naturally enough quoted his own conduct as an example—on the ground of the great popularity he enjoyed, in which the minister could not, he declared, make anything like the same claim.

Nor was this general regard in which, as a class, they were held, derived solely from their connection with the church, for, in addition to their more serious Sabbath day functions and opportunities, they were, by no means unwilling, to become, in a secular and an unofficial sense, the valuable receptacles of all the bed news and tittle-tattle, albeit they were not unfrequently at the same time the ready mouthpiece for the dissemination of the same. In one or two country districts, we have heard the phrase, 'to blab like a beadle,' which gives some colouring to this latter statement, but, on the whole, it is only fair to say in his behalf that there were others who could blab as well as he about those parochial secrets with which it was his business, more or less, to become acquainted. To be a model to his class, there was, in fact, no secret but he knew all about, and at first hand too, no scandal whispered commonly within the precincts of the manse or session house but was 'paper's news' to him; and whether the *fama* in question related to the latest heterodoxy of the minister himself, or to some serious moral defection on the part of the land, or related to the long ongoings of Matty the farmer's lass, or even had to do with such a temporal matter as the chronic rheumatism of the Doctor's lady, all was known to his beadleship long before the whole parish could to shape into palpable words, and thus he was ever, sabbath day and week day alike, as well as Orator himself.

His learned influence, therefore, was by no means despised. Many persons looking on him a man of information, of ripe wisdom, of undoubtable honesty, of excellent counsel, in which neither the village doctor nor the village lawyer, not even the minister, could excel, however manfully they may have sought to lay him, I look up to him with marvellous and admiration and were it in his power to exhibit them be whether in his 'well-earned' mirth, for sometimes even he humorous was liable to err. There, whatever he did, fell the popular eye, and while the doctor and the lawyer, and even the minister, each all in well in his station, the beadle's name is still remembered, and his very particular in no slight degree, usually quoted and amusedly, but generally gently, the life of the time. It was usually every talk in many a hut and hovel throughout the parish to which he had let fall in the pride of the pulpit, which petty jest he played on his neighbours, all that remained to be seen the not unfrequently thoughtful reflection that he was a living, laughing fortune for quite a time, even including time in the parish, that with the death of some old man, the parish lost the beadle, and with the death of the parish beadle, what are the with the multitudinous tongues of newspapers? What are the village secrets compared with the secrets in the mighty city, humming with all sorts human lives? Can all our wisdom find that the big city will, of which it will be all its half and but little, and how, now, gaining, to push it off upon the moment at the end day it was the secret of the village, their identity were long and hard to be in the evening crowds of men. But it was only the way of the world, to which even villas must submit themselves. That they have done so is only too apparent today, when, in this little corner of the world, of which they were once as native as the thistle or the heather, perhaps not a score of them are to be found of the old style of fifty years ago.

A few words about the village may not be out of place in concluding this reminiscence. Perhaps the most original saying, embodying a rare thought, quaint yet beautiful, ever expressed by a beadle was that attributed to Jamie M——, who served in that capacity for nearly thirty years to the church of B——. His beadleship was, as far as wages were concerned, trifling, and therefore Jamie had to work as a stone-breaker to keep body and soul together. At length, after a long life of patient toil, he took to his deathbed, where one day, in reply to the minister, who had called to see him, and, by way

of reminding him of the heavenly joys on which he was about to enter, doubted not that he would soon be joining in the choir celestial, James said that he had 'full assurance of faith for certain, but that as for the chouring, he was aye bad at a tune. Howsoever, when he got to the New Jerusalem, *he was willin' to work wi' his hands if the Master wanted him!*'

The office of beadle was frequently, in many country parishes, combined with that of sexton or grave-digger—an office which afforded considerable scope for the display of these pithy, if oftentimes grotesque, traits of character. We remember one worthy who considered the latter office of much more interest and importance than the former. 'As beadle he only waited on the living, but as sexton and grave-digger he waited on the dead!' Another worthy used to say that for performing the duties of beadle he only got the 'session's cillet,' while for a thing at those more solemn and sad burial rites, he got the 'deid's perquisite!'

Dr Bo—, in his *Autobiography*, tells a story—not, however, for the first time—of a grave-digging beadle who, in reply to a question put to him by his minister, said that 'Leadie's very dull the noo; I hae na buried a bairn or twa for three week!' This same beadle, who was very much an eye servant, was appointed to watch the gooseberries (Scotice *grosets*) during the days of the communion, when, amid a multitude of worthy people, some doubtful characters came about. On one occasion, when the beadle saw some one coming out of the manse, and thereforc likely to observe and report, he exclaimed with the greatest apparent zeal to strangers going near the gooseberries, 'How dare ye touch the minister's grosets?' But as soon as the minister people had vanished out of sight, he proceeded to add, in an undertone, 'Tak ye a pickle [stick] for t'ilkin!'

Apropos of the sexton beadle, the writer lately heard an excellent story which he never believed to be in print—regarding Thomas Carlyle and a late beadle of Ecclefechan. In the churchyard, which has now been made famous by the fact that it contains the mortal remains of the great sage, there stood, and still stand, a very old and dilapidated tombstone, on which are graven some illegible hieroglyphics, which the beadle pretended to decipher, translating them purport in such a way as to reflect very flatteringly on the moral and social qualities of the persons—his ancestors—to whom they referred. On one occasion, when Carlyle visited this place of the dead, the beadle showed him round, but first of all pointed to this mysterious stone, underneath which reposed all that was mortal of the beadle's supposed illustrious ancestors, and dilated with his well known exaggeration on the very high characters which, according to the hieroglyphics of the stone, they bore when in the flesh. Carlyle, knowing the beadle's soft point with regard to his 'forebears,' listened for a time in silence to the glowing description of individuals who never had had any existence save in imagination, and at length quietly remarked as he passed on 'Poor creatur, yo'll sune be gathered to them yersel!'

The social popularity which many beadles enjoyed not unfrequently encouraged them to take certain liberties, which, nowadays at all events, would not be permitted either within or without the 'spheres' in which they lived and worked. What would be thought of a beadle, for instance, who would presume to correct the precentor in announcing from his box a proclamation of marriage between parties, as once did a beadle of a parish near Arbroath? The precentor had somehow been provided with a 'proclaiming' paper, in which the name of one of the parties had been wrongly stated, as the beadle supposed, and as the precentor duly proceeded to read the announcement that 'there was a solemn purpose of marriage between Alexander Spink of Lochhead Loan and Elizabeth Hackett of Burn Wynd,' he was unceremoniously interrupted by the beadle suddenly exclaiming 'That's wrong, that's wrong!' 'It is not Sandy Spink o' Lochhead Loan that's gaun to marry Elizabeth Hackett, but Jamie Sanders Spink o' Smithy Croft!'

The story of Willie Tinlin, the half crazy beadle of Hawick, is another proof of this humour, which was, on certain occasions, supposed to be due to his craft. One day Willie, at so much of a loss to find a sermon of a minute minister, that he went out of the church, and wandering in the direction of the river Teviot, where the wild hipper [?] in the shining pitch of Willie's sing [?] in large on his way home, returning to the church and filling the preacher all round in every, he hooted it, to the astonishment and delight of the congregation 'Sey man, sit, sey man!' Walton's kirk's comin' ewer Tweed!' Such conduct on a Sunday in the precincts of grace, if it did not take the offender to the jail cell, would at most cost him a very solemn and serious sitting at the session on the following Monday, but the time and then, and not only here beadles, but minister and church, to clang, with them, and the hymn, embodiments of the dry, wh e pedantic and, on the whole, a unpleasant assemblage of character and 'thing' we have thus briefly indicated, are very few and far between.

IN ALL SHADES.

BY GRANT ALLEN,

AUTHOR OF 'BABYLON,' 'STRANGE STORIES,' ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

'We'd better go, Tom,' Mr Dupuy said, almost praying them. 'Upon my word, it's perfectly true, they neither of them know a word about it.'

'No, by Jove, they didn't,' Tom Dupuy answered with a sneer, as he walked out into the piazza—'What a splendid face, though, it was, Uncle Theodore, for a consounded upstart image of a brown man—Pah, I say,' as they passed out of the piazza and mounted their horses once more by the steps—for they were riding—'did you ever see anything more disgusting, in your life than that woman there—a real white woman, and a born lady, Nora tells me—slobbering over and hugging that great, ugly, hulking, coloured fellow!'

'He's white enough to look it,' Mr Dupuy said reflectively. 'Poor soul, she married him without knowing anything about it. It'll be a terrible blow for her, I expect, finding out, now she's tied to him irrevocably, that he's nothing more than a common brown man.'

'She ought to be allowed to get a divorce,' Tom Dupuy exclaimed warmly. 'It's preposterous to think that a beautiful girl, and the daughter of a General somebody over in England, should be tethered for life to a creature of that sort, whom she's married under what is good as false pretences!'

Meanwhile, the unhappy woman who had thus secured the high prize of Mr Tom Dupuy's distinguished company was sitting on the sofa in the big bare drawing-room, holding her husband's hand tenderly in hers and soothing him gently by murmuring, every now and then in a soft undertone, 'My darling, how glad we are to know that, after all, it's a thing, neither.'

Edward's stupor lasted for many minutes, not so much because he was deeply hurt or horrified for there wasn't much at bottom to horrify him, but simply because he was stunned by the pure novelty and strangeness of that curious situation. A brown man—a brown man! It was too extraordinary! He couldn't realize it himself from the one point, the night that showed and possessed for the moment his whole nature. At last, however, he raised his head slowly. After all, how little it was, compared with their worst fears and anticipations! 'Thomas,' he cried to the negro butler, 'bring a cab and our horses as quick as you can saddle them.—Darling, we must ride up to Agualta this moment, and speak about it all to my father and mother.'

In Trinidad, everybody rides, indeed, there is no other way of getting about from place to place among the mountains, for carriages are there unknown, and only mere wandering horse paths climb slowly round the innumerable peaks and gullies. The Hawthorns, which was on the plains just at the foot of the hill, but Agualta and most of the other sugar-cane houses were up high among the outer mountains. So the very first thing Marian and Edward had had to do on reaching the island was to provide themselves with a couple of saddle horses, which they did during their first week at Agualta. In five minutes the horses were at the door, and Marian, having rapidly slipped on her habit, mounted her pony and proceeded to follow her agitated husband up the slender thread of mountain road that led from only to his father's house. They rode along in single file, as one always must on those narrow, lodge like, West Indian bridle paths, and in perfect silence. At first, indeed, Marian tried to throw out a few casual remarks about the scenery and the tree ferns, to look as if the discovery was to her less than nothing—as, indeed, but for Edward's sake, was actually the case—but her husband was too much wrapped up in his own bitter thoughts to answer her by more than single monosyllables. Not that he spoke unkindly or angrily, on the contrary, his tenderness was profounder than ever, for he knew now to what sort of life he had exposed Marian, but he had no heart just then for talking of any sort, and he felt that until he understood the whole matter more perfectly, words were useless to explain the situation.

As for Marian, one thought mainly possessed her. Had even Nora, too, turned against them and forsaken them?

Old Mr Hawthorn met them anxiously on the terrace of Agualta. He saw at once, by their pale and troubled faces, that they now knew at least part of the truth. 'Well, my boy,' he said, taking Edward's hand in his with regretful gentleness, 'so you have found out the bad thing that hangs over us!'

'In part, at least,' Edward answered, dismounting and he proceeded to pour forth into his father's pitying and sympathetic ear the whole story of their stormy interview with the two Dupuy. 'What can they mean,' he asked at last, drawing himself up proudly, 'by calling such people—you and me—"brown men," father?'

The question, as he asked it that moment, in the full sunshine of Agualta terrace, did indeed seem a very absurd one. Two more perfect specimens of the fair haired, blue eyed, pink and white skinned Anglo Saxon type it would have been extremely difficult to find over even in the very heart of England itself, than the father and son who thus faced one another. But old Mr Hawthorn shook his handsome, grey old head sadly and mournfully. 'It's quite true, my boy,' he answered with a painful sigh 'quite true, every word of it. In the eyes of all Trinidad of all the West Indies, you and I are in fact coloured people!'

'But father, dear father,' Marian said plaintively, 'just look at Edward! There isn't a sign or a mark on him anywhere of anything but the purest Caucasian blood! Just look at him, father, how can it be possible?—and she took up, half unconsciously, his hand—that usual last resort of Marian's sex, but in Edward Hawthorn's case it was a white as pure was "Sam by you know I am in to tell me," she said, kissing it with wifely tenderness, "there is negro blood—the least, the tiniest fraction in dear Edward!"

'I tell you, dear one,' the old man said, drawing Marian closer to his side with a fatherly gesture. 'My father was a white man. Mary's father was a white man. Our grandfathers on both sides were pure white, and our grandmothers on one side were white also. All our ancestors in the fourth degree were white, sixteen quarter—and that one was a mulatto in either line.—Mary's and my great great grandmother. In England or any other country of Europe, we should be white—as white as you are. But such external and apparent whiteness isn't enough by any means for our West Indian prejudices. As long as you have the remotest taint or remembrance of black blood about you in any way—as long as it can be shown, by tracing your pedigree publicly to its fountain head, that any one of your ancestors was of African origin—then, by all established West Indian reckoning, you are a coloured man, or outcast, a pariah.—You have married a coloured man, Marian, and your children and your grandchildren to the latest generations will all of them for ever be coloured also.'

'How cruel—how wicked—how abominable!' Marian cried, flushed and red with sudden indignation. 'How unjust so to follow the merest shadow or suspicion of negro blood age after age to one's children's children!'

'And how far more unjust still,' Edward exclaimed with passionate fervour, 'ever so to judge of any man not by what he is in himself, but by the mere accident of the race or blood from which he is descended!'

Marian flushed again with still deeper colour; she felt in her heart that Edward's indignation went further than hers, down to the very root and ground of the whole matter.

'But, O father,' she began again after a short pause, clinging passionately both to her husband and to Mr Hawthorn, 'are they going to visit this crime of birth even on a man of Edward's character and Edward's position?'

'Not on him only,' the old man whispered with infinite tenderness—'not on him only, my daughter, my dear daughter—not on him only, but on you, on you, who are one of themselves, an English lady, a true white woman of pure and spotless birth. You have broken their utmost and strictest law of race, you have married a coloured man! They will punish you for it cruelly and relentlessly. Though you did it, as I did it, in utter ignorance, they will punish you for it cruelly, and feel the very bitterest drop in all our bitter cup of calamity and humiliation.'

There was a moment's silence, and then Edward cried to him aloud, 'Father, father, you ought to have told me of this earlier!'

His father drew back at the word as though one had struck him. 'My boy,' he answered tremulously, 'how can you ever reproach me with that? You at least should be the last to reproach me. I sent you to England, and I meant to keep you there. In England, the disgrace would have been neither less nor more than Nobody would ever have known of it, or if they knew of it, much less in any way. Why should I trouble you with a more foolish fact of family history utterly unimportant to you over in England? I tried my hardest to prevent you from coming here; I tried to send you back at once when you first came. But do you wonder, now, I shrank from telling you the truth that lies upon all of us here? And do you blame me for trying to spare you the misery I my self and your dear mother have endured without complaining for our whole lifetime?'

'Father,' Edward cried again, 'I was wrong, I was unnatural. You have done it in all kindness. Forgive me—forgive me!'

There is nothing to forgive, my boy—nothing to forgive, Edward. And now, of course, you will go back to England!'

Edward answered quickly 'Yes, yes, father; they have conquered—they have conquered—I shall go back to England, and you, too, shall come with me. It is not for my own sake alone, I would stop here even so, and fight it out with them to the end till I gained the victory. But I can't expose Marian—dear, gently nurtured, tender Marian—to the jibes and scorn of these ill-mannered planter people. She shall never again submit to the insult and continuously she has had to endure this morning.—No, no, Marian darling, we shall go back to England—back to England—back to England!'

'And why,' Marian asked, looking up at her father in law sadly, 'didn't you yourself leave the country long ago? Why didn't you go where you could mix on equal terms with your natural equals? Why have you stood so long this horrible, wicked, abominable injustice?'

The old man straightened himself up, and fire flashed from his eye like an old lion's as he answered proudly 'For Edward! First of all, I stopped here and worked to enable me to bring up my boy where his talents would have the fullest scope in free England! Next, when I had grown rich and prosperous here at Venice, I stayed on because I wouldn't be beaten in the battle and driven out of the country by the party of injustice and ill-will around me. I wouldn't yield to them, I wouldn't give way to them, I wouldn't turn my back upon the baffled and defeated cheat of slavery, because, though my father was an English gentleman, my mother was a slave, Marian!' He took her in his strong and noble arms as he uttered simply and nobly those last few words, the pathetic epitaph of a terrible dead and buried wrong, still surviving in its remote effects. Then Marian threw her arms around his neck passionately, and kissed him with one fervent kiss of love and admiration, almost as tenderly as she had kissed Edward himself in the heat of the first strange discovery.

'Edward,' she cried, with resolute emotion, 'we will not go home.' We will not return to England. We, too, will stay and fight out the cruel little quarrel with this wicked prejudice. We will do as your father has done. I love him for it almost more than for all else. To me, it has been nothing, my dearest, that you should seem to have some small little taint in both in the eyes of these miserable, little, cut-throat people. To me, it has been nothing that they should dare to look down upon you, and to set themselves up against you—you, so good, so learned, so noble, so infinitely better than them, and far, far, far better than them in every way! Who are they, the wretched, ignorant, out of the way creatures, that they venture to set themselves up against such superiors? I will not yield, either. I am my father's daughter, and I want give way to them. Edward, Edward, darling Edward, we will stop here still, we *shall* stop here and defeat them!'

'My darling,' Edward answered, kissing her forehead tenderly, 'you don't know what you say; you don't realise what it would be like for us to live here. I can't expose you to so much misery and awkwardness. It would be wrong of me—unmanly of me—towardly of me—to let my wife be constantly met with such abominable, undeserved insult!'

'Cowardly! Edward,' Marian cried, stamping her pretty little foot upon the ground impatiently with womanly emphasis, 'cowardly—cowardly! The cowardice is all the other way, I fancy. I'm not ashamed of my husband, here or anywhere. I love you; I admire you; I respect you. But I can never again respect you so much if you run away, even for my sake, from this unworthy prejudice. I don't want to live here always, for ever; God forbid! I hate and detest it; but I

shall stay here a year—two years—three years, if I did—just to show the hateful creatures that I am not afraid of them!'

'No, no, my child!' old Mr Hawthorn murmured tenderly, smoothing her flaxen head the while as no home for you, Marian. Go back to England—go back to England!'

Marian turned to him with fresh tears. 'Father!' she cried, 'dear, dear old father! You've taught me better than that. Myself—your own words have taught me better. I won't give way to them, I'll try to be the kind where you have stayed, and I'll show them I am not ashamed of you or of Edward either! Ashamed! I am only afraid to say the word! What is there in either of you for a woman not to be proud of with all the deep and highest pride in her whole nature!'

'My darling,' Edward murmured thoughtfully, 'we shall have to think and talk more with you in future about this matchless business!'

CHAPTER XXIII

The very next morning, as Edward and Marian were still talking over the matter, as well mamma at dessert clock breakfast—the West Indies kept continually in mind—they were surprised and pleased by hearing a heavy tramp come suddenly at the front door, and Nora Dupuys well known voice calling out so cheerily and childishly as ever 'Marian Marian! you lazy old thing, you see and come out here at once, to hold my horse for a minute, will you!'

The words fell upon deaf ears just then as an echo came in the desert, in relation from woman's life, to which they had been accustomed for the last ten days. The tears rose quickly into Marian's eyes at those familiar accents, and she ran out hastily, with some out trembling, to meet her cousin, running, girl-like, quite once 'O Nora, Nora, darling, Nora!' she cried, catching the bright little figure lovingly in her arms, as Nora leapt with easy grace from her mountain pony, 'why didn't you come before, my darling? Why did you leave me so long alone, and make us think you had forgotten all about us!'

Nora flung herself passionately upon her friend's neck, and between laughing and crying, kissed her over and over again as many times without speaking, that Marian knew it was in her heart it was all right there with Nora, for one, wasn't going to do as them. Then the poor girl, still uncertain whether to cry or laugh, turned up to Edward and shook his hand with such warmth of friendliness, that Marian half imagined she was going to kiss him fervently on the spot, in her excess of emotion. And indeed, in the violence of her feeling, Nora very nearly did fling her arms around Edward Hawthorn, whom she had learned to regard on the way out almost in the light of an adopted brother.

'My darling,' Nora cried vehemently, as soon as she could find space for utterance, 'my pet, my own sweet Marian, you dear old thing, you darling, you sweetheart'—I didn't know about it, they never told me. Papa and Tom have been deserving me disgraceffully, they said you were away up at Aguadilla, and that you particularly wished to receive no visitors until you'd got comfortably settled in at your new quarters here at Mulberry. And I said to papa, nonsense, that that didn't apply to me, and that you'd be delighted to see me whenever and whenever I chose to call upon you. And papa said—O Marian, I can't bear to tell you what he said—it's so wicked, so dreadful—papa said that he I met Mr Hawthorn Edward, I mean—and that Edward had told him you didn't wish at present to see me, because—well, because, he said, you thought our circles would be so very different. And I couldn't imagine what he meant, so I asked him. And then he told me—he told me that horrid, wicked, abominable, disgraceful calumny. And I jumped up and said it was a lie—yes, I said a lie, Marian. I didn't say a story. I said it was a lie, and I didn't believe it. But if it was true—and I don't care myself a bit, whether it's true or whether it isn't—I said it was cowardly, nasty thing to go and dig it up now about two such people as you and Edward, darling. And whether it's true or whether it isn't, Marian I love you both dearly with all my heart, and I shall always love you, and I don't care a pin what anybody hears me say so. And then Nora burst down at once into a flood of tears, and flung herself once more with passionate energy on Marian's bosom.

'Nora, darling,' Marian whispered, 'I'm so glad you've come at last. I had much my fill of it lately, because that is another time at least matter. But when I think of what it was and you as my cousin and sweetheart.'

Nora stamped her foot. 'Why, pa, she said I've been from, to get away from mamma's very dry fits lately, and papa didn't let me have the horses, and I didn't know the way, and it was too far to walk, and I didn't know what on earth to do.'

'Hush to tell you the truth, papa and Tom came home here Nora fare, and days lately, and he buried it in her hand to hide her face in his shame—'and I heard them talking in the parlor, and I couldn't understand it at all, but, O Marian, I understood enough to know that they did call upon you here with us, and that they had behaved in the meanly, most cruelly to you and Edward. And I went out to the parlor as white as a sheet, Rosina says, and I said, Papa, you are a fine, noble man, would act so to you, Tom Dupuy, I am heartily ashamed of them! you're my own cousin!' and then I went straight up to my bedroom that minute, and haven't said a word to either of them ever since!'

Marian kissed her once more, and pressed the tearful girl tight against her bosom—that sweetly embrace seemed to her now such an unspeakable consolation and comfort. 'And how did you get away this morning, dear?' she asked softly.

'Oh,' Nora exclaimed, with a hilarious smile and a little cry of triumph, 'I was dreadfully late to come, Marian, and so I came here. I got Rosina—that's my maid, such a nice black girl—to get her lover, Isaac Pourtalis, who isn't one of our servants, you know, to saddle the pony for me, because papa had told our groom I wasn't to have the horses without his orders, or to go to your house if the groom was with me,

or else he'd dismiss him. So Isaac Fourtiles, he saddled it for me, and Rosina ran all the way here to show me the road till she got nearly to the last corner, but she wouldn't come on and hold the pony for me, for if she did, she said, de massa would kick de very hell out of her body, and I really believe he would too, Marian, for papa's a dreadful man to deal with when he's in a passion.

'But won't he be awfully angry with you, darling,' Marian asked, 'for coming here when he told you not to?'

'Of course he will,' Nora replied, drawing herself up and laughing quietly. 'But I don't care a bit, you know, for all his anger. I am not going to keep away from a dear old Indian like you, and a dear, good, kind fellow like Howard, all for nothing, just to please him. He may at run away to Jamaica as he has threatened to, but I fully believe, my dear, he's not present me.'

'I don't mind a bit about it now, Nora, since you've come at last to me.'

'Mind it, darling? I shall think not! Why on earth should you mind it? It's no pleasure to me! Why, Marian, whenever I think of it—though I'm a Wild Indian from my childhood, and dreadfully prejudiced, and all that which I get of them, you know—it seems to me the most ridiculous nonsense I ever heard of. Just consider what kind of people the Cuttlefish are in Trinidad, and what kind of people you and Edward are, and all your friends are in England! There's my cousin, Tom Dupuy, now for example, what a pretty sort of fellow he is, really. I'm sure I didn't encourage him for you I couldn't, any way to speak of, and as it is, I'm sure I can't have just all as ever I please, and nobody dare stop me. Papa and Tom are always talking about the Dupuys, but I can tell you they'll find I am equal to the Dupuys, Dupuy to Dupuy, if they want to fight me at it.—Now, tell me, Marian, does it seem to you yourself the most ridiculous reason of the natural order of things you ever heard of in all your life, that the people here should pretend to set themselves up as—I beg pardon, my very equal, darling?' And Nora laughed a merry little laugh at the amusement it contained, that Howard and Marian joined in it too, for the first time almost since they came to that dreadful Trinidad.

Companionship and a fresh point of view lighten most things. Nora stopped with the two Hawthorns all that day till nearly dinner time, talking and laughing with them much in usual after the first necessary explanations, and by five o'clock, Marian and Edward were positively ashamed themselves that they had ever made so much of what grew with thinking on it into so absurdly small and unimportant a matter. 'Upon my word, Marian,' Howard said, as Nora rode away gaily, unprovided—she positively wouldn't allow him to accompany her homeward—'I really begin to believe it would be better after all to stop on Trinidad and fight it out bravely as well as we're able for just a year or two.'

'I thought so from the first,' Marian answered courageously; 'and now that Nora has cheered us up a little, I think so a great deal more than ever.'

When Nora reached Orange Grove, Mr Dupuy stood, black as thunder, waiting to receive her in the piazza. Two negro men servants were loitering about carelessly in the doorway.

'Nora,' he said, in a tone of stern displeasure, 'have you been to visit those new nigger people?'

Nora glanced back at him defiantly and haughtily. 'I have not,' she answered with a steady stare. 'I have been calling upon my very dear friend, the District Court Judge and Mrs Hawthorn, who are both our equals. I am not in the habit of associating with what you choose to call nigger people.'

Mr Dupuy's face grew purple once more. He paused and quickly at the two negro servants. 'Go to your rooms,' he said with suppressed rage, 'go to your rooms, and stop there till I send for you!'

'I was going there myself,' Nora answered calmly, without moving a muscle. 'I mean to remain there, and hold no communication with the rest of the family, as long as you choose to apply such unjust and untrue names to my dearest friends and oldest companions—Rosina, come here, please! Have the kindness to bring up my dinner to my own boudoir.'

POPULAR LEGAL FALLACIES*

BY AN EXPERIENCED PRACTITIONER.

A SINGLE FELLOW.

PERJURY is a crime which strikes at the very root of the administration of justice, for if no reliable evidence could be obtained, it would be impossible to enforce by means of legal proceedings the rights of those who had been wronged, or to decide in a satisfactory manner the thousands of disputes which come yearly before the various courts. And yet, we fear that this pernicious practice is more common than is generally supposed. Our opinion is that nineteen persons out of every twenty who will tell an untruth will swear it is a truth—that is to say, looking at the matter from the moral timepoint alone. The fear of punishment has a deterring effect upon some, but the offence is one which is very difficult of detection at well managed. If two or three persons swear to a consistent story, and an equal or even a greater number contradict them on their own oath, who is to decide which set of witnesses are to be believed, and which are to be prosecuted for perjury? The punishment on conviction may be any term of penal servitude not exceeding seven years, or imprisonment, with hard labour, for a term not exceeding two years, and some people are afraid of risking this—an which fear has the principal practical advantage of administering an oath to a witness before he gives evidence in court.

Some persons have a variety of ingenious but vain expedients which they hope will enable them to lie in the witness box with impunity, and while gratifying their personal spite, or earning the wages of falsehood, to evade the pains and penalties attendant upon the practice of perjury, and the object of this paper is to show how futile the supposed precautions are, and in what consists

* It should be understood that the series of articles deals mainly with English as apart from Scotch law.

the essence of the oath, and the violation of it which will render the offender liable to punishment for the perjury committed by him.

The form of taking the oath varies in different nations, but in all, the essence of the ceremony is the adjuration addressed to a superior Power to attest the truth of what the witness is going to assert. The witness who thought that if he told a lie after having taken the oath, all the jury-man would be sent to everlasting perdition, was an extreme illustration of the misconceptions which exist on this subject. Most people know that the invocation of the Almighty—'so help me God'—is one the consequences of which are intended to be pointed to themselves. But they dishonour their Maker if they try to escape from the consequences by a trick.

The form of oath varies according to the circumstances and purpose in and for which it is taken. The manner of administration to a Christian witness south of the Border is the same. The witness takes the Holy Gospels in his right hand, and after the form of oath has been read over to him, he reverently kisses the book, that is to say, he is supposed to kiss the book, but some persons will, instead of the book, kiss their own thumb, or avoid contact between their lips and the book by holding it at an impalpable distance. This is very common, perhaps the most common, mode of attempted evasion. But such is often attempted, which is more consistent than that is to say, placing on the book, in order that the hand and book may not become actually in contact with each other. It may appear unnecessary to say that the evasions are both equally unavailing for the purpose intended.* The essence of the oath lies in the reverent assent to the appeal to the Almighty and omniscient God. The witness must at least pretend to a contact of the formulary read over to him, and if he does this, he seems to fulfil all its ritual purposes. As the oath is considered in its religious sense, so it matters little or not the same whether the hand and the lips actually touch the cover of the book or not. It has long been the practice to insist upon the witness holding the book in his or her right hand, but this is by some writers held to be a mistake, inasmuch as the left hand is supposed to be nearer to the heart and would receive a more bountiful portion of the blood which is the life, were not its natural sluggishness counteracted by the effort of duly holding it; therefore, it is contended by them that the left hand ought to be used in holding the book, when the oath is taken.

Heathens are sworn upon the Old Testament, and the witness puts on his hat before taking the oath, while a Christian invariably uncovers his head for the purpose. A Chinaman breaks a saucer, the idea being somewhat similar to our oath—that is to say, he thereby devotes his soul to destruction if his testimony should be untrue. A Brahmin swears with his hand upon the head of one of the bulls devoted to his deity. A West African kills a bird, while his sovereign immolates a few human beings from among his subjects. And other nations have equally distinct methods of attesting their intention to speak 'the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.'

TRADE WEIGHT AND OVERWEIGHT

Formerly, farmers sold butter by customary pounds, some giving eighteen ounces for a pound, and some twenty ounces, and numerous other articles were sold by similar local weights. This is now illegal. By the Weights and Measures Act, 1878, all customary and local weights were abolished. As these weights of many irregular kinds had been largely used, various frauds were much exercised by their abolition, and evasions have been frequent, and are not altogether unknown even now. By the Act of Parliament referred to, the imperial standard pound is the unit of weight from which all others are to be calculated; one sixteenth part of a pound is an ounce, one sixteenth part of such ounce is a dram, and one seventh thousandth part of the pound is a grain troy. A stone consists of fourteen pounds, a hundredweight of eight such stones, and a ton of twenty such hundredweights. Any person who sells by any denomination of weight other than one of the imperial weights, or some multiple or part thereof, is liable to a fine not exceeding forty shillings for every such sale, with the following exceptions: gold, silver, platinum, diamonds, and other precious metals and stones, may be sold by the ounce troy or by any decimal parts of such ounce, which is defined as containing twenty-four hundred and eighty grains, and things which are sold by retail, may be sold by apothecaries' weight. It is also enacted that a contract or dealing is not to be invalid or open to objection on the ground that the weights expressed in referred to therein are weights of the metric system, or on the ground that decimal subdivisions of imperial weights, whether in trade or otherwise, are used in such contract or dealing. Any person who prints, and any clerk of a market or other person who makes any return, price list, price-current, or any journal or other paper containing price list or price current in which the denomination of weights quoted or referred to denotes or implies any other than the imperial weights, is liable to a fine not exceeding ten shillings for every such paper. And every person who uses or has in his possession for use in his trade a weight which is not of the denomination of some Board of Trade standard, is liable to a fine not exceeding five pounds, or in the case of a second offence, ten pounds, and the weight is liable to be forfeited.

There is, however, one distinction between unfair weight and overweight which many persons lose sight of, or rather, they unwittingly deny its existence. When any article is sold by weight, it is essential that full weight should be given, or the person who sells will become liable to a penalty. But if he uses the proper weights corresponding with the standards, he will not incur a penalty by giving what is commonly called 'thumping weight,' that is to say, any want of precision in weighing, if it should result in an excess, would not form a good ground for a prosecution; while a similar discrepancy on the other side would do so. It is cruel to give a poor person a loaf of bread which is less than the authorised weight paid

* In Scotland, the Testament is not made use of in taking the oath. The witness is only required to hold up his right hand, and repeat the words of the oath after the administrator.

for, but if the weight is in excess of the amount purchased, there is not much harm done—the overweight was voluntary, and the tradesman cannot be punished for giving more than was paid for.

The penalties, exceptions, &c., applicable to weights also apply to measures, and the principal alteration made in our time is that the hooped measures so familiar to us in our youth were abolished in 1878. The standard unit of measure of capacity is the gallon, by the pounds and solids. The quart is one fourth the gallon, and the pint is one eighth thereof. Two gallons make a peck, eight gallons make a bushel, eight bushels being a quarter, and thirty six bushels a chaldron. In using a measure of capacity, the same is not to be heaped, but either to be stricken, as in the case of grain, with a strike or roller, straight, and at the same time to be filled to, or, if the article be a liquid, in measure or ship, be continuously filled, in the same manner as filled in the original vessel of the form in the second ship of the article will almost. Many articles which used to be sold by measure are now sold by weight, which is fairer, and therefore the regulations as to measure are not quite so numerously instituted as they would have been fifty years ago, when weights were equally scarce and inquiries than they ever had in the olden time.

Every tradesman who values his reputation ought to have his scales and weights verified frequently, and in any case of any part of his weighing apparatus being out of order, the authorities in power ought to be asked without delay, or at other different test should be applied. Nothing injures a tradesman more than a conviction for having defective weights or measures still in his possession. What a surprise such a conviction may entertain at the parcels being unknown to the contents of such a conviction will impute them to him, and many who never previously thought of weighing their purchases, will be in future in consequence of some, the consequence of in the parcels, and yet two or three, it below that in many cases the conviction has been brought about by carelessness, and has not been a punishment for deliberate fraud.

IGNORANCE OF LAW AND OF FACT.

There is a great difference between the consequences of ignorance of law and ignorance of fact. Law is supposed to be universally known, though few of any persons are acquainted with all the multitudinous laws which are in existence, many of them being practically obsolete, others repealed by implication, though not expressly, and the effect of others being rendered doubtful by means of inconsistent enactment, which from time to time puzzle the judge, who have to interpret the law in case of differences of opinion on the part of other persons. The latter class of laws led to the necessity for frequent amending statutes, and some of these are still imperfect, and need further amendments. The legal system in its more positive department is thus frequently but a doubtful path on which to walk, and the common law has its difficulties as well as the statutory law. And yet the nature of the case requires that all Her Majesty's subjects should be held bound by all the laws which are applicable to their respective positions. The rights of an unfortunate ignorance who is kept out of his property by fraud or force are lost, and his estates be sold, or those rights are not enforced within the time limited by law, although he may never have heard of their being a stipulated time for the commencement of an action.

Ignorance is also a plea in the case of a person who, intending to kill a burglar in his own house, by mistake shoots one of his own family. This being a mistake of fact, is not a criminal offence. But if another man, intending the law, thinks that he has a right to kill a person who is an immediate or an outlaw, and acts upon that belief, he would be held to be guilty of wilful murder. It may be said that the right of a householder to kill a burglar in his dwelling house is not an unpublished fact, but in that case, a private individual would be compelled to inflict a greater punishment than would be awarded by the law after a trial. In a case in which not more than a person would be held to be guilty of murder if any of the ministers of the law, the law would hold the person attempted justifiable in killing his own life, even though in doing so he was compelled to take the life of the person, if the circumstances were such as to be clearly justifiable.

In civil cases, when the fact on which the right of action depends is in dispute, unless the party has a right to make a cross-suit, the party in means of fraudulent misrepresentation, the mere fact of the victim of fraud will not prevent him from taking proceedings to set aside the agreement so fraudulently obtained, when he has been induced with the fact that it is compromise was found in an infraction of the law, he would be entitled to the right to have it annulled law, compelled the person who knew of the fact to inform the matter but having neglected the duty, he must submit to the consequences with what grace he can.

The system of creating new laws is not the free from difficulties, though it is not easy to apply a remedy to form an objection. The laws may be passed at irregular times, and be intended to come into force fixed future time, while others are binding upon all from the very day in which they receive the royal assent. It is true that when a bill of Parliament creates a new offence, and a person ignorant of its existence is convicted of the breach of such a enactment, a slight penalty is inflicted as a warning to other persons rather than as a punishment for the offender, but still the stigma of having been convicted for an offence against the law, which is worse to some sensitive man than a heavy fine would be to some other persons of different temperament and less unblemished previous character. The theory that all new laws should be thoroughly made known to all the persons likely to be affected thereby is like many other well sounding theories, it possesses the inherent defect of being impracticable. This inconvenience of involuntary

ignorance of new enactments has been greatly diminished of late years by the immense increase of newspapers and the general diffusion of knowledge. The Elementary Education Acts have so extended the facilities for the acquisition of the art of reading, and the taste for reading is so cultivated by cheap periodical literature, that there is much more chance now than formerly of all classes knowing something of what is being done in the way of new enactments for the guidance of the people, the parliamentary reports forming an important part of the contents of every newspaper, and newspapers have come to be closed among the necessities of life, even by those whose income is of the smallest. We should, however, be glad if the legislature could devise some more efficient way of making known to all persons the laws which they are bound to observe.

THE SIGNALMAN'S LOVE-STORY

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

A saying which was very popular when I was a boy, says, 'Most folks fall in love, no doubt, some time or other.' It might with equal truth have said that most folks fall in love two or three times over. I am sure it was the case with me. It was also my fate to do what I am told, is one of the commonest things in the world—that is, to fall violently in love with a person entirely out of my own circle, not below it, like the king and the beggar maid, but a great deal above me, with a proud, who was as proud and haughty and stony as Juno or a sphinx.

In the time to which I refer, nearly fifty years ago now—I am seventy one next birthday—the railway system was in its infancy, but yet was spreading fast, and I was one of the earliest servants. It was in no exalted position that I served. My father was dead, my mother rented a small cottage on the land of the nobleman in whose service her husband had lived and died, and this nobleman recommended me to a railway Company by which had just constructed a branch through his estate. I was at first a porter, but afterwards a signalman, and, as a great favour, I was given a post on the branch just mentioned, close to my own home. The signal was not far from the junction of the branch with the main line, a very lonely spot for a long way in either direction, although there was a thriving town some five miles down the branch, and there was a swing cab by where the trucks used in the scanty local traffic were collected.

There were some cottages near my crossing—I ought to have said that there was a level crossing not far from my box—in one of these I lived, a sprinkling of farmhouses and several very good houses of a higher class were within sight. In one of these latter, not by any means the grandest, but handsome enough for all that, lived Squire Chalybon; and it was with his only daughter, Miss Beatrice, that I chose to fall in love. For that matter, I daresay a score of other young fellows as poor as myself were as earnestly in love with her as I was, but they probably had sufficient sense not to show their folly. I did show mine. I could not help it, and when I recall all I felt and suffered at the time, I feel I must retract my admission that others were as much in love with her as myself, but had the sense to conceal it, such a thing would have been impossible. They could not have concealed it, they might have refrained from talking about it. I did not talk, but had they seen the girl as often as I did, and looked into her face as closely as I did, they could not have hidden their infatuation from her. In return, she would have looked at them with the same haughty indifference—which yet had a something of contemptuous wonder in it—as I was treated with.

Not that my story has anything of the Lady of Lyons in it, or at all, I was no Claude to an English Pauline, but this girl, this Miss Beatrice, was so astonishingly beautiful that she was famed for full twenty miles around. In addition, she was one of the best horsewomen in the county, and this could lead me to see more of her than I should otherwise have done. She used to ride out, sometimes with a servant only, sometimes with a party, nearly every day, and nearly every day she came through the gates at my crossing. I tried not to look at her, feeling, and knowing, that their sparkle from my eyes was more feeling than I should have allowed to appear in me—but in vain. I could not withhold my eyes from that pale, dark face—she was not a blonde beauty, pale but was not the type in those days—from her large, deep, unfathomable eyes, their looks through me and put me in a tremor. Yet those eyes, as I even then knew but too well, read me to the very soul as seemed to mock me.

I am bound to say that I was not now, and even at the distance of time at which my story begins to be, but I have waited a whole afternoon, when I had a turn off, in the hope of seeing Miss Beatrice.

Here there's house stood on a knoll, with smooth open lawns sloping down from it on all sides, so that from my signal box I could see when any one was walking in the front of the mansion, and when a party assembled to ride out. Well, I have actually lingered, on some fair pretence, for four or five hours at the signal box, in the hope that she might walk on the lawn, or that she might mount and ride the usual rounds.

I well remember that it was on one of these afternoons that Miss Beatrice rode through with a small party. Ah! I recall them only enough. There was one other lady, and three gentlemen. To open the gate for them, for her, was the opportunity I had been longing for, waiting for, and wasting my few hours of holiday for; so I offered to do this to assist my mate, who had relieved me, and who was glad enough to be spared the labour, and I caught a full glance from the eyes of Miss Beatrice. The look was one in which she seemed to exchange glances with me. I know it meant nothing, that it was all a delusion, and yet it would be enough to haunt me for days. I knew that also. I had never seen her look so beautiful before, and I felt my cheeks and brow turn burning hot in the instant I met this glance.

They passed. I watched them to the last—I always did—and I saw her turn her head towards the gentleman who took by her side. The movement brought her profile so plainly in view that I could see she was smiling. As I watched her, the gentleman turned round and looked in my direction. He was smiling also, it was something beyond a smile with him, and I then recollected more with shame, than I had before done with each moment, for I knew he was laughing at me. So Miss Claybyn must have been laughing also, and at what? I was the subject of their mirth, and it served me right. Yes, I knew that at the moment, but to know it did not make the bitter laughter painful.

I went back to my cottage, it the end of the lane. He, too, had noticed the group and, as I entered the hut, 'That was the pretty Miss Lim knoll, was not it?—Ah! I thought so. I wonder what was the celebrated Miss Claybyn. You know who that was, Harry, for side, I suppose?'

'No,' I replied, answering, as calmly as I could, 'I was then a stranger to the neighbourhood.'

'That young fellow, a captain from somewhere,' continued my mate, 'who is going to marry Miss Claybyn. He has got a lot of money, so has she. Sam Powell, who drives the night mail, knows him, and tell me all about it.'

As the speaker had no idea of the absurd state I was in, he took no particular notice of me, but changed the subject, and went on with some mill or other.

I was glad he did so, for although I had an utter contempt for my folly in all and the conduct of the future of Miss Claybyn to it, yet I could not have conversed in such a strain as her mate, while the knowledge that she perhaps to whom I had been so rude—I felt sure of that—was her betrothed, came to me as the lightning of the storm, tenfold.

I had ample opportunity of seeing that the report which I had heard was likely, it mistake, to be found in fact the stranger, the 'captain from somewhere,' remained at Lim knoll for fully a fortnight, during which time not a day passed without my seeing him and Miss Claybyn, and sometimes more than in each day. So I came to know him by sight well as I did her. He was a frank, hand some young fellow that I could see, and was obliged to own, and in his speech he was pleasant. This was shown by his stopping on two or three occasions, when I was going home, to ask me some questions, as I opened the gate for him.

I was sure he made these occasions, and it but disliked him for it, but I could not continue to bear ill will against a man of such kindly open manners, so I relented and, as he left the neighbourhood, used to look forward with pleasure to seeing him. This was a relief from my previous lofty mood, and so was my accepting a cigar from him as he rode through. In fact, although I have no doubt 'written myself an ass,' as our old friend Dogberry would have said, yet at the worst I was not without some glimmering of sense, which saved me from making an absolute example of myself.

Even during the short time in which the captain—I did not know his name—was visiting at Lim knoll, the heat and surge of my absurd passion had perceptibly moderated, and just then several circumstances combined to restore me to a right frame of mind.

After the captain's departure, Miss Beatrice left home on a prolonged visit, so that I did not see her, and at the same time I met Polly Carr, who was, in her way, quite as pretty as Beatrice Claybyn, and perhaps not nearly so haughty, and my heart being specially tender and open to impression just then, I suppose, I speedily thought more of her than of the young lady at Lim knoll. Indeed we were married the next year.

At the time I speak of, a good many things were in a state, or at least had not had out, which have quite vanished now, and among these was duelling. Every now and then a duel was fought, but the schools which attend bloodless meetings, and the greater severity of the place in cases where harm was done, were hinting him them greatly, yet still, they did occasionally happen. A great stir was made by a violent quarrel among some officers of a regiment quartered in Lincolnshire, in which a challenge to fight a duel had been given and refused. It was called in the papers of the day, 'The Great Military Scandal,' and arose in the following manner. A certain Major Stanley had offered a gross insult to a young lady, on whom, it appeared, he had been paying his attentions for some time, and her only relative, a half brother, was in the same regiment with the major. The details were not published, and it was no wonder that Captain Lennox could find the major, but the latter declined the challenge on some professional grounds, and when the captain left, he was followed. These circumstances, it appeared, were the captain, but both became violent in the dispute, until at last the captain threatened to satisfy, not in the presence of several others. This was not a mere behaviour, a 'cowardly or ill bred whipping after but a right down wrong,' the major being hardly at all blamed. This was serious in such a way, and it showed, where was that the officers were on duty at the time, and that letter of military law, the captain would certainly be punished with death.

He had expected, it seem, that after so public and such a painful humiliation, he would infallibly receive a challenge from the injured officer, but it was not so. He was placed in arrest in the barracks, and resolved to be brought to a court martial. He heard, however, from some friendly source that it was intended to hand him over to the civil power, when he would be charged with an assault with intent to kill.

In those days, almost anything was transportable, and as Major Stanley belonged to one of the most influential families in the kingdom, there was no doubt that the captain would be sent to a convict settlement. There was also no doubt that the prosecution would be conducted in the most vindictive spirit and pushed to the bitterest end.

Terrified at such a prospect, the young officer escaped from the barracks, by connivance of the

guard, there was reason to suppose, although this was never completely proved, at anyrate, he got clean away, and disappeared. Immediate advantage was taken of this fatal (although very natural) step, and a reward was at once offered for his apprehension. If he could get out of the country, he would be safe, as there were then no engagements for giving up criminals, so the ports were watched, an easier thing to do when there was not such a tremendous outflow of emigration as now.

Public sympathy was naturally strongly in favour of Captain Lauriston, and against the mayor, who would be compelled, it was generally said, to leave the service. But this would not let the captain from being cashiered, nor from fourteen years transportation, as he was certain to be made an example of, if only for the purpose of showing that officers would be protected when they refused to accept a challenge.

I had taken a interest in all these details, as my mates had done, and, as with them, my sympathies were on the side of Captain Lauriston, not only as a stranger, for I had never, to my knowledge, heard of him before. But after a while it began to be said that the captain was the officer who had been so long a visitor at Elm Knoll, and was the accepted suitor of Miss Cleabyrn. This gave me more interest in the affair, and I sincerely hoped he might make good his escape.

Miss Pettina had returned to Elm Knoll, but she rarely left the house, and still more rarely rode out, although it was the hunting season, so that I hardly ever saw her.

I was on night duty at the signals, and when I went there one evening to relieve the day man, he told me that there were several London detectives 'hanging about the place'—he knew this from one of the guards who had formerly been in the police, and so recognised them. I naturally asked if the Company suspected any thing wrong among their people, and my mate said no, not at all. The detectives of course would not say anything about their business, but the guard suspected that they were after Captain Lauriston, who was likely to try to see Miss Cleabyrn before leaving England. This appeared feasible enough, and I was sickheartily to echo the wish of my mate, to the effect that the young fellow might give his pursuers the slip.

I have said that my signals and crossing were on a branch, of no great traffic, so, when the last down passenger and first night goods' trains had passed—they followed each other pretty closely—there was nothing stirring for several hours. Truth through the gates at the level crossing after dark, there was little or none, so my berth was dull and lonely enough. I did not much mind this, for I was fond of reading, and on this night—a stormy one it was—I was reading a terrible ghost story. I laugh at such things now, but I knew night well that they made me 'creep' then. I dare-say every one knows the sensation, and has felt it over ghost stories. I was in the midst of the most terrible part, when I heard a slight noise, and lifting up my eyes, saw at my little window, quite close to me, that which startled me more than any ghostly appearance ever will. I thought it was a ghost. The glare of my lamp fell upon the panes, and I recognised the large deep eyes which had so often thrilled me. I saw, and knew to a certainty that Beatrice Cleabyrn was looking at me. She knew by my electric start that she was recognised. The face vanished from my window, and as I sprang from my seat, there was a tap at my door. I threw it open. The furious blast of wind which entered almost blew out my lamp, and I felt the driving rain even as I stood within the hut. It was Miss Cleabyrn, and she at once stepped over my threshold. She had on a long cloak, the cape of which was turned up so as to form a hood, and this was dripping with wet, great drops of rain were on her face too. I pushed my stool, the only seat in my hut, towards her, and stood to ask what had brought her to such a spot on such a night, but I could get out no intelligible word. She had closed the door after her, and in her very manner of doing so, there was something which suggested fear and danger, so that I caught my breath in sympathetic alarm.

'You are Philip Waltham, are you not?' she said.

I had never heard her speak before, and either I was still under the influence of my old enchantment, or she really had the most melodious, most thrilling voice in the world, assuredly I thought so. Of course I replied in the affirmative.

'We—I have heard you spoken of, she continued, 'and always favourably. I am sure you may be trusted, I am sure you will be faithful.'

'If I can serve you in any manner, Miss Cleabyrn, I managed to say, 'I will be faithful to any promise I may give—faithful to death.' This was a rather strong speech, but I could not help it. As I made it, I felt that she knew right well, without being led by any report or mention of me—even if she had heard anything of this sort—why I might be trusted.

She smiled as I said this. I knew how fascinating was her smile, but I had never seen it with such sadness in it, it was a thousand times more enthralling than before. 'I will confide in you,' she went on. 'I will tell you why I am here in such a tempest, to do this, will be to confide in you most fully—I will not sit down'—this was called forth by another offer of the only seat already mentioned—'I will stand here'—she was standing in an angle behind the door, much screened by my desk and some books which were heaped upon it—'then no chance or prying passer by can see me.'

'None will pass here for some time, Miss Cleabyrn,' I said, 'on such a night as this, on any night, indeed, the place is deserted, but take the precaution, if it will give you a feeling of greater safety.'

She did so, and then proceeded, firmly and collectedly—I was enabled afterwards to judge how much the effort cost her—to tell me what had brought her to my station. 'You have heard of Captain Lauriston?' she began.

I signified that I had done so.

'You know that he is pursued by the police;

and you know, I have no doubt, that he is the gentleman who was here in the early part of the summer?—I thought so. He is in this neighbourhood, is not far from here. He dares not enter our house at Elm Knoll, as that is not only under special watch, but we have reason to think that one or more of our servants are bought over, and would act as spies and informers. He cannot get away without assistance, and you, he thinks, are the only man he can trust.'

'I am!' I exclaimed. 'Why, what can I do?'

'Perhaps nothing, perhaps everything,' replied Miss Claibyrn. 'He has been seen and recognised here, and every hour makes it more dangerous for him to linger. He knows he can trust you. I am sure of it too,' she added, after a moments hesitation, 'your very look justifies me in saying so much.'

Ah! she knew what my poor stupid looks had revealed, months before, and speculated rightly that I would have been taken out and shot dead on the line, rather than have betrayed her slightest confidence.

I told her that I would do anything to assist her, and the captain too. 'In what way, I continued, 'do you——?'

'You must get him away in one of the carriages,' she interrupted—'a mere carriage which leaves here, for if he ventures to the station, he will certainly be arrested. You can, for the present, conceal him in your cottage, where, as I know, nobody lives but your mother and yourself. We leave all to you. He will come here to-morrow night. The rest is in your hand.—There, sir, all I can give you now,' she continued. 'What reels money we can command, he will want, but in a short time you shall be properly rewarded.' As she spoke, I saw her hands were busy under her cloak, and in the next instant she laid on the desk before me a handsome gold watch and chain.

'Miss Claibyrn!' I gasped at last, 'you did not think—do not suppose for a moment that I would—would take from you anything to buy my life. I am only too willing to save it. I shall be paid——'

'They are yours!' she interrupted. 'Watch for the captain to-morrow night.—Do not follow me.—No, keep them! All we can do will be but trifling, to show our undying gratitude, if you aid us now.' She opened the door as she said this, and in a moment was lost in the darkness of the night, leaving me standing with the watch and chain in my hand.

MY DETECTIVE EXPERIENCES

Novel readers are well acquainted with the modern detective. He is almost as important a personage as the rich nabob, who was so lavishly utilised by our pragenitors in cutting the Gordian knot of difficulties in their contemporary novels of fiction. If the good man struggling with the storms of Fate' required instant rescue from his troubles, a rich uncle from India appeared upon the scene. So in our day the villain is run to earth by a supernaturally gifted detective. But making allowances for the fact that a great part of our fiction is the work of women, who cannot (presumably) have come in contact with the detective class, the sketches of these useful individuals by feminine pens are tolerably close to nature, although they are copies of pre-existing portraits, or evolved from their inner consciousness, in the same way as the most vivid description of Switzerland is said to be the work of Schiller, who had never seen the country.

My first professional experience of a detective was as follows. On a certain evening I found, to my dismay, that the entrance hall of my home had been practically cleared of its contents—a hat, two umbrellas, and a double sealskin cloak having disappeared. I gave information at the nearest police station, and was informed that a police officer would wait upon me. On the following day, the servant announced that a man wanted to speak to me at the street door. I found in herculean individual in the garb of a navvy, with huge sandy whiskers and red hair, who informed me that he was a detective. I ushered him into the dining room, where he seated himself, and listened very patiently to my story. He inquired as to the character of the girl who answered the door. 'Intolerable,' I replied. 'But she is unknown to me.'

He expressed his conviction that the servant was in collusion with the thief or thieves. At the moment I was again summoned to the door, where I beheld a somewhat diminutive man in black, attired as a clergyman. He was an elderly man, with silver hair, a clear pink and white complexion, and wore a suit of superfine broadcloth, with a white cravat. He 'set up' to the middle detail was faultless, even to the gold rimmed double eyeglass. 'You have a detective here?'

'Yes.'

'I am a very out of the ordinary, can I speak to him?'

In another minute the pair were seated side by side, as great a contrast as it is possible to conceive.

Thinking that my business alone was not the cause of his visit, I courteously left them to themselves. In a few minutes, the 'clergyman' left the house expressing a hope that I should obtain some trifling of my lost property. The 'navvy' remained for about half an hour, relating some of his experiences. 'You see, sir, we have different tools for different jobs. If there is to be any rough and tumble business, any work requiring strength and muscle, anything dangerous, they employ a man like me.' The speaker stretched his powerful limbs as he spoke with some natural pride. 'Our sergeant would be of no use at all in such work. He does the delicate work, the organising part of the affair—same as a general.' The 'navvy' then went on to relate how he had lately been employed to detect the supposed defalcations of a licensed at a small beershop in a low quarter of the town. The customary expedient of paying for supplies with marked coin was not deemed sufficient, as an opinion existed that the girl was a member of a gang, whom it was deemed prudent to discover. 'So, for a fortnight, I haunted that public, as you see me now, passing for a navvy who was taking a holiday and spending his savings, sometimes sitting in the taproom, and sometimes in front of the bar, smoking and

chatting with all comers. The suspicions formed proved to be correct, and the girl turned out to be an agent of a gang of area-sneaks and burglars.

I am compelled to record that my ingenious friend was not equally successful in my case, no trace of the missing property ever having been discovered.

My next experience of detectives was on two occasions when I officiated as a grand juryman. The reader is probably aware that the grand jury-men sit in a room in the immediate proximity of the Court listening to evidence for the prosecution only, the prisoner not being produced, the object being, to discover whether the prisoner should be put on his trial or not. Sometimes there is a perfect procession of detectives, of every type, according to the nature of the case. One will appear habited as a workman, another, a superfluous word, and leaving off when the end has arrived. This is in strong contrast to the ordinary witnesses, especially the female witnesses, whom it is difficult to keep to the point. One of the detectives made a lasting impression on me. He might have stepped on to the boards of a fashionable theatre as the exponent of Sir Frederick Blount in Lord Lytton's play of *Money*—a very light overcoat, check trousers, patent leather boots, white gloves and a pearl button-hole coloured bud, gloves and a lavender head of Malvern come. He was very pale, with flaxen hair parted down the middle and a light fluffy moustache. The jury opened there eyes very wide when he commenced his business like statement by saying, that he was a sergeant in the detective force. He had been driving a swell drag in company with another detective, on the look out for some notorious horse-stealers in one of the Eastern Counties. He had met them driving a cart to which a stolen horse was attached. They obeyed his command for a while to follow him to the market town, but suddenly attempted flight across the fields, deserting their cart and horses, but were pursued and captured.

The following is a notable instance of shrewdness on the part of a detective. Some burglars had been disturbed in their work in a house near the Regent's Park by a wakeful butler. He was armed with a gun, and he succeeded in capturing one burglar and wounding another, who escaped. There was no doubt of the latter fact, as spots of blood were plainly discernible on the snowy ground. When the day for the examination of the captured burglar arrived, a detective placed himself in the police court in a position whence he could watch the countenances of the general public. He wisely argued that some friend of the prisoner would attend in order to convey the earliest information to the wounded burglar of the result of the examination of his friend. For a while the detective scanned the grimy features of the audience in vain, at length he fancied that a woman betrayed more than ordinary interest in the evidence adduced. At the conclusion of the examination, he followed the woman to a humble lodging in the Borough, and there, stretched on a miserable pallet, lay the burglar with a bullet wound in his leg.

A detective who had followed a felonious clerk from England to the United States, lost the scent at Buffalo, which is about twenty miles from the celebrated Falls of Niagara. The detective argued that no one would come so near to the Falls without paying a visit to them. He went accordingly, and the first person he saw was the runaway clerk, who stood in admiration of the Horse-shoe Fall.

With a singular occurrence, which happened to myself, I will conclude these rambling notes. On the 2'th of January 188', I was seated at tea with my family in my house, which is located in a very quiet street in West Kensington. The servant appeared and said a gentleman wished to speak to me. He had not inquired for any one in particular, but had said that 'any gentleman would do.' I must remind the reader that all Fulham was at this time ringing with the trials of the dynamite explosion at the House of Commons and the Tower on the preceding day. I found a still gentlemanly individual about thirty, of the genus 'swell,' who spoke with all the tone and manner of a person accustomed to good society. After a momentary glance at me, he turned his head and kept his eyes intently fixed on the further end of the street. He spoke in a low tone, and in somewhat hurried and excited accents. 'I want you to assist me in arresting two Irish Americans. I have been following them for some time, and they have just discovered that fact.'

'Are you a detective?' I inquire.

'I am,' he replied with his gaze still concentrated on the street. 'I can see them still,' he continued.

Now, I am afraid, when I recall my reply, I shall be placed on the same pedestal with Sir John Falstaff at the battle of Shrewsbury, so far as my courage is concerned. But I had just by a narrow escape from a protracted illness, which had left me very weak, and had been confined to the house for a fortnight under medical certificate. I hurriedly stated these facts, and added, that I feared I was not at that moment physically fit for an affair such as he alluded to. He paused in response, and without removing his gaze from his quarry, said, 'I wish I could see a policeman,' and walked rapidly away in the direction of the two men.

A sunny day is supposed to be a true one, the men must have promptly decoyed him into a quiet street and there wanted, in order to solve the point whether they were in reality being tracked, fulminant to attempt their arrest single handed, the detective ran at the first door he came to, to throw them off their guard, and cause them to suppose that he had friends in the street, also on the chance that he might obtain a stalwart assistant in his desperate adventure. I have never heard anything further of my mysterious visitor. My readers can easily imagine the diversified comments to which my cautious conduct has given rise—how I have missed a golden opportunity of immortalising myself, and of becoming the hero of the day! how I have probably escaped death by knife or revolver from

two desperadoes, who, under the circumstances, could easily have effected their escape in a retired street and in the grey dusk of a Sabbath evening

A BONE TO PICK WITH ARTISTS

I HAVE a bone to pick with my friends the artists! I use the word 'friends' advisedly, for have I not had the entree for years to several studios in artistic Kensington? First and foremost was that of poor T. E. Rowlandson, who was so suddenly removed from amongst us some ten years ago, leaving a reputation for breezy coast scenery, which is still green in the memory of the public. My ground of offence is this: that they invest their subjects with so much of their own poetical imagination, that when we subsequently make acquaintance with the localities, an acute sense of disappointment is experienced. Thus I had been further for years with the exquisite engraving after Turner of Abbotsford, wherein the old Tweed of the North peers forth like some enchanted castle from a lane of trees which extend to the bank of the murmuring Tweed. The happy time arrived when I was fated to make acquaintance with Scotland and its lovely scenery. Need I say that I included in my explorations Abbotsford and Melrose. My heart beat high as I felt that I was within a couple of miles of renowned Abbotsford. Could I not see in my mind's eye the massive entrance porch as I detected by Sir William Allan R.A. the baronial hall with the knight in armour and so on? What was the reality? A very comfortable country mansion, not of any great size, and the dense foliage hid the view. I must candidly admit with respect to the last point that the artist's entire probable for this occasion, as the plantation had been cut down for sanitary reasons by the descendants of the great Sir Walter. But the rooms were terribly shrunken as compared with the images in my mind's eye as created by the imaginative Turner and Allan. Melrose Abbey could not be better. But I was disappointed to find the sacred fane so hemmed in by poor buildings, which never appear in the artist's sketches.

On one occasion, I was carefully watching the delicate tints of my friend Smith, as he rapidly placed upon paper the outward resemblance of a picturesque water mill in a valley in the Highlands, but lightly his pencil described a swelling mountain in the far distance. In vain I protested at this outrage on authenticity and verisimilitude. Smith was firm, and descanted in eloquent terms on the improvement made by the addition. Herein lies the key of my ground of complaint.

Haddon Hall is another of my painful awakenings. It is worthy a pilgrimage to explore the tapestried halls, for they are full of interest, and the Hall itself is beautifully situated. But he who has never studied the hundreds of views of Haddon which are in existence, will be the happier man. The chambers have a dwarfed and shrunken appearance. The miniature terrace with its moss-grown steps looking like a view seen through the wrong end of a telescope, completed my disappointment.

Kenilworth was a success, because I was not familiar with my magnified views thereof. Always excepting the famous courtyard in front of the renowned Elizabethan staircase, down the steps of which the defeated Emperor slowly trod ere he bade farewell to his kingdom prior to his departure for Elba. Do we not all know the celebrated print after Horace Vernet, wherein Napoleon is depicted and General Petit, while the stalwart standard bearer of the great victorious eagle covers his weeping face with one hand. In the immense space, the serried ranks of the Imperial Guard stand like mute statues. Enough to contemplate the interesting square. Another illusion had departed.

Any one who has seen the chamber at Holyrood in which Mary Stuart held high festival with her ladies, listening the while to the love-songs of the Italian Rizzio will candidly admit that it is one of the smallest supper rooms in nature. Now, decidedly—'exceeding small,' to Sir Lucas Oliphant's remarks with respect to its baronial interment in the Abbey at Perth. And here I must admit that there is one drill at exception to the theory I have laid down—Edinburgh! I have never heard a single individual express disappointment with the first sight of 'Auld Reekie!' Can the surroundings of course in no way or diminish the enthusiasm. Probably no city has been so profusely illustrated, and when the special points are seen for the first time they are recognized as old familiar friends. Well do I remember my first experience. The train left the south at that time was not managed with the same speed as the nineteenth is now. I was tired of arrive at the Calton station at eleven P.M. It was a dark, lovely night, and as a pitch when I stepped into a cab and drove to a certain hotel there. The journey, I fancied, I caught a glimpse of the Scott Monument, and felt a special thrill in anticipation. When I descended to the breakfast room the following morning all was changed. Before my window lay the long line of Prince's Street, with the elegant Gothic spire of Scott Monument tapering gracefully into the blue sunlight. The cries of the Newhaven fishwives were as music to my ear.

I was so impatient to mount the Castle Hill and the Calton Hill that I wished I could be Sir Boyle Roche's bird, and be in two places at once. To describe the views from those celebrated minors would be to relate a 'twice told tale.' But even at this instance of time I smile at my outspoken delight as I 'spotted' places I had been familiar with from childhood (in pictures), and then unexpected relation to each other. 'Why, that is Holyrood below me!' and then I remembered that the old palace must have a local habitation somewhere. But there are two effects which remain for ever imprinted on my memory. The rainclouds had wheeled again, and as they scudded rapidly across the heavens, the Castle and Rock were one moment in bright sunlight, and then involved in the deepest gloom, so that the

green covered bier appeared as unsubstantial in the mist as a fairy palace. The second effect was the Old Town at night as viewed from Princes Street, with the twinkling lights piled high in air, as if they denoted the lofty towers of a palace of the genii. The walk of a few yards changes the entire scene. Arthur Seat, Salisbury Crags, and the Pentlands seen from a different angle create a new picture. Edinburgh, changeable and inexhaustible, the Athens of cities!

I wish to touch with be coming reverence on the dissolutions which may be under the pictorial representations of the Holy Land. Inspired by those illustrations, how often have I in imagination left Jerusalem by one of the city gates, and explored the Valley of Jehoshaphat, ascended the Mount of Olives, and followed the consolation of the brook Kedron, the gently rising moon illuminating, meanwhile the garden of Gethsemane! Would a personal examination of some of these sacred places be attended with perfect satisfaction? I fear not.

THE SICKROOM FIRE

I am neither doctor nor nurse by profession, but have had twice in my lifetime to abandon my ordinary occupation and take charge of members of my family who suffered from severe illness. Like others who were not taught 'the regular way,' I had to meet difficulties as they rose, and, as often happens, necessity became the mother of invention.

My first patient was my father. He suffered from nervous fever, and the slightest noise caused him great suffering, every sound appearing to be magnified to an extraordinary degree. It was, of course, important that nothing should occur to break the light sleep which he got from time to time. His illness occurred in winter, and the season was an unusually severe one of frost. It was necessary to keep a fire in the bedroom, and I found that the poking of it, dropping of cinders on the fender pan, and the putting of coals on the fire, interfered sadly with my patient's rest, and I saw that I must get rid of the noise if my nursing was to be a success. My first step was to send out of the room both fender and fire irons, and to get an ordinary walking stick, such as is sold for sixpence. With this I cleared the bars and did what poking was necessary for several weeks. When it took fire, as it occasionally did, I rub upon the bars put it out. All the rattle of fire irons and fender was got rid of, and my first difficulty was overcome. My remaining trouble was putting coals on the fire. If I shook them out of the scuttle into the grate, it made a deal of noise, if I tooted them out with a scoop, the sound was nearly as great, and more irritating, because more prolonged. I managed to get out of this difficulty by making up the coal in parcels. I bought my coal box down stairs, and taking a couple of scoopfuls of coal at a time, I folded it in a piece of newspaper, and then tied each parcel with string. I put the parcels one upon another in it until the coal box was full, and took them to my patient's room. When the fire wanted replenishing, I placed a parcel upon it; the paper burned away, and the coal settled down gently with little or no sound. After this, the fire was no longer a trouble to me or to my patient.

Some years after my first experience at nursing, my wife was suddenly attacked with typhus fever. I had to clear the house of children and servants, and send for two hospital nurses. When I was preparing for the night on the evening of their arrival, the nurse who was about to sit up smiled when she saw me bring into the patient's room a coal box full of paper parcels. She evidently looked upon it as the whim of an amateur. The next morning, she took quite another view of the case, and said 'I thought, sir, that I knew my business pretty well, but you certainly have taught me something I did not know—how to manage a sickroom fire. Why, I often let the fire out, and had to sit for hours in the cold, for fear of waking patients when they were getting a good sleep, besides missing the fire afterwards, when they wakened, and I had not a warm drink for them or the means of making it. With your parcels, I had a good fire all night without a sound, and never had to soil my fingers.'

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY'S WESTERN TERMINUS

Port Moody, at the head of Burrard Inlet, was the point first selected as a terminus for the Canadian Pacific Railway. The terminus finally decided upon, however, has on Coal Harbour, near the entrance to this inlet, where the city of Vancouver is now springing up with great rapidity. The Company's machine shops and terminal works will be located here, and it promises to be an important commercial city at no distant date. Tenders have been spoken of for a fortnightly mail service between that point and Yokohama and Hong Kong. It is also probable that the carrying of the bulk of tea shipments for England and the eastern American states and provinces will be done by this route. This makes the outlook all the more promising for Vancouver. Town lots of land have been laid off by the provincial government fronting the harbour on English Bay, a large portion of which will be used by the railway Company for terminal works.

'LET THERE BE LIGHT'

'Let there be light!' and through the abysmal deep
Where Darkness sat enthroned in silent state,
A tremor passed, with high purpose as fate
Half conscious some change had set from the sleep,
That would all objects from mistiness keep
Lest man or friend the wanderer dare not wait
The path, with the Voice outside the gate,
Lest living thing must walk, fly, swim, and creep.

'Let there be light!' then at Creation's dawn
Life earth had shape, the glorious mandate ran
Nature obeyed, and over the face of night
Went forth the rosy streaks of our first morn
Still Nature keeps to one unvarying plan,
And God like souls still cry 'Let there be light!'

ALFRED FRANCIS CROW

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, 47 Paternoster Row, London, and 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

All Rights Reserved.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL
OF
POPULAR
LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART
Fifth Series
ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832
CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)

No. 119.—Vol. III. SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1886 PRICE 1½d.

GLOVING

'A pair of gloves, if you please.—Yes, sir. What kind of gloves?' The customer indicates the kind of gloves he requires, and down comes a long, shallow box, divided into several compartments, in each of which there lies a neat bundle of gloves of various colours and shades, held together by a band of paper. 'What size, sir?' The size is mentioned, and one of the bundles is lifted out of its compartment and quickly and carefully opened at one end. Gloves of the exact size and shade required are selected, the price is paid, and there, for the most part, the transaction ends. How many of the thousands who every day go through this process have any idea of where and how the soft, delicate, tight fitting gloves they wear are made?

Enormous numbers—and to exceed two thirds of the entire consumption—are imported from France, Germany, and Sweden. But there is a large home manufacture, which is carried on to a considerable extent in and about Worcester, but principally in the west of England.

If the reader will glance at a railway map, and let his eye follow the main line of the London and South Western Railway, he will find, about midway between Salisbury and Exeter, a station marked Yeovil Junction. Should he actually travel down the line and change at this junction, he would speedily find himself landed at the ancient market town of Yeovil, the centre and capital of the glove trade, or as it is locally described, 'the gloving'—a town of about eight thousand inhabitants. A visitor from the North or the Midlands would probably be surprised, on entering the gloving metropolis, to find nothing of the noise or dirt which is usually associated with manufacturing industry. No tall chimneys belch out black clouds of smoke, no gaunt factories rear themselves aloft above the houses, no ponderous machinery makes its throb felt even by passers by in the streets. No obtrusive signs of the trade which is being carried on meet the eye anywhere. The place is clean and bright and quiet, and surrounded by green hills and luxuriant valleys dotted over with magnificent timber. Yet it looks—what, indeed, inquiry proves it to be—a prosperous and thriving town, presenting a marked and agreeable contrast to most of the sleepy old towns whose glory has long since departed, in the beautiful west country that Kingsley loved so well. In this respect the capital is a fair sample of all the gloving centres, a general air of prosperity pervades them all.

The area over which the trade extends is not large. A line drawn east and west through Yeovil and continued for ten miles in each direction would intersect the whole district which lies on the borderland of Somerset and Dorset, and includes some half-dozen small towns and fair sized villages, of which Milborne Port, Sherborne, Stoke sub Hamdon and Martock are the principal. Nor can the trade itself be compared for magnitude with many other industries, it is a mere pigmy beside the cotton, the iron, or the woollen trade.

Let us have the pleasure of entering, the reader over one of the glove factories, fourteen or fifteen of which may be found in Yeovil alone, that he may see the present state of one of the most ancient industries in the country, and have an idea of the number and variety of the processes and hands through which his gloves have passed.

Beginning at the beginning, we enter a room in which the raw material lies before us in the shape of hundreds of bundles of sheepskins tanned and bleached as white as the driven snow. Handling them, we find them soft and elastic to the touch. These are not the skins of our high bred English sheep, which are wholly unfit for the purpose, but the skins of half wild mountain sheep, which are collected by Jews over the east of Europe and the western part of Asia. The glover does not care for the skins of your wool producing sheep, his dictum is, 'the rougher the hair, the better the pelt' (skin). These skins were formerly imported untanned,

but the German tanners have now beaten the English tanners out of the market, and they are bought in the condition in which we now see them here, in Berlin or Vienna. As the skins are required, they are taken out of the store and soaked in a vat containing the yolks of eggs in the proportion of ten dozen skins to one gallon of yolks. In order to assure that every part of the skins shall be thoroughly soaked, they are trodden by men's feet. This is done, it is said, 'to feed or nourish them,' or, in other words, to make them still softer and more elastic. The soaking over, the skins are next taken to the dyehouse, and laid face upper most on a slightly convex, laid on a board. Here they are rapidly and frequently brushed over with dyestuff until they have absorbed a sufficient quantity to give them the desired colour, when they are again brushed with what is called 'a stiffener'—that is, a liquid preparation that will fix and render permanent the dye already put on them.

The skin is next hung up in a stove or heated room, where it rapidly dries. When dry, it is handed over to a man whose business it is to examine it, and if, as is almost always the case, it is too thick for the purpose for which it is intended, or is of unequal thickness, to pare it down until it is of the required thickness and of one uniform thickness all over. In some places this process is carried on in the factory, but more commonly in an outbuilding, attached to the workman's home. It is done by means of a peculiar knife, shaped like a quoit, the outer edge of which is kept very sharp. Having the skin, by a dexterous movement of the hand, to a horizontal bar in front of him, he lays hold of it with the left hand to keep it stretched, and with the right hand scrapes off so much of the fleshy matter at the back of it as may be needed. Considerable skill is required to pare the skin without cutting it, and should the workman be awkward, he may not only injure his work but seriously cut himself.

The skins are next passed under the eye of an experienced workman, who asserts their merit their various qualities. After this, they are passed on to another room, where they are first rolled up in damp cloths, very much after the manner in which a laundress rolls up clothes preparatory to wringing the water out of them, and, when so rolled up, they are vigorously pulled, so as to develop their utmost stretching capacity from head to tail. Then they are spread out on a broad flat table, and carefully, though very quickly, for the workman's eye gets exceedingly sharp, examined for flaws or defects of any kind, such as the scar left by a wound or thorn scratch, or a thin place, which when found is instantly made into a hole. The examination over, the cutter has made up his mind how this particular skin before him can be cut up to the best advantage—that is, in such a manner as to leave as little waste as possible. His mind made up, he lays on a proper pattern, taking care to place it so that it shall be the right way of the grain and not across it, then, with a pair of shears, resembling sheep shears, he cuts it into as many oblong squares—each of which is just large enough for one glove—as the material will admit of. Out of the parts left he cuts pieces for the thumbs and fourchettes or sides of the fingers—usually pronounced 'forgets'—and for the binding round the top and the opening just above the palm of the hand, which are called 'welts'. Having cut a number of skins, he proceeds to put the pieces, endeavouring to match them exactly in colour and quality, and to make up little bundles containing all the pieces necessary for each pair of gloves. This process is one of the most important of all those through which the leather passes. A clumsy or careless workman will cut it to waste, getting several pairs of gloves less out of a dozen skins than a clever and careful one. As we watch the process, we are struck with the rapidity with which the work is done, and with the skill shown in dealing with flaws in the leather. Here, for example, is a skin with a hole in the best part of it about the size of a shilling, with scarcely roughness, the man cuts the leather so that that very hole comes into one of the oblong squares. We call attention to the fact, when, with a smile, he points out that at that precise point a hole will be required for the thumb piece.

The pieces of leather, called in the trade 'frames'—for they are no longer skins—are now passed on to another room, where they are cut into their final shape. Hitherto, we have been dealing with the preparation of the material for gloves, and a stranger might have followed all the processes so far without gathering from what he saw any indication of the use to be made of these pieces of leather. But now they begin to assume a shape which cannot be mistaken. The reader, especially the fair reader, has doubtless often seen, if not used, the shapes with which pastry is cut into leaves, circles, squares and so on. Now, if you will put your two hands together, palms uppermost, and imagine a shape that would cut out the figure made by these two hands, minus the thumbs, and treating the two little fingers as one, you will have a very fair idea of a glover's punch or 'web'. In the room we now enter we find quite a number of these punches, varying with the number of sizes manufactured. One of them is laid on a sliding table, edge uppermost, then six of these oblong squares of leather—which have been placed face to face in pairs, so that right and left hand gloves may be cut together—are laid upon it, and covered with a thick pad of wood or vulcanite. The table is pushed forward until the punch and its burden rest under an iron press, not unlike a printing press. One pull at the powerful lever, and the press comes down, and the leather is cut. The thumb pieces are next treated in the same manner. Up the back of every pair of gloves there are three lines of ornamental work of some kind. If these gloves are to have the heavy silk work on the back called tambouring, they will now be laid upon a block and punctured with as many holes as there are to be stitches in the tambour work. Before leaving this room, the size of the gloves is stamped on the inside of one, and a consecutive or matching number is written inside each of the two pieces of leather that are now an embryo pair of gloves, so that if, in any of the subsequent processes, they should be accidentally separated, they may be identified and brought together

again. After they have been looked over and carefully perfected with scissors wherever the punch may have left a jagged edge, they are ready to resume their travels.

Tied up in bundles of a dozen, they are given to women, who do the ornamental work on the back of the gloves. Some of these women work on the premises, and others at home. Most of the tambouring, which is very popular, is done in cottage homes. Entering one of these cottages, you may see a woman rocking a cradle with one foot, and giving an occasional glance at the dinner cooking on the fire, while she bends over a frame on which the gloves are stretched, and with a crochet hook, and apparently little more attention than a knitter gives to her stocking, she quickly adds those three, four, or three rows of silk-work up what will be the back of the gloves. Carrying back the gloves to the factory, she will receive sixpence a dozen for her work.

The gloves are next given out to other women, who also work at home, to be stitched—that is, to have the fingers completed and the thumbs put in. This is now nearly all done by a recently invented and cleverly adapted sewing machine, the needle of which comes down on the tip of an upright iron finger. Gloves are not all stitched in the immediate neighbourhood of the factories, but are often sent long distances into remote country villages, where, work being scarce, labour is cheap. And to facilitate this, a class of middle men (or women) has grown up—people who come in from the country to the factories, and take away a hundred or a hundred and fifty dozen a week, which they distribute among the women of the villages in which they live, collect again when finished and bring back to the factory. These putters-out or lingers are paid the usual price, some half-crown a dozen for the stitching, and make their own bargain with the actual worker. They are generally supposed to make a profit of about threepence a dozen, but, as a matter of fact, being shop keepers, they commonly make two profits—one on the gloves, and another on the goods the sewers purchase at their shops. These people have a somewhat difficult part to play, as they stand between two fires, but they are a most useful class, and carry work and its rewards into many villages where, but for them, they would never come. They have done much to stay the exodus of the population from this part of the agricultural districts, enabling parents to keep their young people, and especially their young women, at home, instead of sending them to the great towns to seek for employment.

Having come back from the lingers, the gloves are sent out once more. If they are heavy winter gloves, they are sent out to be lined with warm soft cotton material. If they are lighter goods, they are at once despatched to be welted—that is, to have the lining put round the top and the opening at the wrist. The buttons or clasps, as the case may be, are next added, that done, they come back to the factory for the last time, and pass the final examination.

They have still a rough, tumbled, unfinished look, which would prove anything but tempting to a purchaser. They are now forwarded to the laying out room, where they are stretched with ordinary glove stretchers, and then put on heated steel hands, which take out all the creases and improve their appearance. Nothing now remains but to assort them, to put them up in neat bundles according, to size, to pack them in boxes, and to send them to market.

The special gloves that we have been following through all their stages are those which are known in the trade as 'glum' goods, and are sold to the public under the name of doeskin, Cape, and other names, each name indicating some peculiarity in the quality and finish of the leather. Many other kinds of gloves are made in the district, such as calf and buck and doe skin, the calf gloves are made from English calf skins, and the buck and doe from English lamb skins. There is also a large manufacture of fabric gloves—in other words, of gloves made of cotton, woollen, silk, or merino material. Real kid, however, is nowhere made in this district. The processes through which leather gloves of every kind pass are very much the same as those described above, and the manufacture of fabric gloves differs only in the comparative fewness of its stages, beginning with the process of punching the material into the required shape. After that, its course is an distinguishable from that of the manufacture of leather gloves.

There are altogether about five and twenty factories in the district, ranging from one which claims to be the largest glove factory in the world, and is capable of turning out forty thousand pairs per week, to some which produce only from five hundred to a thousand pairs in the same time. These factories give employment to nearly ten thousand persons, five sixths of whom are women. Only about a quarter of the employees work in the factories, the rest take the work home, and in many cases do it in time which would otherwise be wasted. By thus finding employment for the wives and daughters of an immense number of agricultural labourers—an employment which in no way interferes with their domestic duties—the glove trade brings a large amount of comfort into the homes of the peasantry of the west, and alleviates a lot which would under other circumstances be hard and hopeless in the extreme.

IN ALL SHADES

CHAPTER XIX.

It was the very next day when the governor's wife came to call. In any case, Lady Modyford would have had to call on Miriam, for etiquette demands, from the head of the colony at least, a strict disregard for distinctions of outside, real or imaginary. But Nora Dupuy had seen Lady Modyford that very morning, and had told her all the absurd story of the Hawthorne social disqualifications. Now, the governor's wife was a woman of the world, accustomed to many colonial societies big and small, as well as to the infinitely greater world of London, and she was naturally moved, at first hearing, rather to amusement than to indignation at the idea of Tom Dupuy setting himself up as the social superior of a fellow of Catherine's and barrister

of the Inner Temple. This point of view itself certainly lost nothing from Nora's emphatic way of putting it, for, though Nora had herself a bountiful supply of fine old crusted West Indian prejudices, piquantly on occasion, and looked down upon 'brown people' of every shade with that peculiarly profound contempt possible only to a descendant of the old vanquished slave-owning oligarchy, yet her personal affection for Marian and Edward was quite strong enough to override all such abstract considerations of inferior colour, and her sense of humour was quite keen enough to make her feel the full ridiculousness of comparing such a man as Edward Hawthorn with her own loutish uncouth cousin. She had lived so long in England, as Tom Dupuy himself would have said, that she had begun to pick up at least some faint tincture of these newfangled Exeter Hall opinions, in other words, she had acquired a little bit of common sense and knowledge of life at large to weigh down in part her tolerably large original stock of colonial prejudices.

But when Nora came to tell Lady Modyford, as far as she knew them, the indignities to which the Hawthorns had already been subjected by the pure blue blood of Trinidad, the governess with begin to perceive there was more in it than matter for mere laughter, and she bridled up a little haughtily at the mention of Mr Tom Dupuy's free and easy comment, in which, only Nora on the Orange Grove party 'Niggah people!' the fat, good-natured motherly little body echoed, sharply 'Did he say so, my people, my dear?—What a daughter of General Orl of the Bengal infantry—why I came home from Singapore in the same steamer with her mother the year my father went away from the Straits Settlements to South Australia! Do you mean to say, my dear, they wouldn't call upon her because she married a son of that nice old Mr Hawthorn with the white beard up at Aquitaine? A perfect gentleman, I'm! Dear me, how very abominable! You must excuse my saying it, my child, but really you West Indian people do mistake your own little hole and corner for the great world, in a most extraordinary sort of a fashion. Now, confess to me, don't you?'

So the same afternoon, Lady Modyford had powdered her round, fat, little face, and put on her pretty coquettish French bonnet, and driven round in full state from Government House to Edward Hawthorn's new bungalow in the West moonlit valley.

As the carriage with its red-liveried black footman drove up to the door, Marian's heart sank once more within her. She knew it was the governor's wife come to call, and she had a vague presentiment in her own mind that the fat little woman inside the carriage would sweep in her coal out of formal politeness, and drive away at once without waiting to see her. But instead of that, Lady Modyford came up the steps with great demureness, and walked into the bare drawing room, after Marian's rather untidy and quite raw black waiting maid, and the moment she saw Marian, she stepped up to her very impulsively, and held out both her hands, and kissed the poor young bride on either cheek with genuine tenderness. 'My dear, she said, with a motherly tremor in her kind old voice, 'you must forgive me for making myself quite at home with you at once, and not standing upon ceremony in any way; but I knew your mother years ago—she was just like you then—and I know what a lonely thing it is for a newly married girl to come out to a country like this, quite away from her own people, and I shall be so glad if you'll take Sir Adalbert and me just as we are. We're homely people, and we don't live far away from you, and if you'll run round and see me any time you feel lonely or in want of anything, why, you know, of course, my dear, we shall be delighted to see you!'

And then, before Marian could wipe away the tears that rose quickly to her eyes, the little Lady Modyford had gone off into reminiscences of Singapore and Pombay, and that dear Mrs Ord, and the baby that died—'Your sister, you know, my dear—the one that was born at Calcutta, and died soon after your dear mamma reached England.—No, of course, my dear, your mamma couldn't know that I was here, because, you see, when she and I came home together—why, that was twenty-two years ago—no, twenty four, I declare, because Sir Adalbert—he was plain Mr Modyford then, on three hundred a year, in the Straits Settlements colonial service—didn't propose till the next summer, when he came home on leave, you know, just before he was promoted to Hongkong by that horrid Lord Mulroy, who was Colonial Secretary in those days, and afterwards died of sunpassed gout, the doctors said, at his own villa at that delightful Spezzia. So you see I was Kitty Fletcoy at that time, my child, and I dressed your mamma, who's older than me, a good bit of course, never heard about my marriage. Sir Adalbert for a week married very quietly down in Devonshire, where Sir Adalbert's father was a rector in a very small parish on a tiny income, and we started at once for Hongkong, and spent our honeymoon at Venice, a nasty, damp, uncomfortable place for a wedding tour, I call it, but not nearly so bad as you coming out here straight from the church, I understand, Mrs Dupuy told me, and Trinidad too well known to be unbearable, dead dull sort of an island. But whenever you like, dear, you must just jump on your horse—you've got horses, of course?—yes, I thought so—and ride over to Government House, and have a good chat with me and family, for, indeed, Mrs Hawthorn—what's your Christian name?—Marian—ah, very pretty—we should like to see you as often as you choose, and next week, after you've settled down a little, you must really come up and stop some time with us, for I assure you I have quite taken a fancy to you, my dear, and Sir Adalbert, when he saw Mr Hawthorn the other day, at the Island Secretary's office, came home quite delighted, and said to me "Kitty, the young man they've sent out for the new District judge is the very man to keep that something old fool Dupuy in order in future."'

Lady Modyford wasted a good deal longer than is usual with a first call, and got very friendly indeed with poor Marian before the end of her visit, for coarse grained woman of the world as she was, her heart warmed not

a little towards the friendless young bride who had come out to Trinidad—dull hole, Trinidad, not at all like Singapore, or Mauritius, or Cape Town—to find herself so utterly deserted by all society. And next day, all female Trinidad was talking, over five o'clock tea, about the remarkable fact, learnt indirectly through those unrecognised purveyors of fashionable intelligence, the servants, that that horrid proud Lady Modyford—'who treats you and me, my dear, as if we were the dirt beneath her feet, don't you know, and must call with two footmen and so much grandeur and formality—had actually kissed that brown mouse wife, that's to be the new District judge in Westmoreland on both cheeks, the very first moment she saw her.' Female Trinidad was so inexpressibly shocked at this disgraceful behaviour in a person officially charged with the maintenance of a high standard of decorum, that it was really half inclined to think it ought to cut Lady Modyford direct on next meeting her. It was restrained from this extreme measure, however, by a wholesome consideration of the fact that Lady Modyford would undoubtedly take the rebuff with unmitigated amusement, so it contented itself by merely showing, a little coldness to the governor's wife when it happened to meet her, and refusing to enter into conversation with her on the subject of Miriam and Edward Hawthorn.

As for Miriam herself, she had a good cry, as soon as Lady Modyford was gone, on this interview also. Kind as the governor's wife had wished to show herself, and genuinely sympathetic as she had actually been, Miriam couldn't help recognising, that there was a certain profound underrement of degradation in having to accept the ready sympathy of such a woman at all on such a matter. Anywhere else, Miriam would have felt that Lady Modyford, mentally as she was, stood just a grade or two by nature below her; in fact, she felt so there too. But still, she was compelled by circumstances to take the good Lady's consolation and confidence as a sort of favour, while anywhere else she would rather have repelled it as a disagreeable importunance, or at least as a distasteful interference with her own individuality. It was impossible not to be dimly conscious that coming to Trinidad had made a real difference in her own social position. At home, she had no need for anybody's condescension or anybody's affability; here, she was forced to recognise the fact that even Lady Modyford was making generous concessions on purpose in her favour. It was galling, but it was inevitable. There is nothing more painful to persons who have always mixed in society on terms of perfect and independent equality, than thus to put themselves into false positions, where it is possible for equals, or even for natural inferiors, to seem to patronise them.

Nevertheless, that evening, Miriam said to Edward very firmly: 'Edward, you must make up your mind to stop in Trinidad. I shall never feel so much confidence again in your real courage if you turn and run from Nora's father. Besides, now Lady Modyford has called, and Nora has been here, I daresay we shall get a little society of our own—people who know too much about the outer world to be wholly governed by the fads and fancies of Trinidad planters.'

And Edward answered in a somewhat faltering voice: 'Very well, my darling. One's duty lies that way, I know; and if you're strong enough to stand up and face it, why, I must try to face it also.'

And they did face it, with less difficulty even than they at first imagined. Presently, Mrs Castello came to call, the wife of the governor's aide de camp, a pretty, pleasant, saucily little woman, who struck up a mutual attachment with Miriam almost at first sight, and often dropped in to see them afterwards. Then one or two others of the English officials brought their wives, and before long, when Miriam went to stay at Government House, it was clear that in the imported official society at anyrate the Hawthorns were to be at least tolerated. Toleration is a miserable sort of standing for people to subsist to, but in the last resort, it is better than isolation. And as time went on, the toleration grew into friendliness and intimacy in many quarters though never among the native planter aristocracy. Those noble people, intensely proud of their pure white blood, held themselves entirely aloof with profound dignity. 'Poor souls!' Sir Albert Modyford and contemptuously to Captain Castello, 'they forget how little it is to be proud of and that every small street arab in London could consider himself a gentleman in Trinidad on the very self same grounds of birth as they do.'

CONSCIENTIOUS MONEY SPENDING

'Never treat money affairs with levity—money is character. It is to be feared that many neglect this wise caution, and do not put conscience into the spending of their money, whatever they may do as regards the making of it. Rich people think that it is good for them to be free handed with wealth, and do not 'draw a distinction between productive and unproductive expenditure. They are frequently guilty of demoralising the poorer classes by careless almsgiving and the bad example of their thoughtless money spending.

Of course, so far as they are influenced by religious consideration, the rich recognise the truth that all their possessions are held in trust, and only lent to them by a superior Power for the service of their fellow beings. But the rich have difficulties as well as the poor, and one of these lies in determining how to distribute their expenditure in a way that shall prove beneficial to society. The question, 'To whom or to what cause shall I contribute money?' must be a very anxious one to conscientious men of wealth. 'How are we to measure,' we may suppose rich men to ask, 'the relative utility of charities? And then political economists are down upon us if, by mistake, we help those who might have helped themselves. It is easy to talk against our extravagance, tell us rather how to spend our money advantageously—that is to say, for the greatest good of the greatest number.' The fact is, riches must now be considered by all good men as a distinct profession, with responsibilities no less onerous than those of other professions. And thus very difficult profession of wealth ought to be learned by studying social science and otherwise with as much

cure as the professions of divinity, law, and medicine are learned. When in this way the rich accept and prepare themselves for the duties of their high calling, it will cease to be a cause of complaint that, in the nature of things, money tends to fall into the hands of a few large capitalists.

Nor is the money spending of the poor less careless than that of the rich. During the time of high wages, labourers, people buy salmon and green peas when they are barely in season, and Professor Leone Levi computes that their annual drink bill amounts to thirty six millions. That is exactly the sum which the working classes spend in rent, so, although better houses are the strongest and most imperative demands for the working classes, those classes are spending, on the lowest estimate, a sum equal to what they are spending on rent.

Some two years ago, an eminent London physician went into Hyde Park and sat down upon a bench, and there sat down by him a pauper eighty years of age. The physician entered into conversation with him, and asked him what his trade was. The man said he was a carpenter.

'A very good trade indeed. Well, how is it that you come at this time of life to be a pauper? Have you been addicted to drink?'

'Not at all. I have only taken my three pints a day—never spent more than sixpence daily.'

The physician, taking out a pencil and a piece of paper, asked 'How long have you continued this practice of drinking three pints of ale a day?'

'I am now eighty, and I have continued that practice, more or less, for sixty years.'

'Very well,' continued the physician, 'I will just do the sum.' He found that sixpence a day laid by for sixty years amounted, with compound interest, to three thousand two hundred and twenty six pounds, and he said to the old carpenter, 'My good man, instead of being a pauper, you might have been the possessor of three thousand two hundred and twenty six pounds at this moment, in other words, you might have had one hundred and fifty pounds a year, or some three pounds a week, not by working an hour longer or doing anything differently, except by putting by the money that you have been spending day by day three sixty years on ale.' The physician's conclusion, however, should perhaps be modified by the consideration that if this man had ceased spending sixpence on beer, he might have required to spend a portion of that sixpence on an increased supply of food. But notwithstanding this, the physician's argument is in the main a sound one.

It is not 'cloquent' that the working classes require to be taught so much, as the right use of money and the good things that can be purchased with it. It often astonishes the rich to see the wasteful expenditure of the poor, but an explanation will be found in the caution which Dr Johnson gives to men who fancy that poor girls must necessarily make the most economical wives. 'A woman of fortune, he says, 'being used to the handling of money, spends it judiciously; but a woman who gets the command of money for the first time upon her marriage, has such a gust in spending, that she throws it away with great profusion.' That was excellent advice also which Dr Johnson gave to Boswell, when the latter inherited his paternal estates: 'You, dear sir, have now a new station, and have therefore new cares and new employments. Life, as Cowley seems to say, ought to resemble a well ordered poem, of which one rule generally received is, that the exordium should be simple and should promise little. Begin your new course of life with the least show and the least expense possible; you may at pleasure increase both, but you cannot easily diminish them. Do not think your estate your own while any man can call upon you for money which you cannot pay, therefore begin with strenuous parsimony. Let it be your first care not to be in any man's debt.'

People beginning to keep house should be careful not to pitch their scale of expenditure higher than they can hope to continue it, and they should remember that, as Lord Bacon said, 'it is less dishonourable to abridge petty charges than to stoop to petty gettings.'

What an admirable manager of money was Mrs Carlyle! 'There was,' writes Mr Froude, 'a discussion some years ago in the newspapers whether two people with the habits of a lady and a gentleman could live together in London on three hundred pounds a year. Mrs Carlyle, who often laughed about it while it was going on, will answer the question. No one who visited the Carlyles could tell whether they were poor or rich. There were no signs of extravagance, but also none of poverty. The drawing room arrangements were exceptionally elegant. The furniture was simple, but solid and handsome; everything was scrupulously clean; everything good of its kind; and there was an air of ease, as of a household living within its means. Mrs Carlyle was well dressed always. Her admirable taste would make the most of inexpensive materials, but the materials themselves were of the very best. Carlyle himself generally kept a horse. They travelled, they visited, they were always generous and open handed.' All this was done on an income of not quite four hundred pounds. Of course Carlyle, as well as his wife, was imbued with Scotch thrift, showing itself in hatred of waste. If he saw a crust of bread on the roadway, he would stop to pick it up, and put it on a step or a railing. 'Some poor creature might be glad of it, or at worst a dog or a sparrow. To destroy wholesome food is a sin.'

The thrifty wife of Benjamin Franklin felt it a gala day indeed when, by long accumulated small savings, she was able to surprise her husband one morning with a china cup and a silver spoon from which to take his breakfast. Franklin was shocked. 'You see how luxury creeps into families in spite of principles,' he said. When his meal was over, he went to the store and rolled home a wheelbarrow full of papers through the streets with his own hands, lest folk should get wind of the china cup and say he was above his business.

It is a great blessing to have been trained healthily. Those who have few wants are rich. Hundreds of middle class people are heavily handicapped in the race of life because they find it hard to do without luxuries which they can ill afford to buy, but which they would

never have missed if they had not been accustomed to them in childhood. This must become every year more apparent, because the classes that have hitherto had the monopoly of education have now to compete with the working classes trained to privation for generations.

But although the creeping in of luxury should be guarded against at the commencement of married life, people should learn how to grow rich gracefully. It is no part of wisdom to deprecate the little elegances and social enjoyment of our homes. These things refine manners and enlarge the heart. A gentleman told Dr Johnson that he had bought a seat of lace for his wife. The Doctor said, 'Well, sir, you have done a good thing and a wise thing.' 'I have done a good thing,' said the gentleman, 'but I do not know that I have done a wise thing.' 'Yes, sir,' continued the Doctor, 'no money is better spent than what is laid out for domestic satisfaction. A man is pleased that his wife is dressed as well as other people, and a wife is pleased that she is so dressed.'

We should be particular about money, but not penurious. The mistress of a well-ordered house takes broad and liberal views of things, and while cutting her coat according to her cloth, and as much as possible shielding her husband from the constant demand for money, which few masculine tempers can stand, she refrains from the worrying, petty economies which often have not worth the trouble and discomfort they entail. Economy is altogether different from penuriousness, for it is no economy that can always but afford to be generous. Those who are careless about personal expenditure are often driven in the end to do very shabby things. Paine tells us that, 'for the glorious privilege of being independent, we should rather bear by every wife that is justified by honour.'

'Do not accustom yourself,' said Dr Johnson, 'to consider debt only as an inconvenience, you will find it a calamity.' Only the other day the writer was speaking to an officer in the army who was so far from considering the debt which he owed to his tailor as either an inconvenience or a calamity, that he seemed to be quite proud of it. 'My tailor,' said he, 'never dins me for the money. When I have a pound or two which I don't want, I send it to him, just as other people put it in a bank.' It was no use telling him that five or ten per cent on the amount of his bill was being charged every year, and that on a day when he least expected it, payment would be demanded. Had this officer never heard of the General Order which was issued by Sir Charles Napier, on taking leave of his command in India? Sir Charles strongly urged in that famous document that 'honesty is inseparable from the character of a thorough bred gentleman,' and that 'to drink unpaid for champagne, and unpaid for beer, and to ride unpaid for horses, is to be a cheat, and not a gentleman.'

Men who lived beyond their means might be officers by virtue of their commissions, but they were not gentlemen. The habit of being constantly in debt, the general held, made men grow callous to the proper feelings of a gentleman. It was not enough that an officer should be able to fight, that any bulldog could do. But did he hold his word inviolate? Did he pay his debts? He should be as ready to utter his valiant 'No,' or 'I can't afford it,' to the invitations of pleasure and self enjoyment, as to mount a breach amidst belching fire and the iron hail of machine guns.

The Duke of Wellington kept an accurate detailed account of all the moneys received and expended by him. 'I make a point,' said he, 'of paying my own bills, and I advise every one to do the same.' Formerly, I used to trust a confidential servant to pay them, but I was cured of that folly by receiving one morning, to my great surprise, dunns of a year or two's standing. The fellow had speculated with my money and left my bills unpaid. Talking of debt, his remark was: 'It makes a slave of a man. I have often known what it was to be in want of money, but I never got into debt.' Washington was as particular as Wellington in matters of business detail, and he did not disdain to scrutinise the smallest outgoings of his household—determined as he was to live honestly within his means—even while holding the high office of President of the American Union.

To provide for others and for our own comfort and independence in old age, is honourable, and greatly to be commended, but to hoard for mere wealth's sake is the characteristic of the narrow souled and the miserly. 'We must carry money in the head, not in the heart,' that is to say, we must not make an idol of it, but regard it as a useful agent.

Some of the finest qualities of human nature are intimately related to the right use of money, such as generosity, honesty, justice, and self sacrifice, as well as the practical virtues of economy and providence. On the other hand, there are their counterparts of avarice, fraud, injustice, and selfishness, as displayed by the inordinate lovers of gain, and the vices of thriftlessness, extravagance, and improvidence, on the part of those who misuse and abuse the means intrusted to them. 'So that,' as it has been well said, 'a right measure and manner in getting, saving, spending, giving, taking, lending, borrowing, and bequeathing, would almost argue a perfect man.'

THE SIGNALMAN'S LOVE-STORY

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP. II.

I obeyed Miss Cleabyrne's injunction not to follow her, though I wished to restore the watch and chain she had left with me, but I strained my gaze in the direction she had taken. In the continued bellowing of the wind and through the driving rain, it was difficult to hear or see anything, even when close at hand, yet I fancied I could hear her footsteps, as she reached the lane which was at the foot of the railway bank, and could see her.—Yes! again I heard footsteps; but surely they were not here, and the vague, shadowy glimpses of a form I obtained was not Beatrice Cleabyrn, and—I might be confused by the rain, but if not, there were two others.

It was in vain to strain my sight any longer, I could see and hear no more, so I returned to my duties, and in the morning I might almost have persuaded myself that all had been a dream,

but for the presence of the articles which Miss Cleabyrn had left with me

I felt at liberty, and indeed felt bound to take my mother into the secret, as her house would probably be the place of refuge for the captain, but I did not tell her all I have now said She was not informed of what I well knew was the true reason for Miss Cleabyrn seeking my out and intruding me with so dangerous a secret

The old lady, who was a confirmed student of the newspaper, and had long been interested in the fate and fortunes of the captain, was glad to have the chance of being of service to him, and arranged at once where he should sleep We had not much choice, our cottage being but of four rooms

My mate told me, when I went on duty, that it was rumoured at the Ch[illegible] that Captain Laurenston was in the neighbourhood for certain, and would be caught worse luck! It was impossible that he could get away, there was such a lot on the lookout for him I returned some indifferent answer, for, of course, I could not tell him how totally I could have corroborated his tale I could, however, and did, echo his last wish at leaving, that the officers might beat all his enemies

It was again a stormy night, the wind had gone down, so that the rain did not drive as on the previous day, and there was no violence in the downpour, but it was steady and drenching enough The usual passenger and goods trains had passed, and I grew nervous with expectancy No idea had been given me as to when Captain Laurenston would make his appearance, but I could not help thinking it would be about the same time as my visitor had come on the previous evening, and I was right

I took the precaution to turn my lamp down a little, so as to diminish the light for there was no knowing what eyes might be on the watch, and I was standing at the entrance to my hut, straining to pierce the darkness when I was startled by two figures coming midd my hut me I knew them They entered, and I closed the door

'Thank heaven, you are safe so far, Oswald!' exclaimed the lady—Miss Cleabyrn of course—'and I know you can confide in our friend Waltress, so I trust you are out of the toils'

'Yes,' said the captain, turning to me and grasping my hand 'I know him by his voice and by Miss Cleabyrn's words, but had we met casually, I remedily should not have recognised him His glossy moustache and full whiskers were gone, while a light wig had what was left of his dark curls 'I know I can trust him,' he said, 'I knew it the first time I saw his face—But leave me now, dearest, it will only be for a time—a short time, ere we meet again Thank our friend Waltress, and let us say farewell'

Miss Cleabyrn offered her hand—there was such a queer thrill in my own veins as I touched it, such a recalling of past days!—and she said a few words expressive of her gratitude These were only few, but with her soft voice in my ears, and the sight of her now swimming eyes before me, I would have dared death in her service

She then threw her arms round the captain's neck, and strove to frame a farewell, but broke down terribly, so that for a few minutes she was hysterical, and I dreaded lest she might scream aloud, and thus give the alarm to any chance traveller, or, it might be, any concealed watcher But she recovered herself as quickly as she had broken down, dashed the tears from her eyes, gave one passionate kiss, and then fled into the darkness

'My poor dear girl,' said the captain, with some hesitation in his voice, as he gazed after her 'I feel that I ought to have gone with her, and yet I know it would have been madness—We were traced here, Waltress, for all I know, the watch upon me has been very close'

I told him how I fancied I had seen two persons, when Miss Cleabyrn had left my box on the previous night

'Yes,' he said, with a smile, 'I joined her at the foot of the bank But you must have good eyes

I explained that he misunderstood me that I thought I had seen two persons follow the lady, although, in such a storm and in the darkness, it was impossible to be certain He was a good deal disturbed at hearing this, being evidently at once convinced that my suspicions were well founded

He had not been long in my hut, and we were talking about the best method of first concealing him and then getting him away, when I suddenly stopped in my speech and listened at the door

'What is the matter?' asked Laurenston

'I heard a step of some one walking round the box,' I returned, 'and I am sure there is a man on the rails No one has any business there at this time

In another instant a low whistle was heard

'They mean mischief,' I said, 'you are caged! These men are following you

The captain turned pale, and thrust his hand into his breast

I guessed he had some weapon concealed there, so I exclaimed 'That will not do!—Here! There is just one chance, put on this coat and cap' They were those left by my mate—'Quick!' I cried, 'I can hear them coming'—Now, sit down, and write anything in this book Don't seem to shrink from ——

A sharp rap at the door interrupted me Before I could answer it, the door was thrown open, and I saw three men—strangers—before me Another was standing at some distance, so that I could not see him distinctly

'Your name is Waltress,' said the foremost sharply, and with a quick glance round the interior of the hut 'We are in pursuit of a criminal, and have traced him to this spot—Have you seen any stranger here?'

'I have not been here all the evening,' I said, 'but no one has been here except—Bill!' I exclaimed to my supposed mate, 'have you seen any fellows hanging about here?'

'Bill' turned half round, but the peak of his cap being drawn down over his face, and the collar of his coat being turned up, as was natural

on such a night, he was effectually disguised, especially as his appearance was, as I have described, so completely changed. He spoke with his pen in his mouth, and said: 'About three hours ago there was a fellow at the gates that I didn't like the look of.'

'We have seen our man, or he has been seen, since then,' returned the speaker. Then addressing those behind, he said: 'He may be hiding in those trucks,' pointing to some on the other side of the line.

At that moment a man was really heard to hop from one of the trucks and to hurry along the road. I knew who it was, and that it was his duty to see to certain arrangements, before the train came through which would pick them up. The man who was standing apart also heard the noise, and called to the others, then, with not another word, they all hurried to where the trucks were standing.

'A new chance that,' I said, turning to the captain, but stopped in my speech, for in the shock his changed appearance gave me. He was deathly pale.

I began to feel more uneasy in my new undertaking than I had hitherto been, especially when I heard another stepping up and saw that some one bearing a light was coming to the hut.

I thought it was a second search, and felt that we could scarcely expect to repeat our success. However, it was only Charley Pearce, the night goods foreman, who had come down to send the trucks off, and had crossed over to my box to tell me of a 'turn up' he had had with some queer looking strangers, who had insisted on searching the trucks. 'If they had been civil,' said Charley, with a knowing wink and nod, evidently directed at my companion, 'I might have told them something good, but they were precisely uncivil, talking to me as if I was a tramp or a convict, so I sent them to the *Pide and Pinch*—this was a beer house some two miles off—and, you know, if my gent's in trouble and wants to clear out, now's the time.'

It was at once clear that Charley knew, or pretty closely guessed, what was afoot. The captain looked anxiously at me. By a sudden inspiration I saw how to make a benefit of this new danger. 'Charley,' I exclaimed, 'this is Captain Lauriston, who thrashed the mayor. You know all about him, I am certain, for we have often talked about the affair.'

Charley nodded.

'If he does not get away to-night,' I continued, 'he will be caught, for there are spies about him everywhere.'

'Well, what is the captain going to do?'

'You can help him, Charley,' I said. 'Your brother goes down with the night goods, and I know his wife's brother is steward aboard the French packet. Get the captain down with the goods and smuggle him aboard.—Here!' this will make it worth your while.' As I said this, I drew out the watch and chain from my desk and pushed them towards Charley. His eyes sparkled, and I saw the business was as good as done.

Charley made a feeble objection to taking such valuables, but there was no time for fencing of this kind, so he picked the treasures up, and left, telling the captain to go outside and wait under the signal, as dangerous eyes might be upon the box.

The captain took his advice, after shaking my hand, and saying: 'But what are you going to have for yourself, Waltrose?—Well, never mind, I will see to that, you know I will do so, I hope.'

'One thing is quite certain,' I replied, 'that I would not rob Miss Clabyrn of her valuables, if they were a hundredfold as valuable.—Now, don't argue, captain, but go and wait where Charley tells you.'

With another clasp of my hand, he went, and I was more nervous than I ever remember to have been before in my life, until the engine came and commenced 'shunting,' and then it was a totally worse. Every moment I fancied I could hear a struggle, and I thought the engine had never been half so long over its work. But it went away at last, and its puffing was still faintly heard in the distance, when, without the slightest warning, the door of my hut was thrown open and there were the strange men again.

The leader exclaimed fiercely: 'Now you, sir! where is the man who was here just now? We are up to your tricks. Where is he?'

'Hush!' said one of his companions, and whispered to him.

'No proof!' he exclaimed, 'the scoundrels are all in league together. A woman with a man was seen coming towards this box, and where are they? We will have them, and you too, Mr Signalman, if you attempt any tricks upon us!'

I could see that half measures or timid words would not do so I boldly—in appearance at my rate, although I was a good deal frightened—defied him. I tell him point blank that if I did know, or could know, where the persons he wanted were, I should not tell him.

This conduct was the best I could have adopted, the party were convinced I knew nothing of the fugitive, and so went away. But after they were gone, I felt horribly nervous, it had been so near a thing, that I would not have passed through the same excitement again for any money.

Charley and his friends were true to their trust. This was gently to their credit, as there was a large reward out, which they could have earned by a few words, and *they* had not been in love with the captain's sweetheart, as I had been. Charley brought me a note on the next day, written by the captain on board the French boat, and on the day following I got another from France, so Lauriston was safe.

I took an early opportunity of seeing Miss Clabyrn as she was walking near her home, when I told her how I had disposed of the watch and chain. She looked at me with her old smile, which I remembered so well—remembered them!—why, I have not forgotten it now!—and said I must have my own way, but she would try to find a mode of compelling even my disinterestedness, and she did so.

I heard nothing for some few weeks of any of the parties in the affair which had been so exciting to me, indeed, Miss Clabyrn must have left home directly after the interview I have just spoken of, for I never saw her again—not for years, at anyrate. But I had a letter

from her, a thing I had never dreamed would happen to me It was dated from Boulogne, where she had arrived, she said, the previous day, and after thanking me for my services, and saying that Messrs Primer, her solicitors, had instructions to write to me, the letter was signed—I could hardly believe my eyes!—Oswald Lauriston and Beatrice Lauriston! So the secret was out!—they were married

When I recalled the little scene in my hut, her passionate, unrestrained farewell, I felt that I ought to have known it then, but, if I may indulge in a philosophical reflection, I would say that all through life you are always looking back and blaming yourself for not having seen more plainly the things which were passing before your eyes

Well, this was nearly the end of my adventure with Captain Lauriston, yet one or two incidents which remain to be told were perhaps as important to me as any that had gone before. There was at the end of our lane a cottage, somewhat larger than its neighbours, with quite a nice piece of ground attached, a great deal superior, indeed, to the others To my amazement, Mr Mr Lumsi, of Lincoln's Inn, sent down a clerk with the title deeds of this house and land, which were actually presented to me as from Captain Lauriston

It made my fortune, I may say I married Patty within six months, and with her I have been thoroughly happy But it was many a long day before I told her as much as I have written here The captain and his wife must have had excellent information from some one in the neighbourhood of what went on—which was very enough, as they were on friendly terms with old Mr Clearbyn—for they sent Patty a beautiful silk dress and an amethyst brooch as wedding presents

After a good many years, they returned to England, when Major Stirley—who had been forced to resign—was dead, and the affair had blown over They lived a long way off, however and I only saw them once or twice When I met Mrs Lauriston, leaning on her husband's arm, or saw her riding in the pony carriage with some of her six pretty children, why, I laughed But once I could not have laughed

---

ROWING AT OXFORD

GREAT interest is generally shown throughout the country about the month of March in the preparations that are made at our two chief English universities for the annual boatrace, but few of those that read the newspaper accounts of the daily practice of the two crews know how much energy and time have been devoted by their individual members to acquiring the skill which will qualify them for a seat in the "varsity eight" Hence we propose here to give a short account of rowing at Oxford, and the different college races that a man has almost invariably taken part in before he is even tried for 'the 'varsity'

The academical year commences with the October term, and it is in that term that the majority of freshmen come into residence, accordingly, this is the time chosen by the captains of the various college boat clubs for testing the rowing capabilities of the freshmen of their college, and 'coaching' all those who wish to go in for boating Every afternoon during the greater part of this term, the captain and other members of the college eight may be seen standing up in the stern of 'tub pair' or four, instructing and exhorting their crews, as they paddle swiftly down to Iffley lock, or toil up again against the swollen stream Towards the end of the term, the men who have been coached in this way are formed into regular crews, and after one or two weeks' practice together, these crews row against each other in 'tub fours' for the Silver Challenge Oars, or some prize given by the college boat club

Passing over to the next, that is the Lent term, we come to the first eight oared college races, which at Oxford are better known as the Torpids In these races, the colleges compete against one another for the honour of first place or 'head of the river' No man who has rowed in his college 'eight' in the previous year is eligible to row in his Torpid, the majority of the crew consist of men who have received coaching in the October term, and have taken part in the four oared races described above

The first week or two of this term is occupied by the captain in selecting and arranging his crew, when that is made up, regular practice is the order of the day, for the most part on the stretch of water between Oxford and Iffley, but occasionally varied by a 'long course' to Abingdon, a distance of seven miles Coaching is done by members of the 'eight,' who run with the boat along the towpath, shouting at the top of their voices to the different members of the crew, and sometimes, when the floods are out and the towpath is covered, splashing through water nearly up to their knees Practice of this kind is continued daily, no matter what the weather is, until the races take place, which is usually about the middle of the term Each college is represented by one boat, and in some cases by two boats, so that there are generally from twenty to twenty five boats entered, and these are divided into two divisions The races occupy six days, each division rowing once each day, the second division always commences The boats are placed one behind the other in the order in which they left off the year before, with a clear space of about two boat lengths between each The object aimed at by each boat is to overtake the boat in front and bump it If successful in doing this, these two boats at once draw out of the way, and leave room for those following to pass, and on the next day they change places The head boat of the second division is called the 'Sandwich' boat, and rows again the same afternoon at the bottom of the first division, in this way forming a link by which a boat may pass from one division to the other

Having paddled down to their respective positions, the boats are turned, and preparations are made for the race A line attached to the bank is held by the cockswain, and thus, with the

assistance of a waterman with a long pole, helps to keep the boat in position and prevents it drifting out of its place. Meanwhile, the first signal gun has been fired, and the crews are divesting themselves of jackets and muffles. Soon the second gun is heard, and there is now one minute before the signal to start is given. What an anxious minute that is, so much depends upon getting off well, especially with a crew in which many of the men are rowing in one of these bumping races for the first time. A bad start causes flurry and unsteadiness in the boat, and then there is sometimes a risk of being bumped before the men settle down together to a long and even stroke. Bang! The starting gun has fired, and off go the dozen or more boats in a long line, the towpath is crowded with men, running with their respective college crews, shouting, blowing horns, and making use of every conceivable instrument of noise to urge on and encourage their representatives. By the time the barges, which are crowded with spectators, are reached, great gaps will have appeared in the line, as most of the bumps take place below, though here too, on some times, a most exciting race is witnessed, when some boat, almost overlapped by its rival, is seen struggling to reach the winning post without being bumped. Not in this bumping so easy as it might at first seem, but a good deal of skill is required on the part of the cockswain to effect it. In the first place, there is always the danger of making the shot too soon, in which case the boat, missing the stern of the one in front, shoots half way across the river, and thereby loses a good deal of ground. Again when one boat is overlapping another, the cockswain of the first, by pulling his rudder towards the bow of his rival, can cause such a wave of water to wash against the latter as to ward off for a time the actual bump, then, by a judicious spurt on the part of his 'stroke,' when the rudder is again straightened, he may be enabled to draw away and steer his boat in safety past the winning post.

These races conclude the rowing for this term, though sometimes the last few days are spent in coaching the best men from the Torpid on 'sliding seats, by way of preparation for the next term's practice for the 'eight.'

We now come to the summer or May term, the pleasantest term of all, as far as boating is concerned. The most important races during this term are those in which the college eights compete. They are carried out in exactly the same manner as the Torpids described above, the only difference being in the kind of boat used. The Torpids row in what are called clinker built or gig boats, which have a small keel, and of which the seats are fixed, whereas the 'eights' are rowed in smooth, keelless boats—the bottom somewhat resembling that of a small canoe—and fitted with sliding seats, by which the stroke can be lengthened and more use made of the legs. The extremities of the boat are covered with canvas, to prevent the water washing in over the side. The crew of a college eight is composed of the best men the college can muster, all of course being members of the college.

The races, as we mentioned before, are arranged in the same way as those in which the Torpids compete, though perhaps more interest is shown in the eights, and as they come off at a pleasanter time of the year, and are undoubtedly one of the sights of the university, the spectators include many more strangers. The 'varsity 'sculls' and the 'varsity 'pairs'—the former open to any member, and the latter to any two members of the 'varsity boat club—conclude the rowing at Oxford for this term, though it should here be mentioned that two or three of the boats that have shown themselves above the average in the eight oared races, often keep in practice for Henley regatta, which takes place soon after the close of this term.

We have now given a brief description of a year's college rowing at Oxford, that is, rowing in which a college crew competes with members of its own or other colleges. Starting again with the October term, we propose saying something about rowing for the 'varsity, the chief event in which is the annual race with Cambridge. There is, however, one college race not yet mentioned, which takes place in the October term—namely, the 'varsity 'four, open to all the colleges. For this event there are not generally more than from six to eight boats entered, as considerably more skill and workmanship are required than for the college eight. The boats used, though of much the same construction as the latter, are of course smaller, and therefore more difficult to sit, moreover, they do not carry a cockswain, the steering, being done by one of the crew with his feet, by means of wires connecting the rudder with a lever attached to his stretcher, so that, by moving this lever with his foot to one side or the other, a corresponding motion is given to the rudder. This race takes place in the first half of the term, and immediately afterwards the work of selecting a crew for the inter university boat race is commenced.

With this object in view, the names of two or three of the best men from each college are received by the President, and the remaining weeks of this term are spent in testing on the river these fifty or sixty men and selecting from them the best sixteen, these, again, are divided into two regular crews, which are known by the name of the 'Trial Eights.' A race takes place at the end of the term between these crews, they are coached by the President, and their rowing is carefully watched by him and his advisers. Those who have displayed the greatest 'staying powers' and the most perfect style, or are likely to develop into the best 'oars,' are picked out, and, along with any members of the last year's crew that may be available, form the material out of which the 'varsity eight' is composed.

The process of selecting the actual crew out of those men that have been chosen from the 'Trial Eights,' and arranging them in the places they are best fitted to occupy, takes up the first few weeks of the next or Lent term. Their strength and 'staying powers' are tested by long rows to Abingdon and back, and at the same time they are coached by the President, or by some 'old blue' who has come up to help him.

By the middle of the term, the crew is generally settled upon, and on Ash Wednesday they go into strict training. The old theories of training on raw meat, &c., have quite died out, a

plentiful supply of plain, well cooked food is allowed, but only a very moderate amount of liquor, and smoking must be entirely knocked off. For breakfast and dinner the crew meet together in each others rooms, each man entertaining the rest for one day in turn while they are still at Oxford. Lunch is only a light meal. The rowing is almost entirely done during the afternoon. Ten days or a fortnight before the time fixed for the race, the crew go up to Putney to complete their practice on the tidal water and the course over which the race is to be rowed. Their doings here and the race itself need no description in this paper. Their daily practice on the London water, the time they occupy in rowing over the course, even their very movements are watched and recorded by the daily press. Suffice it to say that this notoriety is not at all desired by the members of the crews, and that, owing to the inconvenience and obstruction it sometimes causes to their practice, the proposal to hold the race on other and quieter waters has been more than once discussed.

A HOLIDAY IN COUNTY CORK

Leap is not a name suggestive of things Irish, yet this place so called is a pure specimen of the primitive Irish village as one might wish to find. There it was our happiness to spend a holiday in the summer of 1885. During our few weeks' stay we made the acquaintance of a people whose character and modes of life have the flavour of an age innocent of the civilities of the nineteenth century. The village of Leap is in County Cork, at the extreme south west corner of Ireland, about eighteen miles to the east of Cape Clear, and about forty to the west of the city of Cork. It stands at the head of Glandore Bay, one of the numberless inlets that are so striking a feature of this part of the Irish coast.

Glandore Bay is itself worth a lengthened pilgrimage. In Scotland or England it would have been famous, and would long since have been a fashionable seaside resort. The transatlantic steamers cross its mouth at no great distance, and it is an impressive spectacle to see them flash across in the darkness, with all their portholes lit, and at what appears to be something like railway speed. The village of Leap is cut in two by a streamlet, over which a bridge has now been thrown. Across this stream, we are told, a deer, hard pressed by the hunters, once took a desperate leap, hence the name of the village. In former times, this same stream was the limit of English law in Ireland. 'Beyond the Leap, it used to be said, 'beyond the law.' And indeed, the country beyond the Leap is a perfect paradise for outlaws. The very sight of it is sufficient to deter the further progress of the most hot headed officer of justice. This corner of County Cork, therefore, was the haunt of pirates, smugglers, and various outlawed persons. There is no part of the British isles richer in tales of blood and adventure. The district retained its lawless character down to comparatively recent times; but in modern days, the private manufacture of a little poteen is the extent of its misdemeanours.

The country surrounding Leap consists of a hopeless confusion of hills, none of which, however, have either the shape or the size to give them any dignity. These hills are in their turn covered with excrescences in the shape of huge knolls of all possible contours and sizes. As the natural vegetation is of a rankness quite unknown on the other side of the Channel, it will be imagined that the general aspect of the country is singularly lush and wild. Yet this unpromising region is made to yield surprising crops of potatoes and even of grain. From base to summit, every hill that the spade can scratch is cultivated. In many cases, indeed, it is but picking the bones of nature. It is pathetic to watch the desperate struggles of some poor soul to 'bring in' a piece of new ground. To see him with his spade and pickaxe, a stranger might fancy he was rather intent on open a quarry than lay out a field, where he proposes to rear crops of turnips or potatoes. The crofts are also of miserable dimensions. Three or four acres must in the majority of cases suffice to maintain an entire family. Where, however, there is any depth of soil, we were told on the best authority, it has a productiveness unsurpassed by the best land across the Channel. But the whole district is vastly over populated, and it is extremely difficult to see how any possible legislation could make the land yield a comfortable substance to the present numbers of its people. Some years since, an active emigration went on from the neighbourhood, but it has now almost ceased. As illustrative of the tenacity with which the Irishman clings to his wretched allotment, a land steward told us an experience of his employer. This gentleman was desirous of acquiring a small croft adjoining his own estate. The rental may have been equal to about thirty shillings, and fifty pounds were offered as a liberal price for the land. The owner thereupon declared that to no other person would he part with his ground but to this particular gentleman, and that to him he would give it for five hundred pounds! The croft is still in the possession of its hereditary owner.

It does not seem that the formidable distance of America keeps them at home, since, judging by their way of talking, one is led to believe that they think of New York as nearer than London or Liverpool. They also more readily think of strangers as Americans than Britons. It may be mentioned in this connection that the most earnest counsel given to young Irishmen who do emigrate from this part of the country is to give O'Donovan Rossa and his associates as wide a berth as possible. That redoubtable personage was born in Roscarberry, a village some five miles to the south-east of Leap. It was in Skibbereen, a place also

in the immediate neighbourhood, that he attracted the attention of Head centre Stephens by his out spoken and bitter hostility to all things English We met several persons who knew Rossa well in his young manhood, and it is but just to say that they all spoke of him as an upright and generous fellow His subsequent career, however, is spoken of in the neighbourhood in language anything but complimentary

At first sight, one would be inclined to say that the district should at least be well stocked with game, but the truth is that game of all kinds is exceedingly scarce During our stay, we did not see a single 'head' The extinction of hares, indeed, can be traced to a very recent date and a very efficient cause When the Land League agitation was at its height a few years ago, bands of the people, often three or four hundred strong, mustered every Sunday after second mass, and scouring the country with dog and gun, made indiscriminate but fiery of every thing in the shape of game that came in their way Gamekeeper and policeman, as may be imagined, kept well out of sight while they did their work Next morning, the booty was on its way to the suspects in Kilmainham jail, who, during the whole term of their detention, were regularly catered for

The cabins of these Cork crofters present externally a more respectable appearance than the cabins of the same class in many parts of the Highlands and islands of Scotland These Irish cabins are mostly built of stone, which in this part of the country is easily obtainable Their interior, however, would scarcely satisfy an exacting sanitary officer It consists of two apartments, the upper and the lower The upper is the sleeping apartment of the family, and the lower is the common room of the household and all the live stock There is usually, indeed, a shed adjoining the house for the special accommodation of the latter, but there is a constant intercourse between the two domiciles, and donkeys, pigs, geese, cocks and hens, sheep and goats enjoy quite undefined household privileges Passing a cabin one day shortly after our arrival in the place, we heard an appalling sound, and immediately afterwards a voice exclaiming 'Po quoite, sir!' It was a donkey sharing the hearth stone with his master The donkey, in truth, though his master's dearest possession, would also seem to be his peculiar torment

The sanitary officer has found his way even to this corner of the empire, and objects to the domestic privileges of donkeys Like most dogs spoiled racks, however, donkeys have inestimable opinions, and one of these appears to be their prescriptive right to their master's domicile As the Irishman, however, would seem to incline rather

source of mischief in that he utterly refuses to make any distinction between his owner's ground and other people's He breaks in utter unconcern through neighbouring fences, and browses at large at his own caprice Altogether, the donkey, as he is found in Ireland, cannot fail to excite the admiration of the stranger On the other side of the Channel he is abroad, and has the exile's numbness of feeling But in Ireland he is at home, he has the inspiriting sense of a numerous brotherhood, and one may easily see that he has a vivid consciousness of his social importance

The diet of the Irishman in this part of the country is, of course, potatoes and milk As he himself puts it, he has potatoes twenty one times a week In the event of a blight, such as the historic one, the result in certain parts of Ireland could scarcely be less disastrous than at any former period If one may judge by the physique of its consumers, the diet requires no recommendation of the medical faculty, for a more stalwart race it would be difficult to find In this corner of the country so long 'preserved,' we should expect to find the natural Irishman, and we certainly found him The native Irish is almost universally spoken, but at the same time the majority of the younger generation speak English with a brogue of the most exquisite flavour Here, also, we have the Irishman in the typical attire to which caricaturists have accustomed us To the visitor from the other island, it is a ludicrous picture to see him in tall hat, long tailed coat, and knee breeches, at work in his wicked plot, like a philosopher out for a little recreation It is not so much the style of his garments, however, that makes this picturesqueness, it is their positively miraculous ragginess We feel that this ragged ness has quite passed the stage of disreputability, and has actually become ornamentation But it is above all the hat that fixes the attention We have often closely inspected it, and our wonder never ceased how, in the course of a single life, any hat, however weather beaten and however brutally used, could attain that pic Adamatic look

It is the great charm of travel in Ireland that one can become acquainted with its people in so short a time and on such easy terms The Irishman is the most apt schoolmaster of human beings, and as the very Irishman the stranger wishes to know is in most cases his own loud and master, intercourse is thus made doubly easy If in the course of a solitary walk you should desire the solace of a little conversation, you have but to take your seat on one of the turf walls that form the fence in these parts of the country If you are a smoker and produce your pipe, you will present an additional inducement Before you is well seated, you will be saluted with 'A fine day, sir, God be praised!' and a ragged figure will be seen approaching with spade or pickaxe over his shoulder Sharing your tobacco with him, it will remain with yourself to conclude the interview Before ten minutes have passed, you will have had the outlines of his family history, and his views on things in general, not even excepting his priest At the end of as many hours conversation as you please, he will speed you on your way with a fervent 'God preserve you long!' and part with you as if you had been his lifelong friend.

The peasant women of Cork and Kerry bear a name for good looks, but their style of dress certainly does not display their charms to advantage The married women of the west of Ireland wear a long, coarse, black cloak, descending to their feet, and furnished with a commodious

hood which partially envelops their features. A more ungraceful garment than this cloak it would be difficult to imagine, and in bright summer weather it strikes one as the most perversely unreasonable of all human clothings. The unmarried women, though disallowed the use of the cloak, yet contrive to disfigure themselves with equal success by means of a shawl, in which they invariably envelop their heads as well as their shoulders. But in native sweetness and gracefulness of speech, the Irish country woman leaves her English and Scottish sisters far behind. It is worth the trouble of a hundred greetings to hear her 'It is a fine day, thank God!' By the way, these greetings sound very oddly at first in Scotch ears. 'It is a fine day, sir, thank God,' or, 'It is a fine day, your honour, the Lord be praised!' are the ordinary salutations of the Irish country people in this district. Their pious ejaculations occasionally go beyond this. Speaking with us of the changeable weather, an old Irishman suddenly exclaimed 'May the blessed Son of the Holy Virgin have mercy on our souls! but we're never contented. When it is wet, we wish it dry, and when it is dry, we wish it wet!' On entering their cabins, it is considered good 'form' to say 'God preserve all in this house,' and the response is 'Thank ye kindly, sir (or lady), may God preserve ye long!'

Life with the Irish crofter is reduced to its very simplest elements. In summer he dawdles through a few months work, and in winter he chews the cud of his summers exertions. Sundays and saints' days alone vary the monotony of his year. He is a most devout and regular attender of all religious ordinances, and no state of the weather will keep him from eight o'clock mass of a Sunday morning. When second mass is over, he gives himself up to secular enjoyment with a freedom unknown across the Channel. Sunday afternoon, indeed, is the period when his spirits are at their best, and according as his humour is for drinking, or sport, or argument, allows them their fullest scope. In the part of Ireland of which we are speaking, drunkenness is certainly rarer than in most parts of England and Scotland. This may be partly due to greater moderation, but it may also be attributed to the drink most largely patronised. This beverage is known as 'Clonakilty porter,' a drink famous throughout all this part of the country. It is the very cheapest of all spirituous liquors, and probably the most innocuous. It would overtax ordinary powers of credence to specify the quantity disposed of at one bout by an ordinary man or woman—for the women have a pronounced liking for this particular beverage. The potato diet, though one would not think it, is said to account for this abnormal drinking capacity, and some explanation is certainly needed.

The parish priest is, of course, the central figure of every neighbourhood. As far as an outsider may judge, the relations of priest and parishioner would appear to be of the most cordial nature. The kindly feeling is doubtless fostered by the fact that the priests as a class come of the small farmers of the country. Their own early training, therefore, expressly fits them for dealing with their people. It cannot be gainsaid that the priests as a body look exceedingly good fellows, and invariably have that prosperous appearance that betokens happy relations with ourselves and others. During our stay in Leap, we witnessed a very pleasing proof of this mutual good understanding between the priest and his people. The priest of the village was returning from a holiday in England, and his parishioners took the opportunity of showing their esteem and affection for him. The houses of the village were all decked with flowers, and flags suspended across the streets bearing various inscriptions in English and Irish, such as, 'Welcome home, our worthy priest,' &c. As the reverend gentleman approached, he was met by a large body of his people on foot, on donkeys, on horses, and in cars. His horse was taken out of the traces, and his vehicle drawn into the village by a number of young men amid immense enthusiasm of the entire population. At night, the village was brilliantly illuminated, a candle being set in every pane, and paper lanterns suspended at various corners of the street. Later, a burning tar barrel was borne through the streets, the priest himself leading the procession, and the proceedings closed by his addressing his assembled flock from his own door step. Judgedly by the frequent and obstreperous applause of his hearers, his address would seem to have met their fervent approval. It is only in political demonstrations that peasantmen exhibit similar unanimity, and the entire proceedings seemed in our Scotch eyes a pleasant novelty in things religious.

Few of the people in the district have been beyond their native parish, and the priest is for the majority of them the incarnation of all secular as well as spiritual knowledge. He conveys instruction to them on all subjects, and on Sundays often closes his ministrations with hints of practical bearing on their temporal concerns. During one of the weeks of our stay in the neighbourhood, a mad dog got at large, and wrought considerable mischief on man and beast. Indeed, the achievements of this dog would furnish material for a history of some length. On Sunday, after the celebration of mass, the priest made reference to the wonderful doings of this dog. He began by saying that if any one had a dog that should go mad, his best plan was at once to shoot it, and he proceeded to explain minutely the various methods of treating a bitten person. This reference to the event of the week was evidently taken quite as a matter of course, and one could easily gather that the importance of local events is measured by the style of the priest's reference to them on Sundays.

The old Irish style of conducting funerals is still in vogue in this district, though among the more respectable classes it is falling into disuse. During our stay, we saw one of these old-fashioned funerals. Heading the procession was a dogcart with the driver and the priest—the priest, of course, intimately enwrapt in white linen, of which, by the way, he usually receives a fresh suit from the relatives of the deceased. Then followed a common cart strewn with straw, containing the coffin and the chief mourner, who on this occasion was a woman. She was clad in the ordinary dress of her class, and with hood

drawn closely over her face and chin resting on her knees, she *looked* in the most dismal manner. Immediately behind the cart came a crowd of women similarly attired, and all *looking*, though in rather a mechanical and half hearted fashion. Then followed a straggling concourse of men, all on foot, in their workaday garb, and with faces unwashed. These made no demonstration whatsoever. The rear was brought up by a number of young men, sons, perhaps, of well to do farmers, also in their ordinary dress. They lounged on in the easiest fashion, with hands in pocket, their waistcoats open—the day was hot—and certain of them actually smoking. The Celtic races have the reputation for natural delicacy of feeling. In such exhibitions as the above, this delicacy certainly does not show itself.

PEAT AS A MANURE.

The advice has been given to those who wish to make something out of their peat mosses, that their best course is just to let them alone, as the more they are interfered with, the greater the loss will be, but this Lord Melbourne 'Why can't you let it alone' way of treating every subject may be occasionally overdone. The writer having of late years been utilising the peat on his farm, and being greatly satisfied with the result, now ventures to give a short sketch of his operations.

He has a small hill farm, where, in byres* and covered closes, he winters a breeding stock of about fifty cattle, of different ages, and having only, on an average, about forty acres in white crop, and as straw in the neighbourhood is difficult to buy, he was occasionally pinched both for fodder and bedding. For reasons which need not here be stated, he does not wish to diminish the number of the cattle so wintered. This being the state of matters, and being exercised how to make his fodder and bedding last through the winter, it occurred to the writer that he might greatly economise his bedding, and so the more easily get over the winter, were he to use a quantity of peat in the closes and byres. He happens to be favourably situated, having an abundant supply of peat of a fine grain within a short distance of the steading. The cost of cutting and bringing a fair cartload—about fifteen hundredweight—to the steading he calculates at about sixpence. Thus, by putting on three carts, three men, and a boy—two of these cutting and filling, and two going with the carts—he can deliver at the peat shed about forty five carts per day, or about thirty five tons. As the bog grows good grass, the turf is lifted, and is relaid on the lower level. In this way the carts can in dry weather be backed up to the foot of the peat.

The peat harvest is commenced after the turnips are in, as not only the horses have then little work to do, but especially as at that time of the year the bog and its approaches are dry. He has then fully two hundred and fifty loads taken from the bog. A portion is heaped up at the back of a wall near the steading, for use in autumn and early winter, but the greater part is stored in sheds. Being thus stored and kept dry, and exposed as much as possible to the summer sun and winds, it forms, when put into the closes, a dry comfortable bed for the cattle, and acts as a sponge, absorbing the liquid manure, and thus storing away the ammonia. Further, as in some places the bog is too soft for carts to go into, the writer, each summer and autumn, has some two hundred loads barrowed out on to hard ground, piled into as high a heap as possible, and allowed to remain until the following summer, when it is found to be dry, and easily carted. The cost of such wheeling out is about twopence per ton.

In autumn, after the manure which has lain in the closes all the summer has been carted out, the floor of the closes is covered with some twelve or fifteen inches of moss, sprinkled over with straw or bracken. The cattle, when first put in, appear to dread putting foot on the peat, but in a short time become quite accustomed to it. In about ten days, the closes get another dressing of some five inches of peat, covering slightly with straw, as before. It might be supposed that with so much moss and so little straw, the cattle would *lair*, but this is not so, unless on the first day or two. On the contrary, the manure bed is firm and elastic under foot. The above dressings are continued all through the winter and spring, the consequence being, that the ammonia and other chemicals, instead of being evaporated detrimentally to the health of the cattle, are stored away and preserved. The air in the closes is sweet and wholesome. Pigs do not crinkle in their legs by boring in over heated manure—a very common complaint in covered closes—the feet of the cattle are kept cool, a necessary condition, if one looks for perfect health, and which can only be imperfectly got in a straw bedded covered close by frequent removals of the manure. The water supply to the closes—should the pipe be below the manure—is kept perfectly cool, instead of being tepid, as the writer has seen it.

When the writer began to use peat, he rather thought that there would not be a perfect amalgamation—that, when the closes came to be emptied, he should find several distinct layers of peat, possibly difficult of removal. As a matter of fact, the peat placed in the floor of the close alone retains its identity, it certainly comes out peat the same as when it was put in, but apparently plus a large percentage of ammonia, of which it smells strongly. As to the other peat put on in layers, it almost totally disappears, but the whole manure is black and compact. Last autumn, peat taken from the floor of the closes was put on a piece of stiff, poor clay ground, part of a lea field which was being ploughed for a crop of oats. The result is very satisfactory, the corn on such part being very healthy and strong.

The result of such peat operations is, that a good supply of bedding is provided, the cattle are kept in a more healthy state, and there is a large extra quantity of excellent manure obtained at a cost of under one shilling per ton. The turnip crops grown with such manure and a little phosphate have been perfectly satisfactory. The writer's byres are under the same

* Cow houses.

roof as the cows and drain into them. Peat is freely used in them, especially behind the cows, the result being that much of the liquid manure is sucked into the peat, and thus not only the atmosphere of the byres is sweetened, but the drainage is more easily managed.

Any farmer having a peat bog on his farm, can with very little trouble prove the truth of what is here stated.

ABSENCE OF MIND.

In his *Voyage autour de ma Chambre*, De Maistre discusses the very curious phenomenon of the independence of the mind and the body. He tells us how, in a fit of absent mindedness, he often drew on his stockings wrong side out, and had to be reminded by his invariable servant Jeannette of his mistake. Many readers will call to mind experiences of their own of a similar nature. It seems quite common to put one's watch key to one's ear to ascertain if it is going, and many people are in the habit of winding their watches and three minutes after, pausing to wonder whether they have done so or not.

Who has not heard of the philosopher who held his watch while he calmly held the egg in his hand to note the time? Or of the equally erudite man of science, who, having peeled the apple, threw the apple itself over a cliff, and then discovered that the rind alone remained?

Another individual had the habit—not such a very uncommon one—of forgetting his own name at awkward moments. One day he presented himself at the post office for letters, when much to his disgust, he could not think of his name. He turned sadly homewards, racking his brains in the vain endeavour to discover who he was. Suddenly a friend accosted him. "How are you, Mr Brown?"—"I know, Brown, I have it!" cried the absent minded one, and leaving his astonished friend, he rushed back to the post office to get his letters.

Sometimes absence of mind produces very ludicrous effects. Harry Lorrequer's appearance on parade in the character of Othello is well known. A somewhat similar occurrence in real life happened not long ago. A student on leaving his rooms one afternoon to take a stroll in the fashionable street in a university town, suddenly remembered that his fine needed curls, and returned to replenish it. On issuing from his lodging the second time, he was surprised to see people looking at him with an amused smile. Presently, some ragamuffins at a street corner began to make audible remarks. On looking down, he discovered, to his horror, that he was serenely carrying the fire tongs in place of his umbrella!

One day an English savant wrote two letters, one to a business house in London, the other to a friend in Paris. In stamping them at the post office, he placed the penny stamp on the letter for Paris, and the other on the business letter. Remarking to the post office clerk that he would correct the error, he changed the addresses! It was not till after he had posted the letters that he understood why the clerk had not been more impressed with his brilliant idea.

THE RETURN.

All day the land in golden sunlight lay,
All day a happy people to and fro
Moved through the quiet summer ways, all day
I was lured with bowed head and footsteps slow,
A stranger in the well remembered place,
Where time has left not one familiar face
I knew long years ago.

By marsh land lit, lilies with fog asphodel
I saw the fitful plover wheel and scream,
The soft winds sighed the foxglove's purple bell
The sky trembled by the whispering stream,
Gazing on these blue hills which know not change
All the lost years seemed fallen dim and strange
Unreal as a dream.

Unchanged as in my dreams by the fair land
The laughter loving lips, the eager feet,
The hands that struck warm welcome to my hand
The hearts that at my coming leaped to meet
Have long been cold in death, no glad surprise
Wakens for me in any living eyes
That once made life so sweet.

Slowly the days drew down the golden west
The purple shadows lengthened on the plain,
Yet I unscaring through a world at rest,
Went silent with my memory and my pain
Then for a little space, across the years
To me, I wold down with tears and worn with fears
My friends came back again.

In many a spot where summer could not last
In other days for all our joy too long,
They came about me from the shadowy past,
As last I saw them, young and gay and strong
And she, my heart, came fair as in the days
When at her coming, all the radiant ways
Thrilled into happy song.

Ah me! once here on such a summer night,
In silent bliss together she and I
Stood watching the pale lingering fringe of light
Go slowly creeping round the northern sky
Ah love, if all the weary years could give
But one sweet hour of that sweet night to live
With thee—and then to die!

The old sweet fragrance fills the summer air
The same light lingers on the northern sky,
Still, as of old the silent land lies fair
Beneath the silent stars, the melody
Of moving waters still is on the shore,
And I am here again—but never more
Will she come back to me.

D. J. Rhiannon.

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, 47 Paternoster Row, London, and 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

All Rights Reserved.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL
OF
POPULAR
LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART
Fifth Series
ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832
CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)
No. 120.—Vol. III. SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1886. Price 1½d.

WHAT IS BI-METALLISM?

One of the great troubles of the commercial and financial world is the growing scarcity and dearness of gold, concurrently with a growing abundance and cheapness of silver. That gold is not merely a form of money, but is also a valuable and useful commodity in itself, goes without saying. What is true of gold is true also of silver. These two metals are called 'precious' because, of all other metals, the desire to possess them in a crude form is universal. Let us put it in another way. All nations do not desire to possess pig iron, or ingot copper, or block tin, because all nations cannot utilise these metals in such form, however ready they may be to purchase articles made from them. But all nations above the lowest rank of savagery do desire to possess gold and silver in the state of bullion, because can all utilise these metals in some mode of ornament or in purposes of exchange. But for obvious reasons the desire for silver not so large and so general as the desire for gold.

From an early period in the history of civilisation, gold and silver have been used as money, and the reason they are valuable as money is because they have a high intrinsic value. Now, value is a quality which has been variously defined, but which for our purposes can best be explained as of two kinds. That is to say, there is exchange value and intrinsic value. It is a common thing to say that an article is worth just what it will bring, or sell for. In a certain sense, this is true, but the 'worth,' or value, in such cases is market or exchange value only. Take, for instance, the value in the book market of some scarce book or pamphlet for which an extravagant price will be paid by a bibliomaniac, wholly regardless of its literary merits. Books which are intellectually worthless will often attain a very high 'market value.' *Per contra*, a copy of the Bible may be obtained for sixpence.

In speaking of value, therefore, one must always understand whether market value or intrinsic worth is meant. The two do not always coincide. A thing is very often intrinsically worth a great deal more than it will sell for, and, on the other hand, a thing will often sell for a great deal more than it is intrinsically worth. No better examples of the latter can be mentioned than the extravagant prices which are sometimes paid for pieces of old china, or the extraordinary sums which were given for bulbs in the days of the Dutch tulip mania.

Now, the peculiar virtue of gold is that it combines the highest exchange value with the highest intrinsic value. It possesses qualities which no other substance has, some of these qualities adapt it for use as money, while it possesses at the same time a value independent of its worth as money—namely, its intrinsic value. That is to say, a sovereign is valuable not merely because it will exchange for twenty shillings, or purchase a pounds worth of goods, but also because it can itself, by its melting or otherwise, be made an article of use. The same is true only in a modified degree of silver money. A shilling can be utilised in the same way as bullion silver can, but a shilling does not contain a shillings worth of the metal. This is why silver coins in this country are called only 'token money.' Their intrinsic value is not equal to their 'face' or exchange value, and therefore you cannot at law compel a man to receive payment of a debt from you in silver if the amount be greater than forty shillings sterling. Silver beyond forty shillings is not what is termed a 'legal tender.' A creditor may take silver from you if he like, just as he may take a cheque from you if you have a banking account, but you can no more compel him to receive payment in silver over forty shillings than you can compel him to take your cheque.*

This has been the law of England since 1816, and it is this law which makes England what

* The only other legal tender are Bank of England notes. They are a legal tender for sums above five pounds. The Bank of England itself must, however, if demanded, pay gold.

as called a mono-metallic country—that is, possessing one single standard of value. That standard, as we know, is gold. But India is also a mono-metallic country, and silver is there the sole standard, gold not being now minted at all, although gold coins, such as mohurs, circulate to some extent, and are hoarded as 'treasure.' Indeed, in all the Asiatic countries it may be said that silver is the circulating medium of exchange—that is to say, the actual form of money. Yet, in all Asiatic countries, gold is more highly prized than silver, and is more readily taken in payment of a debt, even if of Western coinage, and this fact is an illustration of the high intrinsic value of gold in all parts of the world. Strictly speaking, gold is not 'money' in Asia, but it is held more precious than official money.

Now, there are certain persons who contend that it is a great mistake on the part of any nation to have a standard of value confined to a single metal, be it gold or silver, and who further contend that the existing universal depression of trade is principally due to England and one or two other countries rejecting silver for purposes of legal money. These persons are what it is usual to call Bimetallists, and they desire to see adopted a universal dual, or, more correctly, alternative standard.

The theory of bimetallism is one of French origin. In 1865, certain European states formally adopted it. These states were France, Belgium, Italy, and Switzerland, and their combination is known as the 'Latin Union.' The agreement they made among themselves was that each of them should coin both gold and silver in unrestricted quantities and of defined fineness, and that both gold and silver money should be 'legal tender' in each state for all debts. That is to say, in the Latin Union a man may pay a debt of a thousand pounds, or any amount in silver—if he likes—instead of being confined to forty shillings worth of silver, as with us. In practice, he does not do so, because it is inconvenient to carry and to count large sums in silver coins. The purpose of that agreement was to increase the amount of coined currency without causing an addition to the market value of one metal by concentrating the demands of mints upon one alone. It necessitated fixing a ratio of value between the two metals, and the ratio was taken by the Latin Union to be fifteen and a half parts of silver to one of gold. That is to say, one ounce of gold was declared by law to be 'worth fifteen and a half ounce of silver, and *vice versâ*.'

It would take too long and too much technicality to follow the operations of the Latin Union, but it is necessary to explain that one branch of the agreement had to be departed from after the close of the Franco-German war. The Germans demanded payment of the whole of the two hundred millions of the war indemnity in *gold*, and they then adopted for themselves a gold standard. This is what is meant by saying that Germany demonetised silver, she became mono-metallic, like England. The effect of this action on the part of Germany was to cause an extra demand for gold for mint purposes, and at the same time to throw upon the markets of the world a vast quantity of silver which was no longer wanted for coinage. Consequently, the price of silver measured in gold fell so considerably that the Latin Union could no longer maintain the ratio of fifteen and a half to one, which they had established. They therefore agreed among themselves not to coin any more silver—or to coin only such small quantities as were needed for the convenience of the people—which, however, they returned the principle of silver money being 'legal tender' as well as gold.

Some years later, the United States government resumed specie payments—that is to say, they called in the 'greenbacks,' or notes for small amounts which were issued during the war, when coin was scarce, and began to pay all their debts in gold. In order to do this, they had to purchase and mint a large quantity of that metal. Between 1873 and 1893, it is estimated that no less than two hundred millions sterling worth of gold were taken up for coinage over and above the normal consumption in that way. Thus, the United States required one hundred millions, Germany, eighty-four millions, and Italy, sixteen millions. This meant an average extra demand on the ten years of twenty millions annually.

We must bear these figures in mind in endeavouring to see how gold has become scarce, and, as it is termed, 'appreciated in value.' Besides the coinage for these and the other states which have to put a certain quantity of gold through the mints every year in order to keep up their annual currency, there is the large demand for the metal for employment in the arts and manufactures. M. de Laveleye estimated a few years ago that the amount of gold thus used is about ten millions sterling annually, but in a former article we took fifteen millions sterling as the figure. The latter we believe to be nearer the mark, and it is the fact that the use of gold for purposes other than coinage is annually increasing.

A thing may increase in market value—which, as we have said, is different from intrinsic value—in two ways—namely, by reason of enlarged demand, or by reason of diminished supply. Both forces have operated in the case of gold, for, while the demand has increased in the manner just shown, the supply has been steadily falling off. In 1852, after the discoveries in California and Australia the production of gold was to the value of thirty-six and a half millions sterling, but now, it is only about half that amount. The decrease in yield is shown in a very interesting manner by comparing successive periods of five years. Thus

Period.	Yield Production.	Annual Average.
1852–56	£180 000 000	£36 000 000
1857–61	1[illegible] 000 000	34 600 000
1862–66	114 000 000	22 760 000
1867–71	104 000 000	21,753 000
1871–75	77,000,000	15,300,000

Between 1875 and 1882 the average remained a little over sixteen millions annually, but in 1883 the production was only about eighteen and a quarter millions, and in 1884 it was rather under eighteen millions sterling. At the close of last year, Mr Samuel Smith, M.P.—a leading bimetallist—said that the present production could not be estimated at much over sixteen millions annually. If our estimate is

correct, that fifteen millions annually are used in the arts and manufactures, it will be seen what a narrow margin is now left for coinage

This is bad enough from a bi-metallist point of view, but worse remains. Silver has been all the time increasing in amount of production We have not the figures for precisely the same periods as for gold, but the following will suffice to show the growth in the yield of silver

Period	Total for Period	Annual Average
1852-62	£90 700 000	£9 070 000
1863-73	124 630 000	11 473 000
1874-80	110 400 000	15 771 428
1881	15 600 000	
1882	20,500 000	
1883	21 400 000	
1884	21,100 000	

The broad inference from these figures is that the production of silver has about doubled within the last twenty years The increase is mainly, if not entirely, from the development of the mines in the western States of America, and an American authority estimates that the production will probably double itself again within the next twenty years

Now, the curious fact is, that while the world at once and speedily absorbs the annual production of gold, it is in present circumstances unable to utilise all the silver This metal is actually decreasing in employment in the arts, and indeed, it is within the observation of every one that silver plate is no longer the highly coveted possession which it once was in middle class families One meets now with 'solid silver' appliances comparatively sold in in general use, electro plate having taken their place Its disuse as money has been already mentioned

The result is as follows In 1848, the metallic money, current or hoarded in the world, was estimated at one thousand millions sterling, of which four hundred millions were gold, and six hundred millions were silver In 1870, the metallic money was estimated at fourteen hundred millions, of which seven hundred and fifty millions were gold, and six hundred and fifty millions were silver At present, the metallic money of the world is estimated at about fifteen hundred and seventy millions sterling, of which about eight hundred millions are gold, and seven hundred and twenty millions are silver It is to be remembered also that a very small proportion of the gold which is withdrawn for manufactures and ornaments ever finds its way back into the circulating mass, because the labour expended on the finished ornament gives it a higher value than can be obtained out of the melting pot In this connection another interesting point may be noticed, which is, that it has been ascertained that out of every three thousand sovereigns coined, one sovereign represents the annual loss by friction, and in half sovereigns the annual loss in the same way is one in eighteen hundred It may not be generally known that our gold coins circulate very much in some parts of the East and in South America, and are only returned to this country when they have lost in weight by friction. This loss reduces the intrinsic value, but when sent to London, they are exchangeable at face value, if not excessively abraded

The effect of this change in the actual production and employment of gold and silver is to materially alter their relative values The value of silver measured in gold has fallen so enormously, that instead of the ratio being, as was fixed by the Latin Union, fifteen and a half parts of silver to one of gold, the actual ratio in the markets of the world is now only about twenty parts of silver to one of gold It is estimated that a sovereign will now purchase as much as thirty shillings would do fifteen years ago, and this is what is meant by saying that the appreciation of gold is the cause of the depreciation of prices of commodities But all this time silver has remained the legal standard of value of India, and a rupee is still worth two shillings in that country That is to say, a rupee has still the purchasable power of two shillings in India, but in England it is worth only about one shilling and seven pence Therefore, upon every pound which the Indian remits to this country he must lose twenty per cent, or about four shillings, for exchange This is a very serious loss not only on merchant—many of whom, however, can to some extent counteract it by sending home goods instead of money, goods which they buy for silver in Calcutta and sell for gold in London—but also on the government, which has to send home something like fifteen millions sterling, gold value, every year to meet the interest on the public debts, and the like

The position, then, is this—that the supply of gold money is now too small for the world's needs, and that all commerce and international intercourse is being hampered by the restriction of the medium of exchange At present, the sole practical medium is gold and gold money, as Mr Goschen has remarked has three functions to perform it has to supply the pocket and till money of the people, it has to remain in the vaults of bankers as security for the notes issued against it, and it has to serve in settling the balances between nations The larger the amount of trade which is being done, the larger must these balances necessarily be although not in direct proportion—and the more gold must be required to adjust them By analogy of reasoning the less gold there is in the form of circulating money, the more must the trade be restricted If the restriction does not operate on volume, it must operate on prices, and this is effect is what has happened

The subject of concern, then, in the circles of finance throughout the world is how to rehabilitate silver, as it is termed—that is, how to replace it in the position in which it is claimed the metal should occupy as money If the supply of gold is too small for the world, then the only alternative is to utilise silver more largely, and to give it an official value in relation to gold That value cannot now be placed in the ratio of fifteen and a half to one, but it is thought that common agreement among the nations might enable the ratio to be fixed at something like seventeen to one

The object of the bi-metallists is to bring about an arrangement between all the nations of Europe and the United States of the same principle and effect as that adopted by the Latin Union, which we have described That is to say, they seek to have the free concurrent

coinage of both gold and silver in a fixed ratio of value, and to have both metals everywhere declared unlimited legal tender. The effect of this would be, they claim, to provide a supply of metallic coinage amply sufficient for the world's present and increasing requirements, while it would prevent those violent fluctuations in exchange which do so much to disturb our trade with the silver-using countries of the East and of South America (where the Mexican silver dollar is the standard). Unless this be done, they assert, gold will become the sole currency of the world, and will have to perform the work of two metals. The effects of the consequent depreciation of silver upon India will be ruinous, and the effects of the consequent appreciation of gold will be to reduce the value of property in all commodities in this country still further. The final result, say some, must be panic and revolution.

The arguments pro and con involve technicalities not quite suitable for our pages. It may be mentioned, however, that those opposed to bimetallism say that there is no reason to conclude that the supply of gold has *permanently* fallen off, that fresh discoveries may be made any day, that the effects of the fluctuations of exchange on trade are exaggerated, and do not, in practice, prevent free commercial intercourse between countries of quite different currencies, and that the diminishing use of silver in the arts is an argument against its use as money. If silver becomes comparatively valueless as a commodity, how, it is asked, can the ratio of value as money between it and gold be maintained? The metal would be placed in the anomalous position of having two values—one at the mints and another in the markets—and the consequence would be that the market value would rule, and people would refuse to take the silver money. This is the case at present in the United States, where the government is compelled by law to buy for coinage some two hundred thousand pounds worth of silver every month, which silver money has died in the treasury because the people don't want it.

On the other hand, it may be contended that the very fact of silver being declared by all the great nations of the world would impart to it a value which might recreate a demand for it for other employment. It may be possible, too, to arrange not a permanent but an adjustable ratio, to be altered from time to time by joint agreement among the nations, according as the relative values of the metals are affected by supply and demand.

Be this as it may, it would seem that all the nations concerned, including even Germany, who acknowledges having made a mistake in demonetising silver, are more or less in favour of bimetallism, and that all wait for the concurrence of England. In the United States, the present efforts of the government are directed towards repealing the law which compels them to coin a certain amount of silver—not that they do not want a dual currency, but simply because they cannot work it as long as England persists in adhering to the gold standard. Thus it would appear that in the great silver question England is, rightly or wrongly, not as yet prepared to come to a decision. In England, moreover, counsels are very much divided among experts, while the general public gives almost no attention to the question whatever. It is in the hope of stimulating the interest of our readers in a great, almost a vital matter, that we place this article before them.

IN ALL SHADES

CHAPTER XX

There was great excitement in the District Court at Westmoreland one sunny morning, a few days later, for the new judge was to sit and hear an appeal, West Indian fashion, from a magistrate's decision in the case of Delgado versus Dupuy. The little courthouse in the few parochial buildings of Westmoreland was crowded with an eager throng of excited negroes. Much burning and humming of voices filled the room, for it was noised about among the blacks that Mistah Hawtorn, being a brown man born, was likely to carry favour with the backers—as brown men will—by giving unjust decisions in their favour against the black men, and this was a very important case for the agricultural negroes, as it affected a question of paying wages for work performed in the Pimento Valley cane pieces.

Rosina Fleming was there among the crowd, and as Louis Delgado, the appellant in the case, came into court, he paused for a moment to whisper hurriedly a few words to her. 'Do medicine hab effock like I tell you, Missy Rosina?' he asked in an undertone.

Rosina laughed and showed her white teeth. 'Yes, Mistah Delgado, him hab effock, sah, same like you tell me. Isaac Pountiles, him lub me well for true, nowadays.'

'Him wants to marry you, missy?'

Rosina shook her head. 'No, him can't dine dat,' she answered carelessly, as though it were the most natural thing in the world. 'Him got another wife already.'

'Ha! Him got wife ober in Barbadoes?' Delgado muttered. 'Him doint rubber tell me dat.—Well, Missy Rosy, I want you bring Isaac Pountiles to me hut dis one day. I want feace to help me. De cup ob de Dupuys is full dis day, an' if de new judge gib decision wrong fully gain me, de Lard will arise soon in all him glory, like him tell de prophets, an' make de victory for him own people.'

'But not hurt de missy?' Rosina inquired anxiously.

'Yah, yah! You is too chuped, Miss Rosy, I tellin' you. You tink de Lard gwine to turn aside in de day ob vengeance for your missy? De Dupuys is de Lard's enemy, le ady, an' he will destroy dem utterly man and women.'

Before Rosina could find time to reply, there was a sudden stir in the body of the court, and Edward Hawthorn, entering from the private door behind, took his seat upon the judge's bench in hushed silence.

'Delgado versus Dupuy, an appeal from a magistrate's order, referred to this court as being under twenty shillings in value.—Who heard the case in the first instance?' Edward inquired.

'Mr Dupuy of Orange Grove and Mr Hanley,' Tom Dupuy, the defendant, answered quietly.

Edward's forehead puckered up a little. 'You are the defendant, I believe, Mr Thomas Dupuy?' he said to the young planter with a curious look.

Tom Dupuy nodded acquiescence.

'And the case was heard in the first instance by Mr Theodore Dupuy of Orange Grove, who, if I am rightly informed, happens to be your own uncle?'

'Rightly informed!' Tom Dupuy sneered half angrily—'rightly informed, indeed! Why, you know he is, of course, as well as I do. Didn't we both call upon you together the other day? I should say, considering what sort of interview we had, you can't already have quite forgotten it!'

Edward winced a little, but answered nothing. He merely allowed the plaintiff to be put in the box, and proceeded to listen carefully to his rambling evidence. It wasn't very easy, even for the sharp, half-Jewish brown barrister who was counsel for the plaintiff, to get anything very clear or definite out of Louis Delgado with his vague rhetoric. Still, by dint of patient listening, Edward Hawthorn was enabled at last to make out the pith and kernel of the old African secret story. He worked, it seemed, at times on Orange Grove estate, and at times, alternately, at Pimento Valley. The wages on both estates, as frequently happens in such cases, were habitually far in arrears, and Delgado claimed for many days, on which, he asserted, he had been working at Tom Dupuy's cane pieces, while Tom Dupuy had entered a plea of never indebted on the ground that no entry appeared in his own book-keeper account for the days of Delgado's presence. Mr Theodore Dupuy had heard the case, and he and a brother magistrate had at once decided it against Delgado. 'But, I know, sah,' Delgado said vehemently, looking up to the new judge with a certain defiant air, as of a man who comes prepared for injustice, 'I know I work dem days at Pimento Valley because I keep book myself, an' put down in him in me own hand ill de days I work anywhere.'

'Can you produce the book?' Edward inquired of the excited negro.

'It isn't any use,' Tom Dupuy interrupted impatiently. 'I've seen the book myself, and you can't read it. It's all kept in some heathenish African language or other.'

'I must request you, Mr Dupuy, not to interrupt,' Edward Hawthorn said in his clearest voice. 'Please to remember, I beg of you, that this room is a court of justice.'

'Not much justice here for white men, I expect,' Tom Dupuy muttered to himself in a half audible undertone. 'The niggers'll have it all their own way in future, of course, now they've got one of themselves to sit upon the bench for them.'

'Produce the book,' Edward said, turning to Delgado, and restraining his natural anger with some difficulty.

'It doan't no good, sah,' the African answered, with a sigh of despondency, pulling out a greasy account book from his open bosom, and turning over the pages slowly in moody silence. 'It me own book, dat I hab for me own reference, an' I keep him all in me own handwritin.'

Edward held out his hand commandingly, and took the greasy small volume that the African passed over to him, with some little amusement and surprise. He didn't expect, of course, that he would be able to read it, but he thought at least he ought to see what sort of accounts the man kept, they would at minimum be interesting, as throwing light upon negro ideas and modes of reckoning. He opened the book the negro gave him, and turned it over hastily with a languid curiosity. In a second, a curious change came visibly over his startled face, and he uttered sharply a little sudden cry of unaffected surprise and astonishment. 'Why,' he said in a strangely altered voice, turning once more to the dejected African, who stood there staring at him in stolid indifference, 'what on earth is the meaning of this? This is Arabic!'

Rosina Fleming, looking eagerly from in front at the curious characters, saw at once they were the same in type as the writing in the obeah book Delgado had showed her the evening she went to consult him at his hut about Isaac Pourtales.

Delgado glanced back at the young judge with a face full of vague, distrust and latent menace. 'You doan't can read it, sah?' he asked suspiciously. 'It African talk. You doan't can read it?'

'Certainly, I can,' Edward answered with a smile. 'It's very beautifully and clearly written, and the entries are in good and accurate Arabic.' And he read it well or two of the entries aloud, in proof of his ability to decipher at sight the mysterious characters.

Delgado in turn gave a sudden start, and drawing himself up to his full height, with newborn pride and dignity, he burst forth at once into a few sentences in some strange foreign tongue, deep and guttural, addressed apparently, as Tom Dupuy thought, to the new judge in passionate entreaty. But in reality the African was asking Edward Hawthorn, earnestly and in the utmost astonishment, whether it was a fact that he could really and truly speak Arabic.

Edward answered him back in a few words, rapidly spoken in the fluent colloquial Egyptian dialect which he had learned in London from his Mohammedan teacher, Sheik Abdullah. It was but a short sentence, but it was quite enough to convince Delgado that he did perfectly understand the entries in the account book. 'De Lord be praise!' the African shouted aloud excitedly. 'De new judge, him can read de book I keep for me own reckonin'! De Lord be praise! Him gwine to dibbber me!'

'Did ever you see such a farce in your life?' whispered Tom Dupuy to his uncle Theodore. 'I don't believe the fellow understands a single word of it, and I'm sure the gibberish they were talking to one another can't possibly be part of any kind of human language even in Africa. And yet, after all, I don't know. The fellow's a nigger himself, and perhaps he may really have learned from his own people some of their confounded African jargon. But who on earth would ever have believed, Uncle Theodore, we'd have lived to hear such trash as that talked openly from the very bench in a Queen's court in the island of Trinidad!'

Edward coloured up again at the few words

which he caught accidentally of this ugly mono logue, but he only said to the eager African 'I cannot speak with you here in Arabic, Delgado, here we must use English only'

'Certainly,' Tom Dupuy suggested aloud—colonial courts are even laxer than English ones. 'We mustn't forget, of course, Mr Hawthorn, as you said just now, that this room is a court of justice'

The young judge turned over the book to conceal his chagrin, and examined it carefully 'What are the dates in dispute?' he asked, turning to the counsel

Delgado and Tom Dupuy in one breath gave a full list of them Counsel handed up a little written slip with the various doubtful days entered carefully upon it in ordinary English numbers Edward ticked them off one by one in Delgado's note book, quietly to himself, smiling as he did so to the quaint Arabic translations of the Grove of Oranges and the Valley of Pimento Every one of Delgado's dates was quite accurately and carefully entered in his own account book

When they came to examine Tom Dupuy and his Scotch book keeper, their account of the whole transaction was far less definite, clear, and consistent Tom Dupuy, with a certain airy lordly indifference, admitted that his payments were often in arrears, and that his modes of book keeping were often somewhat rough and ready He didn't pretend to keep an account personally of every man's labour on his whole estate, he said, he was a gentleman himself, and he left that sort of thing, of course, to his book keeper's memory The book keeper didn't remember that Louis Delgado had worked at Pimento Valley on those particular disputed mornings, though, to be sure, one naturally couldn't be quite certain about it But if you were going to be so taking a niggers word on such a matter against a white man's, why, what possible security against false charges could you give in future to the white planter?

'How often do you post up the entries in that book?' Delgado's counsel asked the Scotch book keeper in cross examination

The book keeper was quite as airy and easy as his master in this matter 'Well, whiles I do it at the time,' he answered quietly, 'and whiles I do it a wee bit later'

'An' I put him down ebbery evening, de minute I home, sah, in dis note book,' Delgado shouted eagerly with a fierce gesticulation

'You must be quiet, please,' Edward said, turning to him 'You mustn't interrupt the witness or your counsel'

'Did Delgado work at Pimento Valley yesterday?' the brown barrister asked, looking up from the books which Tom Dupuy had been forced to produce and hand in, in evidence.

The book keeper hesitated and smiled a sinister smile 'He did,' he answered after a moment's brief internal conflict

'How is it, then, that the day's work isn't entered here already?' the brown barrister went on pitilessly

The book keeper shuffled with an uneasy shuffle 'Ah, well, I should have entered it on Saturday evening,' he answered evasively

Edward turned to Delgado's note book The last day's work was entered properly in an evidently fresh ink, that of the previous two days looking proportionately blacker and older There could be very little doubt, indeed, which of the two posted his books daily with the greater care and accuracy

He heard the case out patiently and temperately, in spite of Delgado's occasional wild outbursts and Tom Dupuy's constant sneers, and at the end he proceeded to deliver judgment as calmly as he was able, without prejudice It was a pity that the first case he heard should have been one which common justice compelled him to give against Tom Dupuy, but there was no helping it 'The court enters judgment for the plaintiff,' he said in a loud clear voice 'Delgado's books, though unfortunately kept only in Arabic for his own reference, have been carefully and neatly posted—Yours, Mr Dupuy, I regret to say, are careless, inadequate, and inaccurate, and I am also sorry to see that the case was heard in the first instance by one of your own near relations, which circumstance, it would have been far wiser, as well as more seemly, to have avoided'

Tom Dupuy grew red and pale by turns as he listened in blank surprise and dismay to this amazing and unprecedented judgment A black man's word taken in evidence in open court against a white gentleman's! It was too appalling! 'Well, well, Uncle Theodore,' he said bitterly, rising to go, 'I expected as much, though it is hard to believe it. I knew we should never get decent justice in this court any longer!'

But Delgado stood there, dazed and motionless, gazing with mute wonder at the pale face of the new judge, and debating within himself whether it could be really true or not that he had gained his case against the powerful Dupuy faction Not that he understood for a moment the exact meaning of the legal words, 'judgment for the plaintiff,' but he saw at once on Tom Dupuy's face that the white man was positively livid with anger and had been severely reprimanded. 'De Lard be praise!' he ejaculated at last 'De judge is righteous judge, an' him lub de black man!'

Edward would have given a great deal just then if Delgado in the moment of his triumph had not used those awkward words, 'him lub de black man!' But there was no use brooding over it now, so, as the court was clearing he merely signed with his finger to Delgado, and whispered hastily in his ear 'Come to me this evening in my own room, I want to hear from you how and where you learned Arabic'

CHAPTER XXI

When Edward made his way, wearied and anxious, into his own room behind the courthouse, Delgado was waiting for him there, and as the judge entered, he rose quickly and uttered a few words of customary salutation in excellent Arabic Edward Hawthorn observed at once that a strange change seemed to have come over the old negro. He had lost his slouching, half savage manner, and stood more erect, or bowed in self respecting obeisance, with a certain obvious consciousness of personal dignity which at once reminded him of Sheik Abdullah. He

noticed, too, that while the man's English was the mere broken Creole language he had learned from the other negroes around him, his Arabic was the pure colloquial classical Arabic of the Cairo ulemas. It was astonishing what a difference this change of tongue made in the tattered old black field labourer when he spoke English, he was the mere ordinary plantation negro, when he spoke Arabic, he was the decently educated and perfectly courteous African Moslem.

'You have quite surprised me, Delgado,' Edward said, still in a flowing Arabic. 'I had no idea there were any Africans in Trinidad who understood the language of the Koran. How did you ever come to learn it?'

The old African bowed gracefully, and expanded his hands with a friendly gesture. 'Effendi,' he answered, 'Allah is not wholly without his true followers in any country. Is it not written in your own book that when Elijah, the forerunner of the Prophet, cried in the cave, saying, 'I alone am left of the worshippers of Allah, the Lord answer I and call unto him in his mercy. "I have left me a thousand souls in Israel which have not bowed the knee to Baal?" Even so, Allah has his followers left even here among the infidels in Trinidad.'

'Then you are still a Mussulman?' Edward cried in surprise.

The old African rose again from the seat into which Edward had partially handed him, and falling both his hands reverently in front of him, answered in a profoundly solemn voice: 'There is no God but Allah, and Mahommed is his prophet.'

'But I thought—I understood I was told that you were a teacher and preacher up yonder in the Methodist chapel!'

Delgado shrugged his shoulders with African expressiveness. 'What can I do?' he said, throwing open his hands as he spoke. 'They have brought me here all the way from the Gold Coast. There is no mosque here, no ulema, no other Moslems. What can I do? I have to do as the other negroes do.—But see!' and he drew something carefully from the folds of his baggy cotton shirt. 'I have brought a book with me. I have kept it secretly all these years. Have you seen it? Do you know it?'

Edward opened the soiled and dog-eared but carefully tended volume, that the negro handed him. He knew it at once. It was a copy of the Koran. He turned the pages even lightly till he came to the famous chapter of the Seven Treasures, then he began to read aloud a few verses in a clear, easy, Arabic intonation.

Delgado started when he heard the young judge actually reading the sacred volume. 'So you, too, are a Moslem!' he cried excitedly.

Edward smiled. 'No,' he answered, 'I am no Mussulman. But I have learned Arabic, and I have read the Koran.'

'Mussulman or Christian,' Delgado answered fervently, throwing up his head, 'you are a servant of Allah. You have given judgment to-day like Daniel the Hebrew or like Othman Calif, the successor of the Prophet. When the great and terrible day of the Lord arrives, Allah will surely not forget the Just among his servants.'

Edward did not understand the hidden meaning of that seemingly conventional pious tag, so he merely answered: 'But you haven't yet told me, remnant of the faithful, how you ever came to learn Arabic.'

Thus encouraged Delgado loosed the strings of his tongue, and poured forth rapidly with African volubility the whole marvellous story of his life. The son of a petty chieftain on the Guinea coast, he had been sent in his boyhood by his father, a Mohammedan convert, to the native schools for the negroes at Cairo, where he had remained till he was over seventeen years old, and had then returned to his father's principality. There, he had gone out to fight in some small war between two neighbouring negro chieftains, the events of which we he insisted on detailing to Edward at great length, and having been taken prisoner by the hostile party, he had at last been sold in the bad old days, when a contraband trade still existed, to a Cuban slaver. The slaver had been captured off Sombrero Rock by an English cruiser, and all the negroes landed at Trinidad. That was the sum and substance of the strangely romantic story told by the old African to the young English barrister in the Westmoreland courthouse. Couched in his childish and ungrammatical negro English, it would no doubt have sounded ludicrous and puerile, but poured forth in classical Arabic almost as pure and fluent as Sheik Abdullah's own it was brimful of pathos, eloquence, interest, and romance. Yet strange and almost incredible as it seemed to Edward's mind, the old African himself apparently regarded it as the most natural and simple conception of events that could easily happen to anybody anywhere.

'And how is it,' Edward asked at last, in profound astonishment, lapsing once more into English, 'that you have never tried to get back to Africa?'

Delgado smiled an ugly smile that showed all his teeth, not pleasantly, but like the teeth of a bull-dog snarling. 'Do you think, sah,' he said sarcastically, 'dat dem fighting Dupuis gang to help a poor black nigger to go back to him own country? Ole time fell hab proverb: "Mongoose no help cane rat find de way back to him burrow."'

Edward could hardly believe the sudden transformation. In a single moment, with the change of language, the educated African had vanished utterly, and the plantation negro stood once more undisguised before him. And yet, Edward thought curiously to himself, which, after all, was the truest and most genuine of those two contrasted but united personalities—the free Mussulman, or the cowed and hopeless Trinidad field labourer? Strange, too, that while this born African could play as he liked at fetishism or Christianity, could do obeah or sing psalms from his English hymn book, the profoundly penetrating and absorbing creed of Islam was the only one that had sunk deep into the very inmost marrow of his negro nature. About that fact, Edward could not for a moment have the faintest hesitation. Delgado—Coromantyn or West Indian—was an undoubting Mussulman. Christianity was but a cloak with which he covered himself outwardly, to himself and others;

obeah was but an art that he practised in secret for unlawful profit. Islam, the faith most profoundly and intimately adapted to the negro idiosyncrasy, was the creed that had burnt itself into his very being, in spite of all changes of outer circumstance. Not that Delgado believed his little the less with the frank inconsistency of early minds, he held the two incompatible beliefs without the faintest tinge of conscious hypocrisy, just as many of ourselves, though Christians enough in all externals, hold lingering relics of pagan superstitions about horseshoes, and crooked sixpences, and unlucky days, and the mystic virtues of a cornelian amulet. Every morning he spelt over reverently a chapter in the New Testament, and every night, in the gloom of his hut, he read to himself in hushed awe a few verses of the holy Koran.

When sleep and comment were fully finished, the old African rose to go. As he opened the door, Edward held out his hand for the negro to shake. Delgado, now more the planta tion Libran, hesitated for a second, fearing to take it, then at last, drawing himself up to his full height, and instinctively clutching at his loose cotton trousers, as though they had been the flowing white robes of his old half forgotten Egyptian school days, he compromised the matter by making a prolonged salam, and crying in his clear Arabic gutturals 'May the blessing of Allah, the All wise, the merciful, rest for ever on the Effendi, his servant, who has delivered a just judgment!'

In another moment, he had glided through the door, and Edward, hardly yet able to realise the strangeness of the situation, was left alone with his own astonishment.

INSTINCT AND REASON.

In the following paper we propose to dis card entirely the word mind as an expression of the faculty of reflection, since it is frequently misapplied or misunderstood, and its employment is vague and unsatisfactory. We prefer using a term denoting the receptivity of ideas through an organic medium by an immaterial for claiming the power of acting on the ingestion of ideas, and diffusing its action through the corresponding media of the nervous system: this we shall call the intellectual force, and its action is the sequence of conscious or unconscious reflection. It is not our purpose to enter upon a consideration of the higher relations of intellectual action with so called spiritual force, as this would necessarily tend to the contemplation of an extra element than that more particularly implied in the attributes of instinct and reason, for by these words, in their ordinary acceptation, we recognise two separate faculties, independent, yet coexistent, and capable of harmonious co operation, but not necessarily co ordinate nor coexistent, since the one we contend to be the natural property of all animated beings, while the other is in part the result of transmitted intelligence, education, and enlightenment, conveyed from a higher to a lower power.

Instinct, as the more universally diffused and common endowment, is to be found throughout the whole range of the animal kingdom, and to deny its existence in one class of creation and grant it in another is illogical and contrary to the recognised and established plan of creation; it is rather a general inheritance, in some forms of life the chief or sole guide to voluntary action, while in other or higher forms, partially overlaid, and in a measure superseded, by the faculty of reason. Yet we should be, we think, altogether wrong in supposing it non existent, because, through the cultivation and development of reasoning power, it is less easily discerned, and less fully exercised in man, than in the lower animals, for, by inquiry in the lives of uncivilised humanity, we shall find undoubted proofs of instinct in the ordinary passages of savage life, as in the choice of food, the selection of certain herbs for medicinal purposes, the capacity of tracking a path from one point to another in great distances, the avoidance of poisonous articles of diet, casual injuries, and, above all, the clinging to life which is common to all mankind. And even in civilised beings, we may discern evident traces of the same property underlying the more estimable gift of reason, and instinctive, though otherwise unaccountable, motives leading to definite conclusions. These may take the forms of likes or dislikes towards outer objects, impulses, frequently and truly termed unreasonable, because they arise apart from reason, and are purely instinctive, hence actions that are simply the outcome of instinct, not accountable to the written laws of reason or the mandates of civilisation.

In some rare instances of humanity run wild, only a few of which have been recorded, where, by some accident a human offspring has grown up as a denizen of the forest and the companion of wild beasts, the gift of instinct serves the same purpose it fulfils in the rest of the creation, and when first brought into contact with civilisation, these outcasts have apparently evinced few, or none, of the actual attributes of reason, though these have become perceptible later on through human companionship and attention. But even centuries of cultivation and the highest hereditary advantages fail utterly to eliminate or destroy the inherent property of instinct in man, for not only, as above stated, is it displayed in the common shrinking from death and the avoidance of injury and suffering, but it manifests itself in countless other instances in daily life. Let us regard the union of sexes as one how frequently is the choice of a partner in life made through nothing less than a blind instinct, often apart from any reasoning process, so much so, that the fact has passed into a proverb that 'Love is blind.' And in the common affairs of life, it is often possible to trace an independent course of action pursued without reference to a reasoning faculty, rather by a blind adherence to an unseen hidden principle, which is

undoubtedly instinct guiding rather than reason And this obedience to an unknown faculty has doubtless, in the history of the world, played important parts, especially when, in prehistoric times, man was essentially a predatory animal On his instinctive love of fighting for personal aggrandisement, and his instinctive love of the chase for providing food and clothing, his very existence in a great measure depended Indeed, the motives which influence and direct mental acts are only, after all, the attributes of instinct, as we commonly observe portrayed in civilised society, thus, in one, the instinct of commercial enterprise pushes towards speculation, in another, the instinct of self preservation induces precautions of benefit to the community, again, the instinct of need prompts measures for procuring supplies of food and clothing On all hands, human instinct is an active agent and irrepressible

And further, we may find the instinct of an unseen yet overruling power dominant in one form or another among the whole human race, even where, degraded by numberless superstitions, it exists among the dusky tribes of Africa, the Red American Indians, or in the countries by the logical legends of nations long passed away the instinctive belief in a God holds universal sway In the common affairs of life, too, the teaching of instinct is displayed, as in presentiments which, like impulses, have frequently no rational bases, but by the observance of which, our lives are not uncommonly modified in their effects and made subservient to the issues Is it indeed possible, were the chapters of human lives actually recorded, it would be found in how many important instances and numberless occasions the existence of instinct prevails above that of reason It is, however, to be noted, that in proportion as the exercise of intellectual faculties is stimulated by education and strengthened by practice, instinctive action becomes more and more influenced by reason, and just as particular muscles, by long use, increase in bulk, so the repeated receptivity of ideas by the higher organism of the brain leads to the reflective powers being increased, and, as a natural consequence, the actions thus performed betoken the connection of ideas from which they spring, and are consequently attributed to reason

Reason may thus be regarded, in the abstract, as the result of ideas received by the sensory ganglia, and transmitted by them to the higher organs of perception, reflected thence on the motory system by which the actions of animal life are governed, the repeated discharge of these functions constituting processes of thought or reflection

Admitting this to be a rough outline of reasoning with its outcome action, we have a familiar example of this process displayed by members of the animal kingdom that are habitually brought into the society and companionship of man Daily usage supplies experience, which, by the receptivity of ideas, constitutes a reasoning faculty, such as is constantly manifested in the actions of various animals, and which as much overrules mere instinct in them as it does in the higher animal man For example, in my dog the predatory instinct is very strongly marked, but it daily passes and frequently enters butchers' shops, sniffing under the counters and joints for any scraps of meat, however small, yet never attempting to take advantage of a piece that is offered for sale We have also frequently noticed, when driving on our rounds in a country practice, the horse would voluntarily slacken its speed as it approached the house of a patient, and scarcely require a check to draw up at the door Why some human beings should betray a disposition disapproval of the recognition of reason in animals, seems to us utterly unaccountable It is surely no insult to the Creator of all things if we grant the attribute of reasoning powers to His creatures, while it savours strongly of narrow and limited views of His beneficence to deny it

It is the object of this paper to claim recognition and respect for the reasoning faculties of animals, particularly the class of domestic animals that are brought into daily intercourse with man In them, more especially, we note habits of thought and traits of intelligence, apart from and above the mere promptings of instinct, that entitle them to our best consideration But in the dog, as the friend of man, we shall naturally find the examples most ready to hand, not only of emotions akin to those of humanity, but sentiments of honour, love, watchfulness, trust, duty, and obedience, courage, forbearance, self denial, even owning the mere instinct of hunger, also sensitiveness, shame, and jealousy, with self devotion surpassing even the fear of death In the horse, too, we find obedience, trust, gentleness to please and affection Even in cattle, we may notice attachment to home and persons, courage, patience, and docility

We do not here propose to enter on a list of the attributes of reason to be observed in all animals, it is needless to relate the numberless authenticated instances recorded of elephants, tamed deer, gazelles, monkeys, and birds To the thoughtful observer, proofs of intelligence and reflection, with experience, judgment, and conscientiousness are readily found, and even in the wild animals, as the rat, the fox, lions, and tigers, remarkable facts are recorded, which evince powers of reflection and the exercise of judgment and reason A lion, for instance, has been seen to drive away a cow from the herd, not rending it at once, but using it by menaces, so as to secure its prey in a more convenient spot Tigers watch in the jungle for the passing post runners, recognising their approach by the jingling sound of their ornaments, and knowing from experience that the wearers will afford them the necessary meal The stories of foxes are legion, their cunning in eluding pursuit, and their prompt recognition of such chance advantages as the occasion may afford, evince a reasoning power beyond the mere impulse of instinct Again, in rats, who has not witnessed countless proofs of intelligence, denoting forethought, prudence, and care, not only in their search for food, avoidance of snares, and concealment, but also exemplified in their mutual intercourse? A regimental officer once stationed at Aden described to the writer the skill of a party of rats in purloining every day the bread placed on the dinner table The servant who laid the table

could not account for the disappearance of the several portions of bread placed ready beside the napkin and glasses, till, after watching some time, a small party of rats was seen to enter the room, and while some of them held the lower border of the table cloth, another rapidly ascended, and mounting the table, dislodged the pieces of bread, which, falling off, were speedily appropriated by those below. The beaver has been often cited as exhibiting an almost human aptitude in the construction of dams and the formation of its lodge, and this appears more as the result of deductive reasoning, taught, no doubt, by experience, and transmitted by hereditary descent. In birds, the Corvidæ afford striking instances of the exercise of judgment and reflection, especially in the habits of rooks and ravens; we might add also magpies, but space prevents us from enlarging on this point.

The common wild bee constructs its nest in a mossy bank, and the comb is formed of rude circular cells arranged in a small group. The hive bee, whose thickly peopled home affords but a limited space, constructs its comb of closely packed hexagonal cells, an arrangement which gives the greatest room for each cell in a circumscribed area. It accidentally occurred to the writer, many years since, to put inside a large box of pills closely packed, and left, without being opened, through the summer. When at last examined, it was found that the pills had become closely impacted together, and each individual pill was compressed in the form of a hexagon resembling, in outline, the waxen cells of the hive bee. The conduct of ants, in their communications by signalling to each other, evinces something more than blind instinct, otherwise, how can we explain the deliberate action which results from information conveyed by signals, and the plan of operations conducted on a scale beyond all relation to the size of the insignificant insects by which they are performed?

Mankind is too apt to monopolise the claim to reason, and allows to the lower animal world the gift of instinct as a kind of compromise, whereas, it has been thus lately shown that he shares the in the gift of instinct, and they likewise have a fair claim to the exercise of reason. There is nothing inconsistent in this view with the great plan of creation, for all classes of animals partake of the elements of the human frame in their general physical construction adapted to particular requirements, as anatomists have shown; that man in his development from the ovum passes through the several grades of the animal kingdom by different homologues to the perfect human frame. And though in him reason assumes its highest condition, yet in the various types of his race there are as widely differing degrees of reasoning power, from the tree dwelling tribes of Central India and the Lilliputian inhabitants of the forests of Borneo, to the highly educated and more amply endowed members of European and transatlantic society; and as, in the human race, reason exercises a paramount and prevailing sway, under which all other forces are subject, so in man remains behind, still an element of humanity, though less conspicuous in the higher culture of civilisation than in the primitive savage, and more evident still in the lower animal world, though even here subjected to reasoning power, according, in a manner, to the amount of education and enlightenment received by these at the hand of man. Instinct belongs no more to the brute beast than to man, and reason is the heritage of both.

THE WILL OF MRS ANNE BOWDEN.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

'Tipsy!' I muttered to myself with a scornful glance, and a strong feeling of disgust, as I hurriedly passed him by. Such would be, I suppose, the almost invariable exclamation of a young man whom circumstances combined with taste to keep in the path of strictest temperance, on seeing an elderly and prosperous looking gentleman lurching unevenly along a street in the City between four and five o'clock one damp February afternoon. 'Tipsy!' I said, and passed on, yet, though so sad a spectacle had neither pleasure nor interest for me, I turned, after I had gone a few steps, to look once more at the supposed inebriate. That one glance showed me that my hasty judgment of his condition had been as unjust as it was uncharitable. That look of pain and distress, those starting eyes, the heavy beads of perspiration on the brow, were due not to intoxication, but to illness. As I looked at him, he stumbled, tottered on a step or two, and would have fallen, had I not, in two hasty strides, reached his side and caught him in my arms. A large envelope, apparently containing some heavy document, fell from his nerveless hand at the moment of his collapse. I picked it up, and hastily thrust it into the pocket of my overcoat, still supporting my helpless burden. The act was instinctive, almost unconscious, and no sooner done than forgotten, and the next moment my mind was wholly occupied with an appeal to one of the many young men who were hurrying by, as I myself had been, to catch the train at Broad Street, to expend a few minutes in calling a cab for me and the unfortunate man who had so suddenly become my charge.

I drove him to the nearest hospital, and left him there, stating in a few words the little I knew of his sudden attack, and the chance which had thrown him in my protection.

'It is apoplexy,' said the house surgeon, in whose care I left him. 'Doubtless, he is some speculator who has risked too much in a shaky Company, and whose head has given way under the shock of losing his money. We have cases like that here pretty often, especially in times of long continued depression of trade. Will you wait and see if he has on him a visiting card or anything bearing his name and address?'

I declined to stay longer than was necessary, for I had promised to spend that evening with my fellow-clerk Atherton, and did not want to be late for my engagement with the lad, for whom I had a sort of elder brotherly affection. But I promised to call at the hospital next day and inquire for my protégé, and departed, the richer by what I suppose would be regarded as a virtuous action, and the poorer by the eighteenpence I had paid for the cab fare.

It now seems to me to have been despicably, indicriminately selfish to have thought so little of the fate of the man I had left in such dangerous plight at the hospital, and so much of that expenditure of eighteenpence. I hope that I am not naturally a miser, yet I fear some niggardly instincts were dawning in me at that time, as, indeed, is almost inevitable in a young man who, having passed his early years under the shadow of that most wearing of sorrows—debt, is desirous of not merely living within, but effecting some savings from, an income of a hundred and twenty pounds a year. I recall now that I determined to do without tobacco for a week, and with this resolution in my mind, I hurried to the Bond Street station, en route for Atherton's lodgings in Camden Town.

I could not have told at that time what attracted me so strongly to Gerald Atherton, any more than Olivia could have explained the poetic fascination which drew her to Violet. But there was an alone phase of youth and freshness about the boy—he was the youngest of all the clerks in our office, a bright-eyed lad, not yet eighteen—that had a refreshing influence on me. I was not old myself—just twenty-four—but eight years' life in a City office, coming after a boyhood which had had many of the austerities of middle age, made me feel almost patriarchal compared with my joyous and inexperienced junior. There was, too, a similarity in the circumstances of our lives which tended to friendship.

'Only, you know, Langham, said the boy one day, early in our acquaintance, when we were speaking on the subject, 'my responsibilities are greater than yours. I have Mary to look after. A sister is a great anxiety, and when she happens to be your twin sister, you feel that you are in a special way bound to take care of her.

'Where is your sister now? I asked.

'Not far away. She is companion to an old lady at Hampstead. That's why I live in Camden Town, because it is comparatively near, and I can go occasionally to see Mary, and even sometimes have a visit from her at my lodgings.

'Companion to an old lady!' I repeated. 'That's a dreary life for a young girl.'

'Mary doesn't seem to dislike it, and Mrs Bowden treats her very kindly. The plain of her life is the continual expenses of the old lady's relations—or rather her dead husband's relations, she seems to have none of her own—who are quite convinced that my poor little sister's courtesy to her employer—she hasn't it in her to be unkind to a person constantly, the little darling!—is inspired by mercenary motives. That annoys her, but as we are two young people alone in the world, without a penny except what we earn, we must put up with disagreeables.—Mary, with the expenses of those greedy writers on dead men's shoes, and I, with getting the blame of everybody else's blunders as well as my own. Really, the undeserved or only half deserved scoldings I get, sometimes irritate me fearfully—and then at times I feel I'd do anything for a good game at cricket. I don't think I could bear it all, if you didn't stand by me, Langham.'

'Who wouldn't stand by a manly boy like you, Gerald!' I protested, laughing.

'Boy, my friend!' cried Gerald with one of those bright merry glances, accompanied with an upward toss of the head, which always came upon me with the effect of a sunbeam—'boy, indeed! I am a City man, sir, and demand to be spoken to with respect!'

'Moreover,' I went on 'the circumstances of your early life are so similar to those of my own childhood, that I felt interested in you as soon as I knew them. My widowed mother, like yours, wore out her life in a long struggle with poverty, and died just when I was about to cease being a burden to her. The only difference is that my mother was doubly overweighted by having to pay off debts of my father's youth, contracted before he ever met her.'

'Did not your father's family take the responsibility off those?'

'No, I replied. 'My grandfather, after bringing up his son to no profession, and encouraging him in extravagance, cast him off on his marriage with a penniless girl, and left him to sink or swim as best he could. I imagine that my father cannot have been possessed of much moral courage, or he would not have submitted to live on the earnings of my mother's music teaching. But he had never been accustomed to work, and his health was bad. He died when I was three years old. Then my mother made an appeal to my grandfather to do something for me, if not for her, or at least take the responsibility of those few hundred pounds of debt which he could have paid without feeling himself a whit poorer, but which formed a millstone round her neck. But the rich irascible merchant who was ready to subscribe liberally to ostentatious charities, refused to help his daughter-in-law by a penny, and refused in such a letter! My mother never showed it to me, but I found it in her desk after her death. I keep it still, and to this day my blood boils if I read its insulting words.

'And did your grandfather never soften?'

'He gave no sign of it, and on his death, he left all to possessed to my aunt, my father's half sister.'

'And she?'

'I confess, said I, 'that she did make some advances towards me, but they came at an unlucky moment. My mother had just died, and from the letters I found after her death, I had learned for the first time with what cruelty she had been treated. Besides, I had lately obtained my first situation, and was disposed to be aggressively independent. So I declined my aunt's invitation to visit her with a rudeness which no one would be guilty of but an inexperienced boy at the age when he is most desirous of being thought a man.

'I suppose that was the end of it all!'

'Not quite. Six months later, after I had come to London, I received another letter from my aunt, in which she stated that she had intended to adopt me and make me her heir, if I had not so insolently rejected her friendly overtures, but that I need no longer hope for anything from her, as she was about to be married shortly. And she added—rather vindictively, I thought—that as her future husband was considerably younger than herself, he would

probably survive her and inherit all her property. I fancy she thought to excite in me an anxious regret for my previous coldness, but in truth my only idea was that in making her become the wife of a man much her junior, spite and loudness were combining to lead her into a great folly, for, as she was considerably older than my father, she must by this time have been quite a middle aged woman, and I suspected the youthful husband of fortune hunting. That was the last I ever heard of my only surviving relative. I don't know what name she bore after her marriage, nor even if she still lives. I stand quite alone.'

'Poor old man!' said the boy affectionately. 'Rich as you are—from my point of view, for your salary is twice as large as mine—I am better off than you. I do not stand alone, I have May.'

'I should think a sister was only an additional anxiety, I replied.

'True, but still there's a selfish comfort in the thought that somebody cares for you. At least, I like it. I am a sentimental sort of animal, who likes being petted—not a calm, self contained creature like you.'

I doubt if I deserved Atherton's epithets. I felt very lonely at times, and the boy's affection—for he was sincerely attached to me, and had a refreshing un English readiness to display his attachment—was charming. I tell him more of my history and feelings than I had ever before confided to any one, for he was as sympathetic as a woman, while possessing a discretion reputed to be rare among feminine creatures.

In truth I was greatly attached to Gerald, and I was quite distressed this afternoon at the thought of being late for my engagement with him. It was his birthday, and we were to take tea together at his lodgings, and then go to the theatre, and I feared that my delay might interfere with our plans.

But it was neither and more cheerful accident than that of being late that was to prevent our occupying the pit at the Lyceum that night. I had expected to see Gerald's face looking for me from the window of his sitting room, as I approached the little street with the long name—Mount Edgcumbe Terrace where he resided, but I was surprised, and for the moment bewildered, to find two faces gazing with interest at my approaching figure—two faces so alike in feature and colouring, that though a moment's reflection convinced me that they must belong to Gerald Atherton and his twin sister, I could not have said which of them was my friend. Each had the same bright, laughing, dark blue eyes, the same short, curling, dark brown hair, the same contour and expression, and at this moment the same merry and mischievous smile. I thought I had never in my life seen a prettier sight than these two joyous, youthful figures standing side by side.

'Confess, Langham, that you didn't know which was who, when you saw us just now,' cried Gerald as I entered the room.

I admitted that I had been puzzled for the moment, 'though,' I added, 'I am sure that a longer glimpse would have enabled me to distinguish Miss Atherton from you.'

'Yes,' returned Gerald, 'I know that my poor little sister is only a plain looking likeness of my bewitching self, that could not deceive any one for more than a moment.'

Miss Atherton made a little moue of protest at her brother as she said, 'Mr Langham only means that the stool on which I was standing, to make me look as tall as you, was so shaky, that I shouldn't have been able to keep on it a minute longer.'

Then I tried again to utter a complimentary remark, which Gerald again appropriated, whereupon we all laughed and were friends at once.

I had known nothing of the effect of a woman's presence in the house since I had been old enough to appreciate it, it was therefore a revelation to me to note how May Atherton glorified that dingy parlour in Camden Town. As she moved to and fro, making the tea table in some nameless way a thousand times more attractive than the landlady knew how to do, my eyes followed her with a persistence which would have been embarrassing to her had she been troubled with the least degree of self consciousness, but of all the women I have ever known, May Atherton was the most completely free from vanity and all the faults that accompany it. At present her thoughts were occupied solely with the pleasure of being in her brother's society, and the desire to make things brighter for him and his friend, whom, for Gerald's sake, she accepted as his friend, too.

'I really feel as if I knew you quite well, Mr Langham,' she said, 'for Gerald has spoken to me often of you, and I am so glad to feel that my boy has a good thoughtful friend, older than himself, to advise and help him.'

The motherly tone with which May uttered the last words sat prettily if strangely on her extreme youth, and indeed between the pair of children there were a hundred touches of reciprocal tenderness and protection, which were very pleasant to look at, though they made me feel very lonely and a little envious. Not that I had any cause to feel neglected, for Gerald and his sister united in making much of me—he for my own sake, she for her brother's sake. Only for your brother's sake, were you so kind to me then, sweet May, afterwards, it was, I hope, for a more personal reason!

I could spend much time in describing that happy evening, but perhaps, repeated to less sympathetic ears, the wit might not seem so witty nor the wisdom so wise as they did to us. At last, however, May said with a sigh that she must go home, and Gerald proposed that I as well as he should escort her to the door of the 'ogress's castle.'

'But you must not call Mrs Bowden an ogress,' protested May, laying a hand upon her brother's shoulder, 'she is very kind to me. Was it not thoughtful of her to let me come and spend this evening with you, because I had mentioned a week ago that it was our birthday? She is always so much interested in what I say of you—and she likes to hear about you too, Mr Langham,' added the girl, turning to me.

'About me!' I repeated. 'How does she know of my existence?'

'Oh, I have mentioned your name often, in speaking of Gerald and his friends, and she frequently questions me about you. I suppose

she likes you for Gerald's sake, and Gerald for mine'

'Don't deceive yourself, mademoiselle,' interrupted the irrepressible Gerald 'Her liking for you is the mere anticipation of the passion that will fill her when she sees me She cares for you only as Olivia did for Viola before she saw Sebastian'

How had the boy hit upon that comparison? I had conversely been thinking for three hours past that my liking for Sebastian had been the mere anticipation of my love for Viola!

At her brother's words, May laughed and shook her head 'Don't you deceive yourself, dear There is no rival to "dear Henry" in Mrs Bowden's heart'

'Who is "dear Henry?"' I asked

'The late Mr Bowden, and the one vexation of my life'

'How can that be, if he is dead?'

'Alas' he has left innumerable relatives, who haunt his widow and sing his praises They profess to be actuated only by exceptional devotion to his memory and by affection for his widow, and I suppose it is only the natural perversity of my soul that reminds me of the fact that Mrs Bowden is very rich and has no relatives of her own Perhaps it is their strong and very plainly displayed jealousy of my supposed influence over my employer that makes me think so uncharitably of them'

'And does Mrs Bowden believe in their professions?'

'I don't know, but she is a very shrewd old lady, and I suspect her of finding some pleasure in giving each of "dear Henry's" relatives in turn the impression that he or she is to be her heir, and then dashing their hopes to the ground To-day, she has delighted her husband's brother, and will doubtless drive all the other relatives to despair, by giving him Mr Bowden's favourite seal, a thing she cherishes greatly This is supposed to be almost equivalent to making a will in his favour I suppose it's mischievous,' said May with one of her brightest smiles, 'but I can't help getting some fun out of it too You see, she has expressly stated that she has no intention of dividing his property, one individual is to inherit all, so the anxiety of each is intense, though concealed I really think the only relief they all have from their dissimulated hatred of each other is their open hatred of me'

'Poor little girl! How can even the most prejudiced of fortune hunters hate you? It is hard to bear,' said Gerald tenderly, taking his sister's hand in his

But the shade which had for a moment darkened her face vanished as she saw it reflected in his 'That is only a little trouble, dear,' she said gently, 'so little, that if I had any further ones, I should not notice it, and by way of compensation, I am sure that Mrs Bowden herself really loves and trusts me'

We were very merry as we walked up to the old house in Well Walk, Hampstead, where Miss Atherton lived A pretty, picturesque place it seemed in the dim spring moonlight, and May grew quite animated in telling me of the quaint relics of past centuries which survived beside the modern comfort of its furnishing The path between the garden door and that of the house had been covered with glass and made into a conservatory, where even at this early time of the year flowers and ferns spread their leaves Gerald and I watched May pass within the door, feeling—at least I did—like Moore's unfortunate Peri to whom the doors of heaven were shut At the inner door she turned and waved her hand, sending a smile of farewell down the flowery vista Then she disappeared, and suddenly the night grew darker

I had all this time—so selfish a thing is pleasure!—forgotten the unfortunate gentleman in whose sudden illness I had witnessed, but as Gerald and I were walking down Haverstock Hill, after parting with May, the thought of him suddenly came to my mind, and at the same moment I recollected the packet I had picked up and put in my pocket I narrated the incident of the afternoon to my friend, and went back with him to his rooms to examine the thickly filled envelope which had come into my possession There was on it neither address nor other superscription, one side was soiled by falling in the mud of the street, on the other was a large seal in red wax, on which I deciphered, in old English characters, the letters H F B, below a marked hand holding a dagger, and above the motto, 'What I hold, I hold fast'

I determined to take the packet to the hospital next day, when I should go to inquire for the invalid, and either give it to him, or if his condition rendered him incapable of taking care of it, intrust it to the house surgeon It was not permitted to me to fulfil my intention When, after my day's work, I went to the hospital, I found that the patient in whom I was interested had been removed

'We found out his name and address from some letters in his pocket,' said the house surgeon, 'and sent a message to his family His son came immediately and removed him'

'What is the name?' I asked

'I forget Collins or Cotton or something like that, but I can't speak with any certainty He was a solicitor, I remember'

'It is not his name on the hospital books?'

'No He was here so short a time, that it was never entered'

'How very unfortunate!' I exclaimed

'Why? Was it of importance that you should see him?' asked the house surgeon, an easy-going and careless youth, who had evidently felt irritated that my interrogations were tiresome and unnecessary, but was now roused to attention by the fervour of my tone

'It may be of considerable importance to him He dropped a packet, apparently containing documents, when he fell yesterday I picked it up, and forgot to deliver it to you when I left him in your charge It may be essential to him to regain immediate possession of it'

The young doctor was sufficiently interested now, but he could do nothing, he had no certain recollection of anything connected with his patient. I was forced to content myself with leaving with him my name, Richard Langham, and the address of Messrs Hamley and Green, in whose employ I was, that he might refer to me if any inquiry was made about the packet

I doubted not that I should within a few

days be relieved of the charge of it, but days and weeks passed into months, and that sealed envelope remained in my possession, and lay like an undeserved burden on my conscience.

THE OLD PRIORY GARDEN

The whispering May wind stirs the hawthorn and lilac in the old priory garden, and brings great gushes of delicious scent past the window, and fills the room with sweetness. All the last month the weather has been fitful and changeable—rain and storm, sunshine and cloud, dust and east winds, but after two days of soaking down pour and wild west wind, the morning of the last day of May has dawned in the full glorious beauty of late spring. Thrushes and blackbirds vie with each other in song, sweet and shrill, clear and ringing, a modest linnet whistles its little monotonous roulade, now and then, a few notes of the shy linnet are heard, a robin is feeding its brood close by, swallows and martins are darting about in all directions, in the apple blossoms are hundreds of bees making a dense dreamy music, while their companion the humble bee booms along with his big velvety body shining and gleaming in the sun.

What a splendid creature! See, it settles close at hand. Turn it over with a grass bent. With a surprised buzz, it rights itself. Again and yet again it turns over, seemingly startled to see the cause of its overthrow. Draw the bent lightly across its back—two legs are instantly raised to brush off the unwelcome touch. A second time the same, a third, and the bent is fairly clutched by all the gummy legs, and returned under its body. It crawls up a stick, and with angry bustle, goes booming off.

One does not realise summer is so close upon us, when May is such a capricious month, till a morning like this wakes one up to the conviction that in twenty four more days the sun will have reached its zenith, and soon will be on the shortening days again. The garden here is quaint, and quite unlike the generality of town gardens. From the square of paved court rises one step, and then a stretch of grass, an oval flower bed each side, a path up the centre, sloping grass banks supported with huge stones, where huge bunches of primroses jump from the niches. Along the sides are rockeries with hardy trailing plants—stonecrop, periwinkle, both major and minor, white and blue, with variegated foliage, sweet white violets, and a mass of ferns, whose delicate light silver green fronds are daily unenrolling into beauty. The wallflowers are in full bloom. Later on the gardender speedwell will open its bright evanescent flowers, that, though only a wild plant, makes such splendid masses of colour when cultivated, with the silver foil in bunches near it.

Up a short flight of stone steps, with ferns on each side, under an ivy covered archway, and on another plat of grass, with a long flower bed, with trellis work at the back, covered with the red and yellow honeysuckle, and a huge mass of climbing roses, the rare delicate 'maiden blush,' which in a fortnight will be heavy with bloom. More rockeries and ferns, lilies of the valley and forget me nots under the syringa bushes, and sweet briar. In another corner are tall irises and great white lilies, with here and there a bunch of orange tiger lily. Southernwood, lavender and rosemary, variegated balm in profusion. Soon the fragrant pinks, and their aristocratic relations the carnations, will be in bloom, and the rich velvety pansies, that are now so huge and perfect, will dwindle as the sun gains more power, and the strawberries begin to crimson on the sunny south beds, and the geraniums and verbenas and purple heliotropes take the place of marigolds and the narcissus.

Round the square of vegetable garden is a wide path, with beds sloping to the walls, one of which is of good brick, with plum, cherry, and other fruit trees trained along it. The other is the real old stone wall belonging to the ancient priory that formerly stood close by. At one time, this wall was covered with a dense mass of ivy in which colonies of sparrows built their nest, reared their young, and flourished mightily. Snails, slugs, and woodlice swarmed, and beetles in endless variety. One wild day in a wet January, part of the old wall came down, breaking up the trees, and cutting up the borders and turf. It was patched up again, and just as the patch was fit to cut and labour planted out, there was a soaking rain one night, and in the morning the old wall was again prostrate over all our spring plantings. Such a wreck it was, and disturbed our equilibrium for days. It was soon set straight as regards the stonework, but it was weeks before the place looked itself again, and that crumbling old wall was watched with suspicion all summer. Then outdoor life coming to an end, we ceased to think on the subject.

October following was mild and balmy for the first few days, then the wind shifted suddenly to the east, and four or five nights of sharp frost came, that turned all the foliage into a golden glory, a steady downpour of a week culminating, with a tremendous wind storm. It blew and whistled and stormed till every leaf was swept away into space, going no one knew whither, howling and whistling round the chimney stacks till night was made terrible. During the worst of the storm, in the early morning, down came the old wall again from end to end, cutting up turf, breaking down the fruit trees, and overwhelming the shrubs and rockeries in a general wreck. For many weeks did the state of chaos continue, wretched drenched fowl made themselves at home in the flower body, and forlorn looking ducks wandered across, and feasted on the host of slugs and fat snails and beetles that the pouring rain had tempted out of the nooks and crevices of the stones and mass of ivy. It was built up at last, but little or nothing could be done to repair the ravages done to the garden till the end of March, except making a general clearance of the rubbish, and one of the quaintest of shady corners seemed lost for ever.

But after a few fine balmy days and a spell of sunshine, curious things happened under the

rebuilt wall stray snowdrops appeared in places where none had been heretofore, a bunch of pure white crocuses unfolded their blossoms to the sun in one place, two or three stray 'stars of Bethlehem' in another. Later on, a single stem shot up of yellow Lent lilies, bunches of tormentilla with double yellow blooms, and clover with deep red brown leaves and big snowy balls of flowers, the mouse ear, hawk weed, and trailing moneywort. Down amongst the remains of the common turf came a thick growth of purely pert with its close fine edged leaves, and cuckoo pint with delicate pinky white flowers. On the wall between the new mortar and old stones came little tufts of crimson tipped moss, stonecrop (sedum), and wort, pellitory of the wall, and in one place a single plant of flax, with its pale blue flowers and long spear like leaves, without mentioning the more common chickweed, groundsel, wall feverfew and plantain, yellow wallflowers, and many different sorts of grass and mosses. There is no doubt most of these plants had come from seeds brought to the nests in the ivy by the birds, and had lain there in the dry rubble for years, since, perhaps, for generations, simply because there was not moisture enough to cause the seeds to sprout and germinate. 'If a grain of wheat fall to the ground and die, it abideth alone, but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit,' which seems enigmatical till pondered over and thought out. How often have the grey cowled monks strolled round this old garden, marking how this tree promised a bountiful crop of cherries, luscious morellas, that, when 'cunning hands' steeped in spirits with due proportion of mace, cloves, cinnamon, and sugar, makes a liqueur fit for the drink of princes, or noting how the gnarled old apple trees—then young and in full bearing—were covered with garland of pink and white blossoms, that promised fair in the autumn a rich harvest of golden fruit, like fingers, Ribstone pippins, codlings, golden russets, Pearmain orange, with sourings for winter keeping, also the final blooms of the pear trees, jargonelle, Marie Louise, baking pears of enormous size, with the rich, juicy 'Bishops thumbs' and brown burges.

Now, a young lay brother will come to pick dainty bits of herbs for flavouring the soups and stews, with their accompaniment of excellent vegetables, for, in those old palmy days, seldom did their general fees have 'anchorite' written on them. Go to the extreme end of the garden, and turn round, what a delightful view meets the gaze! Down in the hollow lies the sleepy little town, with its quaint gabled houses, and nearly imbedded in a wealth of lime trees. Far away, when the wind is high and the atmosphere clear, are seen ranges of fertile hills for miles, or the distance is wrapped in a soft purple haze that is still more lovely, and over all this, the deep blue sky with fleecy white clouds, and the blessed sunshine pouring down over all the wealth of buds and blossoms, singing birds, and busy humming bees.

I came across, the other day, an account of what a naturalist found in a square of backyard nearly uncultivated. Why, such a place as this old priory garden would give him pleasure and profit for months, nay, years, for not a tenth part of all the natural loveliness has been exhausted yet. Some other time, perhaps, I shall tell something more of what I find here as the years glide onward.

A POSSIBLE LEGAL REFORM.

Counsel and solicitors have never been so friendly as brother professionals should be, and never will be until 'amalgamation' is an accomplished fact. They have many causes of difference—some real, many fancied. In all of them, jealousy is a great factor, for, whatever may be thought to the contrary, each branch of the legal profession is jealous of the privileges of the other. The barrister wants personal relations with his client, which would mean very great loss to the solicitor, and the solicitor wants to be allowed a right of audience before the Supreme Court, which would certainly rob the barrister of half his fees. Hence, there is a struggle between the two limbs of the law, which causes many hard things to be said of both.

One of the most real grievances of solicitors is in the matter of fees. Two solicitors brief counsel to appear in two cases. Both cases come on for hearing at the same time in different courts. Obviously, the chosen advocate cannot attend to both, and so one is left to the tender mercies of a half fledged junior, whose well meant efforts often result in the loss of his client's case. That such should be the fact is inevitable, so long as the public will persist in preferring the possible services and slight attention of an 'eminent' counsel, obtained at a fancy price, to the certain attention and careful study bestowed upon his case by a less eminent, but often equally able, counsel at a fair price. But the real ground of complaint is that when a case is thus murdered through its conductor's inability to attend to it, that conductor still retains his fee. He has never, in fact, the smallest idea of disgorging a fee, even when paid on a brief upon which he has never appeared. Why should he? It was not his fault that he could not do the work he was retained for, he has given valuable time to getting up the case (though he certainly need not have done so, as it turned out), and—strongest argument of all—he does not lose custom by thus publicly fattening on the unearned increment. So he has continued to 'unearn' it, and the solicitor—whose interests are of course his client's—has continued to writhe under the open injustice thus sanctioned by the etiquette of that most honourable of professions, the Bar of England.

But at last a ray of hope has found its way into the long suffering solicitor's breast. The chink through which the welcome ray has come has been pierced by a certain Mr Norton, a solicitor. It happened in this wise. Mr Norton briefed and fee'd 'an eminent leading counsel' in a certain case, but the retained one failed to appear upon the trial. Mr Norton felt hurt, but, being a practical man, an idea struck him. He wrote to the eminent one, pointing out that it would not be altogether an iniquitous proceeding if his fees were returned. The eminent one made courteous reply that 'he would be happy to return the fees if he could find any

precedent for doing so' This would have 'stumped' most solicitors, but Mr Norton rose to the occasion He at once laid the whole matter before the Attorney general, and that luminary expressed his 'views and usage' to be 'to return so much of the brief fee as exceeds the amount which would have been proper if the brief had been simply a case for opinion' This means the return in such cases of by far the greater portion of the fees, and such return will, if it becomes a 'precedent,' be most acceptable not only to solicitors, but to the public at large In this particular case, the counsel referred to, having found a precedent, and being unable to eat his own words, at once sent Mr Norton a 'cheque for the difference,' and Mr Norton has certainly done well to make the matter public All barristers now have a sound precedent for doing an act of justice, and it is to be hoped that they, as a body, will not neglect to follow it So the profession will escape a certain amount of ill repute which has long tarnished, in the eyes at least of anxious persons, its very honourable escutcheon

DEAD FLOWERS

BY ALEXANDER ANDERSON

These simple flowers which you view,
Last year, when summer winds did wave,
And clouds were white with sun shine grew
Upon the Ettrick Shepherd's grave

But not of him they speak nor draw
My thoughts back to that early time
When rapt in that one dream, he saw
The shadows lift from fairy clime

Nor yet of Ettrick as it goes
To join the Yarrow a haunting tune,
That each may murmur to its flows
A message nothing like human

Nor even of Saint Mary's Lake
Amid those hills from which he drew
The legen lary Pest, to wake
Its far off melodies anew

No, not of these I think though each
Is rich in spells of magic sort
These dusties touch a chord to which
All sudder thoughts of death belong.

And so I turn, and for a space
Within the sacred Fane I stand,
To feel the sunshine of a face
The kindly pressure of a hand

All just the same as when she* gave
These dead flowers to a welcome thing
Alas! and now upon her grave
The grass is thinking of the spring

It seems but yesterday since then—
How slow, yet swift, the days have sped—
And here, beside the streets of men,
She slumbers with the holy dead

She should have lain among the hills
In some old churchyard, where each sound
Is of the wind, the trickling rills,
And cry of lonely things around,

Or where old hillsides grew to life,
Far back within the shadowy years,
That sang of rugged Border strife,
Or passions born of love and tears

For loyal to their old world shrouds,
She felt her heart in unison
With all their rich but simple words
That took new music from her own

True woman of the faithful heart
And kindly as the summer air,
A nature such as could impart
Its genial presence everywhere

In her the friend was friend indeed,
A larger sense of sympathy
That overstepped the pales of creed,
Drew her to all in charity

And now this death that waits for each,
An unseen guide by all, has come,
The heritrich music of her speech
So sweet, is now for ever dumb

So pass the loved ones of this earth,
To leave with us a holier claim,
To touch us with their spirit birth,
And whisper they are still the same

These simple flowers of withered hue
Last year, when summer winds did wave,
Were plucked by her because they grew
Upon the Ettrick Shepherd's grave

This year when summer pours her light,
And dances in to beauty blown,
Some hands will pluck their blossoms white,
Because they grow upon her own

* Jean Logan Watson, author of *Bygone Days in our Village*, *Round the Granse Burn*, and other books full of quaint simplicity and freshness, and breathing on every page the delightful personality of the writer Her sudden death was deeply felt by a large circle of friends, and has left a blank that can never be filled up She died 7th October 1895, and sleeps in the Grange Cemetery, Edinburgh —A. A

EASTER SUNDAY

It is not perhaps generally known that Easter Sunday falls this year on the latest possible date on which it can fall—April 25 It is only once in every century that Easter falls on so late a date as this, the last year on which it did so was in 1734, and the next occasion will be in 1943 The earliest date for Easter is March 22, and this has occurred once only in this century—in 1818, and it may safely be said that none now living will see the next similar occurrence, for it will not take place until the year 2000 In fixing Easter, the general rule is, that Easter Sunday is always the first Sunday after the full moon on or next after 21st March.

Printed and Published by W & R Chambers, 47 Paternoster Row, London, and 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

All Rights Reserved.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL
OF
POPULAR
LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART
Fifth Series
ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832
CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)

No. 121.—Vol. III. SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1886 Price 1½d.

FINANCE WITHOUT FUNDS

OR, HOW TO FLOAT A COMPANY

Amongst the many social and legal anomalies for which England has long been celebrated throughout the civilised world, there are none more extraordinary than the rules and customs which have reference to all sorts of gambling and obtaining money by chance or by hazard. An example of this was given a short time ago in a French paper, in which a correspondent relates how he saw a constable take into custody three or four men who were quietly laying wagers amongst themselves and comparing notes on one of the great races. This happened a few yards from the Strand, under the colonnade of the Lyceum Theatre. Half an hour afterwards—so the writer states—he was passing the door of a large house close by where the above capture had been made, and saw the same constable keeping order amongst a number of cabs and vehicles waiting for their owners, whilst on the steps and at the door were a number of gentlemen talking and comparing notes. He asked the policeman what the place was, and whether any public meeting was going on. Considering what he had previously seen, he was more than a little surprised when the guardian of the law informed him that 'This is the Victoria Club, the great betting club, and these gents are making up their books—the Two Thousand stakes will be run to-morrow.' The writer goes on to say, that however excellent English law may be as a whole, it is evidently not the same for all classes of men, and that the social morals of the poor seem to be better looked after than those of the rich.

But if the anecdote here related astonished the foreigner, how much more amazed would he be at the rules and regulations, written and unwritten, of what may be called the art of making money by speculation, or gambling. All, or most of us, would regard with horror—supposing a similar thing were possible—the introduction of such an establishment as that of Monte Carlo into England, and yet we tolerate and even encourage that which creates far more wretchedness and ruins many more families than even the gaming tables. Every day, in almost every paper we take up, we see the most plausible and seductive advertisements, persuading all sorts and conditions of men to apply for shares in this or that Joint-stock Company, with assurances—in which truth is at least economised—of a sure and certain fortune to be made in a few weeks. There are comparatively few of us who have the opportunities of knowing the enormous amount of harm done in this country by these continued and continual temptations, or who can estimate the misery that has been caused in our midst by them.

Twenty years ago, when the Overend and Gurney failure spread such ruin amongst the upper and middle classes, this system, of trying to make money without labour, received a shock which for a time crushed it. But in the last decade, it has again sprung into existence, and has now reached a point at which it cannot be allowed to remain, and when steps must be taken, if not to suppress, at least to regulate and place under proper control what threatens to become an evil of no small magnitude.

Let any one who doubts this, take the trouble, for even one or two weeks, to note the number of Joint-stock Companies which are advertised, the amount of capital they require, and above all, the inducements of gain which they hold out to the unwary. Recently, in one week, there were registered nine new Joint-stock Companies, of which seven came forth in the columns of the daily and weekly papers, offering to all who would join them the most magnificent return for money invested. The aggregate capital of these Companies amounts to no less than *two millions one hundred thousand pounds*, which a confiding public is asked to subscribe, and this at a time when money is exceptionally scarce, and when the general aspect of public affairs both at home and abroad is very much the reverse of assuring

Nor need it be thought that this number of enterprises was exceptionally large, for, on the contrary the average weekly advertisements of similar concerns is much greater both as to actual number and capital But even of the former total, who is there who could deem it possible or probable that such an amount would be subscribed even on the limited liability system? How is it then, that men waste their time and money in proposing what common sense, to say nothing of business experience, must tell them can only end in disappointment? In the answer to the question is contained the whole history of Joint stock Company 'promotion,' as it present practised That some of these enterprises are bonâ fide, and may give those who join them a fair return for their money, is no doubt true, but these are decidedly the exception to the rule The real working of the vast majority of these proposed Companies is known to but a comparatively few outside the circle in which financial schemes, often of great magnitude, are worked without fuss

There exists in the city of London a somewhat numerous class of men who were formerly called 'Promoters of Companies,' but who have of late years assumed the more sounding title of Financial Agents Let us suppose that one of these gentlemen there occurs the happy thought of starting a 'Fiji Islands Tramway Company' He loses no time in putting his schemes into shape, and the following may be taken as a fair example of how he carries out his intentions His first work is to get together a Board of Directors and this, supposing he has had a fair business experience, is not so difficult as might at first be supposed

Together with the Financial Agent, another class of men has been called into existence by the great extension of the Joint stock Company system The gentlemen who help with their names the floating of such enterprises form a distinct class of them lives, and are termed 'guinea pigs,' most probably from the fact of each ordinary director receiving a guinea for each meeting he attends In order to be considered of any value as Director of a Company, a guinea pig ought to have a handle to his name A Lord, a Baronet, or even a Knight is looked upon as unexceptionable, and may almost command his own price, for it is not to be supposed that a director is to work for nothing His value, like most other things, varies with the quality of the article A peer who has a seat in the Upper House will probably not allow his name to appear on a prospectus under three hundred to four hundred pounds a year, besides some fifty or a hundred fully paid up shares And he is worth the money The Financial Agents are well aware that when a peer of the realm is secured and heads the list of directors, the most difficult part of their task is accomplished What remains will follow as a matter of course

The next step is to write, or to get some one to write—for the promoter has generally a soul above literary composition—that portion of the prospectus beginning 'The object for which this Company is formed,' and so on. This is quickly accomplished There are certain gentlemen who describe themselves as connected with the press whose speciality is to compose these prospectuses The charge for such a document varies from two to five guineas, and they are cheap even at the latter price There is perhaps no kind of writing which requires more care or skill than this In the case of the 'Fiji Tramway Company,' the writer must make it appear that no undertaking so purely philanthropical, or so sure to cause so much prosperity to Fiji, has ever been proposed either by government or by private enterprise, while at the same time he must, as it were, allow to escape from his pen the fact that a Tramway Company in the Fiji islands is certain to be exceedingly lucrative to all concerned To repeat the old French joke, he must not lie in what he writes, but he must economise the truth The prospectus written, and the officials, such as secretary, solicitors, bankers, &c, chosen, an expensive step comes next—namely, very long advertisements in the leading daily papers and elsewhere But here also modern enterprise comes to the help of the promoter, and sees him over the difficulty, which to an outsider might seem almost insurmountable

There are in London a number of advertising agents whose special business it is to undertake jobs of this kind on credit, their conditions being that they are to be paid out of the first moneys received from applicants for shares If the applications are not sufficient, the promoter stands the loss, but it more frequently happens that the advertising agent receives something like fifty per cent or more on what he has disbursed It is in some respects risky, but it generally pays, and when it does so, the advertising agent makes an uncommonly good thing of it, and from one point of view, he deserves to do so Without his aid, the Company would have probably proved a fiasco

Once the prospectus is published, and applicants for shares commence to send in their one pound apiece, the promoter begins to recoup himself Presently, the allotment of shares begins, and the simple minded public have to pay one pound on each share The prospectus distinctly affirms that a tramway in the Fiji islands is sure to be remunerative, and what true born Briton would dispute a statement which a peer of the realm, a baronet, an M P, and sundry military officers of high rank tacitly confirm by lending their names to it? There are 150,000 shares in the Company, of which not more than 10,000 have been applied for But this is better than nothing Even if a few thousand pounds are received from the would be shareholders, the promoter is not to be pitied With a matter of three to four thousand pounds, he can satisfy all claims, even to paying directors' fees for the few times they have sat at the Board The whole affair is then allowed to die a natural death, unless, indeed, as sometimes happens, some disappointed creditor petitions the Court that the Company shall be wound up By some mysterious means, the promoter or his nominee is named liquidator, a solicitor, who, as a matter of course, does not get the berth for nothing, takes the matter in hand, and so long as there is any money left to divide, all those concerned work together, and once more matters are made pleasant all round

And what happens when the money comes to an end? Why, what would you have? The liquidation of a Joint stock Company can no more go on when there are no more funds, than a human body can live when the breath has left it. The business must then sink into oblivion, and for the present at least the Fiji islanders will have to do without their tramway.

And what about the unfortunates who were rash enough to apply for shares in the Company? Well, they must, like the rest of the world, be content to suffer for their own acts. No one persuaded them to apply for shares; they have lost their money, and no doubt some of them will be ruined. But what of that? If any one is to gain in a business of this kind, some one must lose. And how about the prospectus which induced them to part with their money? Many who have never been behind the scenes in the Company promoting business will doubtless think this sketch overdrawn. But let such persons inquire amongst those who know the real meaning of finance without funds. Some who read this paper will say there are in London Companies and Companies, and it may be that many, even that the great majority of these are blameless as to their representations and statements. It may be so, but what of the others?

In the year 1881, there were registered in London no fewer than 1541 Companies, with a capital amounting to £198,491,428, and even this was a great falling off from the number of previous years. In 1882, the registered capital of the Companies that had sprung up was £250,000,000, and in 1883 it amounted to £167,000,000. Of these, who shall say how many were *bonâ fide*, and how many were, in plain English, mere financial swindles—swindles of a far more objectionable kind, and infinitely more dangerous to the public at large, than many offences which have been classed as such, and for which those who have perpetrated them are now undergoing penal servitude?

And what of the numerous individuals who have been reduced to poverty, who have been, owing to their credulity, forced into the Bankruptcy Court, and condemned for the rest of their days to a miserable struggle for existence? It is very certain that neither Monte Carlo, nor Homburg, when its gambling tables were in existence, ever did, or ever will, work one tenth part of the moral and social evil that what may be called commercial swindlers have in England during the last twenty years. And the evil is still on the increase.

The figures quoted above speak for themselves, and require little or no comment. Is it possible that in two consecutive years, 1883-84—both of which were noted as being exceptionally dull as regards commercial enterprise—such an enormous sum as upwards of four hundred and twenty millions could have found any legitimate source of employment by means of new Joint stock Companies? Were it possible to work out such a problem, it would be a good thing if a far too confiding public could be authentically informed how much of the four hundred millions was subscribed for such Companies as the 'Fiji Islands Tramway Company (Limited)'? Still more instructive would it be to know how many individuals who play at the game of amateur finance were ruined by the means they expected should make their fortune.

In England, we have the greatest possible objection to state interference in private affairs. As a rule, we are right. But are there not exceptions to this as to every rule? Is it not part of a government's duty to protect the foolish and unwary from being made the dupes of men who trade upon the credulity of others, and who bring ruin to countless numbers? It is not the idle or depraved of society who are the victims of these spurious concerns. Unlike those of the gaming tables, the Joint stock Company swindles generally entrap and ruin men who try to increase their income by legitimate means. The following is a case which has come under the present writer's personal knowledge.

A gentleman who had served nearly thirty years in the Indian Civil Service, came home with his well earned income of one thousand a year and a few thousands at his bankers. His children were grown up and well settled in life. He had no expensive habits, and beyond an occasional game at whist, limited to sixpenny points, and perhaps half a crown on the rubber, he never staked money in playing or betting. He took chambers in the West End, was a member of the Oriental and other clubs, and settled down apparently to pass a comfortable uneventful life, until summoned to go over to the majority. For a time all went quietly and well with him, but, like most Englishmen, he found it hard to live without work, and time was very heavy on his hands. While in this frame of mind, he, very unfortunately for him, as it turned out, met an old Indian friend, a retired military officer, who believed himself to be making a fortune in Joint stock Companies. As was to be expected, this old friend took him into the City and introduced him to some so called City men, individuals whose right to such a title would certainly be repudiated by members of the Stock Exchange, or by those engaged in any legitimate City business. By these new acquaintances he was at once marked down as a new, and therefore a very valuable addition to the numerous body of 'gammons,' who are so useful to the fraternity. It was soon ascertained that, in addition to a comfortable pension, he had by him a by no means despicable sum in ready money. Very few days after these introductions, he was asked by a Financial Agent if he would accept a seat at the Board of a Company that was about to be floated. The terms to be, two hundred pounds a year paid him as a director, and fifty fully paid up shares of ten pounds each.

He agreed willingly enough, and a day or two later, his name appeared in all the leading London papers in which the new Company was advertised. From that day the Anglo Indian may be said to have entered on a new career. In six months he had become director in as many Companies. He went daily to the City, where he remained till the tide of busy men turned westward, and then went home with the comfortable conviction that he had made money and gained valuable information on financial matters. His clubs were now rarely honoured with his presence, and when he did visit any old Indian friend, his conversation was almost

exclusively on the subject of this or that Company, of how much Mr A had made, or Mr B had lost, by such and such speculations, and of the good things in store for those who knew how to work the financial oracles In short, he became, as too many retired Anglo Indian Civil and Military servants do when they come home, helplessly insane on a subject of which he knew little or nothing, of which he had no experience, and in which he was the victim of designing knaves, who made a tool of him

Matters went on pleasantly enough for a time, but at last a very decided change for the worse came One by one the Companies of which he was a director collapsed, and when they were wound up, our friend found, to his dismay, that he had to book up the full value of the shares for which he had never paid This pretty nearly cleared away the ready money he had at his bankers, but there was still worse behind

Promoters of Companies and others whose business it is to finance without funds, have a friendly way of helping each other when pecuniary difficulties arise Whether they want money to push on some new scheme, or whether only a much milder sum is required for daily expenses, they rarely refuse to put their names to stamped paper for each other 'Help me, and I'll help thee,' is held to be one of the standing articles of their social creed And when a fairly well to do gentleman becomes more or less intimate with these gentlemen, he is generally asked to join one or more of them in raising money by means of bills Sometimes these useful substitutes for capital may be paid at maturity, but more often they are not met, and are replaced by similar documents There are, however, occasions on which renewal of financial obligations is no longer possible, and when those who draw, or those who accept, have to book up without delay Such was the lot of our friend whose short financial career is here briefly described His name being no longer regarded as valuable, he was called on to find the funds for which he had made himself answerable For a very short time his pension for three or four years was, so to speak, anticipated He had given bills which he had not the ready money to meet, and had to resort to loan offices, West End money lenders, and other sources of raising money, which, together with the premiums he had to pay insurance offices, were, that he could not get money without policies on his life, very soon utterly ruined him He was, of course, made a bankrupt, and four fifths of his pension was awarded to his creditors To live on two hundred pounds a year is by no means an easy task to one who has never known the want of money, he dragged on a miserable existence for a couple of years, and then died from what might almost be called a broken heart

The sketch here given is a true one, and may serve to show how it is that many men who dabble in amateur finance disappear from their usual haunts and come to irretrievable grief Englishmen, no matter to what class they belong, must, as a rule, have something to do Unlike any other people, except their American cousins, they get poorer tired and weary of idleness than of any amount of physical or mental labour And this is particularly the case with Anglo Indians, who, after, perhaps, a quarter of a century of hard work in the East, come home to enjoy their hard earned pensions For a short time—for a few months—they are content to do nothing, but after they have renewed old friendships, and revisited the scenes of their early life, and settled down to what must be a comparatively monotonous life, they find there is something wanting, and that employment or occupation is almost necessary to their very existence The ways in which this want may be supplied are various To some, politics and literature fill up, or help to fill up, the gap, racing and betting, hunting, shooting, and other sports are followed by their respective votaries amongst those who have more leisure than they know what to do with But 'going into the City' has the double fascination that it combines pleasure with occupation and imaginary profit Unfortunately, the unpleasant awakening too often follows the pleasant dream

Another curious fact regarding Joint stock Company speculation is that what may be called the fashion, which changes, so to speak, as often as that of a lady's bonnet, and which does not admit of more than one kind of enterprise being popular at the same time Thus, during all last year and a great portion of 1884, little found favour with the share taking public save Companies for the extension of the electric light This fancy seems to be for the present at least played out, and for the year, gold mines appear to be popular

As matters now stand, the man who steals a few shillings is summarily dealt with, and rarely escapes the punishment due to his crime But the Company promoter or Financial Agent who deliberately plans to ruin hundreds, and who, so soon as the harvest of one bogus Company is reaped, begins to sow the seed of another, is allowed to go on with impunity, obtaining by falsehood and misrepresentation infinitely more than many others can by the legitimate use of capital, and defrauding their victims of what in many cases has cost a lifetime of long and patient toil

One thing seems very certain, and the more any impartial person looks into the subject, the more convinced he must be that some supervision ought to be exercised with reference to all Joint stock Company prospectuses which are published, and which increase in number every day It is very true that fools are, like the poor, always with us, but this ought not to deter the authorities from taking care of those who cannot take care of themselves We have already admitted that there are Companies and Companies—that there are some undertakings offered to the public which are perfectly honest and legitimate, whilst others are got up for the express purpose of swindling the many, and of putting money into the pockets of the few If, then, supervision were enforced, and no Company allowed to be advertised until it had undergone investigation by competent persons, would it not be all the better for such concerns as are certified to be sound? If it were possible to obtain a reliable return of those who have been beggared by these swindles during the

last ten or fifteen years, there would soon be a public outcry in favour of this supervision of proposed Companies, and a very great evil, the greatest financial evil of the present day, would be quickly and surely remedied

That the whole system must ere long undergo revision, and that it must be sooner or later put under proper control, is what no one who has had opportunity of witnessing the working behind the curtains can doubt Promoters and Financial Agents have had a good time of it for the last twenty years, and it will be only fair if they are now obliged to retire on their laurels, and their calling, so far as dishonesty be concerned, become a thing of the past Finance without funds has had its day, and for the general public, that day has been allowed to continue too long The anomaly of protecting people from the wiles of the gaming tables, and yet leaving them to be the victims of plausible schemers, who entice them to a very much more dangerous (because a more hidden) ruin, is too palpably wrong for any honest person to defend, and it behoves the authorities to put a stop to what has become one of the greatest social evils of the day

IN ALL SHADES

CHAPTER XXII

THREE or four months rolled rapidly away, and the Hawthorns began to feel themselves settling down quietly to their new, strange, and uncomfortable position in the island of Trinidad In spite of her father's prohibition, Nora often came around to visit them, and though Mr Dupuy fought hard against her continuing 'that unfortunate acquaintance,' he soon found that Nora, too, had a will of her own, and that she was not to be restrained from anything on which she had once set her mind, by such very simple and easy means as mere prohibition 'The girl's a Dupuy to the backbone, her cousin Tom said to her father more than once, in evident admiration 'Though she does take up with a lot of coloured trash—which, of course, is very unlady like—when once she sets her heart upon a thing sir, she does it too, and no mistake about it either'

Dr Whitaker was another not infrequent visitor at the Hawthorns bungalow He had picked up, as he declared, a gratuitous practice among the poorer negroes, and though it often sorely tried his patience and enthusiasm, he found in it at least some relief and respite from the perpetual annoyance and degradation of his uncongenial home life with his father and Miss Euphemia His botany, too, gave him another anodyne—something to do to take his mind off the endless incongruity of his settled position He had decided within himself, almost from the very first day of landing, to undertake a Flora of Trinidad—a new work on all the flower plants in the rich vegetation of that most luxuriant among tropical islands, and in every minute of leisure time that he could spare from the thankless care of his poor negro patients, he was hard at work among the tangled woods and jungle undergrowth, or else in his own little study at home, in his father's house, collecting, arranging, and comparing the materials for this his great work on the exquisite flowers of his native country The faithful violin afforded him his third great resource and alleviation Though Miss Euphemia and her lively friends were scarcely of a sort to appreciate the young doctor's touching and delicate execution, he practised by himself for an hour or two in his own rooms every evening, and as he did so, he felt that the strings seemed ever to re-echo with one sweet and oft recurring name—the name of Nora To be sure, he was a brown man, but even brown men are more or less human How could he ever dream of falling in love with one of Miss Euphemia's like minded companions?

He met Nora from time to time in the Hawthorns' drawing room, there was no other place under the circumstances of Trinidad where he was at all likely ever to meet her Nora was more frankly kind to him now than formerly, she felt that to be cool or indifferent towards him before Edward and Marian might seem remotely like an indirect slight upon their own position One afternoon he met her there accidentally, and she asked him, with polite interest, how his work on the flowers of Trinidad was getting on

The young doctor cast down his eyes and answered timidly that he had collected in immense number of specimens, and was arranging them slowly in systematic order

'And you mean, Dr Whitaker?'

The mulatto stammered for a moment 'Miss Dupuy, he said with a slight hesitation, 'I have—I have published the little piece—the Hurricane Symphony, you know—that I showed you once on board the Seeson I have published it in London If you will allow me—I—I will present you, as I promised, with a copy of the music

'Thank you,' Nora said 'How very good of you Will you send it to me to Orange Grove, or—will you leave it here some day with Mrs Hawthorn?'

The mulatto felt his face grow hot and burning as he answered with as much carelessness as he could readily command 'I have a copy here with me—it's with my hat in the piazza If you will permit me, Mrs Hawthorn, I'll just step out and fetch it I brought it with me, Miss Dupuy, thinking it just possible I might happen to meet you here this morning He didn't add that he had brought it out with him day after day for the last fortnight, in the vain hope of chancing to meet her and had carried it back again with a heavy heart night after night, when he had failed to see her in that one solitary possible meeting place

Nora took the piece that he handed her, fresh and white from the press of a famous London firm of music sellers, and glanced hastily at the top of the title page for the promised dedication There was none visible anywhere The title page ran simply 'Op 14 Hurricane Symphony Souvenir des Indes By W Clarkson Whitaker'

'But, Dr Whitaker,' Nora said, pouting a little in her pretty fashion, 'this isn't fair, you know You promised to dedicate the piece to me I was quite looking forward to seeing my name in

big letters, printed in real type, on the top of the title page!'

The mulatto doctor's heart beat fast that moment with a very unwonted and irregular pulsation. Then she really wished him to dedicate it to her! Why on earth had he been so timorous as to strike out her name at the last moment on the fair copy he had sent to London for publication! 'I thought, Miss Dupuy,' he answered slowly, 'our positions were so very different in Trinidad, that when I came here and felt how things actually stood, I—I judged it better not to put your name in conjunction with mine on the same title page!'

'Then you did quite wrong!' Nora retorted warmly, 'and I'm very angry with you—I am really, I assure you. You ought to have kept your promise when you gave it me. I wanted to see my own name in print, and on a piece of music too. I expect, now, I've lost the chance of seeing myself in black and white for ever and ever!'

The mulatto smiled a smile of genuine pleasure. 'It's easily remedied, Miss Dupuy,' he answered quickly. 'If you really mean it, I shall dedicate my very next composition to you. You're extremely kind to take such a friendly interest in my poor music!'

'I hope I'm not overdoing it,' Nora thought to herself. 'But the poor fellow really has so much to put up with, that one can't help be having a little kindly to him, when one happens to get the opportunity.'

When Dr Whitaker rose to leave, he shook hands with Nora very warmly, and said as he did so: 'Good bye, Miss Dupuy. I shan't forget next time that the dedication is to be fairly printed in good earnest!'

'Mind you don't, Dr Whitaker,' Nora responded gaily. 'Good bye. I suppose I shan't see you again, as usual, for another week of Sundays!'

The mulatto smiled once more, a satisfied smile, as he answered quickly: 'O yes, Miss Dupuy. We shall meet on Monday next. Of course, you're going to the governor's ball at Banana Garden!'

Nora started. 'The governor's ball!' she repeated—'the governor's ball! O yes, of course I'm going there, Dr Whitaker.—But are you invited?'

She said it thoughtlessly, on the spur of the moment, for it had never occurred to her that the brown doctor would have an invitation also, but the tone of surprise in which she spoke cut the poor young mulatto to the very quick in that moment of triumph. He drew himself up proudly as he answered in a hasty tone: 'O yes, even I am invited to Banana Garden, Miss Dupuy. The governor of the colony at least can recognise no distinction of class or colour in his official capacity!'

Nora's face flushed crimson. 'I shall hope to see you there,' she answered quickly. 'I'm glad you're going.—Marian, dear, we shall be quite a party. I only wish I was going with you, instead of being trotted off in that odiously correct style by old Mrs Pereira!'

Dr Whitaker said no more, but raised his hat upon the piazza steps, jumped upon his horse, and took his way along the dusty road that led from the Hawthorns' cottage to the residence of the Honourable Robert Whitaker. As he reached the house, Miss Euphemia was laughing loudly in the drawing-room with her bosom friend, Miss Seraphina M'Culloch. 'Wilberforce!' Miss Euphemia cried, the moment her brother made his appearance on the outer piazza, 'just you come straight in here, I tellin' you. Here's Phaenie come around to hab a talk wit you. You is too unsocial altogedder. You always want to go an' bury yourself in your own study. O my, O my! Young men dat come from England, dey hain't got no conversation at all for to talk wit de ladies!'

Dr Whitaker was not in the humour just that moment to indulge in pleasantries with Miss Seraphina M'Culloch, a brown young lady of buxom figure and remarkably free and easy conversation, so he sighed impatiently as he answered with a hasty wave of his hand: 'No, Euphemia, I can't come in and see your friend just this minute. I must go into my own room to make up some medicines—some very urgent medicines—wanted immediately—for some of my poor sick patients!' Heaven help his soul for that transparent little prevarication, for all the medicines had been sent out in charge of a ragged negro boy more than two hours ago, and it was Dr Whitaker's own heart that was sick and ill at ease, beyond the power of any medicine ever to remedy.

Miss Euphemia pouted her already sufficiently protruding lips. 'Always dem stoopid niggers,' she answered contemptuously. 'How on sart a man like you, Wilberforce, dat has always been brought up respectable an' proper, in a decent family, can bear to go an' throw away his time in attendin' to a pucel of low nigger people, is more dan I can ever understan'!—Can you, Seraphina?'

Miss Seraphina responded immediately, that, in her opinion, niggers was a disgraceful set of dat low, dem putable people, dat how a man like Dr Wilberforce Whitaker could so much demean hiself as ever to touch dem, really surpassed her limited comprehension.

Dr Whitaker strode angrily away into his own room, muttering to himself as he went, that one couldn't blame the white people for looking down upon the browns, when the browns themselves, in their foolish travesty of white prejudice, looked down so much upon their brother blacks beneath them. In a minute more, he reappeared with a face of puzzled bewilderment at the drawing-room door, and cried to his sister angrily: 'Euphemia, Euphemia! what have you done, I'd like to know, with all those specimens I brought in this morning, and left, when I went out, upon my study table?'

'Wilberforce,' Miss Euphemia answered with stately dignity, rising to confront him, 'I tink I can't stand dis mess an' rubbish dat you make about de house a minute longer.—Phaenie! I tell you how dat man treat de fam'ly. Every day, he goes out into de woods an' he cute bush—common bush, all sort of weed an' trash an' rubbish, an' he brings dem home, an' puts dem in de study, so dat de house don't never tidy, however much you try for to tidy him. Well, dis mornin' I say to myself "I don't gour' to stand dis lumber room in a respectable fam'ly any longer." So I take de bush dat Wilberforce

bring in, I carry him out to de kitchen also gadder, I open de stove, an' I trow him in all in a lump into de very middle of de kitchen fire Ha, ha, ha! him burn an' crackle all de same as if he was chock full of blazin' gunpowder!'

Dr Whitaker's eyes flashed angrily as he cried in surprise 'What! all my specimens, Euphemia! all my specimens! all the ferns and orchids and curious club mosses I brought in from Pimento Valley Scrubs early this morning!'

Miss Euphemia tossed her head contemptuously in the air 'Yes, Wilberforce,' she answered with a placid smile, 'every one of dem I burn de whole nasty lot of bush an' trash together An' dem, when I finished, I burn de dry ones—de nasty dry tings you put in de cupboards all around de study!'

Dr Whitaker started in horror 'My herbarium!' he cried—'my whole herbarium! You don't mean to say, Euphemia, you ve actually gone and wantonly destroyed my entire collection?'

'Yes,' Miss Euphemia responded cheerfully, nodding acquiescence several times over, 'I burn de whole lot of dem—paper an everyting De nasty tings, dey bring in de cockroach an' de red ants into de study cupboards'

The mulatto rushed back eagerly and hastily into his own study, he flung open the cupboard doors, and looked with a sinking heart into the vacant spaces It was too true, all too true! Miss Euphemia had destroyed in a moment of annoyance the entire result of his years of European collection and his five months botanical work since he had arrived in Trinidad

The poor young man sat down distracted in his easy chair, and flinging himself back on the padded cushions, ruefully surveyed the bare and empty shelves of his rifled cupboards It was not so much the mere loss of the pile of specimens—five months' collection only, as well as the European herbarium he had brought with him for purposes of comparison—the one could be easily replaced in a second year, the other could be bought again almost as good as ever from a London dealer—it was the utter sense of loneliness and isolation, the feeling of being so absolutely misunderstood, the entire want of any reasonable and intelligent sympathy He sat there idly for many minutes, staring with blank resignation at the empty cases, and whistling to himself a low plaintive tune, as he gazed and gazed at the bare walls in helpless despondency At last, his eye fell casually upon his beloved violin He rose up, slowly and mournfully, and took the precious instrument with reverent care from its silk lined case Drawing his bow across the familiar strings, he let the music come forth as it would, and the particular music that happened to frame itself upon the trembling catgut on the humour of the moment was his own luckless Hurricane Symphony For half an hour he sat there still, varying that well known theme with unstudied impromptus, and playing more for the sake of forgetting every thing earthly, than of producing any very particular musical effect By and by, when his hand had warmed to its work, and he was beginning really to feel what it was he was playing, the door opened suddenly, and a bland voice interrupted his solitude with an easy flow of colloquial English

'Wilberforce, my dear son,' the voice said in its most sonorous accents, 'dere is company come, you will excuse my interruptin' you De ladies an gentlemen dat we expect to dinner has begun to arrive Dey is waitin' to be introduced to de inheritor of de tree names most intimately connected wit de great revolution which I have had de pleasure an' honour of bringin about for my enslaved bredderin De ladies especially is most anxious to make your acquaintance He, he, he! de ladies is most anxious An', my dear son, whatever you do, don't go on playin any longer dat lugoobrious melancholy fiddle toon If you must play something, play us something lively—*Pretty little gallop Gal*, or something of dat sort!'

Dr Whitaker almost flung down his beloved violin in his shame and disgrace at this untimely interruption 'Father,' he said, as kindly as he was able, 'I am not well to-night—I am indisposed—I am suffering somewhat—you must excuse me, please, I'm afraid I shan't be able to meet your friends at dinner this evening' And taking down his soft hat from the peg in the piazza, he crushed it despairingly upon his aching head, and stalked out, alone and sick at heart, into the dusty, dreary, cactus bordered lanes of that unfortunate and desolate Trinidad

(*To be continued*)

FRENCH AND ENGLISH PROVERBS

THE object of the writer of this paper has been to collect and compare a few of the most familiar English and French proverbs or sayings, and to bring together a few of those sayings which exist as such in both languages, expressing the same idea, or nearly so, in each To begin with a few similes

We English seem to have selected the mouse as an emblem in our 'As dumb as a mouse,' the French have preferred a glass, for they say, 'As dumb as a glass' We say, 'As deaf as a post' the French, 'As deaf as a pot' 'As dull as ditch water,' Gallicised becomes, 'As sad as a nightcap' 'Don't count your chickens before they are hatched,' is changed into, 'Don't sell the skin of a bear before having killed it' Instead of, 'Putting off one's nose to spite one's face,' a similarly useless experiment is illustrated by 'Spitting in the air that it may fall on one's nose' The self evident impossibility in the words, 'You can't get blood out of a stone,' is represented by, 'One could not comb a thing that has no hair' (This last also 'goes without saying,' which, as literally translated from the French, now forms a proverb in our own language) In the proverb, 'One man may lead a horse to the water, but a hundred can't make him drink,' our neighbours have not inappropriately selected an 'ass' as the illustrative animal 'When you're in Rome, you must do as Rome does,' every Englishman will tell you; though few perhaps could say why Rome was chosen as an example, and whether it is more necessary, when in Rome, to follow the general lead, than in anywhere else, is to us a matter of doubt To the Frenchman, the idea is sufficiently well expressed, however, by impressing upon you

the necessity of 'howling with the wolves' 'Easy come, easy go, though terse and to the point, is in itself scarcely so intelligible as the somewhat longer sentence, 'That which comes with the flood, returns with the ebb' That 'a burnt child dreads the fire' is perfectly true, as every one will admit our neighbours go further than this, and, in choosing a 'scalded cat' as the object of consideration, speak of it as being in fear of 'cold' water even, thus expressing the natural distrust of the cat, after having once been scalded, as extending even to 'cold' water 'Money makes the mare to go,' and 'For money, dogs dance'

The advisability of 'letting sleeping dogs lie' is very seldom questioned, in France the recommendation simply takes the form, 'Do not wake a sleeping cat' In England at least, it is said that 'Birds of a feather flock together,' or, to put it less poetically, 'Those who resemble, assemble' Naturally, 'A thief is set to catch a thief,' or, in other words, 'A good cat to a good rat,' 'A thief and a half to a thief' Evidently one thief is not always sufficient, more are required at times That 'Practice makes perfect' is equally true with 'It is in forging, that one becomes a blacksmith' And speaking of an 'ill wind that blows nobody good,' the fact that 'to some one, misfortune is good,' is equally applicable, if the phrase were not an English The cat seems to figure rather prominently in French proverbs Instead of buying a 'pig in a poke,' 'a cat in a bag' is often spoken of

That a man—or rather his clothes—should be 'stitched with gold' is about on a par with 'rolling in money' It does not require a very powerful imagination to trace the likeness supposed to exist between a person placing his arms 'akimbo' and making or imitating a two handled vase The ability to utilize whatever comes to hand, aptly put, 'All is fish that comes to his net,' regarded from another point of view, resolves itself into 'Making arrows out of any wood'

We are not aware—although, perhaps, some of our readers may be—of the origin of the adviceontained in 'Tell that to the marines' It is just possible, in times gone by, 'the marines' were a more credulous body of men than the majority of people, but be that as it may, our friends content themselves by saying, shortly, 'to some others' The idea in 'Talk of a certain personage and he's sure to appear,' is similarly embodied in the words, 'As one speaks of the wolf, one sees his tail' Perhaps to 'shave an egg' is almost as difficult a task as to 'skin a flint,' and 'to make with one stone two coups,' about as arduous as 'to kill two birds with one stone' These illustrations might be multiplied to a much greater extent, if necessary, but the foregoing will suffice

Of course, there are a number of English proverbs for which the French have no *real* equivalents, and *vice versâ* By 'equivalent' is here meant the same idea expressed in a similarly pithy, terse form, so as to come under the head of proverbs in either language As it is true of individuals, that every one looks at things from his or her point of view, so it is more or less true of all nations, and it follows that, from the two nations here spoken of having different ideas on many subjects, and different ways of looking at things, it is not always possible to 'transplant' one idea satisfactorily into another tongue Translators are often puzzled by such obstacles Again, as also cannot fail to happen, many proverbs are identical, or nearly so, in words in both languages The best use of proverbs is to illustrate, sum up, or amplify what has already been said, in a brief and concise manner, or as a convenient form in which to give advice Advice is sometimes, like physic, very disagreeable to take, and being administered in the form of a proverb pill, is occasionally rendered less unpalatable

THE WILL OF MRS ANNE BOWDEN

IN TWO CHAPTERS—CHAP II

I CALLED at the hospital twice or thrice, to see if any inquiry had been made for the mysterious and irritating parcel which I had so unwittingly appropriated on the 24th of February I looked in the newspapers for advertisements of lost documents, I even myself advertised my possession of a sealed envelope, of which I gave as elaborate a description as so simple an object permitted All in vain! Nobody seemed to want the packet, and it remained an unclaimed foundling on my hands

We discussed the question of my duty in the matter in full conclave (It was about this time that 'full conclave' began to mean, as it has now done for many years, the conference of Gerald, May, and myself!) We could come to no decision Gerald thought I should insist on leaving the envelope at the hospital, and trusting to chance and the authorities there for its restoration to the owner, May, being of the true blood of Eve, was of opinion that I ought to open the packet, and, by study of the contents, find out what I should do, which, for my own part, I inclined to what is termed 'masculine curiosity'

The truth is that I have an exaggerated, almost superstitious idea of the sanctity of sealing wax No one, in these days of gummed envelopes, seals a letter without a special intention of keeping its contents secret, and the use of the elaborately engraved stamp seems to me not more of a safeguard against idle curiosity than an appeal to the honour of any one for whose perusal the packet is not intended to leave it inviolate This was the argument I used to my dear fellow judges, and, strange to say, support of it came from a very unexpected quarter

May was in the habit of narrating to Mrs Bowden the incidents of Gerald's life and mine The harmless gossip seemed to give pleasure to the poor old lady, whose personal intercourse was limited almost wholly to what she held with greedy and self seeking 'connections'—'not relatives,' as she frequently wrung their hearts by telling them, and we had no reason for desiring secrecy To her, then, was repeated the story of the mysterious packet, she was much interested in it, and May reported her advice to me next time we met at Gerald's lodging (It was strange with what frequency these meetings occurred, but it was stranger still, considering how often

I wished Atherton, that I should occasionally have passed his sister. Soon after this, I managed to get apartments in the same house, so that I had as large a share of May's society when she came to Camden Town as her brother had.) It was in these words, May said, that Mrs Bowden had given her allowance to my opinion. 'Tell Mr Langham that it is never safe, from however good a motive, to tamper with a sealed document. Whoever does so, is liable to be accused of having forged the paper which he presents as authentic.'

'Surely not, if the document does not affect his interest in any way, said May. 'A man commits forgery only to benefit himself, and it is quite impossible that the contents of this packet, whatever they are, can have anything to do with Mr Langham.'

'Improbable, child, not more than that, nothing is impossible.'

'Then I went on with the book I was reading to her,' said May, in repeating the conversation to me, 'but I don't think she listened. At least her eyes were twinkling all the time, though it was quite a serious book, and in the middle of one very grave passage she laughed aloud. I stopped in surprise, and then she asked me if I was sure that I had described the seal correctly. I assured her that I had given your description of it word for word, at which she laughed again, and said, "Poor George!" I wonder if she meant Mr George Bowden, but I don't see what he had to do with the matter. Then she repeated her warning about breaking seals, and bade me be sure to convey it to you.'

'It is very considerate of Mrs Bowden, I said in some bewilderment, 'but I cannot imagine why she should be so much interested in the matter. Is she at all—queer?'

'She is eccentric, certainly, but not in the least mad, if that is what you mean. She has heart disease, I believe, but her mind is all right, indeed particularly acute.'

'Why, it is simple enough,' interposed Gerald. 'Mrs Bowden hasn't an amusement in the world except teasing her relatives, and she gets tired of that sometimes. But now chance informs her of a curious accident, and the little possibility of mystery and romance about it excites her, just because her own life happens to be free from either. It is as good as a novel to her at present, but if the *denouement* doesn't come on quickly enough, she'll lose interest in the matter and soon forget all about it. She cares merely for the sensation.'

But Mrs Bowden's interest in the unclaimed packet and in its unwilling possessor was curiously deep and persistent.

'She asks far more questions about you than about Gerald,' said May to me one fortunate half hour when her brother had left me to be her escort to church. (Her employer managed very frequently to dispense with her attendance on Sundays, and thus made the day one of tenfold happiness to us.)

'Then I hope you strain your conscience, and speak well of me in your replies?'

'I say just what I think of you,' she answered very demurely.

'And that is——?' I asked.

'That you are Gerald's friend.'

'Is that all?'

'Is it not enough?'

'No—not nearly enough. Do you not like me for my own sake as well as for Gerald's? It isn't for his sake that I love you, May, and I shall not be content till you care for me for myself, independently of Gerald's friendship.'

'You want a great deal, Mr Langham,' she said, keeping her eyes turned away from me.

'Do I want too much—more than you can give me?'—Silence for a few moments.—'Answer me, May. I must know the truth, whether it is good or bad. Do I ask for more than you can give me?'

Another pause, a short one, then came the sweetest whisper I had ever heard. 'No,' and I am afraid the vicar of St Barnabas had two very inattentive listeners that evening.

What days of planning and projecting followed! We meant to be very prudent and do nothing rashly. Marriage was impossible at present, but some day, in two or three years, when my salary should reach the princely sum of a hundred and fifty pounds a year we would form a little home, and Gerald would live with us. Meanwhile, the most rigorous economy was to be observed, every penny saved brought that little home a shade nearer.

Mrs Bowden soon found out what was meant by the tiny pearl ring on May's finger, and proved a most sympathetic confidant. 'But I don't mean to alter my will in your favour, remember,' she said to my darling in her sharp abrupt way. 'That would be too much bother, and besides, my property will fall into the hands of a good man who will not fail to provide for you.'

May thought of Mr George Bowden, and mentally doubted the accuracy of this last statement. She made no remark, but Mrs Bowden guessed the tenor of her thoughts.

'You don't agree with me, I see, she said, 'but you'll find out that I have said too little of his care for you.—But you must not leave me, child. I have grown to love you, and I shall not need your service long.'

'You don't feel worse, I hope, dear Mrs Bowden?'

'Worse or better little May, as you choose to read the meaning of the words, but assuredly not far from the end. And since it is so, you will, I think, gratify a caprice of mine. I want to see your lover. Ask him to come up some evening, and let me have a few minutes' conversation with him.'

Of course I went. Gerald had occasionally gone to see his sister, but hitherto I had had no right to cross the portal of Mrs Bowden's house, and I was not without some curiosity to see the amiable queen who was May's mistress. My first impression was a confused one of having seen her before—long ago, when she was younger and more gentle than now, but I could in nowise affix either date or place to the memory. It was vague, yet ineffaceable. Our conversation was eccentric to the point of discourtesy.

'You seem interested in my appearance,' Mrs Bowden said after a very curt greeting.

'Your face is familiar to me,' I replied, 'I think I must have seen you before.'

'No, you haven't,' she returned in a tone that forbade further assertion of the point.

After a pause, she said 'So you are going to make an imprudent marriage, like your father.'

I flied up at this. 'If I win as good a wife as my father did, I shall consider myself guilty of no imprudence,' I said.

'You are young and foolish. Money is a good thing.'

'Yes, but only one of many good things. If I can have the others, I'll dispense with it.'

'You'll find it difficult. If your father had not been as great a fool as you, you would have been a rich man to-day.'

'In that case, I might never have met May, so I'm better as I am.—But tell me, madam, did you know my father?'

'Yes, before you were born.—Don't question me on the subject. I am tired now, go away. I'll see you again another time—perhaps—I don't know.'

I was at the door, when Mrs Bowden spoke to me again. 'You have not broken the seal of that packet, I hope?'

'No.'

'Don't do so. It will be asked for some day, and it may be for your profit that the seal is intact.—You may go now. You're a good lad, and I am pleased to think that you will be May's husband.'

I felt strangely curious about the eccentric old lady, and hoped that she would again command in her imperious fashion that I should visit her. But it was not to be. Little more than a week had passed, when May came to Gerald's rooms, weeping, and with all her little possessions. Mrs Bowden had been found dead in her bed that morning, and before noon, Mr George Bowden, in his self assumed capacity of executor, had turned my poor little sweetheart out of the house.

I said some harsh things about this greedy and self seeking man, and gave expression to some unkindly wishes about his inheritance of his sister in law's property, but I did not guess what a strangely complete punishment his rapacity was to receive.

Ten days had passed since Mrs Bowden's death. May was domiciled in my apartments, which I had vacated for her, and was trying to obtain daily teaching. I was accompanying my hurried dinner at a City restaurant by a yet more hurried study of the *Daily Telegraph*, when my eye was caught by the following advertisement: 'Lost, on the 24th of February, by a gentleman since deceased, a sealed envelope containing the Will of Mrs Anne Bowden, of Well Walk, Hampstead. Any one bringing the same, or giving information by which it may be recovered, to Messrs Godding and Son, Solicitors, Bedford Row, E.C., will be rewarded.'

For a moment I perceived nothing more than that the will of May's Mrs Bowden was missing, but immediately the conviction rushed upon me that this which was advertised for was my packet, the mysterious envelope, the possession of which had for four months—it was now June—been so irritating to me. Could it be possible that the two documents were the same? and that Mrs Bowden had been aware all the time that it was in my hands, yet had made no effort to regain possession of it, or to restore it to her solicitor, who had originally been destined to keep it till it was wanted? It seemed wholly unlikely, but the eccentricity of the dead lady's character made it not impossible, and if so strange a coincidence really had happened, her oft repeated advice that I should not break the seal received a new importance. I could not delay investigating the matter. Instead of returning to the office of Messrs Hamley and Green, I rushed off to my lodging in Camden Town, took the packet from the desk in which it had been reposing so long, and hurried off to Bedford Row.

Mr Godding was engaged when I reached his office, and I was put into an anteroom to wait, but this was separated from the solicitor's private room only by a not wholly closed door, and the voices of him and his client were raised to such loud altercation that I could not avoid hearing their words.

'I tell you that you are making an unnecessary fuss about this matter,' said one. 'I have every reason to believe that my sister in law meant to leave her property to me, and in advertising for this missing will and postponing my entrance into my inheritance, you are simply wasting time, and, I have no doubt, lining your pockets with my money.'

'Your last suggestion is too absurd to be annoying, sir,' replied the other, evidently the lawyer. 'Mrs Bowden did not, you admit, definitely state that you were to be her heir, she merely told you on the 24th of last February that she had signed a will and intrusted it to my father, who, as you know, was on that day seized with the illness which terminated in his death. You say that she "gave you to understand that this will was in your favour." That is a phrase which may mean much or little. May I ask, what, in this case, it does mean?'

'It means that she gave me the seal—my brother's seal—with which she had stamped the envelope containing the will, and said to me "I wish you to keep this as a means of verifying any document brought forward after my death as my will. It will be genuine only if the impression of this seal is stamped upon the envelope in red wax." You see she was very accurate in her phrases. This is the seal, attached to my watchchain. I have never let it go out of my possession for a moment, night or day, since it was given to me, and I consider Mrs Bowden's words to be conclusive evidence that I am her heir.'

'No evidence at all, Mr Bowden, not even strong presumption. As, however, this will is lost, my duty is plain—to make all possible search for it, and if, after all needful expenditure of time and trouble' ('And my money,' came a growl from Mr Bowden), 'it cannot be found, to try to obtain a decree dividing the estate between the nearest relatives of the deceased lady.'

'Well, that's me,' cried Mr Bowden with ungrammatical emphasis.

'Wait a moment. You are not a relative at all, only a connection by marriage. The first step would be to look for heirs of Mrs Bowden's own family, and only failing the discovery of these could the property be divided between the next of kin of the late Mr Bowden, who

are—not you alone—but you and your two sisters'

Thereupon, the unhappy would be inheritor gave vent to a despairing ejaculation.

Mr Godding was beginning to expound the law of the question, and the taunt and expensive possibilities of obtaining a result favourable to his client's wishes by appeals to various courts, while Mr Bowden soothed his ruffled nerves by a muttered indulgence in promiscuous profanity, when it struck me that it was in my power to end the scene by announcing my presence and my errand I had listened first with surprise, then with interest, lastly with amusement, and these emotions had prevented my realising the influence I probably had over the discussion that was going on within Now, however, without waiting till Mr Godding should think himself at leisure to receive me, I entered the room I easily guessed that the hot and irascible looking little man with the bald head was Mr George Bowden, while the quiet, young looking gentleman, sitting in true legal attitude with his elbows leaning on the arms of his chair, and the tips of his fingers lightly pressed together, was the solicitor, Mr Godding Each looked up in annoyance at my unexpected intrusion, but annoyance gave way to surprise and satisfaction as I said 'I bring what I believe to be the will of Mrs Anne Bowden'

The sight of an elderly man excited, hopeful, and impatient, is interesting and unusual I had ample opportunity for observing the spectacle as exemplified in Mr Bowden during the next few minutes Passing by his outstretched hand, I gave the packet to Mr Godding, who examined the outside of it in leisurely fashion, while his client gazed at him with staring eyes, standing first on one leg, then on the other, and exhibiting a feverish anxiety that would not have disgraced a schoolboy

'Yes, this seal seems to correspond with that said to be on Mrs Bowden's will,' said the solicitor at last 'But as you have the seal with you, Mr Bowden, perhaps you will be so kind as to let us have an impression of it' And he lighted a taper, and pushed wax and paper towards the little gentleman, whose trembling fingers could scarcely detach the seal from his chain The impression made proved to be identical with that on the envelope—the old English letters H L B, the mailed hand grasping the dagger, the motto, 'What I hold, I hold fast,' were unmistakably the same Then, in reply to Mr Goddings questions, I briefly stated how it had come into my

'You are sure that it was on the 24th of February that you picked it up?

'Quite sure,' I replied, for I recalled that it was the birthday of Gerald and May, and the day on which I had first seen my darling

'Your account of the manner of finding it exactly tallies with what we know of the way in which it was lost My father, having Mrs Bowden's newly signed will in his possession, went to his stockbroker's, where he heard some news about an investment in which he was interested, that affected him greatly That evening, I received a message stating that he was at the London Hospital, and on going there, found him just recovering consciousness after an apoplectic fit I was told that he had been brought there by a young man, who had seen him taken ill in a street—This tends, I think, Mr Bowden, to prove the identity of this document brought by—you have not mentioned your name, sir—Langham, you say—by Mr Langham with the will we are in search of'

'My dear Mr Godding, nobody but yourself ever doubted that,' cried the impatient Bowden 'Pray, make haste and open the will'

'Patience, Mr Bowden For the sake of expectant legatees, who may have less reason to be satisfied with the provisions of the will than you expect to be, it may be well to set down every proof of its authenticity —So, Mr Langham, I must ask you a few questions about yourself, in order to satisfy inquirers that the will has been found by a truthful and honest man'

Thus thwarted, Mr Bowden tried to expedite the settlement of affairs by repeating my answers to Mr Godding's questions, with critical comments

'Richard Langham, age twenty four, clerk with Messrs Hamley and Green—good firm, Hamley and Green—must get them to raise your salary —took the lad. Mr Godding to the hospital—very Christian action—brought the packet to the hospital next day, found the patient removed, and could get no definite information about him, was told his name was Collins or Cotton—Cotton very like Godding, kept the packet unopened, that its authenticity might not be questioned if the owner was found—quite right—always best to restrain curiosity—besetting sin of youth, brought the packet here on seeing your advertisement very sensible and honest And now, Mr Godding, for any sake, open the will!'

The little man's voice rose to a scream of entreaty as he uttered the last adjuration, but when the will was opened, there never were three men more surprised at its provisions than were the solicitor, Mr George Bowden, and myself

Mr Godding looked over the will with that professional glance which takes in immediately all that is of moment in a document, sounding the arabesques of legal phraseology, and then turning to me, asked 'What was your father's name?'

I began to share Mr Bowden's impatience It was quite incredible that there was any necessity for stating my long dead father's name in order to identify me as the finder of Mrs Bowden's will Nevertheless, I had my irritation, and answered quietly 'Richard Langham, like my own.'

'And your mother's maiden name?

'Marion Trench'

'Had your father any near relatives?'

'A step sister, Anne, about ten years older than himself

'What became of her?'

'I don't know About eight years ago, she married, and I have heard nothing of her since'

'You don't know the name of her husband?'

'No'

'Well, it was Henry Leigh Bowden'

'What!' The exclamation came not from me, but from Mr Bowden, who began to suspect something sinister to his interests in the catechism I was undergoing

'Yes, Henry Leigh Bowden,' repeated the lawyer 'The deceased Mrs Bowden, whose will you have been the means of restoring, was your aunt, and it is to you that she has left the bulk of her property'

It was the howl of a wild beast, rather than any human cry, that came from George Bowden's lips as he heard these words 'It's a lie! he cried, making forward, and snatching the will from Mr Godding's hands—'a lie, a cheat, a plot, a swindle! The two of you are in league to keep me out of my rights The will is in my favour, it must be'

But he was wrong There in as plain English as the law can use, was the bequest by Mrs Bowden of all she might die possessed of to 'her nephew, Richard Langham, son of her brother Richard Langham, who in the year 1860 married Marion Trench, and died at Lowborough in the year 1865 Mrs Bowden had made sure of the important dates in my father's history, that there might be no difficulty in identifying her legatee

Once assured that his eyes were not playing him false, Mr Bowden began to swear that the will was a forgery, of which I had been guilty in order to secure Mrs Bowden's money for myself In vain I protested my entire ignorance of the relationship between the dead lady and myself

'I don't believe you are related, it's all a fabrication If you put these names in the will, of course you know what to reply to Mr Godding's questions'

'But,' I exclaimed, 'I couldn't forge the impression of a seal which you had in your possession all the time

'Hang the seal!' cried the little man 'What's a seal! A seal isn't evidence I swear that the thing's a forgery, and I'll contest it in every court in the kingdom'

'But if you do,' interposed Mr Godding, 'and though you should prove your case, you would not profit in the least If this will is a forgery, we must assume that Mrs Bowden died intestate, for any disposition of her property she may have had drawn up would now, in all probability, be destroyed In that case, all she possessed will descend to Mr Langham, as her next of kin

Mr Bowden glared from one to the other of us with the fiendish impotence of a caged hyena 'You're both in the plot, he snarled, 'but I'll fight it out I'll have justice, though it should cost me my last penny, and I won't grudge it, if only I see you both doing penal servitude before I die I hope I shall!' With this benevolent aspiration on his lips, Mr Bowden departed, leaving me alone with the lawyer and too bewildered by the occurrences of the last half hour to be elated by my sudden good fortune

'Do you think he will carry out his threat?' I asked

'It is most unlikely Twenty four hours' reflection will convince Mr Bowden how unwise it would be for him to spend his own money without the hope of getting anybody else's You may rely on being undisturbed in your good fortune—And now, let me say how glad I am to make the acquaintance of the man for whose kindness to my poor father I have always felt grateful, and express my hope that I may enjoy the privilege of your friendship' Before my dull brain could furnish any reply to Mr Godding's words, he spoke again 'By the bye, there is in the will, not a charge, but merely a recommendation that you should make some adequate provision for a Miss May Atherton, whom Mrs Bowden describes as her "beloved companion and adopted child" I hope you have no objection to doing so?'

I blushed like a school girl as I explained how I had already proposed to provide for Miss Atherton, and I think I may truthfully say that she has hitherto—and several years have passed since my aunt's death—been satisfied with her share in Mrs Bowden's property

We live in the house at Hampstead, and often speak of the strange woman who dwelt there before us, and to whom we owe the comforts of our life

'Her heart was kinder and her conscience more acute than she would avow, May declares 'When she learned your history from me, Dick, she determined to atone to you for what your parents had suffered, and at the same time punish the Bowden family for their unscrupulous fortune hunting I have no doubt she found a quiet pleasure in knowing, as she must have done, that her will was in your hands, ready to descend like a thunderbolt on the heirs expectant, and I think it was this knowledge that made her so earnest in her insistence that you should not open the envelope which contained it'

'I think,' adds Gerald, who, though he has lately taken a wife and a house of his own, is still emphatically one of us—'I think the old lady must have got a great deal of satisfaction out of the anticipation of her brother in law's disappointment How she would have enjoyed being present at that interview in Godding's office' Well, let who will grumble, we three have no cause to grieve over the contents of that wandering document—the Will of Miss Anne Bowden'

THE MONTH

SCIENCE AND ARTS

Near the village of Burgbrohl, on the Rhine, there is a cavity in the ground which has for a long time yielded a copious supply of carbonic acid gas Apparatus has recently been erected close to this borehole by which the gas can be compressed to the liquid state, and one hundred and ten gallons of gas are so compressed into a pint and three quarters of liquid every minute Iron bottles holding about eight times that quantity are used for purposes of storage and transport

It is reported that the Cowles Electric Smelting and Aluminum Company, whose works are at Cleveland, Ohio, have declared their ability to produce the valuable white metal known as aluminium at the price of half a crown a pound. If this report be true, we may look for a revolution in many branches of trade, for the metal is not alone useful as it is, but is almost more important by reason of the valuable alloys it forms with copper, &c The Company reduce it from the ore by means of a modification of the electric furnace invented some years ago by the late Sir W Siemens It is probable that

aluminium bronze will replace steel for many purposes where great tensile strength is required The expense saved by substituting for steel, which has to be welded and built up coil by coil, a metal for heavy ordnance which can be simply cast and run into moulds, would be enormous

The discovery of petroleum wells on the west coast of the Red Sea is both interesting and full of promise for a country such as Egypt, whose finances have for so long been in a deplorable condition The yield of oil is at present but insignificant when compared with the enormous quantities which gush forth at Baku, and with the amount tapped from the American wells But there is every indication that the yield will increase to a great deal more than two tons a day, the present output There is little doubt that petroleum will form the fuel of the future for our steamships and a station so near the great international highway of Suez where that fuel can be readily obtained, cannot fail to become a place of great importance Already the oil is being used by certain ships instead of coal

Once again has truth outrun fiction, for the camera in the hands of MM Henry of Paris has accomplished a feat which no romance writer would have dared to imagine Most persons know by sight that beautiful group of stars called the Pleiades, and most people know, too, that this group attracted the attention of star gazers in very early times It is mentioned in the book of Job, and profane authors have also weaved many a pretty legend concerning this group of distant suns In November last, the Messrs Henry photographed the Pleiades, and the picture showed the presence of a nebula of spiral form which no human eye had before seen Another photograph taken in America showed the same appearance, though the largest telescopes in the Paris Observatory gave no evidence to corroborate the photographic appearances But at the observatory of Pulkova, where a gigantic instrument, possessing an object glass thirty inches in diameter, has lately been erected, the nebula has been detected by the eye of M Struve

Professor Gerlach has devised a means whereby the embryo growth in a bird's egg may be watched The end of the egg has a round hole cut in it, and by means of a kind of putty made of gum arabic and wool, a pane of glass is inserted in the opening This pane consists of a small watchglass, which is further secured in its place by cementing the outside of the joint with a suitable varnish The egg so treated is put into an incubator in the horizontal position, and it can be removed and turned up for examination when required

A new kind of refrigerator has been devised, and is on sale in New York The principle on which it acts is old enough, but the application of that principle is simple and interesting An iron pipe two feet long and three and a half inches in diameter is filled with liquified ammonia To a stopcock at one end of this pipe is fitted a smaller pipe, which ultimately forms a coil within a cylinder about ten inches high and as many in diameter This cylinder is made of wood and lined with hair felt The action of the apparatus is as follows When the stopcock is turned on, the liquid ammonia rushes out in the form of gas, and absorbs so much heat that the temperature of surrounding bodies is immediately lowered Any vessel placed within the coil inside the box can actually be lowered in temperature to sixty degrees of frost in a few minutes

Mr Price Edwardes paper on 'The Experiments with Lighthouse Illuminants at the South Foreland,' recently read before the Society of Arts, London, was full of interest In these experiments, the relative advantages of electricity, gas and oil were put to careful test, temporary lighthouses having been erected for comparative trials of each In the result, it was shown that in clear weather each illuminant was actually more brilliant than necessary In dull and foggy weather the electric light penetrated further into the murky atmosphere than either gas or oil But this extra penetration—amounting to two hundred or three hundred feet—is not of any practical importance to navigation The final conclusion of the Examining Committee was 'That for ordinary necessities of lighthouse illumination, mineral oil is the most suitable and economical illuminant, and that for salient headlands, important landfall, and places where a powerful light is required, electricity offers the greatest advantages

It may be noted as a matter of interest in the above mentioned trials that the electric arc lights employed were furnished with a novel kind of carbon rods, called the Berlin core carbons, and furnished by Messrs Siemens These rods were fully an inch and a half in diameter and were pierced with a core of plumbago or graphite, running through the centre They were found to burn with exceptional steadiness, a result due to the superior conducting power of the central core

According to Mr J C Clifford who lately delivered a lecture before the Balloon Society of London, the art of dentistry in America is far in advance of the practice of the Old World The dentists there are specialists One will devote himself to extracting teeth another to filing them another to making artificial teeth, and so on The lecturer also stated that the clever dentists had found out that if necessary, they could take a tooth out, cut off the diseased end, replace it, and it would grow firm again in a few days Transplanting was also successfully carried on

An interesting discussion has lately taken place concerning the deterioration of pictures by exposure to light and from other causes There seems to be no doubt that in the case of water colour pictures this deterioration is an undeniable fact In oil colours, the pigments being used in great masses, and each particle of colour being enwrapped as it were in a protecting globule of oil, there is no perceptible change except a gradual darkening due most probably to the oil and varnish The number of organic substances upon which light will exert a bleaching action is far greater than is commonly supposed, and pigments of organic origin should always be regarded with suspicion Luckily for our artists, there are pigments at their disposal which are permanent in character, and these alone should be used if they wish their works to remain 'a joy for ever' as well as 'things of beauty

It seems a great pity that the art of producing pictures in far more permanent pigments, that of drawing in pastels or coloured chalks, should have been almost lost sight of, or at least relegated to the itinerant artist who decorates our pavements with impossible landscapes In the middle of the last century, this art flourished in France, and works by its votaries, as fresh now as the day they were executed, are much sought after In France, a Society has been formed for the revival of pastel work, and its influence has been felt in London, where an excellent Exhibition of Coloured Chalk Drawings has lately been opened We may hope that these efforts will lead to a revival of a lost art, which has other advantages besides permanence to recommend it

In framing a picture covered with glass, be it a water colour, a photograph, or an engraving, there is one precaution which should always be adopted, but is too often neglected—the glass should fit the frame exactly, and should be cemented to the wood inside by a slip of thick paper This should be glued all round the frame and if done properly, will exclude all dust, dirt, and undesirable vapours The backboards, too, should be well papered, so that the picture may rest in a dust proof and air tight receptacle

Our recent annexation of Burmah has had the effect of calling attention to the manners and customs of a very interesting people Among the latest things noted is the fact that the Burmese and their neighbours the Shans are very expert blacksmiths, although the apparatus used is of a very crude description The bellows employed for the forge curiously suggests in its construction a double cylinder steam engine The cylinders are represented by two bamboo trunks four inches in diameter, and about five feet long, standing upright on the ground At their lower ends, a tube runs from each to the charcoal fire in which the iron to be wrought is heated Piston rods also made of bamboo, and packed with bunches of feathers, are fitted within the cylinders These, when forced downwards, cause the compressed air to be urged to the fire through the smaller tubes. A boy perched on a high seat works the bellows by depressing each piston rod alternately The Burmese have also a primitive method of turning out brass and bronze castings The articles to be made is first of all modelled in clay, it is then covered with a layer of bees wax of the same thickness that it is desired the finished casting to be. An outer skin of clay two inches in thickness is laid above the wax Funnel shaped holes at frequent intervals in this outer crust afford a passage for the molten metal, and there are also straw holes to let out the imprisoned air As the hot metal melts out the wax, it occupies its place, solidifies, and forms a hollow casting

In the metropolitan police district, there occurred last year three hundred and seventy-three cases of rabies in dogs, and twenty six deaths from hydrophobia in man This alarming and sudden increase in a most terrible disease led to stringent police regulations All dogs, unless led by a string, had to be muzzled, and all stray dogs were destroyed Although this order met with great opposition from lovers of dogs, who possibly forgot that a modern wire muzzle cannot be half so distressing to its wearer as a respirator is to a human being, its wisdom is seen in a return lately issued, which shows how rabies has decreased since it was put in force In January last, the cases of rabies had fallen to twenty seven, and there was only one death In February, fourteen cases only were recorded, and there were no deaths It is reported that our government, being fully alive to the importance of M Pasteur's discoveries with regard to the cause and prevention of hydrophobia, has appointed a Commission of eminent pathologists and physicians to inquire into the matter and to report thereon

Mr Shirley Hibberd's paper on the Protection of British Wild flowers, recently read before the Horticultural Club, London, calls attention to the possible extinction of many of our wild plants Many of these are in great demand for political as well as horticultural purposes, and the lecturer made special mention of the modest primrose. He petitioned all those who truly love the country to abstain from purchasing wild plants from travelling hucksters, whose baskets represent the half way house for a plant on the road to extinction He also strongly deprecated the practice of offering prizes for wild flowers at flower shows, as being another cause which must help extinction

Sir Joseph Fayrer, in a recent lecture delivered in London on Cholera, said that contagion by personal intercourse was a theory of the disease which was no longer tenable The British and Indian governments, who were in possession of well ascertained facts concerning this subject, had discontinued all quarantine measures, and relied solely upon sanitary laws In perfect sanitation resided the sole means of preventing the disease, and every individual should be scrupulously careful in his living and clothing as the best means of prevention Care in diet, avoidance of all depressing influences, precautions against chills, violent alternations of temperature, impure water, unripe fruit, were the main considerations for those who wished to be safe from cholera In addition to these precautions, the dwellers in every town and village in the country should do their best to secure good ventilation, perfect drainage, and should avoid overcrowding Many of these safeguards are unfortunately beyond the scope of individual effort, especially in our crowded cities, but much good could be done if public bodies would only do their duty

One of the London vestry clerks has proposed a comprehensive scheme for getting rid of and utilising the contents of the London dustbins On the banks of the Thames between Tilbury and Southend there is an expanse of useless, marshy land which only waits the process of reclamation The proposal is to convey the refuse of London to this land and to turn it into profitable terra firma. It is calculated that the metropolis pays at present one hundred and twenty thousand pounds annually for the removal of dust and road sweepings, which go to the farmers and brickmakers If the new scheme could be carried out at the same or less cost, Londoners would be glad to adopt it At present, householders are entirely at the mercy of the contractor, who undertakes to remove the dust regularly, but does not do so

In a recent article in the *Century* magazine,

there are some interesting particulars concerning the cultivation of wheat and rye The former is one of the oldest of cultivated plants, and figured in prehistoric times, for remains of wheat-seeds have been found in the ruined habitations of the lake dwellers Compared with wheat, rye is of modern origin, and although for many centuries the two plants have been cultivated side by side, the first plants appearing to be true hybrids between them bore seeds this year in the United States Although it may be possible that wheat and rye have been crossed in former times, there seems to be no record of such a circumstance

Archæological interest just now centres in Assouan on the Nile, which our readers will remember is the site of the first cataract, and may be regarded as the place where Lower Egypt ends and Upper Egypt begins General Grenfell has discovered in the Libyan Desert, opposite Assouan, an ancient necropolis Several of the tombs already opened date apparently from the twelfth dynasty, which would be about 3000 B C But many tombs are of far later date Our soldiers are busily engaged in the work of discovery under General Grenfell, and their labours are likely to lead to important results, for the necropolis is a very extensive one

Professor Newton, late keeper of the Greek and Roman Antiquities in the British Museum, has just concluded a course of lectures at the Royal Institution, on the uninhibited Greek and Roman sculptures in the national collection Let us quote some of his concluding words 'Here are a number of sculptures which have been buried in a cellar since the year 1852, which are defaced and begrimed with dirt, and utterly useless to anybody, for in their present position they cannot be seen unless by the light of a lantern Might we suggest to the trustees of the Museum that if they cannot find better accommodation for these treasures—which have been purchased with grants of public money—they might be handed over to our provincial museums, where they would once more see the light of day and be appreciated by art students? Enterprising curators might try the experiment of asking for them

The success of some experiments in the neighbourhood of Moscow having for their object the artificial reproduction and culture of trout, has negatived the formerly accepted theory that the propagation of that fish in Central Russia was an impossibility It was thought that the trout could only live in streams which were both cold and rapid But this view is incorrect, for trout have now been reared in ponds, the water of which have a summer heat as high as fifty five degrees Fahrenheit There are many pieces of water in Central Russia which fulfil this condition, and pisciculture will no doubt now assume the position of an important industry, as it has in many other countries

All visitors to the New Forest are familiar with the very ugly monument which marks the place where the Red King met his death The inscription on that monument tells how Sir Walter Tyrrell's arrow glanced from a tree and slew Rufus, whose body was conveyed by one Purkess, a charcoal burner, to Winchester Cathedral, where it was buried Until fifteen years ago the body of the king rested in a tomb in front of the altar, but it was removed on the score of convenience It is satisfactory to note that the marble sarcophagus is now to be replaced in its old position of honour, hard by the memorials which cover the dust of Saxon and Danish monarchs

The Silvertown Submarine Cable Company are at present engaged in surveying a route for the prolongation of one of their cables in the South Atlantic, and their sounding ship the *Encounter* is employed in the work With an enlightened regard for science which cannot be too highly extolled, Mr Buchanan of the *Challenger* expedition, who has charge of the soundings, has permission from the Company to make soundings and observations for scientific purposes He is to make use of the ship on its return voyage in any way that may seem good to him for purely scientific work If other Cable Companies will imitate this public spirited conduct, we shall gain a knowledge of the depths of the sea which would be perhaps unattainable in any other way

OCCASIONAL NOTES

SHOT FIRING IN COAL MINES

With regard to the invention attributed to Mr Miles Settle, in our article last month on 'Shot firing in Coal mines,' we are informed that Mr James Macnab, 39 Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square, London, claims to have had the priority with a patent for the same or a similar object We cannot enter into the technicalities of the question, but think it right at the same time to make this announcement

THE HUDSON BAY ROUTE FROM CANADA TO ENGLAND

The commencement of a railway which will run northwards, from the heart of the Canadian Dominion to Hudson Bay, again raises the question of a shipping route by way of Hudson Bay and Strait to England Dr Bell of the Canadian Geological Survey, when the matter was being discussed some years ago, said that the proposed route by rail from Winnipeg to Fort Churchill, on Hudson Bay, thence by steamer to England, would be twelve hundred and ninety one miles shorter than the Montreal route, and about seventeen hundred miles as compared with the New York route

Fort Nelson, at the mouth of the Nelson River, has been finally chosen as the terminus of the proposed railway from Winnipeg The mouth of the Nelson is reported to be open all winter for twenty or twenty five miles up, owing to the tide Its average width for that distance up is about three miles At Seal Island, twenty five miles up, there is a capital harbour, and water enough for any ocean steamer

Hudson Bay forms the central basin for the drainage of the northern portion of North America, and of the many rivers which flow into it from all sides, about thirty are of considerable size The Albany and the Churchill are the longest on the western side, but the Nelson, with a course of only about four hundred miles, carries the largest body of water down to the sea, and may be ascended by small

steamers for about seventy or eighty miles. Before the navigation of the bay was understood, it was usual to take two seasons for a voyage from England, and the captain who was fortunate enough to return the same year was awarded a prize of fifty pounds. Since 1884, the Canadian government has received Reports from observers stationed along the coasts of the strait and on the islands as to the navigable nature of the bay and strait. Lieutenant Gordon, in 1884 and 1885, seemed to be of opinion that the bay and strait would in ordinary seasons, so far as ice and weather considerations are concerned, be practicable for North-west trade by thoroughly well built vessels for four months. The bay is reported as navigable at all times, as it never completely freezes over, nor does the strait, the ice met with there being floe ice from Fox's Channel.

The Report of the Select Committee of the Manitoba Legislative Assembly in charge of this question, in 1885, was to the effect that ports on the shores of the bay are open on an average from four and a half to five months in each year to ordinary vessels, and that both bay and strait seemed to be singularly free from obstruction to navigation in the shape of shoals or reefs, and during the period of open water from storms and fogs.

Should this shipping route by way of Hudson Bay and Strait to England, prove a practicable one, even for a few months in summer, it will enable the Canadians to send up grain and produce from the great North-west at even a cheaper rate than they have been doing hitherto.

SOME NEW BOOKS.

A finely printed volume comes to us from America. It is from the pen of Mr James Grant Wilson, known in this country as the author of *Poets and Poetry of Scotland*. His new volume consists of clever and agreeably written sketches of *Bryant and His Friends*, including among the number such well known names as those of Washington Irving, Richard Henry Dana, Fenimore Cooper, Fitz Greene Halleck, Edgar Allan Poe, and others. The book is illustrated with portraits and fac similes of handwriting.

Dickensiana, a compilation by Mr Fred G Kitton (London: George Redway), will have an interest for the lovers of Dickens and his works. It consists of a bibliography of the literature relating to Dickens and his writings, with extracts from the reviews of his works at the time they appeared, some of which criticisms are curious from the very opposite opinions occasionally expressed. The compilation of the book appears to have been carefully gone about.

Aberdour and Inchcolme (Edinburgh: David Douglas) is an interesting local history by the Rev William Ross, LL.D. It contains notices of the parish and of the ancient monastery founded on Inchcolme by Alexander I. Many of the details collected from the seventeenth century records are of great interest to historical students, though the book would, we think, have been improved had the more ancient history been greatly condensed, as much of it has only the faintest connection with the immediate subject. As a whole, however, the volume is a valuable contribution to our local histories.

Vice in the Horse (same publisher) is by Mr Edward L Anderson, and consists of various papers on vice in the horse, on the value of books on riding, on the intelligence of the horse, on the test of horsemanship, on how to buy a horse, and the like. The book will interest the class to which it appeals.

THE LAST YEAR.

Tender lights on sky and sea
Milkwhite blossoms on the tree
Lull of storms and tempest bleak
Faint bloom on a wan young cheek
'Spring the blessed Spring, is nigh!'
Said my darling hopefully.

Violets breath and primroses rare
Sunshine throughout lofty ways
Gentle steps that weak and slow
Through the woodland pathways go
'It were sad in Spring to die.'
Said my darling wistfully.

Glorious Summer crowned with flowers
Dreamy days of golden hours,
Sunset crimsoned hills afar,
Dewy eve, and silver star
'Strength may come with by and by.'
Said my darling, patiently.

Glowing fruits and ripening grain
Longest days and no hint of pain
Fields so golden, earth so glad
And a young life doomed! 'Tis sad
Through the bright days hast to it
Said my darling wearily.

Sighing winds and falling leaves
Yearning love that vainly grieves
Patient eyes with farewell gaze
Gracing the sad autumn days
'Happy world! fain would I go!'
Said my darling tenderly.

Wailing storms and weeping skies
Soft voices speaking for Paradise
Solemn whispers, accents thrilled
With the awe of Hope fulfilled
'Life! O blissful life on high!'
Breathed my darling rapturously.

Wreathing snow drifts far and wide,
Mantling over the lone hill side
Purer than that stainless vest—
Like a faded lily pale,
While the mourning blast goes by,
Sleeps my darling peacefully.

C. J. Patmore.

The Conductor of CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL begs to direct the attention of CONTRIBUTORS to the following notice:

1st. All communications should be addressed to the 'Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2d. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3d. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them in full.*

4th. Offerings of Verse should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

If the above rules are complied with, the Editor will do his best to secure the safe return of ineligible papers.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

All Rights Reserved.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL
OF
POPULAR
LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART
Fifth Series
ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832
CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)

No 122 —Vol III SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1886 Price 1½d

SMUGGLING, PAST AND PRESENT

BY AN EXAMINING OFFICER

In a recently issued, readable little volume by Mr W D Chesta, H M Customs, London, entitled *Chronicles of the Customs*, there occurs a chapter on the tricks of smugglers, which suggests an interesting comparison of past and present methods of smuggling The volume referred to treats of many matters connected with Customs work besides the prevention of smuggling, but we must confine our remarks to smuggling pure and simple, with a few examples of clever evasions of the Customs' laws

From the days of Ethelred, when it was enacted that 'every smallest boat arriving at Billingsgate should pay for toll or custom one halfpenny, a larger boat with sails one penny,' those who have had to carry out the collection of the revenue have been disliked by everybody who had to submit to taxation It is not easy to understand this dislike People who use coal, gas, water, or any of the necessities of existence do not, as a rule, view with very great disfavour the people whom they pay to supply these commodities Why they should dislike those whose business it is to collect the funds which provide government with the wherewithal to insure protection for life, property, and trade, is an anomaly which it is difficult to comprehend In olden days, the bold and daring smuggler was the darling of the coast, and the officers who endeavoured to prevent his depredations the most disliked of all government officials Yellow backed novels have portrayed his prowess in the most glowing colours The word pictures which represent him as a free and easy, good natured soul, with gentle manly manners and genteel exterior, have been read and admired wherever English novels of a seafaring type have been circulated, and no exciting ocean tale is considered sufficiently spicy unless a chapter or two is devoted to the daring thief who defies his country's laws, and is rewarded with admiration for doing so, while ordinary thieves are spoken of with contempt, and obtain a far from acceptable recompense in the shape of jail 'skilly'

No longer ago than 1883, an amusing case, illustrative of this feeling, occurred in the neighbourhood of Sunderland A party of officers had been away at Hull attending a departmental examination On their return journey in the train, they met with a seafaring man, who, not knowing the profession of his fellow passengers, entered into a long conversation on the comparatively easy methods by which he—the sailor—evaded detection Growing eloquent on this theme, he further explained the *modus operandi* of his proceedings, and informed the officers that he had in his chest an ingeniously concealed receptacle for the very purpose of smuggling, and that he then had in it several pounds of foreign tobacco Great was his consternation to find, on his arrival at Sunderland, that his fellow passengers were Customs officers, who at once seized the man's chest and confiscated the tobacco found therein, for the possession of which the loquacious seaman was subsequently fined The moral of the story rests in the fact, that no sooner was the affair made known, than the local press went ablaze with denunciations of the unfortunate officers who had prevented the country's pockets being pilfered of the amount of duty leviable on the quantity of tobacco found The incident is one which proves that among a certain class of people the smuggler is a hero still With the audience in a police court the smuggler is no end of a favourite Only a few months ago, a case occurred at Whitby where a couple of fishermen were charged with smuggling about forty four pounds of tobacco, the highest penalty for which being £42 with alternative imprisonment The Bench, however, let the prisoners off with the mitigated fine of £20, and yet, on the announcement of the merciful decision, 'there were,' says the police court reporter,

'expressions of disapprobation in the crowded court'

In contradistinction to the sympathising feeling which in the olden time and at the present day was and is extended to the smuggler, it is satisfactory to find that his nefarious transactions do not always shield him from ridicule. Not long ago, a friend of mine was crossing from the continent to one of the eastern English ports, and on the voyage was applied to by another passenger as to how he—the passenger—could most successfully evade paying the duty on two or three boxes of cigars which he had in his possession. My friend, who knew something of Custom House sharpness, and had, besides, a conscientious respect for the laws of his country, advised his fellow-traveller either to throw the cigars overboard, or to 'declare' and pay duty upon them when he landed. This, it subsequently transpired, the passenger did not do, but rolled up the cigars in some soiled linen and placed the lot in a portmanteau. When it came to declaring baggage at the landing stage or railway station, the smuggler, like many of his class, grew timid, and left his portmanteau in the hands of the Customs' officials without owning it as his property. My friend declares that the sorrowful look of the gentleman smuggler as he had back in the railway carriage while a Customs boatman walked up and down the platform with the unlucky portmanteau, and calling out stentoriously, 'Claim your luggage! claim your luggage!' was a sight, once seen, never to be forgotten. The unfortunate passenger of course lost his portmanteau, clothes, and cigars.

In order to present to the reader the unromantic aspect of present day smuggling in a comparative light, the writer is induced to quote one or two cases mentioned by Mr Chester. By perusing these selected instances, and comparing them with the methods adopted in our own day, it will be seen that smuggling in former times was surrounded with an adventurous atmosphere which certainly does not obtain in a matter of fact age like the present. One of the cases quoted by Mr Chester is a characteristic one. It occurred at the time when duties were levied on lace, silks, gloves, &c. These were mostly French manufactures, and, consequently, Dover and other southern ports were the most convenient localities in which the smuggling fraternity exercised their calling. At that time, well horsed spring vans were used to convey the goods from Dover to London, and at intervals on the journey, particular houses were used as storage places for the booty until it could be safely conveyed to the metropolis. 'On one occasion,' says Mr Chester, 'the Customs' officers at Dover were sent on a fool's errand. A van loaded with silk and lace left the town at night, and to insure a successful journey, an accomplice informed the officers of its departure, the venture being suspected. Forthwith they went in pursuit in a post-chaise. The parties in the van, after going about four miles, drew into a side road, extinguished the lights, and remained quiet. The officers soon rushed by in hot haste, and when they had passed, the smugglers betook themselves in another direction, and got safely off with their booty.'

At a time when goods were subjected to ad valorem duties, there were no end of tricks practised by which an importer, whose goods were seized, obtained his own importations for the merest trifle, and thus made a handsome profit by his cleverness. Mr Chester relates an instance of an importer, more shrewd than honest, who imported into Folkestone a case of gloves on which he declined to pay duty. The goods, of course, were seized. Into London, the same gentleman imported a similar case with a like result. When the goods were offered for sale at the two places, it was found that the Folkestone case contained all right hand gloves, while those in London were all left hand gloves. Being combined in pairs, they were knocked down to the bidder for a mere trifle. It is needless to add that the bidder in each case was the importer, who paid the prices and pocketed a respectable profit by the transaction.

An other instance from the same authority illustrates the stratagems which were resorted to for the purpose of evading Customs' duties on watches, when such imports were in vogue. A foreigner, it appears, had made up his mind to realise a small fortune at the expense of his country, so, taking a passage from Holland, he secreted a large number of watches round his body in leathern receptacles. The weight was so great that the unfortunate smuggler was unable to lie down. He had calculated on a voyage of twenty-four hours, but, being a foreigner, he little knew the density or the stopping powers of a Thames fog. The fog detained the ship for another twenty-four hours, and when the vessel arrived in London, the strain on the smuggler's system had been so enormous that he was completely exhausted. His courage gave out with his strength, and at last he gave himself up to the Customs officials, who had had a watchful eye on his suspiciously distressed looking features.

Since the so called 'good old days' of the novelist, smuggling has lost much of its attractiveness. The abolition of duty on watches, silks, lace, gloves, &c, has done a great deal to lessen an illicit traffic, and wholesale attempts at smuggling are now of comparatively rare occurrence. Of course, now and again a case crops up in which the old spirit seems to have revived, but such cases are comparatively few. Yet, though petty smuggling is, in the main, the special offence with which Customs' officers have now to deal, wholesale smuggling has not yet become a thing of the past. In 1881, a daring attempt to defraud the revenue took place in London. The writer happened to be stationed there at the time, and can well remember the excitement caused in official circles by the discovery, and can recollect the crowds of officers who used daily to visit the quayside front of the Custom House, where lay a pair of marine boilers in which five tons of tobacco had been conveyed to this country from Rotterdam. The history of the attempted fraud is an interesting one. An anonymous writer, it appears, had been giving continuous hints to the officials in London that extensive smuggling was being carried on between Rotterdam and England. Such anonymous communications being far from uncommon in Lower Thames Street, but little attention was paid to

them, till at last the writer grew so persistent in his efforts, and gave such plausible and detailed information, that a detective officer was sent to Rotterdam to watch the iniquitous proceedings.

Taking advantage of the information given by the informer, the officer occupied a room from which a view of a large boiler foundry was obtainable. Keeping strict watch, he saw large quantities of tobacco being packed, by means of hydraulic pressure, into a couple of marine boilers, which, when the packing was completed, were placed on board a steamer for conveyance, if I remember aright, to Newcastle. Unfortunately, however, if the parties concerned in the smuggling transaction, a telegram arrived before the boilers. They were not seized at Rotterdam, but were allowed to be placed on the railway and reach King's Cross, London, without interference, the authorities wishing to take the principal participators red handed. At King's Cross they duly arrived, and remained undisturbed for several days. At last, one was taken to a railway siding at Stepney, where it was watched day and night until the smugglers came to claim it, when they were of course arrested. The other boiler, which had remained at King's Cross, was—through a telegraphic error, which caused the police to relax their watchfulness—removed from that locality without their knowledge. But the conveyance on which it was removed broke down under the heavy weight, and through this unlooked for casualty, it was at last secured. The smugglers were mulcted in a fine of nearly five thousand pounds, and being unable to pay it, were sent to jail. The writer remembers well inspecting the boilers while they were lying at the Custom House, and to those who had the opportunity of seeing them, their construction gave ample evidence that smuggling as a science was not yet entirely certain. The boilers were simply "dummies." The iron used in their construction was too thin to resist strong pressure, and they had evidently been made for the express purpose of conveying tobacco to this country. It is not at all improbable, either, that the "dummy" boilers had made more than one trip to England, and had put a good many pounds sterling in the pockets of their ingenious but dishonest designers.

Another famous instance of present day smuggling was brought to light in the Queen's Bench division in 1883. From the evidence then given, it appeared that the smugglers had manufactured a systematic method of conveying tobacco from Rotterdam, and that, by no means content with the old fashioned practice of having a single buyer and seller, they had regularly appointed agents, whom they stationed at different ports in the United Kingdom. On the arrival of the tobacco, the agent or agents communicated by telegraph with the principals in the affair, and by means of an arranged cipher, gave information as to when the goods arrived and when they had passed the Customs' officers undetected. The principal was an Irishman, who carried on business as a tobacco merchant. He had a brother who traded in flax seed. It occurred to the former that importations of tobacco which had evaded the duty would be much more profitable than duty-paid importations, and what more natural than that his brother's barrels of flax seed would form a not easily detected mode of conveyance? The course adopted then was this: a large quantity of flax seed was purchased at Rotterdam, and also a quantity of tobacco. Sixty pounds weight of the tobacco was rammed firmly down into the bottom of a cask, which was then filled up with flax seed, and the casks so filled were shipped to this country, and reported and entered as containing flax seed only. On one occasion, four hundred cask containing tobacco stowed in this way escaped detection; and in April 1882, fourteen hundred pounds of tobacco were smuggled into the country in twenty five casks, each containing half a hundred weight of tobacco. Later on in the same month, two thousand pounds of tobacco followed their predecessors, and further consignments occurred in May.

At last the crisis came. Somebody, in smuggling parlance, "split," the officers boarded a ship from Rotterdam, opened the casks, and the nefarious contraband was at last laid bare. Despite the discovery, the Attorney general, who conducted the case for the Crown, had no little difficulty in bringing the guilt home to the proper parties. The entitled tobacco had all been addressed to fictitious consignees, but the evidence of an accomplice exposed such a state of affairs that the defendants consented to a verdict being entered against him for over six thousand pounds, being twice the value of the goods, of which penalty, however, only one third was eventually enforced.

But this was by no means the end of the history of one of the most daring attempts in the annals of modern smuggling. Some few months later, an action was brought against a tenant farmer in Ireland to recover £1741, 12 s. 6d., being, treble the value of nearly two thousand pounds of tobacco found on his premises. The discovery, as in most cases of the sort, was brought about by information. A police constable, from information received, reported his suspicions to his superior. A search was then instituted among the outhouses of the defendant's premises. In the first stack of one of the outhouses were a piggery and earthouse, the loft being reached by a ladder. One of the constables mounted the ladder, and peering through a chink in the locked door, perceived a bag lying on the floor with tobacco protruding from it. The door having been forced, fourteen bags of tobacco were found, with flax seed scattered over them, the latter naturally suggesting the quarter from which the tobacco was obtained. The farmer when questioned denied all knowledge of the tobacco, asserting that he had let the loft at a weekly rental to a man whom he did not know. Evidence, however, was stronger than assertion. It was proved that the farmer, subsequent to the flax seed seizure mentioned above, frequently brought bags and bales of cake and left them to the tobacco merchant's premises about six o'clock in the morning, and that it was spun during the night. The jury were inclined to think that the farmer was not so innocent as he pretended to be, and found a verdict for the Crown in the full amount claimed.

We have now, perhaps, given sufficient instances of wholesale smuggling to warrant the opinion that illicit traffic in dutiable articles is

not yet confined to the sailor or fisherman who eks out a scanty wage by bringing a couple or three pounds of tobacco or a few bottles of spirits to dispose of at the end of a short continental voyage. We will, then, before bringing this paper to a conclusion, give a brief description of the methods of concealment now practised in petty smuggling cases. One system, now happily on the wane, is known as that of 'Coopering,' and the method is as follows. For some years past, a number of Dutch vessels had taken up positions along the eastern coast just outside the 'three mile limit.' Their object was to provide beer, spirits, and even opium pictures to the fishermen who frequent the locality. The tobacco was of the vilest description, and the beer, so called, brandy vilest still. The fishermen, thinking that the Customs' officers did not suspect, grew bold in their transactions, and bought tobacco and spirits right and left from the Dutch 'Cooper.' Suspicion was aroused, however, and a raid was made on the fishing boats. Only a small quantity of dutiable articles was discovered, but, it is subsequently transpired that a fishing cobble had shipped off to give warning of the raid to the vessels that were still coming in, and that suspicious parcels and stone bottles of foreign manufacture were thrown by many of these craft into the sea in full view of the people on the shore, the quantity discovered was by no means a criterion of the extent of the illicit traffic. It has been calculated that during the fishing season five hundred pounds of smuggled tobacco per week were consumed by the fishing population of a small port on the eastern coast, and that in a neighbouring town in the same district, of from twelve thousand to fifteen thousand inhabitants, the revenue was defrauded to the extent of from four thousand to five thousand pounds per annum.

The smuggler's present methods of concealment, notwithstanding frequent detections, give evidence that if not so inventive as his more courageous predecessors, he still retains their facility of hiding his contraband goods in places where they will probably be least suspected. A case occurred at Hull, in December 1883, which proves that perseverance at least is still an attribute possessed by the smuggler. On the arrival of a vessel at that port, the officers discovered in the donkey engine boiler twenty one pounds of tobacco. To effect the search, the officers were compelled to unscrew the man hole lid of the boiler, and on a consulting engineer being called to give evidence, he stated that it must have taken at least a couple of hours to stow the tobacco away. Another case of a similar nature occurred at Sunderland some time ago, when an engineer on board a steamer had a large tin made exactly to fit the manhole of a water tank. The water tight tin was packed with tobacco and sunk in the tank, so that the smuggler had to strip to get at it. With amazing candour, the prisoner explained, when brought before the magistrates, that 'of course it was no use putting the can where the officers would easily find it.' False bottomed drawers and chests were formerly a favourite hiding place for contraband goods, but the trick is now too well known to be safe.

Another method much in vogue in the old days of smuggling, but seldom practised now, was to conceal tobacco in loaves of bread specially baked for the purpose. This particular trick has not been lost sight of altogether. At Hull, in March 1884, on a Customs' officer rummaging the firemen's quarters on board a steamer, he found two loaves of bread baked in the German fashion. Taking them in his hand, he suspected the weight as being excessive, and cutting one in two with his knife, found four pounds of tobacco inside. The packages had been firmly tied together, and a thin crust baked over them.

An ingenious place of concealment was discovered by the officers at Hull in January 1883, when, on boarding a vessel from the continent, they found seventeen boxes of cigars concealed in the hollow of the port and starboard rails which surmounted the bulwarks. Underneath firewood, buried in ballast, hidden in chum lockers, beneath oilcloths, in the stuffing of soft pillows, behind cabin panel, in the empty interior of an innocent looking cabin clock, in these and a thousand other places have the officers, from time to time, discovered the contraband of the smuggler, while it is known that the ropes apparently constituting the upper rigging of small craft have occasionally consisted of tobacco twisted into a resemblance of cordage!

From what we have written, it would appear that though smuggling on an extensive scale belongs more to past than to present days, yet the same spirit still exists among people, otherwise honest enough, whose education and social position ought to fit them from thinking prop erly. It is almost against human nature to expect that revenue frauds will ever be thoroughly crushed while the present high duties on spirits continues to remain. The duty on tobacco, for instance, amounting to five times its value, makes it an of the great temptations to smuggle. Most strenuous efforts on the part of the Customs authorities and shipowners have been made to eradicate the traffic, yet every now and then a successful detection—which represents three or four successful evasions—occurs, which shows that the spirit of smuggling is difficult to conquer.

IN ALL SHADES

BY GRANT ALLEN,

AUTHOR OF 'BARBARIAN STRANGE STORIES,' ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE governor's dance was the great event of the Trinidad season—the occasion to which every girl in the whole island looked forward for months with the intensest interest. And it was also a great event to Dr Whitaker, for it was the one time and place, except the Hawthorns' drawing room, where he could now meet Nora Dupuy on momentary terms of seeming equality. In the eye of the law, even in Trinidad, white men, black men, and brown men are all equal; and under the governor's roof, as became the representative of law and order in the little island, there were no invidious distinctions of

persons between European and negro. Every well to do inhabitant, irrespective of outlandish peculiarities, was duly bidden to the governor's table, ebony and ivory mingled freely together once in a moon at the governor's At Homes and dances. And Dr Whitaker had made up his mind that on that one solitary possible occasion he would venture on his sole despairing appeal to Nora Dupuy, and stand or fall by her final answer.

It was not without serious misgivings that the mulatto doctor had at last decided upon this tempting Providence. He was weary of the terrible disillusion that had come upon him on his return to the home of his fathers, weary of the painfully unlike and narrow walls into which he had been cast by mediocre circumstances. He could not live my lonely life in Jamaica. Let him fight it out as he would for the sake of his youthful ideals, the battle had clearly gone against him, and there was nothing left for him now but to give it up in despair and fly to England. He had talked the matter over with Edward Hawthorne—in fact, indeed, the question of proposing to Nora Dupuy, for that he had too much for any other end, but the question of remaining in the island and fighting down the unconquerable prejudice and even Edward had counselled him to—for he felt how visibly biased were the circumstances of the struggle in his own case and in that of the poor young mulatto doctor. If he had only to fight against the social prejudices of men his real inferiors in intellect and culture and moral standing, Dr Whitaker felt he could as well the utterly uncongenial Irish society into which he had been suddenly pitchforked by fate, like a centaurian into the midst of a tea house company. It was but for them all that Dr Whitaker had taken leave of a more fitting environment, and Edward had himself warmly advised him to return once more to free England.

The governor's dance was given, not at Government House in the Plain, but at Pimento Grove, the country bungalow, perched high up on a solitary summit of the Westmoreland mountains. The big ballroom was very crowded, and Nora Dupuy, in a pale, mauve-coloured evening dress, was universally recognised by black, brown, and white alike as the belle of the evening. She danced almost every round with one partner after another, and it was not till almost half the evening had passed away that Dr Whitaker got the desired chance of even addressing her. The chance came at last just before the fifth waltz, a dance that Nora had purposely left vacant, in case she should happen to pick up in the earlier part of the evening, an exceptionally agreeable and promising partner. She was sitting down to rest for a moment beside her chaperon of the night, on a bench placed just outside the window in the tropical garden, when the young mulatto, looking every inch a gentleman in his evening dress—the first time Nora had ever seen him so attired—strolled anxiously up to her, with all affected carelessness, and bowed a formal bow to her former travelling companion. Pure opposition to Mr Dupuy, and affection for the two Hawthorns, had made Nora exceptionally glad at that moment to all brown people, and, on purpose to scandalise her 'absurdly punctilious chaperon, she returned the doctor's hesitating salute with a pleasant smile of perfect cordiality. 'Dr Whitaker,' she cried, leaning over towards him in a kindly way, which made the poor mulatto's heart flutter terribly, 'so here you are, as I guessed! I am so glad you've come this evening.—And have you brought Miss Whitaker with you?'

The mulatto hesitated and stammered. She could not possibly have asked him a more *à propos* question. The poor young man looked about him feebly, and then answered in a low voice 'Yes, my father and sister are somewhere.'

'Nora, my dear,' her chaperon said in a tone of soft but feminine thunder, 'I didn't know you had the pleasure of Miss Whitaker's acquaintance.'

'Neither have I, Mrs Parsons, but perhaps Dr Whitaker will be good enough to introduce me.—Not now, thank you, Dr Whitaker, I don't want you to run away the minute and fetch your sister. Some other time will do as well. It's so seldom, you know, we have the chance of a good talk now, is that.'

Dr Whitaker smiled and stammered. It was foolish, of course, to accept Nora's behaviour in either of two senses. She might be anxious that he should stop and talk to her, or she might merely wish and hint by it to stop up the pleasure of making Miss Dupuy's personal acquaintance, but she decided him so with the light of her eyes as she spoke, that he chose to put the most flattering of the two alternative interpretations on her ambiguous sentence.

'I'm very glad to say so,' he answered, still timidly, and Nora noticed how very different was his manner of speaking now from the cliff and at Dr Whitaker's of the old Kingston days. Immediately she could all the confidence swell as all the contemptuous down out of him. 'You are very good, indeed, Miss Dupuy. I wish the opportunity for our meeting occurred oftener.'

He stood talking to her for a minute or two longer, uttering the merest commonplaces of the moment, as people do in the early part of the evening, the short minutes of the hours of the dance—when suddenly Nora gave a little jump and cried her partner with singular discomposure. Dr Whitaker looked up at once, and drawn by instinct the cause of her hasty movement. Tom Dupuy, just fresh from the card-playing, was looking about for her down the long, crowded at the opposite end of the inner garden. 'Where's my cousin? Have you seen my cousin?' he was asking everybody, for the seat where Nora was sitting with Mrs Parsons stood under the shade of a big papaw tree, and so it was impossible for him to discern her face, though she could see his features quite distinctly.

'I won't dance with that horrid man, my cousin Tom!' Nora said in her most decided voice. 'I'm quite sure he's coming here this minute on purpose to ask me.'

'Is your programme full?' Dr Whitaker inquired with a palpitating heart.

'No, not quite,' she answered, and handed it to him unhesitatingly. There was just one dance still left against the next waltz. 'I'm too tired to dance it out,' Nora cried petulantly. 'The horrid man! I hope he won't see me.'

'He's coming this way, dear,' Mrs Percira put in with placid composure. 'You'll have to sit it out with him, now, there's no help for it.'

'Sit it out with him!—sit it out with Tom Dupuy! O no, Mrs Percira, I wouldn't do it for a thousand guineas!'

'What will you do, then?' Dr Whitaker asked tremulously, still holding the programme and pencil in his undecided hand. 'Do let—dare I ask her to dance just once with him?'

'What shall I do?—Why, a thing simple! Have an engagement elsewhere, of course, Dr Whitaker!'

She looked at him smilingly. Tom Dupuy was just coming up. If Dr Whitaker meant to ask her, there was no time to be lost. His knees gave way beneath him, but he faltered out at last in some feeble fashion, 'Then, Miss Dupuy, may I—may I—may I have the pleasure?'

To Mrs Percira's immense dismay, Nora immediately smiled and nodded. 'I can't dance it with you,' she said with a hasty gesture—she should, naturally, from that open confession of faith before the whole assembled company—'but if you'll allow me, I'll sit it out with you here in the garden. You may put your name down for it, if you like. Quickly, please—write it quickly, here's Tom Dupuy just coming.'

The mulatto had hurriedly scratched his own name with shaky pencil letters on the little card, when Tom Dupuy swaggered up in his awkward, foolish, confident manner, and with a contemptuous nod of condescending half recognition to the overjoyed mulatto, asked, in his mouth West Indian drawl, whether Nora could spare him a couple of dances.

'Your cousin seems to have delayed you too late, Tom Dupuy,' Nora remarked coldly. 'Dr Whitaker has just asked me for my last two, and I should consider it cruel to deny, you know, if you want to dance with me, I suppose.'

Tom Dupuy stared half at her face in parade astonishment. 'Your last two, my!' he cried incredulously. 'Dr Whitaker! No more dances to spare, Nora! No, no, I say, this won't do, you know! You've done this on purpose.—Let me have a spurt at your programme, will you?'

'If you don't choose to take my word for the facts,' Nora answered haughtily, 'you can see the names and numbers of my engagements for yourself on my programme.—Dr Whitaker, have the kindness to hand my cousin my programme, if you please. Thank you.'

Tom Dupuy took the programme ungraciously, and glanced down it with an angry eye. He read every name out aloud till he came to number eleven, 'Dr Whitaker.' As he read that name, his lip curled with an ugly sullenness, and he handed the bit of cardboard back coldly to his defiant cousin. 'Very well, Miss Nora,' he answered with a sneer. 'You're quite at liberty, of course, to choose your own company however it pleases you. I see your programme's quite full, but your list of names is rather comprehensive than select, I fancy.—The last name was written down as I was coming towards you. This is a plot to insult me.—Dr Whitaker, we shall settle this little difference elsewhere, probably—with the proper weapon—a horsewhip though your ancestors, to be sure, were better accustomed, I believe, sir, to a good raw cowhide.—Good evening, Miss Nora.—Good evening, Dr Whitaker.'

The mulatto's eyes flashed fire, but he replied with a low and stately bow, in suppressed accents: 'I shall be ready to answer you in this matter whenever you wish, Mr Dupuy—and with your own weapon. Good evening.' And he held out his arm quietly to Nora.

Nora rose and took the mulatto's proffered arm at once with a sweeping air of utter indifference. 'Shall we take a turn round the gardens, Dr Whitaker?' she asked calmly, assuming herself at the same time with a rapid glance that nobody except poor frightened Mrs Percira had overheard this short altercation.—'How lovely the moon looks to-night! What an exquisite undertone of green in the long shadows of those columns in the portico!'

'Undertone of green!' Tom Dupuy exclaimed aloud in vulgar derision (he was too much of a coward to see that his cue in the scene was fairly past, and that dignity demanded of him now to keep perfectly silent). 'Undertone of green, indeed, with her precious nigger!—Mrs Percira, this is your fault! A pretty sort of chaperon you make, upon my word, to let her go and engage her self to sit out a dance with a common mulatto!—What's Dr Theodore? Where is he, I tell you? I shall run and fetch him this very minute. I always said that in the end that girl Nora would go and marry a woolly headed brown man!'

CHAPTER XXIV

Nora and the mulatto walked across the garden in unbroken silence, past the fountain in the centre of the courtyard, past the corridor by the open supper room, past the hanging lanterns on the outer balcony, and down the long flight of stone steps to the wild Indian terrace that overlooked the deep tropical gully. When they reached the foot of the terrace, Nora said in a unconcerned tone as she could muster up: 'Let us walk down here, away from the house, Dr Whitaker. Tom may perhaps send papa out to look for me, and I'd rather not meet him till the next dance is well over. Please take me along the terrace.'

Dr Whitaker turned with her silently along the path, and utterly not a word till they reached the marble seat at the end of the creeper covered balustrade. Then he sat down moodily beside her, and said in what seemed a perfectly unruffled tone: 'Miss Dupuy, I am not altogether sorry that this little incident has turned out just as it has happened. It enables you to judge for yourself the sort of insult that men of my colour are liable to meet with here in Trinidad!'

Nora fingered her fan nervously. 'Tom Dupuy's always an unendurably rude fellow,' she said, with affected carelessness. 'He's rude

by nature, you know, that's the fact of it. He's rude to me. He's rude to everybody. He's a boor, Dr Whitaker, a boor at heart. You mustn't take any notice of what he says to you'

'Yes, he is a boor, Miss Dupuy—and I shall venture to say so, although he's your own cousin—but in what other country in the world would such a boor venture to believe himself able to look down upon other men, his equals in every thing except an accident of colour?'

'Oh, Dr Whitaker, you make too much altogether of his rudeness. It isn't personal to you, it's part of his nature.'

'Miss Dupuy,' the young mulatto burst out suddenly, after a moment's pause and inward struggle, 'I'm not sorry for it, as I said before, for it gives me the opportunity of saying one thing to you that I have long been waiting to tell you'

'Well?'—frigidly

'Well, it is this I mean to leave Trinidad'

Nora started It was not quite what she was expecting 'To leave Trinidad, Dr Whitaker? And where to go? Back to England?'

'Yes, back to England—Miss Dupuy, for heaven's sake, listen to me for a moment This dance won't be very long As soon as it's over, I must take you back to the ballroom I have only these few short minutes to speak to you I have been waiting long for them—looking forward to them, hoping for them, dreading them, foreseeing them Don't deprive me of my one chance of a hearing But listen and let me out I beg of you—I implore you'

Nora listened terribly, and she felt half inclined to do it once and go back to Mrs Parent, but she could not find it in her heart utterly to refuse that pleading tone of profound emotion even though it came from only a brown man 'Well, Dr Whitaker,' she answered tremulously, 'say on whatever you have to say to me'

'I am going to England, Miss Dupuy,' the poor young mulatto went on in broken accent, 'I can stand no longer the shame and misery of my own surroundings in this island You know what they are Imagine them to yourself for a moment Imagine you are a white woman, a member of this old proud unforgiving aristocracy—"let they men's pardon who have done the wrong" forget it for once, and try to think how it would feel to you, after your English upbringing, with your tastes and ideas and habits and sentiment, to be suddenly set down in the midst of a society like that of the important coloured class here in Trinidad On the one side, contempt and continually from the most beorish and unlettered whites, on the other side, utter uncongeniality with one's own poor miserable people Picture it to yourself—how also lately unendurable!

Nora bethought her silently of Tom Dupuy from both points of view, and answered in a low tone 'Dr Whitaker, I recognise the truth of what you say I—I am sorry for you, I sympathise with you'

It was a great deal for a daughter of the old slave owning oligarchy to say—how much, people in England can hardly realise, and Dr Whitaker accepted it gratefully 'It's very kind of you, Miss Dupuy,' he went on again, the tears rising quickly to his eyes, 'very, very kind of you But the struggle is over, I can't stand it any longer, I mean at once to return to England!'

'You will do wisely, I think,' Nora answered, looking at him steadily

'I will do wisely,' he repeated in a wandering tone 'Yes, I will do wisely But, Miss Dupuy, strange to say, there is one thing that still binds me down to Trinidad—Oh, for heaven's sake, listen to me, and don't condemn me unheard—No, no, I beg of you, don't rise yet! I will be brief Hear me out, I implore of you, I implore of you! I am only a mulatto, I know, but mulattoes have a heart as well as white men—better than some, I do honestly believe Miss Dupuy, from the very first moment I saw you, I loved you! yes, I said say it—I loved you!—I loved you!'

Nora rose and stood erect before him, proud but tremulous, in her girlish beauty 'Dr Whitaker,' she said, in a very calm tone, 'I knew it, I saw it From the first moment you ever spoke to me, I knew it perfectly'

He drew a long breath to still the violent throbbing of his heart 'You knew it, he said, almost joyfully—'you knew it' And you did not repel me' Oh, Miss Dupuy, for one of your blood and birth, that was indeed a great condescension!'

Nora hesitated 'I liked you, Dr Whitaker,' she answered slowly—'I liked you, and I was sorry for you'

'Thank you, thank you Whatever else you say for that one word I thank you earnestly but oh, what more can I say to you? I love you, I have always loved you I shall always love you and yet, how can I ask you? But in England—in England, Miss Dupuy, the matter would be less of late—Yes, yes, I know how people are, but this once—this once only! I must ask you' Oh, for pity's sake, in England far away from it all—in London—where nobody thinks of these things! Why, I know a Hindu barrister—— But there! it's not a matter for reasoning, it lies between heart and heart Oh, Miss Dupuy, tell me—tell me, tell me! there—is there any chance for me?'

Nora's heart relented within her 'Dr Whitaker,' she said lowly and remorsefully, 'you must tell him how much I feel for you I can see at once what a dreadful position you are placed in I can see, of course, how impossible it is for you ever to think of marrying any—any lady of your own colour—it is just as they are brought up here in Trinidad I can see that you could only fall in love with—with a white lady, a person like I by education and manners to be a companion to you I know how clever you are, and I think I can see how good you are too I know how far all your tastes and ideas are above those of the people you must mix with here, or, for that matter, above Tom Dupuy's—or my own either I see it all, I know it all And indeed, I like you—I admire you, and I like you I don't want you to think me unkind and unappreciative—Dr Whitaker,

I feel truly flattered that you should speak so to me this evening—but'—— And she best tried. The young mulatto felt that that 'but' was the very deathblow to his last faint hope and aspiration. 'But—— Well, you know there are things are something more than a mere matter of liking and admiring. Let us still be friends, Dr Whitaker—let us still be friends—and there's the band striking up the next waltz. Will you kindly take me back to the ballroom? I—I am engaged to dance it with Captain Castalle.'

'One second, Miss Dupuy—for Gods sake one second! Is that final? Is that never only?'

'Final, Dr Whitaker—quite final. I like you, I admire you, but I can never, never—never accept you!'

The mulatto uttered a little low sharp parenthesis, 'Ah!' he exclaimed, in an accent of terrible despair, 'then it is all over—all, all over!' Next instant he had drawn himself together with an effort, rose and exclaimed, 'Here his arm with contrained calmness. He began to lead her back towards the crowded ballroom. As he neared the steps, he paused one minute for a second, and almost whispered in her ear in a hollow voice, 'Thank you, thank you for ever for at least your sympathy!'

MAN LIKE APES—AND MAN

Man-like, or in scientific parlance, Anthropoid Apes, are distinguished from others of the monkey tribe on account of their greater size and their great resemblance to the human species. Within the last quarter of a century they have, owing to the growing prominence of the doctrine of evolution, been raised to a much higher place than before as subjects of study for the naturalist, the scientist, the philosopher. From being little, they have become important objects of psychological inquiry, and have taken their place as factors not to be overlooked in the elevated regions of speculative thought. This is due almost solely to the change that has passed over our mental horizon, animal life. We have come to regard the lower creatures as little better than pieces of living mechanism, and have come to view them as vital steps in the great ladder of progression which connects the higher with the lower orders of organic existence. Hence it is not now a matter of wonder that a whole volume of the 'International Scientific Series' should be devoted to the study of Man-like Apes. The volume, *Anthropoid Apes* (London: Kegan Paul & Co.), is from the pen of Professor Hartmann of Berlin, and forms the fifty-third of the above valuable series of works.

On account, says the author, of their external bodily characteristics, of their matchless structure, and their highly developed intelligence, Anthropoids are only stand first among apes, but they take a still higher place, approximating to the human species. Their fossil remains carry us into a far back period of prehistoric time, and even within historic times, we have them mentioned as early as 500 B.C. They were then known to the Carthaginians, who call them '*gorillas*,' and describe them as hairy silvan creatures who replied to the attacks of the seafarers by throwing stones at them.

The gorilla, the chimpanzee, the orang-utan, and the gibbon, are the chief of the animals included under the title Anthropoid Apes. They differ from each other and among them class in external form according to the age and sex, the difference between the sexes being most strongly marked in the gorilla, and least apparent in the gibbon. When a young male gorilla is compared with an aged animal of the same species, we are almost tempted to believe that we have to do with two entirely different creatures. Into the distinguishing physiological peculiarities of the external form of these creatures, we cannot of course enter here, and must refer to the full and elaborate investigations placed on record by Professor Hartmann.

Among the Anthropoids, the gorilla, the 'prototype of the species, deserves our notice first. The aged male gorilla, in the full strength of his bodily development, is a creature of terrible aspect. This animal, when standing upright, is more than six feet in height. The hollow part of the head is broader below than above, and the projecting arches above the eyes give a peculiar prominence to this part of the skull. 'The dark eyes glow below in the hide with a ferocious expression.' The neck is very powerful, almost like that of a bull, and the shoulders are remarkable for their breadth. The arms are very long, and of enormous strength, but the legs short and feeble in proportion. The gorilla inhabits the forests of West Africa, and is sometimes seen in large numbers on the sea coast, probably driven thither from the interior by a scarcity of food. The gorilla, moreover, lives in a society consisting of male and female, with their young of varying age, and the family group inhabits the recesses of the forest. According to one observer, they frequent the same sleeping place not more than three or four times consecutively, and usually spend the night wherever they happen to be when night comes on. The male gorilla chooses a suitable tree, not very high, and by twisting and bending the branches, constructs a kind of rude bower or nest for his family. He himself spends the night under the tree, and thus protects the female and their young from the nocturnal attacks of leopards, which are always ready to devour all species of apes. In the daytime, the gorillas roam through the forest in search of the favourite leaves or fruits which form their food.

In walking, gorillas place the backs of their closed fingers on the ground, or more rarely support themselves on the flat palm, while the bent soles of the feet are also in contact with the ground. Their gait is tottering,

the movement of the body, which is never in an upright position as in man, but bent forward, rolls to some extent from one side to another. They are skilful climbers, and when ranging from tree to tree, will go to their very tops. The gorilla is regarded as a dreadful and very dangerous animal by the negroes who inhabit the same country, though Professor Hartmann considers that Du Chaillu's descriptions are 'greatly exaggerated for the benefit of his readers.' When the animal is seized by man, he generally takes to flight screaming, and he only assumes the defensive if wounded or driven into a corner. At such times his size, strength, and dexterity combine to render him a formidable enemy. 'He sends forth a kind of howl or furious yelp, stands up on his hind legs like an enraged lion advances with clumsy gait in this position and attacks his enemy. At the same time the hair on his head and the ridge of his neck stands erect, his teeth are displayed, and his eyes flash with savage fury. He beats his massive breast with his fists, or beats the air with them. Repeatedly says that if no further provocation is given, and his opponent gradually retreats before the animal's rage has reached its highest point, he does not return to the attack. In other cases he parries the blows directed against him with the skill of a practised fighter, and, as is also done by the lion, he grasps his opponent by the arm and crushes it, or else throws the man down and rends him with his terrible canine teeth.'

Enough of this sylvan monster in his wild state. Let us turn to him in captivity, and we can only take one out of several individuals described. The one referred to was caught young, and gradually accustomed to a mixed diet preparatory to his being brought from Africa to Europe. While still with his first possessors, he was allowed to run about as he chose, being only watched as little children are watched. He clung to human companionship, showed no trace of mischievous, malicious, or savage qualities, but was sometimes fretful. He expressed the ideas which occurred to him by different sounds, one of which was the characteristic tone of importunate petition, while other sounds expressed fright or horror, and in rare instances a sullen and defiant growl might be heard. In moments of exuberant satisfaction, he would raise himself on his hind legs, rub his breast with both fists, or, after quite a human fashion, clap his hands together—this action which no one had taught him. His dexterity in eating was particularly remarkable. He took up a cup or glass with instinctive care, clasped the vessel with both hands, and set it down again so softly and carefully that the narrator cannot remember his breaking a single article of household goods. 'His behaviour at meal times was quiet and mannerly; he only took as much as he could hold with his thumb, fore, and middle finger, and looked on with indifference when any of the different forms of food heaped up before him were taken away. If, however, nothing was given him, he growled impatiently, looked narrowly at all the dishes from his place at table, and accompanied every plate carried off by the negro lads with an angry snarl, or a short resentful cough, and sometimes he sought to seize the arm of the passer by, in order to express his displeasure more plainly by a bite or a blow. He drank by sucking, stooping over the vessel, without even putting his hands into it or upsetting it, and in the case of smaller vessels, he carried them to his mouth. He was clever in manifesting his wish, and often expressed them in an urgent and caressing manner. Child like, he took a special pleasure in making a noise by beating on hollow articles, and he seldom omitted an opportunity of drumming on casks, dishes, or tin ware, whenever he passed by them. After long, brought to Berlin, however, he did not live long, dying of a lingering consumption.'

The second species of anthropoid apes is the chimpanzee. The full grown animal of this species is smaller than the adult gorilla. An aged male chimpanzee has broad, rather rounded shoulders, a powerful chest, long muscular arms reaching to the knee, and a long hand, which seems to be very slender in comparison with that of the gorilla. Like the latter animal, he is a denizen of forest, and subsists on wild fruits of various kinds. He lives either in separate families or in small groups of families. Where he inhabits the forest regions of Central Africa, his habits are more arboreal than those of the gorilla, elsewhere, as on the south west coast, he seems to live more upon the ground. His gait is weak and vacillating, and he can stand erect but a short time. The animals send forth loud cries, and the horrible wails, the furious shrieks and howls that may be heard morning and evening, and often in the night, make the creatures truly hateful to travellers. When chimpanzees are attacked, they strike the ground with their hand, but they do not, as the gorilla does, beat their breasts with their fists. As for the penthouses which Du Chaillu asserts these animals build, Professor Hartmann is somewhat doubtful regarding them. An illustration of this structure, as given by Du Chaillu, has been exhibited in London, but this, in Hartmann's opinion, has been entirely built 'Korpenhil believes that the so called penthouse is only the family nest under which the male plays himself, while Du Chaillu thinks it possible that some parasitic growth, perhaps a *Loranthus*, gave rise to the belief that such a penthouse is erected.'

A male chimpanzee, which was kept in the Berlin Aquarium in 1870, was remarkable for his excessive liveliness, and was on particularly friendly terms with a little two year old boy, the son of Dr Hermes, the director of the aquarium. 'When the child entered the room, the chimpanzee ran to meet him, embraced and kissed him, seized his hand and drew him to the seat, that they might play together. The child was often rough with his playfellow, pulling him by the mouth, pinching his ears, or lying on him, yet the chimpanzee was never known to lose his temper. He behaved very differently to boys between six and ten years old. When a number of schoolboys visited the office, he ran towards them, went from one to the other, shook one of them, bit the leg of another, seized the jacket of

a third with the right hand, jumped up, and with the left gave him a sound box on the ear. In short, he played the wildest pranks. It seemed as if he were infected with the joyous excitement of youth, which induced him to romp with the troop of schoolboys.

One day when Dr Harmes gave his nine years-old son a slight tap on the head for some blunder in his arithmetic, the chimpanzee, who was also sitting at the table, thought it his duty likewise to show his displeasure, and gave the boy a sound box on the ear. Hearing, then, Dr Harmes pointed out to him that some one was striving or mocking at him, and said 'Do not put up with it, the creature cried, 'Oh! oh!' and rushed at the person in question in order to strike or bite him, or express his displeasure in some other way. When he saw the director writing, he often seized a pen, dipped it in the inkstand, and scrawled upon the paper. He displayed a special talent for cleaning the window panes of the aquarium. It was amusing to see him squeezing up the cloth, moistening the pane with his lips, and then rubbing it hard, passing quickly from one place to another.'

Of a female chimpanzee, Massera by name, kept in the Dresden Zoological Gardens, some extraordinary things are told. She was a remarkable creature, not only in her external habits, but in her disposition. 'At one moment she would sit still with a thoughtful air, only occasionally casting a mischievous, flashing glance at the spectators, at another she took pleasure in feats of strength, or she rounded to and fro in her spacious in closure like an angry beast of prey. She would sometimes rattle the bars of her cage with a violence that made the spectators uneasy, at other times would claw at people who entered the vestibule of her cage, and try to tear their clothes. She was fond of playing with old hats, which she set upon her head, and if the top was quite torn off, she drew it down upon her neck.

But Massera was frequently ungovernable. She hardly obeyed any one except Schöpf, the director of the gardens, and when in good humour she would sit on his knee and put her muscular arm round his neck with a caressing gesture. But, in spite of this, he was never quite secure from her roguish tricks. She was able to use a spoon, though somewhat awkwardly, and she could pour from larger vessels into smaller ones without spilling the liquor. If she was left done for any time, she tried to open the lock of her cage, and she once succeeded in doing so, but on that occasion she stole the key. It was kept hanging on the wall, and she, observing it, took it down, hid it in her armpit, and crept quietly back to her cage. When the occasion served her purpose, with the key she easily opened the lock, and walked out. She also knew how to use a pocket, to wring out wet clothes, and to blow her nose with a handkerchief. If allowed to do so, she would draw off the keeper's boots, then scramble with them up to some place out of reach, and, when he asked for them, throw them at his head. She, like the clever gorilla before described, died of consumption. When her illness began, she became apathetic, and looked about with a vacant, unobservant stare. Just before her death, she put her arms round Schöpf's neck when he came to visit her, looked at him plaintively, kissed him three times, stretched out her hands to him, and died. 'The last moments of Anthropoids,' remarks our author, 'have their tragic side!'

Did space permit, we might give many other details of a similar character as to the habits of the orang-utan, the gibbon, and others of the larger apes, both in their wild state and in captivity, but the above are sufficient to illustrate the family to which they belong. A much more interesting matter remains to be considered, namely, what is called the 'anthropomorphism' of these creatures, that is, their relation physically to the highest of all the mammalia, man.

Professor Hartmann observes that Huxley's statement, that the lowest apes are further removed from the highest apes than the latter are from men, is, according to his experience, still perfectly valid. 'It cannot be denied that the highest order of the animal world is closely connected with the highest created being.' But it does not follow therefrom that man is descended from apes, or is simply an improved kind of ape. There is, we fear, still prevailing among large sections of intelligent persons the belief that Darwin's theory was intended to prove that the monkey was the progenitor of man. Of course no one who reads Darwin's works for himself would entertain such a misconception of the whole question. What Darwin's hypothesis suggested was, not that man was descended from the monkey, but that both man and the monkey may be descendants of a common progenitor, a common type, now extinct, and of which no indubitable traces have yet been found. From this common type, or ground form, so to speak, the process of development may, according to Darwin, have resulted in two distinct branches or offshoots, the one branch of development ending in the monkey tribe, the other branch ending in man. It is, in the absence of any certain traces of the extinct common type or progenitor, not a subject on which to dogmatise, but is a theory or hypothesis which, in the opinion of Darwin and many other scientists, gives him, best accounts for the morphological development of man viewed merely from the physical side.

Professor Hartmann admits that his investigations have not brought the problem any nearer to a solution. A baby gorilla is much nearer in physical constitution to a human baby, than the full grown gorilla is to the mature man, thus indicating that the process of development within the life time of an Anthropoid is not in the direction of improvement or further approximation to the human type, but is in the direction of retrogression, or further removal from the human type. 'A great chasm,' he says, 'between Man and Anthropoids is constituted, we believe, by the fact that the human race is capable of education, and is able to acquire the highest mental culture, while the most intelligent Anthropoid can only receive a certain mechanical training. And even to this training a limit is set by the early temper displayed by Anthropoids as they get older.' So that it would seem as if the development of the Anthropoids morally, if we may so use the word here, is, like their physical development, not one of progress or improvement in the individual. Their larger

apes, therefore, with all their striking resemblances to the human form, are not moving nearer towards Man, but merely remain Man-like.

SPIRITED AWAY.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

It was about eight o'clock on a certain November evening in the year 188 , that I found myself one of a number of passengers discharged from a train on the platform of the St Pancras Station. I was just turned nineteen years of age, and this was the first time I had set foot in London. My journey had been a long and tedious one, and I was thoroughly chilled and worn out when I stepped out of the carriage. I had started from home at six in the morning for a twelve mile walk to the nearest station, and after that, had spent hours after hours, first in one third-class carriage, and then in another, for my home was in a remote district many miles from any main line to the metropolis. I may just add that I had but lately recovered from a long illness, having outgrown my strength—or so my friends averred—and to that fact some portion of the weariness I now felt was no doubt attributable.

However, here I was at last, really and truly, in London—in the great city. It was the consummation of the dreams of my youth, as it is of the dreams of scores by hundreds of ambitious country-bred lads. I had no luggage to detain me, the old trunk I had brought with me being a small handle containing a few necessaries; my portmanteau was to follow in the course of a couple of days. As I was minus my way-bill the exit, I might add that the refreshment room. I had had no dinner, to speak of in morning, but a few bun-ends, and now the pangs of hunger began to make themselves felt. I pushed open the swing doors of the refreshment room, and going up to the counter, I asked for a cup of coffee and a couple of sandwiches. While I was having, said, I counted over again the small amount of money in my purse and asked myself whether I could afford to take a cab to my lodgings. Why not walk? The night was young, and the street in which my friend lived, being in the heart of London, could not be more than four or, at the most, five miles away. Besides, there seemed a spice of adventure, something that would serve me to tell about in time to come in finding my way, utter stranger as I was, then and by night through the streets of London—those streets about which I had read so much, and had so often pictured in my thoughts. I decided that I would walk.

Here it becomes needful to mention that my destination was the lodgings of a certain friend, whose name, for the purposes of this narrative, shall be Gascoigne. I call him my friend, and such he was, although he was four years older than myself. We were both natives of the same small country town, his parents and mine were old friends, and even, to the similarity of our tastes and pursuits, he and I had been much thrown together up to the date of his leaving home to push his fortunes in London. We had kept up an unbroken correspondence after his departure, and now that my father had lighted on evil days, and it became imperative that I should turn out into the world, I resolved at once to come to the resolve. I must leave home, he wrote, and take up my quarters with him till he should succeed in finding some situation that would be likely to suit me, which he had little doubt about being able to do in the course of a few weeks at the most. And thus it fell out that here I was in London.

Out of the station, I found a policeman, from whom I inquired my nearest way to the Strand, in a street off which thoroughfare Gascoigne's rooms were situated. The night was damp and raw, with a sort of thin, wet mist in the atmosphere, which blurred the lamps and the lights in the shops, a little way off, and made the pavement greasy and unpleasant to walk on. But little did I heed the weather. I was passing London streets, and for the time being, that was all sufficient. The coffee had warmed me, the fatigue I had felt previously was forgotten as I walked on in a sort of waking dream. Now and then I had to ask my way, and more than once I wandered from the direct road, but at length, after about an hour's walking, I found the street I was in search of, and two minutes later I knocked at the door of No. 16. My summons was responded to by a middle-aged woman—the lodging-house landlady, as I afterwards found—who, in answer to my inquiry, informed me that my friend had been called out of town two days previously on important business, and was not expected back till the morrow. I turned from the door with a sinking heart, feeling more lost and lonely than I had ever felt before. I was in the heart of great Babylon, and I knew not a single soul out of all the teeming thousands around me. Idly I found myself in the Strand again, and there I sat down to chill for a little while, gazing on a scene so full and strange to me. The late, the early, the interminable tide of vehicles, the hurrying human beings, young, old, rich and poor, passing ceaselessly to and fro, winding in and out without touching each other like mad, dancing in the sun—all these affected my spirit like a tonic, and in a very little while put all morbid fancies to flight. Whether I were alone in London without a creature anywhere that I knew—there were thousands of others in a similar plight. Gascoigne would be back on the morrow, and for this one night I must make shift with a bed at some decent coffee-house or inexpensive hotel. It was too early yet to think of turning in, it would be time enough an hour hence to set about finding quarters for the night.

I wandered on, heedless whither my footsteps might lead me, my weariness all but forgotten in the novelty of the scenes which met my country-bred eyes at every turn. As the clocks were striking ten, I found myself on one of the

bridge, gazing over the parapet at the black flowing river as it wished and swirled through the arches under my feet. A thick fog was silently creeping up, and even while I was gazing at the fringe of lamps on some other bridge, its dark mantle closed round them, and shut them in as completely as though they had never been. A few minutes later, the fog had reached the spot where I was standing, and had caught me in a damp, sickly embrace, which in a very little while suffused to chill me to the marrow, and blotted out as completely as with a wet sponge all the seething world around me.

When I began to move again after my halt, I realised for the first time how thoroughly weary and dead beat I was, and that I must no longer delay seeking out a lodging for the night. The fog was the keening fact in it, it was impossible to see more than three or four yards in any direction. In my lewd intent, instead of turning back towards the Strand side of the bridge, as my intention was, I seem to have unwittingly crossed to the Surrey side, seeing that, a few minutes later, I found myself in a maze of narrow, tortuous streets, in which gin palaces and fried fish shops seemed to be the chief places of entertainment.

I wandered on, turning from one thoroughfare into another, feeling in that thick, black fog more utterly lost and bewildered, even in the streets of London, than I should have done if set down at midnight in the heart of Salisbury Plain with nothing but the star to guide me on my way. In the district in which I now found myself there seemed to be no small hotels where a stranger might find cheap but decent accommodation for the night—nothing but flaring taverns and low coffee shops. Three or four of these latter I passed which, even had beat as I was, I could not summon up courage to enter—they looked too uncomfortably and repulsive to a youth of countenance to be like myself. At length I came to one which seemed more promising than any I had yet seen—cleaner and neater in every way, as far as I could judge, by peering through the window. It was merely a coffee shop, with some cups and saucers and a few muffins, teacakes, and other comestibles in the window, but what had more attraction for me than anything else was the welcome legend, "Good Beds," painted in black letters on the lamp over the door. I hesitated no longer, but pushed open the swing doors and entered.

My first glance round showed me that the place was one much frequented by foreigners, and when the *cafetier* himself came down the room to inquire my pleasure, I saw at once that, whatever of his nationality might be, he was certainly not an Englishman. My wants were simple—a chop and some coffee. I put the question of bed aside for the present, till I should have seen more of the place and its frequenters. The *cafetier* answered me with much politeness, but in very broken English, that my requirements should be at once attended to, and that, meanwhile—with a comprehensive wave of his hand—the newspapers, English and foreign, were at the service of monsieur. He did not look much like a coffee house keeper, with his long grizzled hair, his high bald forehead, his dark deep set eyes, in each of which glowed a spark of vivid fire, and his thin white hands; there seemed about him too much of the air of a man of breeding and education for such an occupation.

He was still addressing himself to me, when there was a sudden irruption into the room of a little black eyed, short haired, bullet headed waiter, French or Swiss most probably, in a black jacket and short white apron, who, dancing up to me, took possession of me at once, divined my wants in a moment, and precipitated off to fetch me my coffee, pending the cooking of my chop, leaving his master astonished, so to speak, both mentally and physically. "Ah, Jean will attend to monsieur," said the latter, putting his hands to his sides and straightening his long thin back. "Jean, he is a good fellow, and will make monsieur comfortable." And with that he lounged slowly away to a small counter at the upper end of the room, behind which he seated himself, and became at once immersed in the perusal of some foreign journal.

I was still looking at him, sitting with my arms folded over the table, when my eyelids closed unconsciously, and I dropped asleep as I sat—but only for a few moments, for Jean was quickly at my side with the coffee and a roll, flicking some imaginary crumbs off the table with his serviette in a polite way of arousing me. A draught of coffee imparted new life to me for a time, and I could afford to look round with some degree of curiosity. In all, there were about a dozen people in the place. Two or three customers got up and went away, while others came in and took their places. Others there were who seemed habitual frequenters of the place, and sat playing draught or dominoes, smoking their cigarettes, and sipping at their coffee or chocolate between times. Only one here and there was English, the rest of them were unmistakably foreigners, of various types and nationalities, but all healthy sun-mouth as such even to my unfit red eyes. Small bullet headed Jean was equal to the requirements of each and all.

Seated at one of the narrow tables on the opposite side of the room, and facing the door, was a man who took my attention more than any one there, the *cafetier* excepted. He was a full cheeked, heavy browed man, not tall, but strongly built, and with something of that added corpulence which so often comes with middle age. He had close cropped iron gray hair, which stood out like a stiff stubble in every direction, but his moustache and imperial were jet black, and dyed presumably. He had a rather thick aquiline nose, and he wore a pair of gold rimmed spectacles, but once or twice I caught a glance from his eyes, which were steel gray in colour, so keen and piercing, that his assumption of artificial aid for them seemed somewhat of a mockery. He was dressed in a tightly buttoned black frock coat, and wore a wisp of black ribbon round his neck, tied in a formal little bow under his turn down collar. His trousers were dark gray in colour, and his feet were encased in a pair of broad toed varnished boots. His rather large plump hands were white and shapely, and his filbert nails were carefully trimmed. He looked so superior to the general run of the other frequenters of the

coffee shop whom I had hitherto seen, that he had an air of being altogether out of place. He neither spoke to nor was addressed by any one except Jean, who served him with his chocolate, but seemed immersed in the contents first of one foreign newspaper and then of another, several of which were spread on the table in front of him. Still, notwithstanding his seeming indifference to everything that was going on around him, an impression somehow got possession of me that not a man entered or left the place without being keenly examined from behind those gold rimmed spectacles, while more than once I had an uneasy consciousness that I was the object who was being photographed by that coldly penetrative gaze.

As soon as I had finished my chop, Jean came to clear the table, upon which I took the opportunity of saying to him: 'I shall require a bed here to-night. I suppose you can find room for me?'

He stared at me for a moment or two in open-eyed astonishment. Then he said: 'Monsieur is mistaken. We have no beds for strangers here.'

'Then why have you the announcement of "Good Beds" painted up on the lamp outside?' I demanded a little hotly.

Jean shrugged his shoulders. 'Ah, that is a mistake—all at once I mistook, he answered with his strong French accent. 'The Englishman who had this place before Monsieur Karavich, used to let out beds, but Monsieur Karavich, who has been here but two months, does not.'

At this juncture M. Karavich himself appeared on the scene. He had come to ascertain what the discussion was about. He put a question to Jean in French, and the latter answered him volubly in the same language.

'Jean is right, monsieur,' said the *patron* to me in his broken English, which I had some difficulty in comprehending, and with an air of polite deprecation. 'We do not let out beds to strangers. The lamp shall be altered to-morrow. I am sorry—truly sorry, monsieur.'

'So am I sorry,' I answered stoutly. 'I am an utter stranger in London, never having set foot in it till three hours ago, and I know no more where I am than the man in the moon. Besides, think of the fog.' 'What am I, a stranger, to do if turned out into the midst of it?' 'You can surely find me a bed somewhere. I do not care how humble it is—and it is only for one night. Put your head outside the door, monsieur, and see for yourself whether one such night you would turn even a dog into the streets.'

The *patron* spoke to Jean in some language with which I had no acquaintance. Jean replied volubly as usual. Then the *patron* spoke again, but this time his voice had an imperative tone in it such as I had not noticed before. Jean turned pale, and replied, not in words, but by turning out the palms of his hands and spreading wide his fingers. It was an answer replete with significance. Turning to me, the *patron* said, in his slow, hesitating tones: 'I will find monsieur a bed. He is a stranger and an Englishman and claims my hospitality that is enough for Fedor Karavich.'

I did not fail to thank him. He smiled faintly, made me a little bow, and went slowly back to his counter. When I turned my eyes on Jean, he was scowling at me most unmistakably. What could I possibly have done to annoy the spiritly little man?

The stranger with the gold spectacles pushed away his newspapers and rose to go. Jean helped him on with his fur lined overcoat, and as he did so, a quick whisper passed between the two. Then Jean left him. The stranger put on his hat, and coming down a place or two till he stood close by the end of my table, he proceeded to leisurely button up his coat. I happened to look up, and our eyes met. The stranger smiled, and said in a soft, pleasant voice, in which there was the faintest perceptible trace of a foreign accent: 'Pardon, but I think I heard monsieur say just now that he was a stranger in London. Is that not so?'

'Quite a stranger,' I replied. 'I only arrived here three hours ago, and was never in London before.'

I was glad to have some one to speak to, were it only this pleasant-voiced foreigner, it seemed to me, for a minute to take off the edge of my loneliness.

'Again pardon,' said the other, 'but monsieur would naturally find the fog, out the rather bewildering? Ah, your English climate. He would be puzzled, for instance, to find his way from this house to Charing Cross, or even to the nearest bridge, is it not?'

'Faith, you are right there,' I answered with a laugh. 'I have not the slight idea of the locality of this house, nor even on which side the river it is situated. But daylight will solve my difficulties on that score.'

'Ah, that daylight is a great tell tale,' answered the stranger with the ghost of a smile. 'Bonsoir, monsieur, I hope you will sleep well, and have pleasant dreams.'

Again the same inscrutable smile flitted across his face. Bowing, his hat slightly, he pushed open the swing doors, and passed out into the fog and darkness.

It was growing late by this time. Besides myself, there were only two customers now left in the place, who seemed still as intent on their game of dominoes as they had been when I went in. Summoning Jean, I asked to be shown to my room.

I think the bedroom into which I was presently included was the very smallest in which it was ever my lot to sleep, while the bed itself was so short, that a tall lanky fellow such as I was might well wonder how his length of limb was to be packed away in so small a compass. On turning down the bedcloths, the sheets and pillow cases, to my counting eyes, accustomed to the snowiest of linen, looked far too dingy to be at all inviting. It seemed to me that they had not been changed for a considerable period, but be that as it may, I had no inclination to trust myself into too close contact with their dubious purity. I was tired enough to sleep anywhere, and had there been anything in the shape of an easy chair in the room, I would have made that my couch for the night. What I did was to take off my collar, boots, and coat, lie down on the bed, turn up the counterpane over me on both sides, and lay my coat over that. Thousands in London that night had a far worse bed than mine. Leaving the

end of candle which Jean had given me to burn itself out, three minutes later I was in a sound dreamless sleep.

FORTUNE.

By a deplorable limitation of the meaning of the word, it has come about that the idea suggested to most minds by the expression 'fortune' or 'a fortunate man' is the accumulation of wealth. It would seem, therefore, that, in the popular estimation, no man is fortunate who is not in the possession of it. A little thought, above all a little experience of life, will soon convince us that this is not the case, and so far is it from being true, that wealth will be found to be but a small and solitary factor in those various combinations of providences of our lives from which we derive our happiness. The sordid wooer in the ballad, who asked, 'What is your fortune, my pretty maid?' knew of no fortune beside that of riches. The pretty and witty maid knew better. 'My fortune is my fortune, sir,' she said, and let in a flood of unaccustomed light upon the benighted mind of her baffled suitor, to whom it had never occurred that fortune might consist in beauty and the qualities that win love and admiration.

It is doubtful whether a man who, by a stroke or two of the pen, can flutter the innocent dovecots of the Lombard, is, by virtue of that power, any happier than the humble farmer whose yearly income may be straitened by one nights rain. For in advance of wealth, in estimating what meed of fortune has fallen to any man's lot, should be placed health, upon the state of which our welfare so hugely depends, and the preservation of which is so nearly contingent upon the method of life we adopt. Riches without health do not bring with them the capacity for their enjoyment, and yet how many of us waste the latter in the pursuit of the former! The merchant who rises early and toils till a late hour at his desk in the sunless city office for the sake of amassing money, has generally advanced far beyond middle life before his object is attained, and finds then that he has lost the faculty of enjoyment. Leisure has become a weariness to him, the pursuits for which he once coveted it have lost their attraction for him, the studies he once desired opportunities to follow up, have lost their interest, he has no longer the robust health and bodily strength demanded for the sports and pastimes which once seemed to him to make life worth living. Without the accustomed occupation, the day is a blank, he must still journey to the office, still add sovereign to sovereign, and take what comfort is possible from the reflection that another may perhaps spend them, and that they may serve to keep in ease and idleness one who never worked for them—a poor and second hand solace, indeed, for no man yet ever started life with the intention of acquiring wealth for the sole benefit of his successor. The proper image of such a man, wearing out his days in the dull monotonous round of business, is the ass in the great hollow wheel of the water well in Carisbrooke Castle, which walks for ever up-hill, but which never advances, and never rises, and the end of whose labour is to draw water that others may drink it.

With numerically unimportant exceptions, we have all to toil for our living, and it is probable that that man is most truly described as fortunate who at the outset in life has chosen work in which he can take pleasure. To labour during the best hours of the day in hatred or contempt of the task, for the sake of the few hours of leisure that are thereby earned, will in the long run weaken the moral fibre, and lower the vitality, and those hours of leisure will probably be wasted when won. But he who has been fortunate enough to find work for his hands to do which will bring him food and shelter, and in which at the same time his soul can rejoice, will lay aside his task with a spirit fresh for a new study, a new enterprise, or with a zest for innocent and healthy enjoyment.

The artist who labours to create forms, hues, and ideas of beauty, the author who enriches the world with fresh treasures of thought, the physician whose aim and whose reward is to relieve suffering, the carpenter to whom his craft is a pride and a triumph, the labourer in the field who loves the soil he tills, and delights to watch from season to season the checkered success of his operations—these, and such as these, are the truly fortunate men, into whose annual money winnings we have no need to inquire before pronouncing them happy. Home, it is true, can let us to a large extent in our own hands, for though we have not all the professions and occupation of life offered to our choice, yet some selection is open to us, and it behoves us to choose both wisely and boldly, and it is an instance where boldness is often wisdom. Even where the choice presented to us is so narrow as seemingly to preclude all chance of satisfying our aspirations, there is but little work in the world which we cannot ennoble by our method of performing it and by the spirit in which we undertake it. The ideal life which presents us with the spectacle of the Master washing the feet of his disciples and kneading the common clay of the ground, teaches us how to invest with dignity the meanest labour of our hands. From the examples of Chaucer, whose pen 'moved over bills of lading,' and of Burns, whose foot trod deep into the miry furrows behind the plough he guided, we may learn that while a humble toil cannot degrade the man, a man may infinitely ennoble the toil. Let us but once recognise that it is necessary and right that any piece of work should be done, and that it has fallen to our lot to do it, and a genuine pleasure may be derived from its thorough performance. 'The manly part,' says Emerson, 'is to do with might and main what you can do.' Indifference to the excellence of the work turned out, hurried or perfunctory or slovenly execution, will result in lethargy and self dissatisfaction; while a right pride in a piece of good work well done will leave the nerves braced and not relaxed, and the faculties developed instead of diminished.

Fortunate, again, beyond the power of mishap to deprive, is the man who is endowed with such elasticity of spirit that he can shake off the anxieties and weariness of the mind in the mere delight of existence; to whom the fresh breath of morning as he rises, the sense of bodily strength as he steps forth into the open air, the

consciousness of vigour as he performs his midday toil, the assurance of sound sleep as he lays his head on the pillow at night, can bring oblivion of the losses or the disappointments of yesterday. And, one more, a measure of this good fortune is within the reach of most of us. The tempest that boils over trouble that cries over spilt milk, and finds days and months and years, is one easy indeed to yield to, but one which can be put to rout with a little fortitude and resolve, and, that once achieved, the energies need say for the retrieval of our position will quickly assert themselves.

Highly favoured, too, of fortune is the man who has been born with an eye and a heart for Music, with an eye and a heart for Art and Nature, and with a brain and a heart for Poetry, for veritably in these are to be found the most inexhaustible riches, the most enduring delights, the most exalting pleasures. But it would be unavailing to attempt to epitomise the various gifts that birth or accident confer which are worthy to be regarded as good fortune. A moment's reflection is all that is needed to prove that opulence is but a small and high item among the infinite number of such gifts, and the sordid tendency of the mind, and the liability of word to become restricted in their meaning, and debased in their application, is evinced in the narrowed signification of opulence ascribed by common usage to the word 'fortune.' We live in a money grasping age, and it is well to call to mind from time to time that riches are not the only counters with which the game of life is played and won or lost, and that our banker is not, after all, the best judge of our fortune.

THE IVORY TRADE

There is no doubt in the world but that American trade is being admirably and really American consuls in every part of the world. The Reports which these gentlemen send are not only written in an interesting manner, but embrace nearly every subject that can be of service to the industrial occupation of any country. Among recent Reports is one by Mr C. Neal Webster on ivory so far as it relates to the Sheffield cutlery trade, and as his Report embraces nearly every matter connected with this trade—though some of his figures are not very new—the facts cannot fail to be of interest to this country also. From the Report, it appears that in 1880 there were imported 14,135 cwt of ivory from the following countries: British East India sent us 2372 cwt., west coast of Africa, 3310 cwt., Egypt, 2003 cwt., British possessions in South Africa, 1111 cwt., the native states, east coast of Africa, 1030 cwt., Aden, 693 cwt., France, 612 cwt., Holland, 131 cwt., Malta, 411 cwt., Portuguese possessions, West Africa, 361 cwt., British possessions, West Africa, 102 cwt., and all other countries, 1367 cwt.

Malta is the port of shipment to England of ivory that finds its way to Tripoli and other points on the north coast of Africa. To Holland, ivory is brought from her possessions on the coast of Africa. France receives but little except what has been purchased in England, portions of which are sometimes returned. The Bombay, Siam, and Zanzibar ivory is bought for the making of piano keys, carvings, and other expensive articles of luxury. All ivory from the east coast of Africa, except the Cape, comes through Zanzibar, and pays a royalty to the sultan. This is known to the trade by a mark or rude figure of an elephant—that is put upon it after the payment of this royalty. Mr Webster calls attention to the fact that this mark is often erased from tusks that are to be sent to the United States from the English sales, and says that this is done to prevent identification, and avoid the extra duty chargeable on all "goods the produce of countries east of the Cape of Good Hope, when imported from places west of the Cape of Good Hope." It will be news to most of us in this country that the United States thus tries to prohibit, where possible, the purchase of raw material through the European markets.

Mammoth tusks of ivory occasionally come to this country from Siberia, but as these have been lying exposed for centuries, and probably for many thousand of years, and often buried in ice, the 'mature' has gone out of them, and they are not fit for the cutlers use. The teeth of the walrus and hippopotamus are used in considerable quantity, and bone, of suitable size, are used which for making expensive carved handles. Ivory of the best quality comes from the west coast of Africa, under the name of Cameroon, Angola, and Gaboon ivory. This is brought down from the interior, and retains a large proportion of the 'fat or gelatine,' from the fact, probably, that it is more recently from the animal. In this state it is called 'green' ivory. It is more translucent, and not so white as the Egyptian and other kinds, called 'white' ivory, that have been lying a longer time and in a more sandy region, and exposed to the heat of the sun until the animal matter has disappeared. The excellence of the 'green' ivory consists in its greater toughness and in its yellow, whitish by age, instead of yellow, is the case with the whitish variety. Yet buyers of cutlery, through ignorance of the qualities, usually prefer the white kind which is that we mean more in demand for the Sheffield trade, and have more than doubled in price since 1879. The sales of ivory occur every three months at London and Liverpool, and sales are also held to a limited extent and at irregular intervals at Rotterdam. At Liverpool, only ivory of the best quality, and from the west coast of Africa, is offered. Ivory is from Germany and France and agent of American concerns attend these sales, and it is estimated that about one quarter of the whole amount goes to Sheffield, another quarter to London, and the other half to Germany, France, and the United States.

Turning from the sources and sale of ivory, we must have some very interesting facts relating to its manufacture. The experienced eye is quick to discern the value of a lot of ivory, when—which is essential—it is guided by a knowledge of the country from which it comes. It is also said that the electric light is beginning to be used to test the soundness of the tusks. There is just now great anxiety as to the future supply of ivory. The stocks in public warehouses in

smaller than for many years past, and the rapid increase in prices is causing great anxiety to manufacturers. At a recent sale at Liverpool, the best African ivory sold by the ton at over twelve shillings and sixpence per pound. This will explain the fact that the principal factor in the value of the best table cutlery is the handle. When the ivory comes into the hands of the cutler, much skill is required to make the most of the precious material, and every scrap is turned to account. After cutting out the scales of all sizes for pocket knives, and the solid handles for table cutlery, the small pieces are usually sold to the button maker, or maybe made into 'pearls.' The latter are the small pieces of ivory, pearl, or horn inserted into the handles of tea and coffee pots as mere imitations of bone, and are so called because they were originally made of pearl. The fine saw dust is sold for fertilising purposes, for the manufacture of gelatine, and for making a fine white varnish, used in the manufacture of lace curtains and other fabrics. The refuse still remaining goes to the makers of ivory black. The proportion of this residuum is about fifteen pounds to the hundred weight, and sells it from sixteen to twenty pounds per ton. Many efforts have been made to devise some method for the solidification of ivory dust, but as yet without success. Great skill is required in the cutting of ivory, as of wood, to bring out the beauty of the grain. The saw of the cutter occasionally reveals a little hill that has been left in the tusk, and that has been completely covered over by subsequent growth. About one third the length of the tusk, where it enters the head of the elephant, is hollow. This hollow, when the tusk is in place upon the live animal, is filled with a soft pulp or core, which supplies the growth of the tusk. A hill left in this core will in time be imbedded in the solid ivory. This hollow portion is cut off and sold separately, except the thin outer part, as black ivory, and is in great demand for trinkets or ornamental rings, for the ankles and arms of Indian and African women. That portion of the tusk towards the point is usually more solid and of finer grain. This is cut off and sold by itself at high prices under the name of billiard ball points. Small teeth of from ten to fifteen pounds weight are called in the trade 'scrivellos.' The points of these small tusks are used in their natural state for making handles for expensive carving sets and for other articles of luxury. The large proportion of very small tusks which are now brought to market annually is a sure indication of the increasing number of elephants that die young. To show to what size these tusks might attain, the American consul states that there was in a Sheffield showroom an African elephant's tusk nine feet long, twenty one inches in girth, and weighing one hundred and sixty pound. The value of the tusk was one hundred and thirty pounds, and it is said that an animal large enough and strong enough to carry such a pair would attract far more attention than Jumbo did. In the nine years which ended with 1881, there were 5280 tons of ivory imported into Great Britain, and as the number of tusks is known, the average weight of pairs of tusks can be ascertained. It is a little under forty pounds each pair. At this rate, these imports represent 206,016 pairs, and consequently the same number of elephants have either died long ago, or have been recently slaughtered, to supply the demands of luxury in nine years alone. 'At this rate of destruction,' says Mr Webster, 'it will be seen how rapidly this noble animal must disappear, and how surely ivory will become a thing of the past. There are, doubtless, large quantities of ivory still remaining in the interior of the African continent, but with the rapid advance of civilised man, and the temptation of increasing high prices, these will soon be discovered and exhausted.'

SPOKEN IN ANGER

'Twas but a little word in anger spoken,
While proud eyes flashed through bitter burning tears,
But oh, I felt that fatal word had broken
The cord of love that bound our hearts for years.
Thy tortured face, that long, wild look of sorrow,
Like some pale ghost, must haunt me while I live,
And yet, how bright, how full of joy the morrow,
Had I but breathed one simple word—'I forgive!'

I did not hear thy tender voice upplaining,
Nor marked the anguish when I cried, 'Depart!'
Too blind to see the pitying glance remaining,
The generous promptings of thy noble heart.
How could I know that faithful heart was yearning,
Though cruelly I had wounded it to its utmost core,
To take me back like weary bird returning
In fear and trembling, when the storm is over?

'Remember, love, that it may be for ever,
To see my face no more by night or day.
Be the rash heart that will before us sever,
Recall the words we speak and bid me stay.
Dark silence fell, the sun in its hushed then sinking,
'I sought' I proudly cried. 'I choose my fate
What cares thou? my mind and heart keep raising
The death in all that I do—too late, too late.'

'Forgive, forgive!' I wailed, the wild tears streaming,
As, and the mournful trees I sat old alone,
'Love! thy kisses wake me from my dreaming'
Thy pleading voice thy tender fate, was gone
That many word, I may recall it never,
For over thy mouth grew rank weeds have grown
'Remember, love, that it may be for ever
Ah, words prophetic! love, had I but known!

My locks are gray, my eyes are dim with weeping,
The face once loved by thee, no longer fair,
Beneath the daisies, thou art calmly sleeping,
There, a lone woman often kneels in prayer.
Ah, sweetheart mine, thou art so lowly lying,
Thou canst not hear the fearful cries above,
That with the night wind evermore is sighing
'I spoke in anger! oh, forgive me, love!'

FANNY FORRESTER

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

All Rights Reserved.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL
OF
POPULAR
LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART
Fifth Series
ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832
CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)

No. 123.—Vol. III. SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1886 Price 1½d.

COTTAGE IDEAS

[illegible]

Passing by the kitchen door, I heard Louisa, the maid, chanting to a child on her knee

> Feyther stole th Passon's sheep
> A merry Christmas we shall keep
> We shall have both mutton and beef—
> *But we don't say nothing about it*

To rightly understand this rhyme, you must sing it with long drawn emphasis on each word, lengthening it into at least two syllables, the first a sort of hexameter, the second a pentameter of sound

> Feyther stole th Passon's sheep

The last line is to come off more trippingly, like an 'undertone.' This all simple, and had doubtless been handed down from the times when the labourers really did steal sheep, a crime happily extinct with cheap bread. Louisa was one of the rare old sort—hard working, and always ready, never complaining, but satisfied with any food there chanced to be, sensible and steady, a woman who could be thoroughly depended on. Her boxes were full of good dresses, of a solid, unassuming kind, such as would wear well—a perfect wardrobe. Her purse was always well supplied with money, she had money saved up, and she sent money to her parents. Yet her wages, until late years, had been small. In doing her duty to others, she did good to herself. A duchess would have been glad to have her in her household. She had been in farm house service from girlhood, and had doubtless learned much from good housewives, farmers' wives are the best of all teachers, and the girls, for their own sakes, had much better be under them than wasting so much time learning useless knowledge at compulsory schools.

> Freckles said, when he came in,
> He never would enter a tawny skin,

was another of her rhymes. Freckles come in with summer, but never appear on a dark skin, so that the freckled should rejoice in these signs of fairness.

> Your father he collerery
> Was not such a go saberry
> As to send in his bilberry
> I fear it was lowberry.

Some children are liable to an unpleasant complaint at night, for this, there is a certain remedy. A mouse is baked in the oven to a 'sarnnap,' then pounded to powder, and this powder administered. Many ladies still have faith in this curious medicine, it reminds one of the powdered mummy, once the great cure of human ills. Country places have not always got romantic names—Wapsus Farm, for instance, and Hogs Pudding Farm. Wapsus is the provincial for wasp.

Country girls are not all so shrewd as Louisa, we heard of two—this was some time since—who, being in service in London, paid ten shillings each to Madame Rachel for a bath to be made beautiful for ever. Half a sovereign out of their few coins! On the other hand, town servants are well dressed and have plenty of finery, but seldom have any reserve of good clothing, such as Louisa possessed. All who know the country, regret the change that has been gradually coming over the servants and the class from which they are supplied. 'Gawd help the poor missus as gets hold of you!' exclaimed a cottage woman to her daughter, whose manners on hire not been as they should be. 'God help the poor mistress who has to put up with you!' A remark that would be most emphatically echoed by many a farmer's wife and country resident. 'Doant you stop, if her hollers at 'ee,' said another cottage mother to her girl, just departing for service that is, dont stop if you dont like it, dont stop if your mistress finds the least fault. 'Come along home, if you dont like it.' Home to what! In this instance, it was a most wretched hovel, literally built in a ditch, no convenience, no sanitation, and the father a drunkard, who

scarcely brought enough money indoors to supply bread.

You would imagine that a mother in such a position would impress upon her children the necessity of endeavouring to do something. For the sake of that spirit of independence in which they seem to take so much pride, one would suppose they would desire to see their children able to support themselves. But it is just the reverse; the poorer folk are, the less they seem to care to try to do something. 'You come home if you don't like it,' and stay about the house in slatternly idleness, tails bedraggled and torn, thumb-holes out at the toes and down at the heels, half starved on potatoes and weak tea—stay till you fall into disgrace, and lose the only thing you possess in the world—your birthright—your character. Strange advice it was for a mother to give.

Nor is the feeling confined to the slattern rural section, but often exhibited by very respectable cottagers indeed.

'My mother never would go out to service—she *wouldn't* go,' said a servant to her mistress, one day talking confidentially.

'Then what did she do?' asked the mistress, knowing they were very poor people.

'Oh, she stopped at home.'

'But how did she live?'

'Oh, her father had to keep her. If she wouldn't go out, of course he had to some how.'

This mother would not let her daughter go to one place because there was a draw well on the premises, and her father objected to her going to another because the way to the house lay down a long and lonely lane. The girl herself, however, had sense enough to keep in a situation, but it was distinctly against the feeling at her home, yet they were almost the poorest family in the place. They were very respectable, and thought well of in every way, belonging to the best class of cottagers.

Unprofitable sentiment! injurious sentiment—self destroying! but I always maintain that sentiment is stronger than fact, and even than self interest. I see clearly how foolish these feelings are, and how they operate to the disadvantage of those whom they influence. Yet I confess that were I in the same position, I should be just as foolish. If I lived in a cottage of three rooms, and earned my bread by dint of arm and hand under the sun of summer and the frost of winter, if I lived on hard fare, and, most powerful of all, if I had no hope for the future, no improvement to look forward to, I should feel just the same. I would rather my children shared my crust, than fed on roast beef in a stranger's hall. Perhaps the sentiment in my case might have a different origin, but in effect it would be similar. I should prefer to see my family about me—the one only pleasure I should have—the poorer and the more unhappy, the less I should care to part with them. This may be foolish, but I expect it is human nature.

English folk don't 'cotton' to their poverty at all; they don't eat humble pie with a relish; they resent being poor and despised. Foreign folk seem to take to it quite naturally, an Englishman, somehow or other, always feels that he is wronged. He is injured, he has not got his rights. To me, it seems the most curious thing possible that well-to-do people should expect the poor to be delighted with their condition. I hope they never will be—an evil day that—if it ever came—for the Anglo Saxon race. There always seemed to me to be something peculiarly repulsive in the doctrine of the old Catechism, once so studiously worked into the minds of the villagers by dint of constant repetition, teaching them to be satisfied 'To do their duty in the station to which it had pleased God to call them'—that is, to hedge and ditch and wash greasy plates all their lives, according as they were made of female, handmaids or manpack. To touch hats and forelocks, to bob courtesies (not out of courtesy as equals, but in sign of low degree). To be lowly of spirit before city clad in broadcloth—a species of idolatry—to lord down and destroy those inward feelings of independence natural to all. Anything more opposed to that onward movement in which the hopes of the human race are bound up, it would be impossible to conceive.

One girl prided herself very much upon belonging to a sort of club or insurance—if she died, her mother would receive ten pounds. Ten pounds, ten gold sovereigns, was to her such a magnificent sum, that she really appeared to wish herself dead, in order that it might be received. She hoped and talked and brooded much constantly. If she caught cold, it didn't matter, she would say, her mother would have ten pounds. It seemed a curious reversal of ideas, but it is a fact that poor folk in course of time come to think less of death than money. Another girl was describing to her mistress how she met the cutter's ghost in the rickyard, the wagon-wheel went over him, but he continued to haunt the old scene, and they met him as commonly as the sparrows.

'Did you ever speak to him?'

'Oh no. You mustn't speak to them, if you speak to them, they'll fly at you.'

In winter, the men were allowed to grub up the roots of timber that had been thrown, and take the wood home for their own use, this kept them in fuel the winter through without buying any. 'But they don't get paid for that work.' She considered it quite a hardship that they were not paid for taking a present. Cottage people do look at things in such a curious crooked light! A mother grumbled because the vicar had not been to see her child, who was ill. Now, she was not a church-goer, and cared nothing

for the Church or its doctrines—that was not it—she grumbled so terribly because 'it was his place to come'

A lady went to live in a village for health's sake, and having heard so much of the poverty of the farmer's man, and how badly his family were off, thought that she should find plenty who would be glad to pick up extra shillings by doing little things for her. First she wanted a stout boy to help to draw her Bath chair, while the footman pushed behind, it being a hilly country. Instead of having to choose from a half-dozen applicants, as she expected, the difficulty was to discover anybody who would even take such a job into consideration. The lad did not care about it, their father had not a word about it, and their mothers did not want them to do it. At one cottage there were five lads at home doing nothing, but the mother thought they were too delicate for such work. In the end, a boy was found, but not for some time. Nobody was eager for any extra shilling to be earned in that way. The most thing was somebody to fetch a pole or two of spring water daily. This man did not care for it, and the other did not care for it, and even one who had a small piece of ground and kept a donkey and water butt on wheels for the very purpose, shook his head. He always fetched water in the summer when it was dry, never fetched none at the time of year—he could not do it. After a time, a small shepherd operating the yoke of water from the spring for her—the boy could carry it, the labourers could not. He was certainly well to do, yet he was not above an extra shilling.

This is one of the most marked traits in the character of cottage folk—they do not care for small sum, they do not care to pick up sixpences. They seem to be afraid of all paltry profit—as if to do so, even in their own advantage, would be against their personal honour and dignity. In London, the least trifle is snapped up immediately, and there is a great deal of cash paid for permission to earn a penny, and that in a very disinclined way. In the country, it is quite different. Large fortunes have been made out of matches, now a true country cottager would despise such a mean, paltry fraction of a penny as is represented by a match. I heard a little girl singing—

Little drops of water, little grains of sand
It is these that make oceans and mountains, it is pennies that make millionaires. But this the country man cannot see. Not from idleness either, the dislike to little profits is a national characteristic, well marked in the farmer, and indeed in all classes. I, too, must be humble, and acknowledge that I have frequently detected the same folly in myself, so let it not be supposed for an instant that I set up as a censor. I do but delineate. Work for the cottager must be work to please him, and to please him, it must be the regular sort to which he is accustomed, which he did beside his father as a boy, which his father did, and his father before him, the same old plough or grub axe, the same milking, the same identical mowing, if possible in the same field. He does not care for any newfangled jobs. He does not recognise them, they have no *locus standi*—they are not established. Yet he is most anxious for work, and works well, and is indeed the best labourer in the world. But it is the national character. To understand a nation, you must go to the cottager.

The well to do are educated, they have travelled, if not in their ideas they are more or less cosmopolitan. In the cottager, the character stands out in the clearest relief, in the cottager, you get to 'bedrock', as the Americans say, there's the foundation. Character runs upwards, not downwards. It is not the nature of the aristocrat that permeates the cottager, but the nature of the cottager that permeates the aristocrat. The best of us are only bedecked cottagers. Scratch deep enough, and you come to that, so that to know a people, go to the cottager and not to the mansion. The labouring man cannot quickly alter his ways. Can the manufacturer? All alike try to go in the same old groove, till almost visits their persistence. It is English human nature.

IN ALL SHADES.

CHAPTER XXI.

They had reached the top of the stone steps, when two voices were heard up in them from the two ends of the corridor opposite. The first was Mr Dupuy's. 'Where is she? it is!—Miss Percival, where is Nora? You don't mean to say this is true that Tom tells me that you are actually going and let her sit out a dance with that concealed mule, or fellow, Dr Whitaker? Upon my word, my dear madam, what this island is coming to, or waters is really more than I can imagine.

The second voice was louder and blander. 'My sweetest, my dearest, my somewhat thick as cutts, my dear madam, Wilberf'ce Clunk on Whitaker! Where is he? I be in de garden? I want to introduce him to de governess lady. De governess lady has been graciously pleased to express an interest in de ministrations of de humbles most closely bound up wit de great social revolution, in which I have had de honour to be de humble actor, for de benefit of millions of my fellow subjects.—Walkin in de garden, sa ha, wit de daughter of my respected friend, de Honourable Teodore Dupuy of Orange Gardens? Ha, ha! Dat's de way wit de young folks—dat's de way wit dem! Always off walkin in de garden wit de pretty ladies. Ha, ha, ha! I doesn't blame dem!'

Dr Whitaker, his face on fire and his ears tingling, pushed on rapidly down the very centre of the garden, taking no heed of either voices in outward seeming, but in straight on, with Nora on his arm, till he reached the open window-doors that led directly into the big ballroom. There, seething in oil, but outwardly calm and polite, he handed over his partner with a conventional smile to Captain Castello, and turning on his heel, strode away bitterly across the ballroom to the outer doorway. Not a few people noticed him as he strode off in his angry

dignity, for Tom Dupuy had already been blustering—with his usual taste—in the corridors and refreshment room about his valiant threat of soundly horsewhipping the woolly headed mulatto. In the vestibule, the doctor paused and asked for his dust coat. A negro servant, in red livery, grinning with delight at what he thought the brown man's discomfiture, held it up for him to put his arms into. Dr Whitaker noticed the fellow's malevolent grin, and making an ineffectual effort to push his left arm down the right arm sleeve, seized the coat roughly in his hand, doubled it up in a loose fold over his elbow, and then, changing his mind, as an angry man will do, flung it down again with a hasty gesture upon the hall table. 'Never mind the coat,' he said fiercely. 'Bring round my horse! Do you hear, fellow? My horse, my horse! This minute, I tell you!'

The red livered servant called to an invisible negro outside, who soon returned with the doctor's mountain pony.

'Reckon take de coat, sah,' the man in livery said with a sarcastic guffaw. 'Him help to protick your back an' sides from Mistah Dupuy, him horsewhip!'

Dr Whitaker leapt upon his horse, and turned to the man with a face livid and distorted with irrepressible anger. 'You black scoundrel, you!' he cried passionately, using the words of reproach that even a mulatto will hurl in his wrath at his skill darker brother, 'do you think I'm running away from Tom Dupuy's miserable horsewhip? I'm not afraid of a hundred fighting Dupuys and all their horsewhips.—You black image, you! how dare you speak to me? How dare you?—how dare you?' And he cut out at him violently in impotent rage with the little riding whip he held in his fingers.

The negro laughed again, a loud hoarse laugh, and flung both his hands up with open fingers in African derision. Dr Whitaker dug his spurs hard deep into his horse's side, sitting there wildly in his evening dress, and turned his head in mad despair out towards the outer darkness. The moon was still shining brightly overhead, but by contrast with the lights in the gaily illuminated ballroom, the path beneath the bamboo clump in the shrubbery looked very gloomy, dark, and sombre.

Two or three of the younger men, anxious to see whether Tom Dupuy would get up 'a scene' then and there, crowded out hastily to the lawn, to watch the nigger fellow ride away for his life for fear of a horsewhipping. As they stood in the doorway, peering into the darkness after the retreating upright figure, there came all at once, with appalling suddenness, a solitary vivid flash of lightning, such as one never sees outside the tropics, illuminating with its awful light the whole length of the gardens and the gully beneath them. At the same second, a terrific clap of thunder seemed to burst, like innumerable volleys of the heaviest artillery, right above the roof of the governor's bungalow. It was ghastly in its suddenness and in its strength. No one could say where the lightning struck, for it seemed to have struck on every side at once. All that they saw was a single sheet of all pervading fire, in whose midst the mulatto and his horse stood silhouetted out in solid black, a statuesque group of living sculpture, against the brilliant fiery background. The horse was rearing, erect on his hind legs, and Dr Whitaker was turning him in and patting his neck soothingly with hand half lifted. So instantaneous was the flash, indeed, that no motion or change of any sort was visible in the figures. The horse looked like a horse of bronze, poised in the air on solid metal legs, and nicely simulating the action of rearing.

For a minute or two, not a soul spoke a word, or broke in any way the deathless silence that succeeded that awful and unexpected outburst. The band had ceased playing as if by instinct, and every person in the whole ballroom stood still and looked one at another with mute amazement. Then, by a common impulse, they poured all out slowly together, and gazed forth with wondering eyes upon the serene moonlight. The stars were shining brightly overhead: the clap had broken from an absolutely clear sky. Only to northward, on the very summits of the highest mountains, a gathering of deep black clouds rolled slowly onward, and threatened to pass across the intervening valley. Through the profound silence, the ring of Dr Whitaker's horse's hoofs could be heard distinctly down below upon the solid floor of the mountain pathway.

'Who has left already? the governor asked anxiously of the negro servants.

'Dr Whitaker, your Excellency, sah, the man in red livery answered, grinning respectfully.

'Call him back!' the governor said in a tone of command. 'There's an awful thunderstorm coming. No man will ever get down alive to the bottom of the valley until it's over.

'It doant no use, sah, the negro answered. 'His horse's cantering down de bridle de same as if him skeerin mad, sah!' And as he spoke, Dr Whitaker's white shirt front gleamed for a second in the moonlight far below, at a turn of the path beside the threatening gully.

Almost before any one could shout to recall him, the rain and thunder were upon them with terrific violence. The clouds had drifted rapidly across the sky, the light of the moon was completely effaced, black darkness reigned over the mountains—not a star, not a tree, not an object of any sort could now be discerned through the pitchy atmosphere. Rain! it was hardly rain, but rather a continuous torrent outpoured as from some vast aerial fountain. Every minute or two, a terrific flash lighted up momentarily the gloomy darkness, and almost simultaneously, loud peals of thunder bellowed and re-echoed from peak to peak. The dance was interrupted for the time at least, and every body crowded out silently to the veranda and the corridors, where the lightning and the rain could be more easily seen, mingling with the thunder in one hideous din, and forming torrents that rushed down the dry gullies in roaring cataracts to the plains below.

And Dr Whitaker? On he rode, the lightning terrifying his little mountain pony at every flash, the rain beating down upon him mercilessly with equatorial fierceness, the darkness stretching in front of him and below him, save when, every now and then, the awful forks of flame illuminated for a second the gulfs and precipices

that yawned beneath in profoundest gloom. Yet still he rode on, erect and heedless, his hat now lost, bareheaded to the pitiless storm, cold without, and fiery hot at heart within. He cared for nothing now—for nothing—for nothing. Nora had put the final coping-stone on that grim growth of black despair within his soul, that palace of nethermost darkness which alone he was henceforth to inhabit. Nay, in the heat and bitterness of the moment, had he not even sealed his own doom? Had he not sunk down actually to the level of those who despised and contaminated him? Had he not been guilty of contemptuous insolence to his own colour, in the words he had flung so wildly at the head of the negro in livery? What did it matter now whatever happened to him? All, all was lost, and he rode on recklessly, madly, despairingly, down that wild and precipitous mountain pathway, he knew not and he cared not whither.

It was a narrow track, a mere thread of bridle path, dangerous enough even in the best of seasons, hung half way up the steep hillside, with the pine-trees, sheer above on one hand, and the precipice yawning black beneath on the other. Stones and creepers encumbered the ground, pebbles and earth, washed down by the violence of the storm, blocked and obstructed the track in many places, but, a howling torrent tore across it with resistless schemance, there, a little chasm marked the spot where a small landslip had rendered it impassable. The horse floundered and reared and kicked up sparks and spun in startled terror. Dr Whitaker, too reckless at last even to put and encourage him, let him go whatever way his fancy led him, mount the deep-like cactuses and tree-ferns. And still the rain descended in wild sheets and flakes of water, and still the lightning flashed and quivered among the ravines and gullies of these Gian and crumpled mountain sides. The maddened horse notice any longer, he only sang aloud in a wild, defiant, half-crazy voice the resounding notes of his own terrible Hurricane Symphony.

So they went, on and down, on and down, on and down always, through fire and water, the horse plunging and kicking and bucking, the rider flinging his reins carelessly round him, till they reached the bend in the road beside Louis Delgado's mud cottage. The old African was sitting cross-legged by himself at the door of his hut, watching the rain grimly by the intermittent light of the frequent flashes. Suddenly, a vivid flash then may burst upon him with a fearful clap, and by its light, he saw a great gap in the midst of the path, twenty yards wide, close by the cottage, and at its upper end, a horse and rider, tumbling on the very brink of the freshly cut abyss. Next instant, the flash was gone, and when the next came, Louis Delgado saw nothing but the gap itself and the wild torrent that had so instantly cut it. The old man smiled an awful smile of gratified malevolence. 'Ha, ha!' he said to himself aloud, hugging his withered old breast in malicious joy, 'I guess dat buckra lyin' dead by now, down, down, down, down, at de bottom ob de gully. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, him lyin dead at de bottom ob de gully, an' it one buckra dat has left dive to bedder us here in de island ob Trinidad.' He had not seen the mulatto's face; but he took him at once to be a white man because, in spite of rain and spattered mud, his white shirt-front still showed out distinctly in the red glare of the vivid lightning.

UNPOPULAR RELATIONSHIPS.

Historians for the most part recount only the great events of the world, though, by brief anecdotes and familiar illustrations, they sometimes glance at the manners and morals of a particular period. But, in reality, human happiness depends far more on harmonious social relations than on changes of dynasties or the aggrandisement of empires, and a philosophical consideration of the weaknesses of human nature in connection with home life may be as profitable to us as poring over a description of those striking events which apparently led to the rise and fall of nations. We say apparently, for the causes of most things which happen are a good deal more remote than we may fancy them.

We see how individual characters and interests and public events act and react on one another, but our reason is very apt to play at cross purposes and mistake cause for effect. One thing, however, is certain, that the family life of a nation is the greatest of all factors in its ill or well being. A happy well-ordered home is, as a rule, the most in which wise men and good women are most likely to be found. Yet the ideal patriarchal life is not certain to be realised, even by those who little to hold it. The happiest of married couples do not always live to see their children grown up, much less to behold their children's children to the third and fourth generation. Undoubtedly, the loss of a wise and loving mother is one of the greatest misfortunes which can befall a family. This truth is in all its bearings so much a truism that it is needless to dilate on it. What we are about to consider is the prejudice which so often prevails against step-mothers.

Let us picture to ourselves a middle class household, with perhaps four or five children of tender age, suddenly deprived of a mother's care. Happily it is an old respect for the father, that has been now so imperative, and so in some measure distract him from his grief, but they at the same time prevent his supervision of home affairs, even if he be one of those effeminate men—happily few—who love to meddle in domestic matters. With the best of servants, and even with some female relative to 'manage' for him, the chances are very great that many things go wrong—that children are either spoiled or neglected, and that daily incidents so remind him of his loss, that his sorrow even after a long interval remains unassuaged. Surely, under such circumstances to marry again is often the wisest thing a widower can do. As he has had experience of married life, it is presumable that he

knows the qualities in a woman which will make him happy, and is less likely to make an imprudent marriage than a young bachelor is. In point of fact, second wives are often very admirable women, and second marriages very happy ones.

Yet it cannot be denied that the step-mother is, as a rule, looked on with suspicion by the children of the children who pass into her care. It seems to be of no account that hitherto she has been noted for good sense and kindness of heart—it is taken for granted that she cannot exercise these qualities in reference to the little creatures intrusted to her charge. The cruel thing is that children are often absolutely set against their father's wife by foolish people, who think they thus do homage to the memory of the dead.

'Ah,' sighs perhaps an aunt, 'of course, my dear, you must call her "mother" if your father wishes it, but you mustn't expect her to love you as darling mamma did.'

But, auntie, the child may respond, ready with tears at the mention of the dead—'but, auntie, she says she loves us, and kisses us as if she did.'

To which the aunt moans again, and with an expressive shake of the head, ejaculates 'I hope she does'—in a tone that implies, 'I don't believe it.'

Children are wonderfully quick at interpreting tones, looks, and gestures.

Children are by no means all little angels, whatever certain poets may have written in imitation of them. Ingrained characteristics show themselves very early, and when the fire of rebellion to authority is kindled in their young hearts—smouldering as it may—it makes the task of governing them terribly difficult. How much wiser and kinder would it be if friends and relatives played the part of cheerful peacemakers, instead of grave-faced watchers and doubters? How really sensible it would be to teach the children that they ought to be grateful to her who comes to console their father, and to take upon herself the dead mother's duties. In a multitude of cases, this truth ought to be emphatically inculcated, for we suppose there are few women whose ideal of happiness is marrying a widower with children.

When the second marriage takes place comparatively late in life, and when children are grown up, the trials are of a different sort. Sons already may form home, and making for themselves careers in the world, and daughters of twenty years old, likely to marry within the next few years, have often but little feeling for the loneliness of their fathers declining years. Of course, elderly men sometimes do foolish things, as well as young ones, but even if the second marriage be in every respect a suitable one, the children are in too many instances jealous of the step-mother, and inclined to carp at all she does. Really, a great deal of this ill-feeling is a bad habit of thought, the result of a popular prejudice which falls in with the weak side of human nature.

But if we demur against the prevailing idea of step-mothers, what shall we say against the yet more absurd notions which abound concerning Mothers-in-law? Unjustly and, one may say, stupidly informed as they are by pen and pencil in the comic papers, they still, as a rule, maintain the even tenor of their way, far more often as a beneficent influence than anything else. Represented as a synonym for everything that is meddling and mischief-making, we confess that in a pretty long experience we have seen but few very nearly approaching this type. But we have known many a mother who has taken the husband of a daughter to her heart as if he were indeed a son, he requiting her affection with reverential regard. Not is this at all an unusual thing, to happen between right-minded sensible people.

The mother of grown up sons and daughters is not generally the vulgar, ill-favoured shrew that caricature is love to paint her; on the contrary, she is still a woman in the prime of life, very probably an influence in society, and with the wisdom that ought to come with experience of the world. She has not far often her own youth, and she sympathizes with the young men than they quite believe. Whether it be the daughter's husband or the son's wife that has to be considered, so long as the choice be tolerably prudent, she is sure to rejoice at the prospect of happiness, and be grateful that the perils of marriage hitherto are over. If, unhappily, the choice has not been prudent, and yet she is unable to avert its consequences, she is the one in many cases the one to be patient and make the best of everything. If it be a son and who needs culture, she tries to give it, if it be a daughter's husband of small means, she does it income by personal sacrifices, or if she has little to spare to do this, we have known her to help with the needle, or in some other efficient manner, which she cannot do so with the purse.

Suppose the mother-in-law does sometimes give gifts of silver, is this to be considered an insufferable offence? In point of fact, error is often on the other side, and throughout all seasons, to mother, she refrains so long, that the word in due season. Cowper says somewhere that 'expensive trifles like no other,' but takes terribly high 'school-wages' in the process. Most of us can remember occasions when we might have been spared some of the 'school wages,' if we would have accepted, as a loving gift to profit by, the experience of our elders. How often in illness does the mother-in-law and in nursing her grandchildren, how often, in some inevitable absence of the parents, does she prove their most trustworthy guardian!

We are afraid, however, that it is mainly when it is a widow and poor, that the mother-in-law becomes the butt of inconsiderate sarcasm, who fail to see the pathetic side of her position. Yet, to the honour of human nature, it may be said that there are multitudes of households in which the wife or husband's mother, wholly dependent on her children, is treated with the respect and affection proper to the circumstances, and without

any associations that can recall the paltry vulgarisms of the comic writers. We wonder if young mothers, with their children still around them, speculate on the swiftly passing years which will change the scene! In a single decade, what alterations may there not be in the domestic circle, and how naturally may it come to pass that the daughter-in-law of to-day shall become the mother-in-law of the future.

There is another unpopular personage for whom we dare to say a good word, not that, as a rule, she is unmeritable, or even as meritorious as we should like to see her—we mean the lodging-house keeper. She, too, has long been a favourite theme of the caricaturist, and no doubt her vocation leads up to many humorous incident. What a life it is, if we think of it seriously for a moment! Homely but shrewd women who let lodgings often acquire a surprising knowledge of character, and indeed, if they do not, they are likely to be woefully deceived. It is a great mistake to suppose that all tenants are true and just in their dealings as that all landladies are grasping and untrustworthy. Imagine a small furnished house-lodging let to a middle-aged couple for three years at a low rent, mainly because there were no children to add to the wear and tear of furniture. But events proved that there were little grandchildren who paid long-hand visits, on which occasions a perambulator was ruthlessly wheeled about the new dining-room carpet, and similar reckless destruction of property went on in many other ways. This is a true story and we do not much wonder that the landlady lost temper, and not being able to turn out her tenants, tried to recoup herself by all legitimate methods—especially as she was wholly dependent on her house for the means of existence.

It ought to be remembered that people do not let lodgings for pleasure, receiving inmates is always more or less a matter of business, and there should be justice on the doing as you would be done by on both sides. Sometimes the lodging-house keeper is a lonely gentle woman, but more generally she belongs to a class socially inferior to that of her tenants. In either case, a little kindly consideration for the feelings and interests of the householder will often be amply requited. The decayed gentlewoman will readily appreciate a manner of speaking and behaviour which seems to recognise her true position, and the ordinary lodging-house keeper is quick to distinguish 'real gentlefolks' from 'stuck up people,' by signs which the latter rarely comprehend.

People of position resorting to the seaside for a few weeks never expect the luxuries and elegances they enjoy at home, but as they generally pay liberally for the accommodation they receive, they do require ordinary comforts. It would be greatly to the interest of all parties if lodging-house keepers would bear this in mind. Not only should bedding be faultless in point of purity, but as men do exist of six feet high and upwards, provision should be made to receive a tall inmate who could sleep without doubling himself up like a carpenter's rule. White curtains are decidedly countified and clean looking, but unless there are also shutters to the bedroom windows, woe betide the light sleeper who is wakened by the early dawn. Lodging-house pillows should be more ample, and blankets more numerous than they generally are, easy chairs should deserve their name, footstools should be discoverable, and window and blinds should be easily manageable. The lodging-house cooking is also often capable of improvement, though, if people are content with what is called 'good plain cooking,' they frequently have little reason to complain, especially in this the case when the lodging-house keeper are retired servants who have lived in good families.

In return for the essential comforts described, the tenant would generally be willing to dispense with the ancestral portraits which so often decorate the walls of furnished lodgings. Staring likenesses, no doubt they are, of departed worthies; but they always seem to state to the tenant with something like reproach at his presence, and if, as is often the case, they are veritable daubs, they become at last absolutely irritating. Also most people would rather have space for their own odds and ends, than see tables and shelves occupied by heirlooms in the shape of cracked vases incapable of holding water for flowers, but filled with dusty feathers, paper rose, or dried seaweed. Not that we despise simple ornaments, happily, many very common things are very pretty, and quite capable of pleasing the most artistic eye, it is incongruity which really offends.

But with all their shortcomings, we do not believe that, as a class, lodging-house keepers deserve the hard things which some writers, for the sake of a joke, have said of them. Many a lodging-house keeper has a pathetic past, and it is put out that is a severe struggle for existence, and sometimes their worth is so appreciated that they make influential friends of their tenants. It is pleasant to hear a landlady say that she has little need to advertise, she lets her rooms on the recommendation of people who have occupied them, and often have come family over and over again. When this is the case, we may be pretty sure that at parting, there are none of the mean squabbles about cracked china or a chipped chair back which leave a sting of ill feeling behind. On the contrary, there is pathetic recollection of kind assiduity in illness, or of little services beyond the bond on one side, and on the other a pleasant consciousness that such services have been appreciated.

It is possible that the tenant sometimes forgets his duties as well as the landlady here. It is as grasping to overreach on one side as on the other. Not long ago an inquiry for lodgings was made in a popular district—they were to be perfect in a sanitary point of view, and with householders whose valuable property would be safe—but because she would be tenant would often be away, the fair applicant hoped to obtain them for an 'infinitesimal' rent. We believe she has not yet quite succeeded in her search. There are certainly unprincipled as well as inconsiderate lodgers, besides untrustworthy landladies. We fear there are quite as many people who, convalescent after infectious diseases, take apartments in the country or at the seaside without apprising the householders of their condition, as there are lodging-house keepers who receive fresh tenants

after having housed fifty patients without having taken due precautions against the propagation of disease. In short, lodgers and tenants belong to the same human nature that is corrupted by evil influences, and falls but too often, each individual under his own special temptations.

SPIRITED AWAY

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. II.

I AWOKE suddenly and with a start, having, while in the act of stretching myself, brought my foot into violent contact with one of the rails of the bed. The pain arising from the blow was so acute as to put sleep out of question for a time, so I sat up in bed and stared about me, not that there was anything to be seen, not even the out lines of the window. Everything was intensely still, some hours had probably elapsed since my coming to bed, and no doubt the inmates of the house had retired long ago. The neighbourhood was a quiet one, apparently some distance removed from any main thoroughfare, as not even the noise of a passing cab or vehicle of any kind broke the silence—nothing, in fact, save the foot steps of some belated pedestrian, or, it might be, those of a policeman going his rounds.

When my foot became somewhat easier, I lay down again, but my brain was in full activity by this time, and I fell to musing over what I had seen of London during my after dark ramble, and to building castles in the future. I was awake as never I had been in my life. A little by-and-by the black silence was broken by the faint creaking of a door, apparently that of the room next my own. Was it merely one of those unaccountable noises with which all watchers during the night season are more or less familiar, or was it caused by human agency? It was probably the *cafetier* or his wife stealing quietly up stairs to bed. I had no means of even guessing the time, and instead of being asleep for hours, as I had imagined, it might not yet be much past midnight. Burglars would hardly dare to visit so poor a domicile, still, it was just as well I had shot the bolt of my door before getting into bed. But, hush! what was that? Footsteps passing my door, and then softly ascending the upper flight of stairs. Some one was certainly moving about the house. But for what purpose? And now, there was the sound of more foot steps following the first. Dead silence for a few moments, and then footsteps again, but so hushed and stealthy, that it was only by holding in my breath and listening with all my might, that I could hear them at all.

What could be the meaning of proceedings so mysterious? While I was still puzzling over this question and debating with myself whether my wisest plan would not be to go to sleep and trouble myself no further in the matter, the door of some room overhead seemed suddenly to be burst open, followed immediately by a heavy trampling of feet, then a loud, sharp, imperious cry, a pistol shot, the sound as it were of a brief struggle, and then nothing but the low stern tones of some one who seemed to be giving orders or instructions, and after that, a minute later, silence again the most profound. But I was out of bed by this time, and groping my way to the door, I pushed back the bolt and turned the handle, expecting, of course, that the door would open without difficulty, but it refused to yield to my efforts, and a moment or two sufficed to convince me that it was fastened from the outside. I pulled it it with all my strength, and then made out that it was held merely by a rope, which, yielding slightly to my efforts, left a space of a couple of inches between the door and the jamb. Planting one foot firmly against the wall, and pulling open the door with one hand as far as I could, I felt in my pocket with the other hand, found my knife, and opened it with my teeth, then, pushing the long sharp blade through the space between the door and the jamb, I cut through the rope that held me prisoner. A moment later, I had bounded up the stairs and had burst into one of the upper rooms, guided by a narrow fringe of light which shone from under the door. The sight that met my gaze was a strange one. The room was of considerable size, and seated on the edge of the bed, and only partially dressed, but bound and gagged, was the *cafetier*, while no great distance away stood a group of five men, in one of whom I at once recognized the stranger with the gold spectacles, although he wore no spectacles now, while another was Jean the waiter. The other three men I had never to my knowledge seen before. In the middle of the floor a revolver lay unheeded.

The eyes of all present turned on me like lightning, as I burst into the room. There was a moment or two of dead silence, then the stranger, whom for the future I will call M. Legros, in order to distinguish him from the others—although he was certainly not a French man—strode towards me with a frown, and demanded by what right I had intruded there.

'By the right which every man has to intrude when he hears a cry for help and believes there's villainy afoot.'

'Ah, bah! you talk like a child,' he answered. 'There is no villainy afoot here, young sir—of that you may rest assured. We are neither thieves nor assassins. What we are in nowise concerns you. Since you have chosen to intrude here, where your presence was certainly not required, you have only left one course open to me. You must take the consequences of your folly.'

He spoke a few words rapidly to the three strangers in a language unknown to me, and before I knew what was about to happen, I found myself seized, gagged, and stripped down to a chair, as helpless as a new born babe.

'I am somewhat grieved to have to treat you thus,' said M. Legros to me as soon as I had in some measure recovered my breath, 'but your own rashness has put it out of my power to do otherwise. I may, however, tell you this for your comfort, no harm shall befall you, provided you obey implicitly the orders that may be imposed upon you. But should you make the slightest effort to escape before the time comes when I shall be prepared to bid you adieu, or should you endeavour to attract the attention of any one, you may rest assured that that moment will be the last of your life. I pray you to take my words in all seriousness. We are here to

do a certain thing, and not a dozen lives will be allowed to stand in the way of our doing it'

His tones were low, but very stern, his keen steel gray eyes seemed to pierce me through I never saw a face on which determination and strength of will were more clearly impressed He was evidently a man who, whether for good or ill, would keep his word

I glanced at Karavich He was deathly pale, but his eyes glowed in their cavernous orbits with a sort of gloomy fire, and there was nothing of dismay or craven fear in the deep scated gaze he bent now and again on his captors Who and what was he? What was his crime? What had he done that he should be thus seized and gagged in the middle of the night in his own house and in the heart of London? Then, too, who and what were Legros and his confederates? I almost forgot my own predicament for a little while in asking myself these and similar questions

Legros and the others were talking in tones that were scarcely raised above a whisper When thus conversing among themselves both then and afterwards, they employed a language with which I had no acquaintance It may have been Russian, or Polish, or Hungarian I have little doubt it was one of the three, but which one I did not know then, and I do not know to this day Suddenly, Legros, after looking at his watch, held up a warning finger and silence at once fell on the group They all bent as if listening for some expected sound A minute later it came—the slow, heavy tramp of some one passing down the street Could it be the night policeman going his rounds? Just as the man, whoever he might be, was passing Legros glanced at the window, and my eyes involuntarily followed the direction of his The window was shaded with heavy curtains now closely drawn, the room was dimly lighted by a single candle only, from the street, even if the night had been clear as the noon must have seemed wrapped in darkness The silence in the room remained unbroken till the last faint echoes of the foot tap outside had died away

As if this were a signal that had been waited for, all now became activity Jean fetched my coat boots and other articles from my bedroom, the bonds that fastened me were unloosed, and I was told to at once complete my toilet A similar process took place with regard to Karavich but when, when he was fully dressed, his arms were at once strapped down again, in my case, by Legros' order, the bonds were dispensed with Both of us, however, were still gagged Presently, a noise of wheels was faintly audible, which momentarily grew louder and more distinct A long dark cloak, the collar of which effectually muffled the lower part of his face was hastily thrown over Karavich's shoulders, while a wide brimmed soft felt hat was placed on his head This done, he was conducted by two of the men from the room, and I heard all three descend the stairs By this time, the vehicle, whatever it might be, the noise of which we had heard, had drawn up opposite the house Half a minute later, we heard it drive away, and presently all sound of it was lost in the distance

Had Karavich been forced away in it? And if so, why, and whither was he being taken? But scarcely had I time to formulate these queries in my mind, before the noise of approaching wheels became audible for the second time A cloak, similar to that in which the captive had been enveloped, was now thrown over my shoulders, and the collar turned up round my face After a few whispered words of warning from Legros, I was told to follow him down stairs as noiselessly as possible, which I proceeded to do, the fourth man bringing up the rear By this time the second vehicle had drawn up opposite the door The lower part of the house and the shop were in utter darkness Legros took me by the hand and guided me the way I was to go Some one—Jean, I take it he been—stood by the outer door, and opened it silently as we drew near, and so, without a word, we three passed out into the street The fog had thinned somewhat, but not to any great extent The light of a lamp on the opposite side of the street showed like a faint blurred point of flame on from afar A vehicle, which by that dim light had all the appearance of an ordinary London four wheeled cab, with a man seated on the box, was drawn up close to the kerb So much I was enabled to see, but no more I was hurried at once into the vehicle, Legros and the other man got in after me the door was shut without noise the windows were drawn up, Jean, whom we left behind, said something to the driver and a moment later, we were being driven rapidly away

I was utterly at a loss to know the time, but judging by the solitude of the streets and the infrequency with which we encountered any other vehicles, it must have been still very early in the morning Even if the night had been as quietly clean on, there was nothing in our appearance to attract the notice of the most suspicious of policemen A cab containing two or three occupants at an early hour in the morning in London streets, is too common an object to call for a second glance from any one who may encounter it

We were a silent party None of us spoke after we entered the vehicle My companions lay back with folded arms and their hats drawn over their brows Whether they were asleep or awake, it was impossible for me to determine My thoughts had ample time to have themselves with my number of perplexing problems before our drive came to an end, which it did, as nearly as I could judge, in about an hour's time We had got off the paved streets some time before this, and were now driving over an ordinary macadamized road Suddenly we drew up, and the same moment my two companions became on the alert

'Pardon me, said M Legros as he drew a silk muffler from one of his pockets, 'but it is necessary that I should blindfold you for a few minutes' Then he added 'Do implicitly as you are told; have confidence in me, and no harm shall befall you'

Some one outside had apparently opened a pair of gates by this time, we went through, passed forward a little way farther at a walking pace, and then came to a final stand Before this, the deft fingers of M Legros had effectually bandaged my eyes The carriage door was now

opened, and one of my companions giving me his hand, helped me to alight, and then led me forward There was an ascent of three or four steps, and then I felt that I had passed out of the cold night air into the warmer atmosphere of a house A minute later, my eyes were unbandaged, and, better still, the gag was removed from my mouth

I found myself in a large and elegantly furnished room, lighted by a lamp on the centre table, and by candles in the gilt sconces over the chimney piece A wood fire burned cheerfully in the grate Standing with his back to it, and watching my look of amazement with an amused, cynical smile, was M Legros We were alone

'I hope you feel none the worse for your little journey?' he said 'We shall have a longer one to take presently, so I think the best thing we can do is to make due preparation for it

'Another journey!' I stammered 'Where to, this time?'

'That you will learn when the proper time arrives, he answered dryly

'And Karavich—will he accompany us?' I asked

'Ah, bah! why trouble yourself about Karavich?' he demanded, with a contraction of his brows 'He is nothing to you, nor you to him' Then a moment later he added, almost as if speaking to himself 'But yes, *ma chère* Karavich will accompany us certainly We cannot afford to leave him behind'

At this juncture, a servant appeared with a tray containing a cold chicken together with other comestibles This was supplemented by a second tray on which were coffee, wines, and liqueurs 'Come,' said Legros with a smile, as he sat down on a chair which the man had placed for him, 'let us make ourselves what you English call jolly'

'Jolly!' I ejaculated with a miserable attempt at a laugh 'I am likely to feel jolly under such circumstances as these'

'Why not?' he demanded blandly 'Ah, mon *enfant*, when you have lived as long as I have, you will have learnt that the highest philosophy is to enjoy the present while you can, and leave the future to take care of itself Sit, and let me assist you to a wing of this fowl, or what say you to this mayonnaise? It looks as if it might tempt an anchorite'

'I am not hungry, I cannot eat'

'Foolish boy! Remember you have a long cold journey before you Try, at least, a couple of these caviare sandwiches'

I shook my head 'I will take a cup of coffee, nothing more'

M Legros pulled the ends of his moustache, but made no further attempt to persuade me, so, while I sat and sipped my coffee, he went on with his supper—if supper it could be called He was a quick eater, and in a few minutes he rose and pushed back his chair

After the servant left the room, except for the opening or shutting of a distant door once or twice, no sounds from without were audible I neither heard nor saw anything either of Karavich or the others But scarcely had M. Legros risen from the table, when once more we heard the noise of wheels—the noise as of some heavy vehicle, which, after being driven slowly up to the house, came to a halt In the hush which followed, one could hear the pawing of the horses on the gravel and the champing of their bits I noticed that my companion was listening as intently as I was 'I must ask you to remain here till I rejoin you,' he said presently 'I shall not be more than a few minutes away,' and with that he smiled, nodded, and left the room

I had plenty of food for thought during his absence, but those readers who have followed me thus far will scarcely need to be enlightened as to the tenor of my reflections They were anything but comforting Scant time was, however, afforded me for perplexed broodings Presently, a distant door seemed to open, and then came the hill hushed sound of the footsteps of several people advancing along the corridor into which the door of my room opened, then passing the door itself, and then being gradually lost in the distance The men, whoever they might be, walked slowly and carefully and as though they were carrying some heavy burden A few moments later, I could distinguish the voices of several people talking in low tones outside the house My curiosity overmastered my prudence The room had two windows, both of them having venetian blinds, now closely shut, and, in addition, long heavy curtains that reached the ground Crossing quickly to one of the windows, I stepped behind the curtain, and then cautiously raising one of the laths of the blind a little way, I peered through the crevice The sight which met my eyes was one that might well make the blood of a braver man than I profess to be run cold The fog had cleared away, and by the aid of the starlight, I could just make out what seemed to me the outlines of a hearse, with a pair of horses, standing a few yards away in the courtyard or space of ground which fronted the house While I was still staring at this grim apparition, a couple of men carrying lighted lanterns appeared on the scene, then I saw clearly that the object I had been staring at was indeed a hearse, but denuded of its plume But scarcely had I time to note this, when a procession of some half dozen men appeared, walking two and two, and carrying on their shoulders one thing, long, black, and heavy For one moment I was puzzled, and then the dread certainty flashed upon me that the burden they bore under was a coffin, but not an empty one When they came within the dim circle of light given out by the lanterns, it became plainly visible I could bear no more I let the blind drop, and turned away with a cold sick dread at my heart, such as I had never felt before Had a murder just been perpetrated under that silent roof, and if so——? A dozen ghastly questions surged through my brain, not one of which I was able to answer A few minutes later I heard, though my half dazed senses, the hearse move away a little distance, and a second vehicle drive up and take its place Then in came M. Legros in his overcoat and hat

'All is in readiness for the second stage of our journey,' he said as he rubbed his chilled hands for a few moments over the fire

I did not answer him. He looked sharply at me, and as he did so, a cold, dangerous glitter came into his eyes. His gaze travelled to the window, and then back to my face, and then he muttered something under his breath that sounded like a malediction. He was still bending over the grate, but when next his eyes met mine, all trace of annoyance had vanished.

'You look as white, my friend, as if you had just seen a ghost,' he remarked with that insufferable smile of his. 'You have gone too long without food. However, there's no time now. Here, drink this, he added, and with that he crossed to the table and poured out a small glass of some sort of liquor. I took it mechanically and drank it. Then Legros handed me the furlined cloak and my hat, and then he said, 'Once more, and I hop for the last time!' With that he produced the silk muffler and bandaged my eyes, then taking me by the hand, he led me from the room.

HOW TO PROVE A WILL

IN ENGLAND

A curious chapter, but one now over the production in provinces, walks and obtaining administration in England within the last thirty years, is nearly at an end. It was a most tedious, difficult, and expensive process, which few people understood, and he who had to undertake such duties was glad to place himself in the hands of a proctor, and, it may be added, was usually glad to get out of them again. The proceeding, in how much more simple and intelligible and when the property is small, is very much improved.

Probate, Administration, and the Death Duties as the law stand on inheritances have been appropriately named, are no doubt amongst the gloomiest of pieces falling to be discussed in the columns of a popular journal. There are very few people of adult years, however, who have not been forced to make a quaintance with these matters in some form or other, and at one time or other, and a brief account of the subject, and of the best and cheapest method of proceeding may not be without value when the pinch of action arrives. To the poor, the knowledge that a legal title to the little properties left by their relatives can be obtained for a few shillings, and with next to no trouble, would seem to be especially desirable. To richer folk, the subject may recommend itself in another light. Constituted as men are, it is very certain that the distribution of property amongst survivors forms a not inconsiderable item of the all-various provided by Mother Nature for the pain of inevitable losses by death. Although the generality of us would undoubtedly refuse to endorse the remarkably frank declaration of a hard-hearted modern poet

> Sweet is a legacy, and pleasant sweet
> The unexpected death of some old lady
> Or gentleman of seventy years or pelt,
> Who has made his youth wait too, long long
> already.

Up to a little more than a quarter of a century ago, the business connected with the proof and custody of wills and the granting of administration in England, was conducted by officers appointed by the archbishops and bishops of the Established Church. In every city which was the seat of a bishop's see, a court existed, called the Diocesan Court, presided over nominally by the archbishop or bishop, but really by a proctor or barrister, who was the representative or official principal of the ecclesiastical dignitary, with a limited number of proctors—that is, ecclesiastical lawyers—who possessed the exclusive privilege of proving wills, and whose profits were very lucrative and much coveted. Besides these Diocesan Courts, a multitude of small courts were scattered up and down the country, variously called Archdeacon's, Prebendal, Peculiar, Manorial Courts, all having the power of making grants of probate or administration in their respective localities, and whose operations frequently resulted in confusion, uncertainty, and needless expense. An investigation into the origin of these small courts disclosed in almost all cases curious and interesting features of those times when the authority of the Church penetrated deeply into every portion of society, and into nearly every transaction of life.

All these courts, large and small, were swept away in 1857. After several abortive attempts by successive governments, and in the teeth of great opposition from the interests affected, a measure was carried through parliament, mainly by the energy of Lord Westbury, establishing the existing system and creating a court new to English jurisprudence, the Court of Probate. The antiquated Consistorial, the Prerogative, Diocesan, and Peculiar Courts, with their vicars general, or ordinaries, chancellors, surrogates, and apparitors, vanished like a dream before this living criticism. The exclusive privileges of the proctors were pulled up, and all kinds of pecuniary burdens thrown upon the local profession. Fees, costs, and costly process fees, compensations had to be paid to the superseded functionaries, as is not unusual in such cases. But the extinction of an effete system, and the substitution of a tribunal and a procedure adapted to the requirements of the times, were unanimously called for.

The Court of Probate thus constituted is not only a court for hearing and determining cases connected with contested wills and disputes among next of kin as to the right to property, but possesses also effective administrative machinery for the granting of probate and letters of administration. A principal Registry at Somerset House in London, and thirty-nine District Registries distributed over England and Wales are attached to the court, and from these registries the grants of probate and administration with which most people are familiar issue.

Did the reader ever prove a will? The phrase has a rather formidable sound, but the proceeding is a sufficiently tame and prosaic affair. A will is ordinarily 'proved' in the following manner. The executor named in the will takes it to a solicitor, and furnishes him with particulars of the name, residence, and date of death of the testator, his (the executor's) own name, residence, business, and relationship to the deceased, with an account of the nature and value of the property. This information is embodied in two affidavits—printed forms with

blanks left for the details—which the executor signs, and is sworn to. The will and affidavits are then lodged by the solicitor either in the principal probate registry in London or in one of the district registries, according to the locality in which the testator resided. The documents being in proper order, a form on parchment is filled up in the probate registry, recording the particulars contained in the affidavits, and to this form is attached a copy of the will, likewise written on parchment. The two together constitute 'the probate,' and when this is signed by the registrar and sealed with the seal of the court, the will is said to be 'proved.' The document will at forthwith enrolled and indexed in the books of the registry, which it can be perused by any person on payment of a fee of one shilling.

In proving a will the executor may or either employ a solicitor to prepare the affidavits and take all trouble off his hands, as mentioned above, or he may apply personally at the registry for probate. Facilities for so doing are provided by law, and the grant is obtained at a lower charge than would have to be paid if the services of a professional man were engaged. The *modus operandi* is as follows. The executor himself lodges the will in the probate registry, and furnishes to the officers there the particulars already enumerated as to the testator, himself and the property. The necessary affidavits are prepared in the registry, and there signed and sworn to by the executor, who must at the same time pay the registry charges and the probate duty. In case the attestation clause to the will is wanting, or is not in the form required by law—circumstances which frequently occur—a further affidavit is required, and one of the witnesses to the signing of the will must attend at the registry and be sworn to such affidavit. In a few days after this the probate of the will is issued to the executor, who can then proceed to deal with the property.

When a deceased person has made no will, but has left money, furniture, shares, or other property not being land or houses, the law steps in, and in effect makes a will for him, by dividing such property among his next kindred in certain proportions, which are pretty generally known. The instrument authorising a particular person to make the division is called Letters of Administration. If the deceased has left a widow, she is the person entitled to administer; if no widow, then the children; and if no children, then the relative nearest in blood. The widow or relative applying for administration attends at the probate registry in the same way and furnishes the same particulars as an executor who applies for probate of a will, with this addition, that the applicant for administration must enter into bond, and provide two persons of full age, who are willing to become his or her sureties for the faithful distribution of the property. Whether the estate of a deceased person be large or small in amount, the executor or administrator has the option of applying personally at a probate registry for the grant, and in every case by so doing he effects a considerable saving of expense.

The fiscal legislation of the last few years has been very favourable and indulgent to persons administering small estates. At the present time, if a man dies without a will leaving personal property not exceeding a hundred pounds, his widow or children can apply to the probate registry of the district—or if residing more than three miles from such a registry, to the registrar of the County Court of the district—for letters of administration, and the grant will cost only from five to thirteen shillings, according to the value of the property. The children of a widow are entitled to the same privilege.

Again, when a man or woman does a little better off, either with or without a will, if the whole personal estate does not exceed three hundred pounds, application can be made to the probate registry of the district—or if there be no registry near, to the Inland Revenue office of the nearest town—for a grant of probate or administration. All the necessary papers will be prepared at one or other of these offices, and the grant will be issued on payment of thirty shillings for duty and fifteen shillings for fees. In case the property does not exceed one hundred pounds, on payment of fifteen shillings for fees only. In none of these instances will the property be liable to legacy or other additional duty. The deceased's debts, however, are not allowed to be deducted in order to bring the property under these amounts, and the privilege is restricted to the cases of persons who have died since the 1st of June 1881. Those who remember how costly was the process of proving a will or obtaining administration in the old ecclesiastical courts, however small the property might be, and those who more recently have had to pay their solicitors bill for the same services, will be aware that the administration of this low tariff is a boon of a substantial character to all interested in the transfer of small estates at death.

While recent legislation has been thus favourable to the poorer classes, and has lessened the expense of obtaining grants in all cases where application is made in person at the probate registry, it has also introduced a much needed reform in the mode of levying the probate duty. The debts owing by any person at death can now be deducted from the amount of the personal property, leaving probate duty to be paid on the remainder only. Formerly, duty was required to be paid on the gross amount of the personal assets without any deduction whatever for debt. It is true that after debts were actually paid, application might be made to the Inland Revenue authorities for a return of the duty or a portion of the duty in respect of them, but difficulty and delay were sometimes experienced in obtaining such returns of duty, and frequent hardships were inflicted. Thus, when the property of a deceased person was nominally under a large amount, and the debts were almost as large, there was obviously no fund out of which probate duty could be paid. The executor was consequently out of pocket, often for a considerable time, and a disinclination to undertake such responsibilities was the natural result.

IN SCOTLAND.

The Scottish law applicable to wills has had an ecclesiastical history as well as that of England. The clergy were permitted to exercise jurisdiction in regard to divorce and succession

because they were supposed to be 'just persons,' as also because they know the art of writing better than most other ancient judges Modern probate law does not differ materially in the two ends of the island, except in nomenclature The chief distinction is that in Scotland a will does not require any 'probate' or proving, it proves itself, if it be signed before witnesses, and if it be holographic—that is in the handwriting of the testator—its authenticity or validity is assumed, so long as not impugned The Scottish analogue of English probate is obtaining confirmation of the executor If the executor be named in the will, he takes it to a lawyer the lawyer makes up an inventory of the estate of the deceased This inventory is stamped at a revenue office by a stamp corresponding in cost to the amount of the estate The stamped inventory, after being sworn to before a justice of the peace, is presented to the sheriff clerk of the county in which the deceased had his ordinary domicile The sheriff clerk, in the interests of the revenue, satisfies himself that the stamp is correct as to pecuniary amount and then grants confirmation under the seal of the court That confirmation is equivalent to a judicial warrant to collect every debt and realise every asset specified in the inventory If there be no will or no executor named in the will, the sheriff appoints an executor, or executors, according to a recognised order, those equally near in blood, or having an equal interest in the estate being appointed jointly, a proceeding which corresponds to the granting of letters of administration by the English Probate Court

Scotland, of course, as well as England, enjoys the benefit of the statutory provisions applicable to estates under three hundred pounds The persons entitled to succeed, or one of them, can do all that is necessary to transfer the estate from the dead to the living, with at the intervention of a lawyer or the burden of his bill of costs He can go to the sheriff clerk of the county of the domicile give the requisite information, and the sheriff clerk will do all that is necessary towards the giving of confirmation for a fee that is regulated by the amount of the estate but which is a merely nominal fee compared with what would fall to be charged by a regular professional man

The courts of Scotland as a rule decline to interfere with the administration of the estates of deceased foreigners among whom Englishmen are included It is a necessary condition to a Scotch court confirming an executor or appointing one that the domicile of the deceased have been in Scotland Some of the English courts are guided by much more expansive views of their duty, and will take charge of the estate of any man, if it be large enough to promise remuneration to Chancery and Probate practitioners Within the last few years, the English Court of Chancery extended its long arm to administer the estates of Sir W Stirling Maxwell formerly M P for Perthshire, and for years the officials of Chancery directed the management of his large Scotch heritable properties of Keir and Pollok, of course with such copious intelligence as Chancery persons have in regard to every property out of which money can be extracted, but perhaps not at a rate of remuneration quite so moderate as would have sufficed, had the greed of English lawyers and the benevolence of English judges permitted the estate of this eminent patriotic Scotchman to be administered according to the law of his own country A similar stroke of usurpation was more recently attempted in regard to the estate of Orr Ewing. Less than the hundredth part of that estate, which exceeded in value a quarter of a million, had been left to a young man resident in London This young man was under twenty one and therefore an English 'infant, unable to take care of himself Some officious person, calling himself a 'next friend' of this infant, attempted to have all this large estate transferred from Scotland to the Court of Chancery, and the Court of Chancery very kindly did what it could to gratify the zeal of this 'next friend' for the interest of the infant—and perhaps of some lawyers—of not very tender years But this usurpation was resisted by the Scotch benefactors and by the Scotch courts The House of Lords decided distinctly that the English Courts acted wrongly according to their precedents when they made this usurpation of jurisdiction over Scotch estates and they decided also, but a good deal less distinctly, that the Scotch courts did not exceed their jurisdiction in resisting this usurpation The courts of law in London and Edinburgh are thus in conflict and the claims of each have so far obtained the sanction of the supreme tribunal of the country, that hereafter, unless the legislature interferes no large Scotch succession can be considered safe from the purely benevolent but somewhat expensive supervision of the English Court of Chancery

AN OCEAN MYSTERY

A TRUE STORY

Though it is nearly twenty years ago since the events related below occurred yet the impression left upon my mind has never faded or lost the vividness of its outlines, and though there is nothing really inexplicable about it, yet the dash of mystery connected with it has always marked it in my memory as an incident of an unusual order

We were driving on our way northwards from the gloomy and savage neighbourhood of Cape Horn, homeward bound in Her Majesty's frigate the dear old *Diamond*, now, alas, long since consigned to the shipbreaker The fact of our being homeward bound should have made all hearts light and all faces bright among our five hundred souls, but for all that, there was a general air of gloom in the ship, which we not to be accounted for save by one theory only—that of superstition For things had not gone well with us since we had hoisted our homeward bound pendant True, we had sailed out of Valparaiso Bay with the said pendant streaming away, and with all our 'chummy ships' playing *Should Auld Acquaintance be forgot*" as we passed by them, and we had received and returned cheer upon cheer as we made our way to the open sea, while from the midshipmen's berth had rolled up in a rich volume of sound, every

night for more than a week before, the old strain, so well known and so lovingly cherished in Her Majesty's service:

> And when we arrive at Plymouth Docks,
> The pretty little girls come round in flocks,
> And one to the other they do say
> "Oh, here comes Jack with his three pence pay,
> For I see he's a homeward bound sailor,
> For I see he's a homeward bound."

But still, as I say, things had not gone well with us. We had speedily left the warmth of tropical weather, and had gradually found it colder and colder each morning as we made our way down south towards the dreaded Cape of Storms. That was natural, and we were prepared for it, but no sooner had we got to the latitude of the Cape itself, than the wind had shifted, and we had at day after day, night after night, a hard gale right in our teeth. Bitter cold it was too, with terrific storms of snow and hail—heavy thundering sea sweeping up fore and aft, bursting in upon us rather low and covering us with spray that flew over it fell upon our decks. Up and down, everything frozen hard—running rigging as stiff and unmanageable as a steel hawser, blocks jammed with ice and snow, canvas as unyielding as a board, men up aloft for an hour or more trying, to take a reef in the fore topsail, and then so benumbed with cold themselves, as to be unable to come down without assistance. While below, the close, musty, damp dark ship was the picture of discomfort, hatches, main and lower, always wet, often with an inch or two of ice collected water washing about on them, soaking clothes hung up all over the place, in the wild hope that they might eventually get dry, ports and scuttles tight shut, to keep out the seas that thundered so heavily at them as the ship plunged and wallowed in the angry element; no fires allowed anywhere except in the cook's galley, which was always fully occupied, and no warmth to be obtained anywhere except in your hammock, and even this in most cases, which with fully stowage and leaky deck, was wet through.

Day after day, night after night, this state of things kept on, until there gradually crept in among the men—startled, no doubt, by the other hand, always and deeply imbued with the spirit of superstition—a sort of dim suspicion that the ship was under a ban—bewitched in fact, that, as they said, there was a Jonah aboard, and until he went overboard, we should never weather the dreaded Cape, but were doomed to thrash continually to windward, never gaining an inch on our way. Strange as it may seem, there were many, very many, among our blue jackets who held this belief firmly, and expressed it openly. We, of course, in the midshipmen's berth, careless and light hearted from our extreme youth, laughed at the solemn tones of the old quartermasters, who employed their hours of midnight watch on deck in narrating to us similar instances of vessels which had been thus doomed to struggle with the storm until some unknown criminal had either confessed his crime, or had voluntarily paid the penalty of it. But, as the bad weather continued, and the ship seemed quite unable to advance upon her homeward track, some of us, too, began to allow our minds to be influenced to a certain degree by the mysterious language and ominous hints of these men, so much our elders in years, and our superiors in practical experience.

Matters had got to this pitch, and no change apparent about to take place in the aspect of the weather or the direction of the wind, when one wild and wretched forenoon at seven bells (eleven-thirty) the men were piped to muster on the main deck for that one drop of comfort which they could look forward to in the day—the serving out of each man's 'tot' of grog. Faces which at other times wore a look of gloom, were brightening under the influence of the spirit, the ever-present growl was stilled for a while, the joke began to pass around as the blood warmed and flowed more rapidly through the veins, when a whisper—a sort of muttered suggestion, made at first with a kind of apologetic reluctance, but with growing confidence and insistence as it gained ground—passed through the throng of men that one of their number was missing. Such a whisper makes its way through a ship's company, however large, like a current of electricity, and so it was in this case, but at first the men kept it to themselves. It could not long, however, be concealed, and presently it spread to the midshipmen's berth, next, the wardroom heard it, and soon the captain himself was made aware of the suspicion. Well I remember, how, as we sat in the cold, damp, comfortless, dirty berth, discussing the matter with boyish eagerness, the sudden shrill pipe of the boatswain's mate burst upon our ears, followed by the hoarse cry of 'Hands muster by open list!' So, then, the captain thought it important enough to make serious and official inquiry into. Then came the calling over of those five hundred names, with most of which we had been familiar for three years or more of our commission in the Pacific. But I am wrong—not quite all of those five hundred. There came a time when the name of one, a petty officer, was called, but no reply came to the call, and a dead silence reigned over the lips—a silence, I mean, as regards human speech or sound, the gale and the thundering seas raged for a moon at cursed their tumult. Then followed the grave and searching investigation into the mystery. Who had seen him last? Where was he then? In what state? How long ago was it? and so on, and so on, until it left the whole ship's company knowing that one of their number had gone overboard—presumably in the morning watch, probably swept off by a peculiarly heavy sea, well remembered in that watch. But unknown, unheard, unseen—his cry for help, if such a cry he gave, utterly drowned and smothered in the ceaseless roar of the sea, the shriek of the wind. And so the men were dismissed, each to his special duty, and the paymaster was directed to see that the fatal letters D D (Discharged dead) were placed against the unhappy man's name in the ship's books.

And now occurred a circumstance which took the whole ship by storm, as it were, and which, more accident and coincidence as it was, made all the old seadogs nod their heads and cry the younger men meaningly, as who would say, 'What did I tell you?' while they, on their part, were firmly impressed with the lesson in cause and effect thus so pointedly placed before them. It was close upon noon when the fact of a man being

lost was clearly established and ere the afternoon watch was over, the sky had cleared, the storm had dropped, the wind had shifted right round, and was now blowing dead fair! There was no room for more argument—the oldsters had it all their own way, the scoffers were silenced.

The ship now, in a few hours, rounded the Cape, which before had seemed an impossible obstruction to her, and made her way unhindered to the north, but the feelings engendered by the events immediately preceding this change had taken a strong hold upon the men to pass lightly away, and in many a long first watch the subject of the disappearance of the lost ship panic and its immediate effect upon the elements was discussed with bated breath and many an ominous shake of the head was given as the opinion was moodily expressed that 'We did not done with him yet!' And so, a few days afterwards, on a Sunday morning, during divine service, the quartermaster of the watch came creeping and tiptoeing down the ladder to report something to the commander, who at once felt well that silently up the deck but a few minutes afterward returned and whispered myst ously to the captain, who in his turn immediately on deck and did not come down again, we all felt that perhaps something more might be in store for us, and we were not perchance at all surprised when the sermon duly cut its accustomed immortal length, and then, when at last the blessing had been given and the quick sharp voice of the first mate had called the order, 'Business mate, pipe down!' we literally tumbled up on deck, to learn what it was that had disturbed the calm of that Sabbath forenoon. It needed but a glance 'I declare!' there they were, a long array of cold, blue, shadowy giants, looming huge in the mist with which each surrounded himself—ghostly, ghastly, dumb as pitches from the very land of Death itself. Not that we thought of them them as such, for we were all, we youngsters, we liked them, we said they were 'jolly, though my eye!' a gulfed with an air of joviality, and we hurriedly imagine Death to be, and it wrapped us in its clammy shroud of death cold fog, and chilled us to the very marrow, and, towering in dense confusion, royal mast head seemed to threaten us with instant and appalling destruction.

So we spoke, each, after asking, among the hands on board, what course, and, if some of anxiety and alarm by day, how much more so by night! Often we entered a vast bank of impenetrable fog, centre as that somewhere, in its innermost recesses, lay a needed, as if waiting, for the prey, a gigantic berg, but never knowing it in moment to moment when or where exactly to expect it. This was a splendid chance for the lookers. Many a gigantic column head was shaken, and many a jaw wagged with gloomy forebodings over that unusual and unexpected appearance of ice in the southern Sea. By and by, the wind began to freshen, and signs of another gale appeared, though this time from a quarter fairly favourable to us, and with her canvas sagged down and a bright lookout forward, the old ship began to shake her sides as she hurried away from those inhospitable seas with their spectral ocean panes towards the inviting warmth of the tropics and the steady blast of the trade winds.

Anxious for a breath of fresh air before turning in to my half sodden hammock, I went on deck to take a turn with a chum and enjoy, as we often did together, a few interjections of the delights of home once more. It was a wild—a very wild night. There was a small moon, but the clouds were hurrying over her face in ragged streamers, and in such an instantaneous succession, that her light was scarcely visible, and when she did show it for a fleeting moment, it fell upon a black, tossing, angry sea whose waves broke into clouds of icy foam as they fell baffled off the bow of the great ship, or tried to leap scornfully over her quarter. It was a hard steady gale, the wind shrieking and humming, through the rigging, and the old ship bore it pounding ponderously but unremittingly at the great mountains of water before her, and creaking, groaning, and complaining as she did so, mast, yard, hull all in one grand mt concert together, as if remonstrating at the labour which she was forced to undergo. In spite of the moon, the night was as black as Erebus, and from the quarter deck on which we paced, the bow of the ship was hardly visible. We were just turning one here aft, my chum and I in our quarter deck walk, when a voice rang out sudden, clear, and half forward—the voice of the starboard lookout man 'A bright light on the starboard bow!' Instantly we, and indeed every soul on board, turned and peered half in that direction. Not a vestige of a light was to be seen! Then the voice of the officer of the watch was heard from the bulwarks, ordering the midshipman of the watch to go forward and find out if the man was dreaming, or if any sail did run the light which he reported. No one did hold out, but the man stuck to his text. He had seen for a second of time a bright light on the starboard bow—a very bright light, quite different from anything which he was usually in sight on.

'No sir! I beg your pardon sir! I wants to keep out I sir! he did awake as I am now, sir! and he did seen it.'

By this time all hands were on deck and many fears felt by one, and tumbled up from below to the hull.

'But, my good man if it was really a light which you saw, some one else must have seen it too.'

'I do know nothing of that, sir, but I seen it. What I seen were ——'

'A bright light on the starboard beam!' sung out the starboard watch about at this moment, and 'I saw it!' and 'I saw it!' echoed several voices, but before the officer of the watch could turn round towards the direction indicated, it was gone, and the starboard beam presented one uniform sheet of impenetrable darkness.

'What was it like?' 'What was it like?'

'Something of a flash light, I should say,' replied the lookout. 'Very bright and very short—gone in a moment like!'

By this time the captain and commander were both on the bridge, and the whole ship was alive with curiosity.

'What can it be?' I asked of the old boatswain against whom I had rubbed in the darkness as I walked aft.

'Tis a boat,' said he, 'that's what it must be. The cap'n he allows it's a boat, and he's pretty sure to be right. Some poor souls whose vessel has foundered among the ice—whales, most likely—took to the boats, they have. I saw that there light myself—seemed very close to the water, it did. They saw our lights, and burnt a flash light. If they got another, they'll show that, too, presently.'

And now the voice of the commander rang out 'Mr Sights!'

'Ay, ay, sir,' replied the gunner.

'Clear away your two foremost guns on the maindeck, and fire blank charges at short intervals, and get some blue light, and show them in the fore rigging at once.'

'Ay, ay, sir.' And away went the gunner to see his orders carried out instantly.

But ere his head had disappeared down the hatchway—'A light! light on the starboard quarter!' roared out the marine sentry at the lifebuoy right off, and once more everybody turned ship round to find nothing to gaze at but the universal darkness.

'Hands, about ship!' was now the order, and in quick succession came from the bridge the well known commands in the sharp, imperative voice of the lieutenant of the watch. 'Down the helm!'—'Helm's a lee!'—'Raise tacks and sheets!' Ac. And as the splendid old ship answered her helm like a boat, and began to fill on the other tack, 'Mainsail haul!'—for our courses were furled—'Haul braces!' 'Of all, haul!' and we were on the other tack.

The ship was now brilliantly illuminated by half a dozen blue lights burnt in her fore and main rigging, while, as we began to move ahead once more, our bow guns belched forth from the maindeck one after the other—a roar which we fondly imagined would be more welcome than the most dulcet music to the ears of the poor storm tossed castaways in that frail boat which we now hoped to rescue from the wrath of the raging sea. At intervals there appeared again the bright but transient flash which had first attracted our notice, and through the roar of the waves and the shriek of the wind, we at times imagined that we could hear human voices shouting no doubt for help, and all eyes were strained to the uttermost through the darkness to try and discern the first glimpse of the boat itself. The last flash had told us that we were steering directly for it, and on we sped, our blue lights hissing and flaring in our rigging, our guns recklessly roaring out our sympathy and our desire to save.

'Keep a sharp lookout forward there!'—'Life boat's crew, fall in it!' and we prepared to lower the port quarter boat, which was told off as a 'lifeboat'—that is, for any purposes of rescue, although the crew of the ship was any thing but favourable for boat duty, but when we thought of that poor boat tossing about on the storm vexed sea with its freight of shivering and half drowned men, ay, and maybe a woman or two among them, and then remembered the drowning sailors and the fearful dangers which they represented, no man hesitated, and had volunteers been called for to man the life boat, the whole ship's company would have come forward. Well can I remember the almost choking feeling of thankfulness in my own heart when I thought of the wild joy of these poor outcasts at the prospect of so speedy a rescue, and anticipated the delight of welcoming them on the quarter deck of so staunch and safe a ship. But all in a moment my anticipations and my sentiments of gratitude were scattered to the winds.

'Keep her away, sir! keep her away!' came a roar from the forecastle. 'You'll be right down upon her!' A large full rigged ship right ahead of us!'

Up went our helm, and the ship's head paid off, and as we strained our eyes in the direction indicated, we could dimly make out, to our intense surprise and unspeakable wonder, the huge, shadowy, ghostly outline of an unusually large vessel. No signs of life appeared about her. The light which had first attracted our notice was now no longer to be seen. Her masts, yards, and sails were only just visible—not as a black hard shadow against the sky, but pale, spectral, as if mere vapour—barely to be discerned, yet leaving no room for doubt. There she sailed, a veritable phantom ship. All hands gazed at her in silence. The blue lights were allowed to burn out, and no fresh ones were lighted. The great guns ceased to thunder on the maindeck. The lifeboat's crew muttered uneasily among themselves, as if dreading the possibility of being ordered to board so uncanny a craft, while the older hands once more shook their heads, and said 'they knowed we wadn't seen the last of that poor fellur as fell over board.'

But there was nothing more for us to do. Who and what the mysterious stranger hanging on our port quarter was we could not possibly ascertain in such a night, in such a dark, and at length the order was given to 'Wear ship,' and we once more turned our back on the vessel which we had been so eagerly pursuing for more than an hour. As we did so, we could see that he too altered his course, his spectral yards, with their shadowy sails, swung round, and he disappeared without a sign in the darkness of the night.

'Don't tell me,' said the boatswain, 'as that there were a real ship. Didn't that poor fellur disappear suddenly just before we sighted her? Answer me that! Well, then—did we ever know what become of him, eh?—No! Very well, then! That there phantom ship was to tell us as how he was drowned, that's what that were, and nobody shan't persuade me no other than that.—How do I explain them bright lights? Answer me this. Were them lights starry lights, such as ship shows at night?—No, of course they weren't. 'Corpse lights'—that's my answer, and when I says corpse-lights, I means it.'

It may have been an honest merchantman, outward bound, and too intent upon making a speedy voyage to 'speak' us, but, nevertheless, the boatswain's opinion was pretty generally accepted as the correct solution of what was considered to be an ocean mystery.

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, 47 Paternoster Row, London, and 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

All Rights Reserved.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS [ST LANDUS]

No 121 —Vol III SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1886 Price 1½ d

THE HERRING FISHERY AND FISHERMEN

IN TWO PARTS—PART I

THE herring fishery has been prosecuted more or less by the inhabitants of this country for several hundred years, and the industry has been long recognised not only as an important factor in the food supply of the country, but as one of the most valuable export trades in Scotland The catching of herrings received a good deal of attention from the fishing population last century but as the prosecution of the fishing was marked by great irregularities the fishermen became disheartened at the repeated failures in the catch, and being unacquainted with any proper mode of curing and salting herrings that would have enabled them to take advantage of prolific seasons the industry began to languish and decay The government, however, moved by the success of enterprising Dutchmen engaged in the fishery saw the prospects of developing under enlight ened auspices and unexpected energy, a vast sphere of operations, and with the view of encouraging both fishermen and fishcurers to engage in the industry, an Act of Parliament was passed in 1750, and another in 1753, offering substantial bounties to all boats employed in the herring fishery which was followed up in 1809 by payment of a bounty of two shillings for every barrel of herrings cured, accompanied by an allowance of two and a halfpence per barrel exported From 1815 to 1826 the export trade was doubled, but the bounty per barrel cured was in the last mentioned year raised to four shillings, while in the four succeeding years, a yearly reduction of one shilling took place and in 1830, when the trade was fairly established, the government bounties were abolished

The fostering care bestowed upon the herring trade was fruitful of great results, and our countrymen, who had looked upon the Dutch fishery, with all its technicalities, as quite unapproachable, were gratified to find that the Scotch herring industry was destined to take first rank both in extent and excellence of cure What was still more satisfactory to those who had seen it in its struggling days, instead of requiring a continuance of state aid, it was soon able to repay all advances made from the revenue arising from fees paid by fishcurers for receiving the government brand certifying the contents and quality of the barrels, the annual income of which now averages nearly eight thousand pounds

The regular prosecution of the fishing on the north and north east coasts may be said not to have commenced till 1815, but from that time, it has been looked upon as a great public industry, and its success or failure has influenced to an enormous extent the comfort or poverty of the communities inhabiting the small towns scattered along the eastern shores of Scotland In the early part of this century, the quantity of fish salted presented a very sober account, and in 1810, the grand total cured in Scotland, England, and the Isle of Man was only 90 183 barrels, while in 1841, the total for Scotland and the Isle of Man was 594,031 barrels From 1841 till 1870, a period of inactivity prevailed, and the official statistics even after year were abundant proof that the spirit of enterprise was sadly deficient, or that the notoriously capricious herrings had betaken themselves to other waters Whether the inactivity in the catch was attributable to lack of energy on the part of curers and fishermen, or to the continued scarcity of fish, is a problem yet unsolved, but it remains on record that the total quantity cured in 1841 was 594 031 barrels, while in 1869 it had only increased to 675,113 barrels In 1870, Scotland alone produced 833,160 barrels, while in the season of 1884, the total quantity cured reached the enormous figures of 1 637,000 barrels!

It will thus be seen that this great fishing which is now the mainstay of a vast population extending round the shores of Scotland, has gone on progressing till it has reached a position entitling it to rank among the greatest industries of the country The money value of the fishing presents a fairly intelligent view of the progress

made during the last fifty years in its prosecution, and the figures given confirm the inexhaustible riches of the sea, and prove the boundless deep to be a mine of wealth, only now beginning to receive the attention which it deserves. The value of the fishing in 1810 was about seventy thousand pounds, and though it was subject to reverses now and again, it gradually gained in dimensions until 1851, when its value was half a million sterling! In 1870, the catch yielded about nine hundred and sixteen thousand five hundred pounds, whereas in 1884 the total quantity cured represented a sum of two million one hundred and twenty one thousand three hundred and forty six pounds, which is equal to the rentals of the counties of Aberdeen, Banff, Elgin, Nairn, Inverness, Cromarty, Ross, Sutherland, and Caithness—or the annual value of nearly a half of that of the total rent of Scotland.

Along with other improvements, the increase in the number and size of the herring boats forms an interesting feature in the trade, and is a striking proof of the immense resources at the command of the fishermen. Not only has the numerical strength of the fleet increased greatly, but the size and style of the boats have also changed immensely, and the craft measuring thirty five feet of keel and fourteen feet of beam, used in 1830 50, have given place to handsome and substantially built vessels, averaging fifty six feet from stem to stern, and not under eighteen and a half feet of beam, whose burden runs from twenty five to forty registered tons. Although the demand for herrings has gone on increasing steadily, the tastes of former large consumers have shown remarkable changes, and those—especially the inhabitants of Ireland—who in the early days of the fishing were the best customers of the Scotch curers, now but very moderately tear open salt herrings as an article of food. In 1821, the exportation of salted herrings to Ireland was 125,445 barrels, to the continent, 89,724, and to places out of Europe, 79,836; whereas in 1851 the figures were, Ireland, 66,138, continent, 198,403, places out of Europe, 2,367; and in 1884, Ireland, 34,000, continent, 1,149,000, places out of Europe, 960 barrels. The radical change in the quantities of fish consumed at the different markets in the course of half a century are rather striking, but Ireland has, it is said, largely substituted bacon and other cheap food for the once much prized fish, while the almost complete collapse of the colonial trade is directly caused by the emancipation of the West Indian slaves, who were provided by their masters with salted herrings as the leading article of food, and who, in order to efface all recollections of their former degradation, studiously avoided touching the herring after their liberty was secured!

Although not the rule, a number of fishermen often commence fishing for herrings at various ports on the east coast early in July, but it is generally not until about the 20th of the month that the fishermen's regular engagements commence and operations are begun in earnest. At that date the fishcurers are bound to receive the fish at twenty shillings per cran—one cran being equal to a capacity of thirty seven gallons, and reckoned to contain about eight hundred herrings—from early morning till twelve o'clock midnight; and should the weather prove favourable and the shoals abundant, a single crew of energetic men have often earned no less than one hundred pounds in the first week of the fishing, and continued the work with such success, that at the end of the season of eight weeks, a sum of five hundred pounds stood at their credit in the fishcurers' books. In recent years, the boats have largely increased at the leading ports of Fraserburgh, Peterhead, Aberdeen, and Wick, where the numbers employed during the season vary from seven or eight hundred at Fraserburgh, down to four hundred at Aberdeen—not to mention the enormous recent increase at Shetland—each boat being manned by six men and one boy. The extent of nothing in use has also largely increased.

For a considerable period of the season the boats proceed the fishing on the banks from forty to sixty miles away, gradually nearing the shore as the season advances, but in no season imitating the modest efforts of the fishermen of forty or fifty years ago, who never ventured more than ten or fifteen miles off, with the result that the fish, undisturbed in their inward course, were caught in large quantities quite close to the shore. With regard to those days, many of the old people now living on the Aberdeen fire coast have a vivid recollection of the extraordinary excitement that existed in the fishing towns one or two generations ago when the word passed round that 'a body' of herrings, but at length appeared in the bay, the indications of which were a dense flock of seagulls to be seen preying upon the fiery tribe, or a large shoal of whales pursuing the fish—the menageries of the former attracting the fishermen to their mark, and affording an interesting sight to those on the shore.

At this stage of its history, one of the most serious drawbacks to the prosperity of the herring fishery was the immense shoals of dogfish which regularly visited the north east coast during the months of July and August, to the almost complete prostration of the fishing operations, for not only did those rapacious fishes greatly destroy the nets in their pursuit of food, but the horrors, which seemed to have a wholesome dread of this enemy, immediately disappeared from their usual haunts whenever the dogfish arrived upon the ground. It was no uncommon thing to see boat loads of dogfish brought in daily by the fishermen, from whom they were purchased by farmers and crofters for manuring the land, and also for the purpose of providing oil for domestic uses, as, before paraffine or candles had come within the reach of all, a great portion of the lamp oil used by the poorer classes, on the Aberdeenshire coast at least, was extracted from dogfish. After having visited the coast bound by the German Ocean more or less regularly for sixty or seventy years, the dogfish mysteriously disappeared in 1866, and though they are still met with at intervals by fishermen at the west coast herring fishing (Lewis and Barra) and at Shetland, they have never again returned to the east coast, a freak of nature which has puzzled the most intelligent fishcurer or fisherman to explain, but which has wielded an influence for good scarcely conceivable, since the disappearance of these pests from the adjacent seas marked the setting in of a tide of prosperity

in the trade which has never again receded. The greatly increased size and number of boats, and the competition for herrings existing in the trade, have rendered inshore fishing next to impossible, and as it is generally the case that herrings are now more abundant at sea than near the land, the anxiety to secure good takes is year by year driving the fishermen to more distant grounds, hence, there are reasonable prospects that ere many years have elapsed, the prosecution of the fishing will have developed into the regular employment of large smacks and steam craft able to venture great distances to sea, and, if need be, remain there till a sufficient catch has been obtained.

Having given a short sketch of the rise and progress of the Scotch herring business, some notes on the social aspect of the industry and a general description of the present mode of catching and curing the fish, will probably prove interesting to those who have not been privileged to visit any of the great fishing towns during the months of July and August, a time of each year when the mighty herring constitutes the sole topic of conversation.

At the harbours of the herring towns in the end of June and beginning of July, boats are arriving from north, south, and west laden with all kinds of household goods, and uppermost are the fishy folks' beds and blankets, upon which are lying the wives and children, who have been taken by this route to save the expense of a trip by rail, but whose condition from the effects of sea sickness, often demonstrates the folly of the fishermen's financial policy. In addition to the fishermen and their families, every train brings hundreds of Highlanders from Inverness, Sutherland, Ross, and the Isles in search of employment on board the boats, and they, in conjunction with the influx of crofters (to be engaged for curing purposes), tramps, itinerant dealers, pickpockets representatives of various denominations, &c., soon swell the normal population by many thousands, and form a motley crowd as can be well imagined. The fishing town of Aberdeenshire and more northern ports awaken, after a protracted period of somnolence, to the fact that the season of activity has arrived, and the streets which formerly looked bare and deserted, now teem with men, women, and children, all drawn to either to share in the spoils of the deep. Order in such a miscellaneous population is sometimes not easily maintained, and the singing and unruly masses which on a Saturday night congregate about the leaving trains, frequently tax the energies of the police to the utmost, and if the Highlanders be on the 'war path' from the effects of too liberal potations of their own 'mountain dew,' the question of local government has to be settled by military force—an instance of which took place at Fraserburgh in 1874, when fully a thousand Highlanders in an infuriated condition wrecked the police station, bombarded the town house, and threatened to burn the town, and were only brought to their senses by the arrival of a detachment of soldiers from Aberdeen.

The evening of the seventh day of the week is invariably one of confusion, noise, and fight in every large fishing town; but throughout the other nights, all frivolities are cast aside, and the single aim of the whole community is to secure as rich a harvest of herrings as possible. Under ordinary circumstances, the sight afforded by the departure from the harbour of so many craft crawling lazily along in twos, threes, and half dozens, is very pretty, but when the prospects of a good fishing are exercising the fishermen's minds, and every one is anxious to reach the fishing ground early, the excitement and competition among the fishermen to secure a good start, transforms the harbour channel into a scene of the wildest confusion, where the fishermen shout, threaten, and at times deal blows at each other, playing tragedy and comedy in turns, to the intense delight of those watching their movements from the pier. Should the weather be favourable, the boats keep constantly streaming from the harbour mouth, and if a fresh breeze prevails, a very short time will suffice to fill the bay with hundreds of the handy little craft, gaily ploughing their outward course to the fishing ground. By mid by the horizon for a considerable stretch will be dotted with their brown sails, still holding onwards, and only when the sea and clouds join hands, do they finally disappear in the wide waste of waters.

On leaving the harbour and getting the sails set and trimmed, the crew of the craft betake themselves to comfortable quarters among the nets and spare sails lying about the deck, where local yarns are told, and the Highlanders sing Gaelic songs, or rehearse the leading incidents of their life in the Western Isles since last 'shot' was in the east coast, but as the fishing ground is neared, the stories cease, and every one from the skipper down to the 'scummer' boy—the lad who is employed with a small hand net to pick any herrings out of the water that happen to fall from the nets—eagerly scans the water in hope of descrying indications of fish. Should the wished for appearances be discovered, so much the better, but it often happens that no certain proofs of the existence of fish are obtained, and after reaching a distance where fish are supposed to abound, the sails are lowered, and the men commence to cast the nets into the sea in the dusk of the evening. In doing this, a small portion of the sail is hoisted, and while the craft moves slowly through the water, the fishermen continue casting their nets overboard, until their fleet of say, fifty, nets, attached to one another, and extending in a direct line for a length of two thousand yards, are shot, the whole hanging perpendicularly in the water, and suspended from a rope, to which is fastened skin or metallic buoys floating on the surface of the water. When the whole of the nets belonging to the boats engaged at a large station are set, the sea for a stretch of many miles is one complete network, from which the herrings can scarcely escape, and the work falling upon the fishermen mightily in shooting and hauling their nets may be guessed from the fact that the netting used by the Scotch fishermen, if stretched in a direct line, would extend ten thousand miles, or something like three times across the Atlantic.

Having got the nets safely into the deep, the mast is lowered, the light hoisted, and everything put into its proper place for the

night; and as the craft drifts slowly along with the wind or tide, surrounded by hundreds of other fishing boats, not a sound is heard save the occasional whistle of a steamer slowly threading its way through the floating hamlet, or the shrill cry of the expectant seabirds. On board the boats, the crews have retired to rest, with the exception of one or two left to act as the watch, but who, when their conversation runs dry, invariably sink through sheer sleepiness into the arms of Morpheus, and trust to providence to fulfil the duties which they had undertaken. Once or twice during the night the skipper comes on deck or two to be pulled up and if the prospects of a successful fishing are good, the position occupied is retained, but if no herrings are in the nets, it is not uncommon for the crew to remove to another spot, in hopes of meeting with better luck, where the labour of shooting the net has again to be undertaken.

As the morning breaks, the crews bestir themselves, and at an early hour the work of hauling commences, which being accomplished some or later, according to the weight of fish secured, all canvas is set upon the craft, and as she speeds steadily through the sea, causing the wavelets ripplingly at the bow to sparkle bright handily in the morning sun, the crew all unconscious of the glorious panorama spread before them, busily engage in shaking the herrings out of the nets and otherwise preparing for discharging them each on reaching the harbour. As the net hangs like a curtain in the water, herring in their progress get their head into the meshes, whence they cannot retreat, and are thus held captive till the nets are hauled on board and the fish shaken into the hold. On many occasions the herrings sink so densely that almost a whole complement of nets sink to the bottom, which often entails a loss upon a single crew of from one hundred to one hundred and fifty pounds, while at other times the craft are so deeply laden with the precious freight, that they run the risk of a distance of perhaps fifty miles with the water occasionally playing upon their decks and only saved from foundering, by the extreme calmness of the weather. In many seasons, the fishing proves a complete blank for a protracted period, and as the whole community in the fishing towns is entirely dependent upon the success of the industry, such occasions throw the spirits of everybody below zero, and the usual bustle and smiling faces give place to solemn countenances, and curses, deep, and others stand in groups on the pier and at the street corners discussing the fishermen's chances and prophesying the result of next week's fishing.

IN ALL SHADES

CHAPTER XXXI

No human eye ever gazed behold Wilberforce Whitaker, alive or dead. The torrent that had washed down the gap in the narrow horsepath tore away with it in the course of that evening's run a great mass of tottering earth that had long trembled on the edge of the precipice, and when next day the governor's servants went down in awed silence to hunt among the debris for the mangled body, they found nothing but a soaked hat on the road behind, and a broken riding whip close to the huge rent that yawned across the path by the crumbling ledge of newly fallen clay. Louis Delgado alone could tell of what had happened, and in Louis Delgado's opinion, Dr Whitaker's crushed and shapeless body must be lying below under ten thousand tons of landslip rubbish. 'I see de gentleman hitin' on de brink ob de hole, he said a hundred times over to his gossips next day, 'and I tink I hear him call dem scouting as him go over de tip ob de big precipice. But it doesn't sound to me exactly as if him scared and shouting, peers more as if him singing to himself a kind ob mournful miserable pahm tune.'

In tropical countries, people are accustomed to hurricanes and thunderstorms and landslips and sudden death in every form—does not the Church service even contain that worldly sounding additional clause among the petitions of the litany, 'From earthquake, tempest, and visitation, good Lord, deliver us?'—and so nobody cared much to dig up Wilberforce Whitaker's burial body, and if they had tried, they would never have succeeded in the attempt, for a thousand tons of broken fragments lay on top of it, and crushed it to atoms beneath them. Poor old Dobbs felt the loss acutely, after his childish fashion for nearly a fortnight, and then straightway proceeded to make love as usual to Miss Seraphina and the other ladies, and soon forgot his whole trouble in that one congenial holiday occupation.

Nora Duppy did not so quickly recover the shock that the mulatto's sudden and almost supernatural death had given her system. It was many weeks before she began to feel like herself again, or to trust herself in a room alone for more than a very few minutes together. Born West Indian as she was, and therefore superstitious, she almost feared that Dr Whitaker's ghost would come to plead his cause with her once more, as he himself had pleaded with her that last unhappy evening on the Italian terrace. It wasn't her fault, to be sure, that she had been the unwitting cause of his death, and yet in her own heart she felt to herself almost as if she had deliberately and intentionally killed him. That unspeakable horror of race that had stood so effectually in his way while he was still alive was partly removed now that she could no longer see him in person, and more than once, Nora found herself in her own room with tears streaming in both her eyes for the poor mulatto she could never possibly or conceivably have married.

As for Tom Duppy, he couldn't understand such delicate shades and undertones of feeling as those which came so naturally to Nora, and he had therefore a short and easy explanation of his own for his lively little cousin's altered demeanour. 'Nora was in love with that infernal nigger fellow,' he said confidently over and over again to his uncle Theodore. 'You take my word for it, she was head over ears in love with him, that's about the size of it. And that evening when she behaved so disgracefully with him on the terrace at the governor's, he proposed to her, and she accepted him, as sure as gospel.

If I hadn't threatened him with a good sound horse-whipping, and driven him away from the house in a dozen of a funk, so that he went off with his tail between his legs, and broke his neck over a precipice in that terrible thunder-storm—you mark my words, Uncle Theodore—she'd have gone off, as I always said she would, and she'd have ended by marrying a woolly headed brown man'

Mr Theodore Dupuy, for his part, considered that even to mention the bare possibility of such a disgrace within the bosom of the family was an insult to the pure blood of the Dupuys that his nephew Tom ought to have been the last man on earth to dream of perpetrating.

Time rolled on, however, month after month, and gradually Nora began to recover something of her natural gaiety. Even deep impressions last a comparatively short time with buoyant young girls, and before six months more had fairly rolled by, Nora was again the sunny, light, merry, dancing little thing that she had always been, in England or in Trinidad

One morning, about twelve months after Nora's first arrival in the island, the English mail brought a letter for her father, which he read with evident satisfaction, and then handed it contentedly to Nora across the breakfast table Nora recognised the crest and monogram in a moment with a faint flutter she had seen them once before, a year ago, in England They were Harry Noel's But the postmark was Jubadoes She read the letter eagerly and hastily

'Dear Sir'—it ran—'I have had the pleasure already of meeting some members of your family on the other side of the Atlantic—that was an overstatement, Nora thought herself quite the proper for the occasion—and I have come out to look after some property of my father's here in Barbadoes, I propose to run across to Trinidad also, by the next steamer, and gain a little further insight into the habits and manners of the West India My intention is to stop during my stay with my friend Mr Hawthorn, who is you doubtless know—holds a district judgeship or something of the sort somewhere in Trinidad But I think it best at the same time to enclose a letter of introduction to yourself from General Sir Henry Labouchère, whom I dare say you remember as formerly commandant of Fort of Spain when the Hundred and Fifth were in your island I shall do myself the honour of calling upon you very shortly after my arrival, and am meanwhile, very faithfully yours, HARRY NOEL'

The letter of introduction which accompanied this very formal note briefly set forth that Sir Walter Noel, Mr Noel's father, was an excellent old and intimate friend of the writer, and that he would feel much obliged if Mr Dupuy would pay young Mr Noel any attentions in his power during his short stay in the island of Trinidad

It would be absurd to deny that Nora felt flattered She blushed, and blushed, and blushed again, with unmistakable pleasure To be sure, she had refused Harry Noel, and if he were to ask her again, even now, she would refuse him a second time But no girl on earth is wholly proof in her own heart against resolute persistence Even if she doesn't care a pin for a man from the matrimonial point of view, yet provided only he is 'nice' and 'eligible', she feels naturally flattered by the mere fact that he pays her attention If the attention is marked and often renewed, the flattery is all the deeper, subtler, and more effective But here was Harry Noel, pursuant of his threat (or should we rather say his promise?), following her up right across the Atlantic, and coming to lay siege to her heart with due formalities once more, in the very centre of her own strong hold! Yes, Nora was unfeignedly pleased Of course, she didn't care for him, oh, dear, no, not the least little bit in the world, really, but still, even if you don't want to accept a lover, you know, it is at anyrate pleasant to have the opportunity of a second time really rejecting him So Nora blushed, and smiled to herself, and blushed over again, and felt by no means out of humour at Harry Noel's evident persistance

'Well, Nora?' her father said to her, eyeing her interrogatively 'What do you think of it?'

'I think, papa, Mr Noel's a very gentlemanly, nice young man, of a very good old English family

'Yes, yes, Nora I know that, of course I see as much for myself in Sir Henry Labouchère's letter further back But what I mean is, we must have him here, at Orange Grove, naturally, mustn't we? It would never do, you see, to let a member of the English aristocracy'—Mr Dupuy dwelt lovingly upon the latter words with some unction, as preachers dwell with lingering relence upon the special shibboleths of their own particular sect or persuasion—'go to stop with such people as your cousin Francis over yonder at Mulberry, the Hawthorns'

Nora was silent

'Why don't you answer me, miss?' Mr Dupuy asked pettishly, after waiting for a moment in silent expectation

'Dear I will never speak to you about my own friend, papa, when you choose to talk of them in such unkind and uncalled for language'

Mr Dupuy smiled ruefully He was in a good humour It flattered him, too, to think that when members of the English aristocracy came out to Trinidad the Dupuys naturally asked him, Theodore Dupuy, Esquire, of Orange Grove, as the proper person towards whom to look for hospitality The fame of the fighting Dupuys was probably not unknown to the fashionable world even in London They were recognised and talked about So Mr Dupuy stately unbent a bland smile of utter obliviousness, and observed in the oracular (as men do when they are addressing nobody in particular) 'Coloured people are always coloured people, I suppose, whether they're much or little coloured, just as a dog's always a dog whether he's a great big heavy St Bernard or a little snarling snapper of a Skye terrier But anyhow, it's quite clear to me individually that we can't let this young Mr Noel—a person of distinction, Nora, a person of distinction—go and stop at any other house in this island except here at Orange Grove, I assure you, my dear Tom or I must certainly go

down to meet the steamer, and bring him up here bodily in the buggy, before your friend Mr Hawthorn—about whose personal complexion I prefer to say absolutely nothing, for good or for evil—has time to fasten on him and drag him away by main force to his own dwelling place.' (Mr Dupuy avoided calling Mulberry Lodge a house on principle, for in the West Indies, it is an understood fact that only white people live in houses.)

'But, papa,' Nora cried, 'you really mustn't. I don't think you ought to bring him up here. Wouldn't it—well, you know, wouldn't it look just a little pointed, considering there's nobody else at all living in the house except you and me, you know, papa?'

'My dear,' Mr Dupuy said, not unkindly, 'a member of the English aristocracy, when he comes to Trinidad, ought to be received in the house of one of the recognised gentry of the island, and not in that—well, not in the dwelling place of any person not belonging to the aristocracy of Trinidad. *Noblesse oblige*, Nora, *noblesse oblige*, remember. Besides, when you consider the relation in which you already stand to your cousin Tom, my dear—why, an engaged young lady, of course, an engaged young lady occupies nearly the same position in that respect as if she were already actually married.'

'But I'm not engaged, papa,' Nora answered earnestly. 'And I never will be to Tom Dupuy, if I die unmarried, either.'

'That, my dear,' Mr Dupuy responded blandly, looking at her with parental fondness, 'is a question on which I venture to think myself far better qualified to form an opinion than a mere girl of barely twenty. Tom and I have arranged between us, as I have often already pointed out to you, that the family estates ought on all accounts to be reunited in your persons. As soon as you are twenty-two, my child, we propose that you should marry. Meanwhile, it can only avoid unseemly differences within the family to discuss the details of the question prematurely. I have made up my mind, and will not go back upon it. A Dupuy never does. As to this young Mr Noel who's coming from Barbadoes, I shall go down myself to the next steamer, and look out to offer him our hospitality immediately on his arrival, before any coloured people—I mention no names—can seize upon the opportunity of intercepting him, and carrying him off forcibly against his will, bag and baggage, to their own dwelling places.'

SOME RUSTIC NAMES OF FLOWERS

Who does not love the country names of old-fashioned flowers better than those by which botanists and florists call them? By old-fashioned flowers—if forms perennially renewed can ever be called old-fashioned—are meant the flowers our oldest poets praise, and whose simple charms find a place in the songs of modern ones—flowers, the roots of which the old Flemings and the proscribed of Nantes brought with them in their enforced migration to this country, and which, like the industries they introduced, flourished into brighter bloom and strength than in the Netherland. Some of the rustic names of these old flowers have a quaint prettiness and meaning in them, like the pet names of little children, which are at once piquant and endearing, and as some are local, others little known, and others, again, nearly obsolete, and likely to be wholly so in another generation or two, one is interested in endeavouring to preserve them.

The 'Tailflaires' (checkered snake's head) of old Shropshire people are properly spoken of by their children's children as 'Tailflaires,'* and bright-looking blushful 'Pretty Betty,' indigenous to the Kentish chalk, and familiar to many persons by this name, is now, thanks to botany and Board Schools, correctly known as 'Red Valerian.' We, however, who have known it from childhood by its homelier name, will know it by no other, for as it will always be 'Pretty Betty,' and suggestive of the high bloom on the hypothetical maiden's cheek in honour of whom it was so named. In Chaucer's time, it was crudely called 'S'twale,' or 'Set-wall,' from its well-known habit of creeping old castles and other crumbling walls, and of growing above gay patterns and old garden gates, whence, from the tender 'Good nights' not unusual in such places, it probably got its Shropshire name of 'Kiss at the wicket,' and its Surrey synonym 'Kiss behind the garden gate.' The variegated 'lad-bon-giss' of our gardens, anciently called but that was when the rood of Berkley flourished, and village maidens, knowing no other literature, read their saints calendar in flowers—'Our Lady's Laces' had become, when Parkinson wrote, 'Painted' or 'Ladies' Laces,' which makes all the difference. In many places it has the common name of 'Gardener's Garters,' but in a corner of Kent not far from the Weald, where many old world ways and words are banished, it has the pretty, part, but apposite one of 'Match me if you can'—a name that prompted the examination of a dozen blades of it, only to discover that, by some exquisite diversity of arrangement of the creamy white and pale green stripes, not one of the delicately striated leaves exactly resembled another.

'I must have it call it "London pride," and the mighty you old propriety of a garden, once full of bloom and colour and sweetness than any other we have known, but that was before sight fulfil its owner. 'What have we country folk and simple flowers to do with "London pride?" For my part, I like it best by its old Kentish name of "None so pretty." If any doubt the fitness of the sobriquet, let them take the trouble to micro-opically examine the minute painted and jewelled corolla of this flower, and assure themselves how truly it deserves the appellation.

No country garden is without 'Honesty,' or 'White satin flower' as it is sometimes called, from the silvery lustre of its large circularly shaped seed-pods, which, when dried, were used to drape up fireplaces in summer, and decorate the chimney mantels of cottages and village inns. Our aged friend had another name for this plant also, and called it 'Money in both pockets.' The curious seed vessels, which grow in pairs, and are

* Near Weston one of the seats of the Earl of Bradford, in Shropshire, there is a field locally called the 'Tailflaires Field' which people annually visit for the sake of the tailflaires, which abounds there, as it does in Christ Church Meadows, Oxford.

semi-transparent, show the flat disc-shaped seeds like little coins within them, an appearance which no doubt originated the name.

Reminiscent of the times to which we just now alluded, when holy names hung about the hedge-rows, and the blossoming of plants recalled sacred seasons and events, the lilac in Devonshire bears the name of 'Whitsuntide flower;' the country people know it by no other. Three *Cardamine pratensis*, Shakspeare's 'Lady smocks,' the 'Cuckoo flower' of old Gerarde, whose blossoms border the streams and meadows in spring 'all silver white,' like lengths of bleaching linen, is known as 'Milkmaids;' and in the same county the 'Rex glove' becomes 'Folks' glove' or 'Fairy glove,' while in Ireland, children call the drooping tubular freckled bells 'Fairy thimbles,' and are careful not to meddle with them after sunset, on pain of being pinched by the 'good people.'

The milk white 'Candytuft' (*Iberis amara*) grows plentifully on stony upland fields in Berkshire and Oxfordshire. Once, in the latter county, when we were gathering some of it from a field in which some women were weeding, one of them remarked to another that she should not have liked to have done so when she was a young woman, upon which we inquired its name, and was told, almost reluctantly, 'Poverty'—a most expressive name, for it loves but a poor and hard soil, and has its bottomed name from its intense bitterness. Evidently, village lads and lasses had from early times an unwritten language of flowers, and this was one of its phrases.

As our readers know, 'Pansy' is a very old name for the 'Heartsease,' as old at least as Queen Elizabeth's time, and probably older. Spenser writes of the 'pretty pansey,' and Ophelia gives it 'for thought.' It is a plant of many names. Shakspeare twice calls it 'Love in idleness.' Poor, simple, pious folk, seeing its three lower petals joined like a 'gipsy,' called it 'Herb of the Trinity.' The wanton habit of the plant prompted it the name of 'Run the streets,' which appellation it has not wholly lost in country places. Rustics also call it 'Jump-jumps under a hood.' But it was as 'Heartsease' we first knew it, a name that gives sweet force to that other old world one, 'Call me to you,' which without it had been meaningless.

Of local names for flowers, one of the prettiest we know is that by which a Dorsetshire girl designated the 'Michaelmas Daisy'—a name full of unconscious poetry, she called it 'Summer's Farewell.' 'We shall not have many more now, guys this year, ma'am, I see "Summer's Farewell" is blowing,' and upon demanding to see the unknown flower, she pointed out the familiar 'Michaelmas Daisy.'

In Wiltshire, the children give the names of 'Bushlights' and 'Fairy candles' to the 'Tritmadam' of our ancestors, the small fleshy leaved erect stems and terminal flowers with spreading anthers of the yellow sedum (or stonecrop), frequent on old walls and house-tops, and to the subtle child fancy, we have no doubt the resemblance is sufficiently strong to set them all alight on summer nights.

The 'Danewort' or Dwarf elder is in some districts said to be so called because the people fancy it sprung from the blood of the Danes slain in battle; and that it, upon a certain day of the year, you cut it, it bleeds. It is noteworthy that the large terminal cymes of this plant, which lists wide places, are of a purplish colour, the berries black, and that the juice of the flowering stems, like the fruit, produces a blood like stain.

The curious corruption of 'Fritillary' to 'Fritillaria,' with which we started, is easily understood, but who would imagine the poetically named 'Narcissus' under the homely guise of 'White Nance,' the common name for it in Shropshire gardens? We had rather it kept its pretty rustic name of 'daffodil,' a name interwoven in many a garland of old English verse, and sweetly suggestive of wool, and nut boughs sparkling with buds, and village children, and the fresh young joy of spring. The name daffodil is now generally applied to the paler and brighter yellow flowers.

Another old world plant included in these days under the generic name of *campanula*, and which in many parts was known as 'Country bells,' keeps in its Kentish name of 'Canterbury bells' a local hint, and is so called not only from the great number of the plant in the neighbourhood of the old storied city, but because it was the type of 'Bell-bells,' which pilgrims to his shrine carried away with them, in token of their having been there. Another of its tribe, better known than liked, has the quaint name of 'Little steeple bell flower,' a picturesque name one would not willingly blot out from floral nomenclature, though its common one of 'Rampion' is quite good enough for it, and highly characteristic of the exuberant mode in which its fleshy and at the same time fibrous roots take possession of the soil and overrun it. It is a dangerous plant to admit into gardens, where its tall trailing stem, beset with little watchet blue bells, is occasionally seen.

In the north of England, the wild hyacinth of the south—sometimes erroneously called 'Harebell'—with its pendulous flowers underhanging each other on one side only of its drooping stem, has the curious name of 'Ring of bells' from a fancied resemblance (a writer in *Notes and Queries* tells us) to the bells on which King David is sometimes represented playing in old woodcut engravings. In Shropshire, the fairy stems of the Houstonia (*I quit thee arrowy*), which shoot up like brown pins out of the soil before the stalks open, are called 'Gandpipes' by the children, and a similar name is applied to them in many parts of Scotland. In Shropshire, also, the chalk white flowers of the rock alyssum have the pretty trivial name of 'Summer snow;' and the scarlet pimpernel, that trusted hydrometer of land and shepherd of which Lord Bacon wrote 'There is a small flower in the stubble fields which country people call "Winnoppe," which if it opened in the morning, you may be sure of a fine day'—as 'Winnoppe,' which, methinks, to use his lordship's idiom, is the more correct of the two, seeing the habit of the plant is to close its petals when a rain cloud dulls the sky, and to open them wide in sunshine, alternations suggestive of the name 'Wink and peep,' which time has probably contracted. In some places it is known as 'the poor man's weather glass.'

In the same district, that fine sour relish of

our childhood, 'Sorrel,' is simply 'Sour dock;' and the early Purple Orchis (*O. mascula*), with its dark green leaves flashed with brown, and spikes of richly coloured flowers springing up in cowslip covered meadows, is hailed as 'Kings Fingers'

The cow lip has in Shropshire the common name of 'Purple,' a name the derivation of which no one appears to understand, but its old Kentish name of 'Culver keys' is unknown We have lately seen the meaning of this also queried It had its origin most probably in the common country fashion of christening flowers, in Gerarde's time, from some fancied resemblance in its drooping mobel of unopened flowers to a 'bunch of keys hanging from a ring or girdle, just as the pendent clusters of ash seeds are called—we presume from the same idea—'Ashen keys,' and as a bunch of keys must belong to some one or some thing, why not to the 'culver,' or wood pigeon? In this fanciful way we can imagine the pretty rustic name of 'Culver key' coming about, in hypothesis wholly our own, and therefore open to correction

It was after this fashion, Parkinson tells us, he named the 'Wild Clematis (*C. vitalba*), 'Travellers Joy, because it loves to spread green bowers in hedgerows near villages and the habitations of men But when came the name of 'Roving Sailor'—one of the trivial ones for the ivy leaved Toadflax (*Linaria cymbalaria*), the fine thread like runners of which hang from old garden walls—those of Hampton Court, for instance—bearing in their season little solitary blue or purple petiled flowers No rustic would have so named it, to him, its other appellations of 'Hen and chickens,' or 'Mother of thousands' would have been more natural Put 'Roving Sailor' suggests of that other plant with which the hedgerow meddles not, and may have been bestowed by some maritime superannuated, whose imagination transformed the long straggling roots into cordage, and the tiny blue petalled flowers into sail as climbing it, while the straggling habit of the plant completed the similitude

Traditions die hard in country villages, and faith in the specially remedial properties of plants once dedicated to holy names and mysteries is by no means extinct amongst peasant folk Thus, we were gravely informed last summer by a cottager of our acquaintance, in the sweet hamlet of Hathdown, in Kent, that there was nothing for a green wound better than the leaves of our 'Saxons Flannel' (a 'Blanket') a southern name for the exquisitely soft, glaucous, green leaves of what some persons sedulously call 'Mouse ear,' and which—to fill a nature to eat—resembles in texture the finest silken plush, and retains their softness and pliability for months after they are gathered It is often seen in borders, where its silvery leaves and pale mauve coloured flowers render it effective

Again, the great 'White Lily' (*Lilium candidum*), the 'Sceptre Lily' of our time, 'Our Lady's Lily' in the past, of which the old masters made such effective use in their pictures of the Virgin, is in Shropshire still known as 'Annunciation Lily,' an evident misnomer It should be, remembering the time of its blooming, the 'Lily of the Annunciation' In the neighbourhood of the Wrekin it has another name—it is the 'Healing Lily,' and the curative virtues of the whole plant is firmly believed in

It was a pretty custom to name the plants after the saints and holy seasons about whose anniversaries they fell a flowering It saved some absurdities and vulgarities in christening them, and left us names so sweet and appropriate, that, like the gilly flowers and sops in wine, sweetbriar, &c., of the old poets, they will never become old or inept Who would exchange 'Christmas Rose' for 'Black Hellebore,' or 'Lent Lily' for 'Pseudo Narcissus,' or prefer 'Anemone' to 'Easterflower,' or 'Polygally' to 'Crossworts' (carried on winds in the ancient perambulations of Rogation week) 'Whitsuntide Flower' is a prettier name than 'Lilac,' and 'Michaelmas Daisy' than 'Aster Tradescanti,' the one by which it was known when Charles I was king

But these are not the purely rustic names of plants with which we started One more example—a local one—and our personally formed catalogue of them is ended Any one who has observed the regular height to which the garden fumitory grows when planted against a wall, forming a background of its soft, finely cut, light green leaves, which overhang each other, and the seemingly equal distances at which its clusters of yellow or rose coloured flowers depend, will at once perceive the fitness of its quaint Shropshire name of 'Lady's Needlework Flower' It has the richness, with some of the formality, of a flounce of old chenille embroidery, such as in other years exercised the industry and ingenuity of English ladies This plant is said to be called fumitory (earth smoke, *fumus terræ*) from the belief that it was produced without seed from vapours arising from the earth This was an ancient and well rooted belief as far back as 1495 In Kent it is called 'wandolls,' from the doll like appearance of its little flowers

SPIRITED AWAY

IN THREE CHAPTERS—CHAP III

Five minutes later, when my eyes were unbandaged, I found myself being driven along a road which was apparently in the extreme suburbs of London, the houses that we passed were so scattered and far apart Legros was by my side, and two other men were sitting opposite us, but the windows of the conveyance were drawn up, and although the night was now perfectly clear, only the vagest outlines were discernible of anything outside, except for a moment now and again when we came within the faint circle of light radiated from an occasional street lamp Suddenly my heart gave a great throb, for by the momentary gleam of a lamp I saw that the conveyance in which I was travelling was a mourning coach—a coach draped in black, and such as is never made use of except for following the dead Could it be possible that the hearse with its dread burden was in front of us, and that we were following it to some bourn to me unknown? I sank back into my corner, and asked myself whether it was really true that I, who had left my far off country home scarcely twenty-four hours ago, could thus suddenly, and

without any action of my own, have become a participant in some dire tragedy, of which as yet I know neither the beginning nor the end. I was but a boy, just recovering from a long illness, and if a few tears welled from my eyes in the darkness, it is perhaps hardly to be wondered at.

But it was of Karavich I was thinking more than of myself. There was little doubt left in my mind that the poor *courier* had come to some foul and sudden end. But who and what was he, and what was the nature of his crime? Who were these men, who had constituted themselves at once his judges and his executioners, and to what place was the body of the murdered man being conveyed so mysteriously in the dead of night? Vain questions one and all. A sense of heavily upon me of being in the power of an inexorable Destiny, who was leading me onward whether I willed it or no, by paths to me unknown, towards a goal I was unable to foresee.

Soon the last lamp was left behind, and we plunged forward into the blacker darkness of the country, and now our pace was increased, the horses breaking into a long, swinging trot, which gradually became wearisome from its absolute monotony. As on our first journey, not a word was spoken by any one. By and by, from sheer fatigue, I suppose, perhaps aided in part by the liquor given me by Legros, I fell into a sort of troubled sleep, in which the real and the imaginary were strangely blended. How long this state of semi-consciousness lasted, and how many miles we travelled during the time, I had no means of judging. The abrupt stoppage of the coach and the cessation of the monotonous grinding of the wheels, brought me back with a start to the realities of my position. Legros let down one of the windows. Day was just breaking. A dim misty light pervaded the atmosphere, through which as yet nothing was clearly visible. M. Legros and one of the others alighted and went forward, leaving me and the other man inside.

'Are we near the end of our journey?' I said to the silent figure sitting opposite me.

He started, stared at me for a moment, and then made some unintelligible reply. Presently the coach moved forward a little way, and then halted again. Then M. Legros came up, and standing on the carriage step, spoke to me through the window.

'Another stage of our journey is at an end,' he said. 'We have one more stage to travel together before we separate. You will now please to alight, but before doing this, I must ask you to give me your promise that neither by word nor gesture will you endeavour to attract the attention or rouse the suspicions of any strangers, not of our party, whom you may presently see. As I have already told you, you have only to obey my instructions implicitly, and no harm shall befall you.—Have I your word, monsieur?' There was a stern questioning look in his eyes as he finished speaking.

'I am helpless, and in your power, I can only do as you wish.'

'It is well,' he said as he stepped down and opened the carriage door.

I was glad enough to get out and be able to stretch my cramped limbs. The other man followed, and during the next few minutes he and M. Legros kept close to me, one walking on either side of me.

My first glance round showed me that we had alighted some twenty or thirty yards from a broad, sluggish flowing river, which I at once said to myself could be none other than the Thames. A thin white mist lay on the water, through which only the faintest outlines of the opposite shore were discernible. In mid stream, a small steamer lay moored, from the funnel of which a thin black pennon of smoke was lazily trailing. We had alighted at a kind of wharf, roughly paved and shut in by some half dilapidated buildings, which looked unspeakably forlorn and desolate in the light of early morning. Some half score men, dressed in guernseys and high boots, were lounging about, their hands half deep in their pockets, looking on with a stolidity which it seemed as if nothing could rouse into animation, at the proceedings of the party of which I formed one, which were conducted without the slightest pretence at secrecy. A little way in the background stood the plumbless house with its two black horses.

We three men, I in the middle, walked down to the edge of the wharf. The tide was low, and it was not till we were close to the water that I perceived a couple of boats which seemed to be waiting our arrival. The first looked like an ordinary ship's boat, in it were seated some half dozen men resting on their oars, with their swans in the stern. The second boat was a broad old fashioned tub, but I could not repress a shudder when I saw the coffin which had been brought down in the house had been put in it. Two men were in this boat, one seated at the head, and the other at the foot, of the coffin.

There was barely time to note all this before, in compliance with a whispered word from Legros, who still kept by my side, I descended four or five stony the wished steps, and stepped into the first boat, followed closely by my companions. As soon as we had seated ourselves, a signal was given, the men dipped their oars, and a moment later the rugged wharf and its staring denizens were left behind. And now it was I first became aware that we had the other boat with its awful freight in tow. It glided after us through the morning mist, as though the secret it held was one from which we might never more escape.

Our boat held in a straight line from the wharf. I had undergone so many surprises during the last few hours that it was only one more added to the number to find that our destination was the steamer which was anchored out in mid stream. Five minutes later, I found myself on board, and, at the invitation of Legros, I at once followed him below. He conducted me into a handsomely fitted up saloon, and then left me. It could not have been more than a few minutes after this when the engine gave its first palpitating throb, and the third stage of my strange journey had begun.

Whither were we bound? What would be the duration of our voyage? And what possible object could my captors have in taking me so far away from home? These were questions that put themselves to me again and again, and then I thought of the fate of poor Karavich, and my heart as I did so grew faint within me.

It was all an unfathomable mystery, and the more I strove to find some ray of light to guide me through its mazes, the more bewildered I became. In order to relieve in some measure the burden of my thoughts, I began to peer through the port-holes of the cabin, one after another, but there was little to be seen to gratify my curiosity. A dim line of desolate dikes on the one hand, on the other, an equally dreary expanse of far-reaching shore, with here and there a few scattered buildings, from some of which spunk, huge chimneys, which were already belching forth black volumes of smoke to the morning air. It had begun to rain by this time, but there seemed to be scarcely the faintest breath of wind, the quick soft pulsing of the engines told me that we were now making rapid progress through the water.

I had been about half an hour alone, when I was joined by Legros. He was all smiles and amiability. He gave me the impression of a man from whose mind some burden which had pressed heavily on it had been suddenly lifted. There was no longer that strained intense look in his eyes—that air of watchful suspicion which had been so noticeable in him earlier on, had altogether vanished. He was, if possible, more of an enigma to me under this new aspect than he had been before.

'Your eyes have a dreary look in them, my friend,' he said pleasantly. 'First of all, you must partake of some breakfast, and after that, you shall sleep—sleep—sleep for the next dozen hours, if it so pleases you. This little apartement is set aside for your service so long as you favour us with your company.' As he spoke, he opened one of a row of three or four doors, and disclosed a tiny sleeping berth, fitted up and in every respect ready for occupation, which looked infinitely tempting to my tired eyes. I took advantage of the opportunity to perform some needful ablutions. When I re-entered the saloon, breakfast was on the table. A minute later, Legros and I were joined by two men whom I had not seen before, together with one of the men who had accompanied us inside the carriage. The two strangers were in some kind of undress uniform. Legros smilingly introduced me to them as a young English friend of his who had taken a fancy to accompany them a little way on their voyage. They replied by a few polite words in English, in which they expressed a hope that my voyage would prove a pleasant one; but polite though their words might be, I thought I detected under them a hidden ring of sarcasm. After this, the conversation became general, except as far as I was concerned, it being conducted in the same unknown language as before.

When I sat down at table, I seemed to have no appetite, but it came with the occasion, and despite the doubts and fears which beset me, I made a hearty meal. When the others rose, I retired to my berth, and in less than ten minutes was sound asleep. It was on the point of three o'clock when I awoke. On gazing out through the port-hole, nothing could be seen but a slowly heaving expanse of waters, through which we were quickly cleaving our way. A dreary drizzle of rain was still falling. On entering the saloon, I found M. Legros lounging on the couch over a novel and a cigarette. 'Ah, ha! you look better, much better,' he said with a nod and a smile. 'I advise you to do as I am doing. It's the only thing on a day like this. Here are cigarettes, and on that shelf you will find some half hundred novels in half a dozen languages. You can of course go on deck if you wish to do so and prefer a wet coat to a dry one.'

'Thank you,' I said. 'I will try what it's like on deck—at least for a little while. The fresh air will do me good.'

Of a truth, there was not much to keep any one long on deck. A man at the wheel, an officer on the bridge, and two seamen forward, all in oilskins, were the only living beings visible. After lighting a cigar, I found a sheltered nook under the lee of one of the boats. As far as my defective geographical knowledge allowed me to judge, we were now somewhere about the mouth of the Thames and heading towards the North Sea. On our left, mile after mile of low lying desolate shore was dimly discernible through the thin drizzle of rain. This I concluded must be some portion of the Essex coast. On our right, the grey heaving waters stretched out into infinitude. Already the dull November afternoon was darkening to its close. From minute to minute, my spirits within me seemed to be sinking, deeper and deeper, the gloom and desolation of the great waste of waters so much but a reflex of the gloom and disquietude of my own thoughts. In a little while I flung away the end of my cigar and went below. M. Legros was no longer there, I had the saloon to myself. It was necessary to pass the time somehow, so, after making choice of a book, I stretched myself on a sofa and made a resolute attempt to read. It was a vain effort. Gradually, unbidden by drowsy eyes and white face blotted out the print of the page.

After a time, the steward appeared and began his preparations for dinner. He was a sandy haired, fiery faced man, with a retreating chin and prominent teeth. I went on, pretending to read, and taking but little or no notice of him, when presently I was startled by a low warning 'Hist!' and on glancing up, I saw that the man was regarding me with a strangely earnest look. When he perceived that he had attracted my attention, he held up a finger as if in warning, and then said in a whisper, that was a strange jumble of broken English interlarded with French, such as I cannot attempt to reproduce: 'Do not appear to notice me, monsieur, nor speak to me aloud, for the love of heaven!'

I stared at him in astonishment, but so far obeyed his adjuration as to remain silent.

'Monsieur is an Englishman,' he began again presently, but still in a whisper so low that only with difficulty could I make out what he said, 'and his kind heart will not allow him to refuse to do a small service for one who is in great extremity. Is it not so?'

'Before I can promise, I must know what the service is that you want me to do,' I whispered back.

'It is only to post a certain letter after monsieur's arrival in London.'

I could not repress a start 'But how soon am I likely to be back in London?' I asked with an eagerness I could not conceal

'If all goes well, in less than twenty-four hours from now'

Here, indeed, was joyful tidings, but I suppose I must have looked somewhat incredulous, for a moment later the man added 'Monsieur will find that what I tell him is the truth'

'In that case, of course, I shall be quite willing to post any letter you may intrust to my care'

'O monsieur, thanks—a thousand thanks!' replied the man in a tone the sincerity of which I could not doubt 'If Monsieur Karavich could do so, he would thank monsieur in person, because it is he who is the writer of the letter'

'Monsieur Karavich!' I exclaimed aloud 'I thought that'——

The clatter of a dozen knives on the table drowned my voice The steward had turned as white as a sheet 'For the love of heaven, monsieur, do not speak above a whisper,' he said after a pause and a frightened look round 'What I am doing now is at the risk of my life—but that matters little No, Monsieur Karavich is not dead To avoid any dangerous questions being asked, he was brought down here as if he were a dead man in a coffin made for the purpose Oh, but it was cunningly contrived! Of all Monsieur Karavich's friends, no one knew—there was not one to warn him'

Before I could say anything further, he had left the cabin, but he was back again in the course of two or three minutes 'Here is the letter, monsieur,' he said, still in a whisper 'The thanks of ten, of twenty, of fifty thousand brave hearts would be yours, if they knew the service you have promised to do In less than fifty hours, it will be known in every capital in Europe that Fedor Karavich is a prisoner'

I took the letter and put it away in an inner pocket of my vest 'No eyes but mine shall see the letter I will post it with my own hands as soon as I reach London But tell me—who and what is Monsieur Karavich?'

'One of the greatest and noblest of men, and a true patriot, if ever there was one Monsieur Karavich is not his real name, he has twenty different names for different occasions By birth he belongs to one of the noblest families in his native land, but his heart, his life, his fortune, have been given to the poor and oppressed His real name is a name of terror wherever tyrannny hides and trembles'

'And what will be his fate, now that his enemies have got him in their clutches?'

'Who can tell? It is not the first time the Bear has had him in its grip He passed ten years in Siberia when little more than a boy Probablewest, he will disappear—vanish utterly, and be heard of never again'

'Is there no way of helping him? Are there no means of rescuing him?'

The man spread his hands with a gesture eloquent of despair 'There is no hope—none,' he answered with a half sob in his voice There was silence for a few moments, then I noticed his strange face lighten, and coming close to me, he said in a lower whisper than before 'And yet, monsieur, who can tell? Fedor Karavich has friends where none would expect to find them—friends secret, but devoted to the cause, even amongst the highest of the high All that gold can do, all that powerful influence unseen and working in the dark, can do for him will be done, but after all'—— He finished with a despondent shake of the head

'The cause, as you call it, seems to have its enemies everywhere,' I remarked 'Even you yourself'—— I paused If an apparition had suddenly stood before the man, he could scarcely have looked more scared He gave a great gasp, but did not speak

A moment later, we heard the sound of footsteps As M Legros entered by one door, the steward disappeared through another I became at once immersed in my novel

The same party sat down to dinner that had met at breakfast Each of them addressed a few words to me in English, and treated me with the utmost courtesy, but, as before, the chief part of the conversation was kept up in a language of which I knew nothing When dinner was over, cigarettes and cards were introduced, and I was invited by M Legros to form one in a rubber of whist This, however, I declined to do, and went back to my book instead And so a couple of hours sped quickly away

At length I said to M Legros 'If you have no objection, and these gentlemen will not think it rude on my part, I will retire to my berth'

'Do so by all means,' he answered 'But if I were you, I would only partially undress It is by no means unlikely that you may be called in a hurry'

About four hours later, I was called in a hurry A tap came to my door, and the voice of Legros said 'Are you awake, mon ami? If so, be good enough to dress as quickly as possible'

Five minutes later I joined him in the saloon

'I am grieved to say that we are about to lose the pleasure of your company,' he observed in his blandest tone 'Whatever my regrets may be, I am afraid that I can scarcely expect you to share them, but it is just possible that we may have the felicity of meeting again on some future occasion In any case, we shall hardly fail to remember each other Wrap this cloak round you, I trust you will accept it it may hinder as a slight souvenir of our acquaintance, and put this flask of cognac in your pocket, you will find the night air cold on the water—And now for a few last words of caution' His brows contracted and his face seemed to darken a little as he went on 'For your own sake, and if you value your future welfare—nay, what do I say, if you value life itself—you will not speak one word to any living being of that which you have seen and heard during the past few hours Should we find the authorities in London setting on foot certain inquiries, we shall feel assured that any information they may have acquired can only have emanated from you In that case—— But I feel sure I need not say more, except that I wish you to believe that my warning is intended for your good And now, cher monsieur, if you are ready'

I followed him on deck like a man in a dream I had not noticed till now that the screw of the

steamer had ceased to revolve and that we were steadily moving through the water. The night was bright and starlit. 'Yonder little vessel—what you English, I believe, call a fishing smack—will be your home for the next hour or two,' said M. Legros, pointing to a dark object some little distance away. 'It will convey you to the nearest port, from which you will readily make your way to London.' He took my hand and held it with a hearty grip. 'And now, adieu, and bon voyage. Then in a whisper. 'Remember my warning. In a pocket of the cloak you will find money to defray your expenses to London.'

They were his last words to me. A moment later I was being transferred in a small boat from the steamer to the smack. Even before I got aboard the latter, the steamer was under way again. We could see her lights for a little while after she herself was lost to view, then they, too, were swallowed up in the darkness.

The crew of the smack consisted of three men and a boy. They were a rough but kindly set, and did their best under the circumstances to make me comfortable. I asked them no questions, nor did they ask me any. No doubt, M. Legros had put them well for the service they had undertaken to perform. Soon after daybreak they put me ashore at Lowestoft, and by noon I found myself in London. I at once took a cab and drove off to my friend Gascoigne's lodgings, only stopping for a moment by the way to post poor Kurwich's letter. I had an impression, but it may have been groundless, that my movements were watched and followed both at Lowestoft and in London.

I had not been an hour in Gascoigne's company before I had so far disobeyed M. Legros' warning as to have told my friend everything. At any rate, it could not well have been otherwise; the burden of such a secret was too heavy for my young shoulders to bear. But I had no doubt to share it with my one close friend. I had told the story to my friend, I felt that I could hold my tongue for ever.

Three days later, in the dusk of evening, Gascoigne and I strolled down the street to a certain house in which Kurwich's sister had been addressed. We found the number readily enough. The ground floor was a baker's shop with an unmistakable English name on the sign—certainly not the name on Kurwich's letter. In the window was a card marked 'First and Second Floors to let unfurnished,' and sure enough, on looking up we saw four unexpectant windows staring blankly into the dark like so many sightless eyes. We made no inquiry at the shop but hurried away, feeling as if we had touched the veil of another mystery.

One evening, early in the following spring, I was standing perhaps before a jeweller's window in Bond Street, when a passing stranger halted, apparently with the view of following my example. I was conscious of his presence, but that was all. I did not even glance at him. Suddenly a voice whispered in my ear: 'Victor Kurwich has escaped; let his enemies beware!' I turned with a start, but only to see a tall dark-clothed figure striding swiftly away.

Before these lines see the light, twelve thousand miles of ocean will intervene between me and the readers of them. Had it not been so, in all probability the strange experience embodied therein would never have been made public.

ON PREVENTION OF BLINDNESS IN THE NEW-BORN

BY A MEMBER OF THE DEPARTMENT HERE SO TITLE

Among the grandest of our charitable institutions may be counted those for the care and instruction of the blind. Their utility and the benefit they confer are beyond question, and they are in the highest degree deserving of moral and material support. It is fortunate that human sympathy is seldom slow in extending itself to those, be they young or old, who have lost the priceless boon of vision and who dwell in 'eternal night.' Whilst this is the case, however, and it is a matter for thankfulness, it is well to remember that ours is peculiarly an age when prevention is held to be better than cure, and when considered in connection with cases that admit of 'no cure,' the wisdom of pursuing a course of 'prevention' is only too evident.

It is well known that a large number of the inmates of our blind institutions have been rendered fit objects for admission by preventible causes. The purpose the writer has now before him is the consideration of a class of such preventible cases, but which also embraces the largest proportion. It is peculiarly a subject on which the public need information, and by the experiment and diffusion of which I know it will be within their power to do an amount of good, and which will tend in some degree to lessen the number blinded in the manner to be now described.

The class of cases to which reference is made are those of young babies, to whom, in consequence of a serious inflammation occurring within a few days after birth, the light of the world may be taken away from them, almost, indeed, before their eyes have opened to it. The disease is principally, but by no means exclusively found among the poorer people, and as it is among them that ignorance mostly prevails, the direst results are most frequently witnessed. The affection—a thing in a few days after birth—is characterized by a discharge of matter from the eyes, and attended with redness and swelling, generally, of the eyelids. Whilst on the one hand it must be strongly urged that such a condition is a serious one, on the other it must be equally recognised that if treated sufficiently early it is amenable to remedies. No mother of a babe should, on noticing the appearances indicated, delay sending for or taking her child to a medical man. The greatest ignorance, however, prevails among mothers and those surrounding them, as to the gravity of this affection, at the time and after the births of their children. The writer in his medical practice experiences few circumstances more sad, and calculated to harrow one's feelings more keenly, than for a baby to be brought for the first medical treatment when the disease has already wrought such havoc as to render a cure an improbability, and too

often an impossibility. Such instances are of frequent occurrence in hospital practice. Dr. Emrys Jones some time ago collected statistics as to the condition of the eyes when brought for treatment at the Manchester Royal Eye Hospital, and he found six and a quarter per cent of the eyes were hopelessly lost, in some cases both eyes, in others one only. There is, moreover, an unusual degree of careless indifference displayed, and when a case in a wretched condition is seen by a medical man for the first time at the end of one, two, or three weeks after the onset of the affection, to the question, 'What have you been doing all this time for the baby's eyes?' will come the reply, 'Why, nothing, sir,' as if a special virtue lay in a negative answer.

The importance of preventing blindness being caused by this disease will be evident, when it is remembered that a third or more of all cases in the blind schools of England have been occasioned by it. Nor, indeed, does this in any manner show its entire effects, for those who have only lost one eye, through it, would, of course, be omitted from calculation, as well as those whose vision had been affected in a less degree. On the continent, the proportion would appear to be equally large. In Germany, Reinhard, from investigations at twenty two German blind asylums, found six hundred and fifty eight blind from this disease among a total of twenty one hundred and sixty five, or thirty and a half per cent. Observations among our own institutions would appear to represent as large or a larger percentage of cases. The writer has kept a record of children admitted into a teaching institution with which he is connected, and the number in his note book is sixty two. Of this number he excludes seven, as either not having been examined by him, or the cause of blindness not written, but of the remaining fifty five, in no fewer than twenty one is this affection distinctly traceable as the cause of blindness. This gives a percentage of about thirty nine. No words, it would appear, can be necessary to add to the telling effect of such figures.

It must be recollected moreover, that the blind are not only shut off from the pleasures of this world, but their unhappy lot too frequently renders them a necessary burden on their more fortunate sight possessing fellows. It is desirable that a knowledge of the dreadful results following a neglect of this disease should be imparted upon the community. The results mentioned comparatively seldom occur among the well to do, for the reason that the doctor is in immediate attendance, and under skilful treatment the affection is cured, but, however, by extending information on this subject, it will, it is hoped, reach the less fortunately situated. A comprehensive plan for attaining such an object was introduced to the notice of the Ophthalmological Society of the United Kingdom, by Dr. David M'Keown of Manchester. He proposed to utilise the poor law and birth registration organisations. Such a plan would enable every mother of new born infants to have read to her, and to be put in possession of, or of whoever may be in attendance, a card specifying the characters and dangers of the disease, and again, as the birth of every child has to be registered within a certain number of days, another opportunity would be afforded for giving a card with the desired information. The card, it was proposed, should run in this way: '*Instructions regarding new born infants.*—If the child's eyelids become red and swollen, or begin to run matter within a few days after birth, it is to be taken without a day's delay to a doctor. The disease is very dangerous, and if not at once treated, may destroy the sight of both eyes.'

The Society, on the report of its Committee on this subject, adopted, with slight modifications, the series of resolutions suggested by Dr. M'Keown. The first resolution of the Society, and which chiefly concerns us here, was as follows: 'That the purulent ophthalmia of new born infants being the cause of a vast amount of blindness, mainly because of the ignorance of the public regarding its dangerous character, and the consequent neglect to apply for timely medical aid, it is desirable to instruct those in charge of new born children by a card' (as previously mentioned). This is to be distributed, the resolution adds, by the poor law and birth registration organisations of the United Kingdom, and details the methods to be adopted for carrying the plan into operation. In a subsequent resolution, the aid of the medical press is solicited, and the attention of the various institutions which train or employ midwives is drawn to this very important subject.

These resolutions, as it has been said, were adopted by the Ophthalmological Society, and they were directed to be communicated to the Presidents of the Local Government Board, and of similar bodies in Scotland and Ireland. A deputation also was appointed to wait upon the Presidents of these bodies, if necessary, to urge the desirability of the plan sketched out being put into practice, and among other members of this deputation were Sir William Bowman, and the President (Mr. Jonathan Hutchinson) of the Society.

It is very much to be hoped that the action of such an influential Society will have a good effect. It clearly puts the gravity of the case before the public, and any individual who can in any way spread the knowledge contained in the foregoing Report will be engaged in a really good cause.

For some time, the Society for the Prevention of Blindness has issued and circulated a leaflet entitled, 'Advice to Mothers who do not wish their Children to be Blind.' It contains sound directions as to the nature of the disease, its recognition, and hints as to what should be done whilst the doctor is being fetched, which should, however, be by no means delayed. Any one interested in the welfare of the blind, and wishing for further information as to the objects of the Society, should communicate with Dr. Roth, Secretary, 48 Wimpole Street, London, W.

The object the writer has had in view in this article has been to draw attention to this affection of babies' eyes, and to enforce the urgent necessity for prompt and proper treatment. He has not inserted any directions as to remedies parents may themselves employ, because it is essentially a disease that no one but a medical man should treat, and parents should

be encouraged to apply at once for relief. For the very poor, in every town is a hospital or dispensary, to which the infant can be taken. The better to be should seek the services of their own doctor. Whilst saying this, however, it may be observed that cleanliness is of the greatest importance, and this should be regarded both as to the infant's surroundings and also as to the eyes, in cleansing them with clean tepid water frequently, of all discharge, and this requires to be done very gently. At the time of the birth of the baby, also, the eyes are the first parts that should be washed clean, and not left until the last, as is not unfrequently the case. If this were done, the disease in many cases would be prevented.

PARLIAMENTARY TIPPITS

Edmund Burke, the distinguished orator and writer, at the close of an election in 1774, in an eloquent speech, thanked his constituents for electing him as their member. He was followed by his colleague, Mr Cinger, a merchant, who, after the orator's remarks, contented himself by exclaiming 'Gentlemen, I say ditto to Mr Burke!'

Two stories are told of Lord Brougham. On being offered the post of Chief Baron of the Exchequer, Brougham refused it, alleging that its acceptance would prevent the continuance of his parliamentary duties. 'But,' replied Canning, 'but you will be only one stage from the woolsack.' 'Yes, said Brougham, 'but the horses will be off.'

The second is contained in a remark of Sydney Smith, who, seeing Brougham in a carriage on the panel of which was the letter B surmounted by a coronet of earl, 'There goes a carriage with a Bourbon and a wisp inside!'

Lord Erskine had the following unique form of replying to begging letters: 'SIR—I have honoured by your application, and I beg to subscribe'—here the recipient had to turn over the leaf—'myself, your very obedient servant.'

Lord Palmerston's good humour is a distinct element of his character, well known. We find it even during his last illness, when his physician was forced to mention death. 'Die, my dear doctor!' he exclaimed, 'that's the last thing I shall do.'

When Sheridan had learned by heart, but failed to remember, the exordium of a speech beginning with the word 'Necessity,' which he repeated three times, Sir Robert Peel continued 'Is not *Alecto* the mother of invention.'

Some good sayings are attributed to George Selwyn, who was called 'the receiver general of wit and stray jokes,' and was a silent member of parliament for many years. When told that Sir Joshua Reynolds intended to stand for parliament, Selwyn replied 'Sir Joshua is the ablest man I know on canvas.'

Horace Walpole, when complaining one day of the existence of the same indecision, want of solution, and want of system, in the reign of George III as had been witnessed in that of Queen Anne, remarked concerning the continuance of the Duke of Newcastle as First Lord of the Treasury after the accession of George III. 'There is nothing new under the sun.'—'Nor under the grandson,' added Selwyn, George III being the grandson of George II.

George III one day alluded to Selwyn as 'that rascal George,' on which Selwyn asked 'What does that mean?' Immediately adding 'Oh, I forgot, it is one of the hereditary titles of the George.'

The Duke of Cumberland on asking Selwyn how a horse he had lately purchased answered, received the reply 'I really don't know, I have never asked him a question.'

When it was proposed at one time to tax coals instead of iron, Sheridan objected to the proposal on the ground that 'it would be a jump from the frying pan into the fire.'

Many other examples might be given of Sheridan's wit, we shall mention three. On meeting on day two royal dukes, one of them said that they had just been discussing whether Sheridan were a greater fool than knave. The wit, placing himself between them, quickly replied 'Why, faith, I believe I'm between the two.' His son said that were he in parliament, he would write on his forehead, 'I let.'—Addressing unmoved, suggested the father. On another occasion, when asked by his father at least the interest of his bill, Sheridan replied 'It is not my interest to pay the principal, nor my principle to pay the interest.'

With this bit we may compare Talleyrand's method in dealing with creditors. When asked by one when he should receive payment, the only answer given was '*Mais non*, how inquisitive.'

We shall draw this paper to a close by quoting from *The Anecdotal History of Parliament* the following:

'*An Irish Election Bill*—The following bill was sent by an innkeeper at Trim to Sir Mark Somerville, who had given in order that all persons who voted for him in a contested election for Meath should be lodged and fed at his expense. The bill, it is said, is still kept in a frame at the family seat.

April 16, 1820.

Mr Fur—

To eating 1 fresh herring and a steak for Sir Marks, is to 3d a-piece, is to me, £2, 12s.

To eating, 10 more below stairs, and 2 priests after supper, is to me, £2, 1s 3d.

To 6 beds in one room, and 4 in another at 2 guineas every bed, and not more than four in my bed, at any time cheap enough, God knows, is to me, £52, 17s.

To 18 horses and 5 mules about my yard all night at 1s every one of them, and for a man which was lost on the head of wat hung them all night, is to me, £4, 5s.

For breakfast on my in the morning for every one of them and as many more as they brought, as near as I can guess, £4, 12s.

To raw whisky and punch, without talking of pipes, tobacco, as well as for porter, and as well as for breaking a pot above stairs and other glasses and delf for the first day and night, I am not sure, but for the three days and a half of the election as little as I can call it, and to be very exact, it is all or there about as near as I can guess, and not to be too particular, is to me at least, £79, 15s 9d.

For shaving and cropping off the heads of

the 19 freeholders for Sir Marks, at 13d for every head of them by my brother had a vote, is to me, £2, 1s 1d For a woman and a nurse for poor Tom Bryan in the middle of the night, when he was not expected, is to me ten hogs

I don't talk of the piper, or for keeping him sober as long as he was sober, is to me, £0

THE TOTAL		
2 12	0 0	
2 15	0 0	
22 15	0 0	Signed
5 5	0 0	in the place of Bryan Carr's wife
4 12	0 0	his
79 15	0 9	BRYAN × GIBBARY
2 13	0 1	Mark
10 10		
	0 0	

£110 18s 7d, you may say £111, 0s 0d So your Honour, Sir Marks, send me this eleven hundred by Bryan himself, who and I pray for your success always in Trim, and no more at present'

BREAD FROM THE BARK OF THE FIR TREE

The present century is marked by a great social improvement in the position of the lower or working classes, the days of famine, from which they suffered so severely, have passed away, and they can now rely upon bread made wholly from corn, free from husk and chaff, and of that fine quality which a century ago was a luxury only indulged in by the upper or wealthier classes This improvement has been from the about by a fuller extension of the land and by a general development of trade—great social changes which are the spirit of our civilization

In England, the white bread of the poor man is a thing of this century, while meal or brown bread, barley bread, and oat bread then 11 time of food

In the last century when the wood trade of the Baltic was confined to the Russian ports, the now thriving towns in the Gulf of Bothnia were poor fishing villages, and the bread of the people was commonly made from the inner bark of the fir tree Their staple grain was oats and rye, but in time of scarcity, bark bread was used, at other times, bark meal was mixed with corn meal, as a matter of economy As the making of bark bread may now be termed a lost art, we propose to give a few notes upon it, which cannot fail to be of interest to the general reader

Until recently, the making of bark bread from the fir tree was common in the north of Sweden and Norway and in the north western parts of Finland The bark was stripped from the trees in the spring, the only time of the year it is easily removable, that of the trunk of large trees was most preferred, as it was less strong than the bark of small trees or branches Linnæus, the great naturalist, when passing through the woods of Helsingland, in Sweden, in 1732, says 'The common and spruce firs grow here to a very large size The inhabitants had stripped almost every tree of its bark' The outer or hard scaly bark was carefully removed, as the inner bark was the only part required The bark was then dried in the sun, and stored for winter use, a season that embraces six or seven months of the year Preparatory to grinding, the bark was reduced fresh, thick, and pulpy by being warmed over a slow fire It was then in part given to their swine in a granulated form, by way of economising corn, the swine by this food being rendered extremely fat. Other parts were cut up obliquely and given to their cows, goats, and sheep When ground, this bark meal, as it was called, was stored in barrels

The following is an old recipe for making it into bread 'The meal is moistened with cold water into a paste or dough, without being allowed to go into a state of fermentation, and without any yeast Cold water is preferred to warm, the latter rendering the dough too brittle The dough being of a soft consistence, is then well kneaded on a table A handful is sufficient to make one cake, though no person would suppose that so small a quantity could make so large a cake as afterwards appears This lump of dough is spread out on a flat table, not with a rolling pin, but with the hands, and a flat trowel or shovel, a considerable quantity of flour is sprinkled over the surface, and the whole mass is extended until it becomes as thin as a skin of pastiment It is then turned by means of a very large shovel, after being previously pricked all over with an instrument made on purpose, and composed of a large handful of the wing feathers of ptarmigan, partridge, or some such birds The thin side, when turned uppermost, is subsequently pricked in the same manner The cake is then put into the oven, only one being over baked at a time The attendance of a person is necessary to watch the cake, and move or lift it up occasionally, that it may not burn Much time, indeed, is not required for the baking When sufficiently done, the cake is hung over some kind of rail, and the two sides hung down until to each other Other cakes when baked are hung near to or over, the first When the whole are finished, they are laid by one upon another in a large heap, until wanted'

The dough was said to be more compact than bulky, and almost as much so as rye, but the bread was relished as being rather light in taste

Mr Laing in his *Journal of a Residence in Norway*, states that he had been disposed to doubt the use of fir bark for bread, but he found it more extensive than is generally supposed In Norway, it is the custom to kiln dry oats to such a degree that both the grain and the husks are made into a meal almost as fine as wheaten flour In bad seasons, the inner bark of young Scotch pines is kiln dried in a similar manner to the oats, and ground along with them, so as to add to the quantity of the meal The present dilapidated state of the forests in districts which formerly supplied wood for exportation, is ascribed to the great destruction of young trees for this purpose in the year 1813 The bread baked of the oat and pine meal is said to be very good It is made in the form of 'flat cakes, covering the bottom of a griddle or frying pan, and as thin as a sheet of paper, being put on the griddle in nearly a fluid state' When used at table, these cakes are made crisp by being warmed a little.

It would appear that the inner bark of the silver birch tree is also used for grinding into bark meal. Loudon says in his *Arboretum Britannicum*: 'In Kamtschatka, the inner bark of the birch is dried and ground, like that of the Scotch pine, in order to mix it with oatmeal, in times of scarcity. It is also said to be eaten in small pieces along with the roe of fish.' The Rev. Dr Brewer, in his *Dictionary of Phrase and Fable*, says: 'In the fifteenth century, Christopher III. of Scandinavia, in a time of great scarcity, had the bark of birch-wood mixed with meal for food, from which circumstance he was called "The King of Bark."'

It is quite clear that the bark is wholesome, for in the Baltic Provinces it is customary for women in the streets to sell birch sap in pails to the cry of *bark water* (birch water), and we are told in the *Penny Cyclopædia* that 'during the siege of Hamburg, by the Russians in 1814, almost all the birch trees in the neighbourhood were destroyed by the Bashkirs and other barbarian soldiers in the Russian service, by being tapped for their sap.'

In the old home of bark bread, wheat and oats are practically unknown, the shortness of the summer not admitting of the ripening of these cereals. The inhabitants are consequently confined to barley and rye, the latter being their staple food. This rye bread is dark in colour, but very sweet and wholesome.

We have seen the bakers of Sweden drawing batches of rye bread, and from the sweetness of it and its appearance as it lined the floor of the bakehouse, we could scarcely divest our minds that it was not a batch of English plum loaf.

The making of bark bread may now be said to be a thing of the past, but its use even so late as the first half of this century, points to a primitive age, and to intensity in the struggle for life with which we in England are wholly unacquainted.

THE STANHOPE GOLD MEDAL

In this *Journal* for June 6, 1885, we gave our readers some account of the 'Heroes of Peace' whose gallant acts had been rewarded in the course of the previous year by the Royal Humane Society. The Stanhope Gold Medal—'the "blue ribbon" of the Society'—is awarded early in each year to the hero of the most praiseworthy instance of bravery brought to the notice of the Society during the preceding twelve months. In the beginning of this year, then, the Stanhope Medal was awarded to Alfred Collins, a young fisherman of Looe, Cornwall, for an act of bravery of such grand daring as to deserve special notice here. On a dark stormy night of December 1884, a boy named Hoskings fell overboard from the fishing lugger *Water Nymph*, then seven or eight miles south east of the Eddystone lighthouse. The captain of the boat, Alfred Collins, immediately jumped overboard, hampered though he was by his oilskins and sea boots, and holding on to his boat with one hand, endeavoured to catch the boy with the other. He failed in this attempt, but clambering into the boat again, he secured the end of a line, and carrying this with him, he jumped overboard once more, and swam in the direction of the sinking lad. There was a heavy gale blowing, and the night was dark, with heavy rain. By the time Collins reached the boy, he was eighty feet from the *Water Nymph*, and already three feet under water, but Collins managed to clutch him, and the two were with great difficulty pulled on board. Such self-sacrificing heroism as this needs no commendation, but the Royal Humane Society do well to recognise it by the award of their medals. In addition to the Stanhope Medal, the Society awarded during last year fifteen silver medals, and one hundred and thirty-nine bronze ones, and to ten heroes who already wore the medal for previous acts of bravery, the clasp was given, while the minor awards, of testimonials on vellum and parchment and of money, numbered no fewer than two hundred and twenty-seven. In the cases reported to the Society during the twelve months, out of four hundred and thirty-nine persons attempted to be rescued, four hundred and six were actually saved.

AT THE MILL

Sparrows skimming over the shallows,
Where above the reeds and mallows
May flies hover light,
Across course over flood and lea,
Twitter of my love to me—
Cometh he to-night?

Insect moves softly dreaming
O'er the mill stream's tiffed in mating,
In your ways and flight
Murmur over the bridge's sleep
Lullaby to dreaming Hope,—
Cometh he to-night?

Weary as flowing sylvan lows o' rime,
Evening, lovely that first before me,
Rest, soft and white,
Thou moves all with pearls lying,
Half-moments of holy repose—
Cometh he to-night?

Thou wert that late the sunlight's fairness
With the maiden of your sweetness,
Cheer me calm and bright
Sweet as you my thought shall spring,
When his soft tongued whispering
Breathes over me to-night.

Twice he as swallow's plumes,
Wavering as the May fly's dancing
In the waning light!
Hungry as the clouds above,
Frail as petals all his love!
Where is he to-night?

He is here! my homebound swallow;
Time to me as May flies follow
Streamlets to delight.
Fair as skies in sunset hours,
Sweeter far than honeyed flowers,
Comes my love to-night!

F. H. Wood.

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, 47 Paternoster Row, London, and 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

All Rights Reserved.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL
OF
POPULAR
LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART
Fifth Series
ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832
CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECONDS)

No 125.—Vol III SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1886 Price 1½d

COACHING DAYS

The old stagecoaches, having served their day and generation, are now a thing of the past, save such as are used for pleasure by societies like the Coaching Club. The relics of these bygone days are to be found in roomy inns, with their broad gates, their commodious yards, and extensive stabling, which have been rendered comparatively useless and deserted by the diversion of the traffic that maintained them. Our fathers and grandfathers can yet interest us by relating stories of their experiences in the old slow coaches with six inside, the improved fast coaches and flying machines running twelve miles per hour with four inside passengers, or the crawling, lumbering stage wagon, which carried merchandise and the poorer passengers, and which was considered to have travelled quickly if it rolled over four miles of road per hour.

Previous to the introduction of coaches, journeys were performed on horseback or by postchaise, and goods were carried on packhorses. Stow says that the Earl of Arundel introduced coaches into England about 1580, but some give the honour to Bonnen, a Dutchman, who is said to have used this class of vehicle so early as 1564. These coaches, however, were for private use, and it was not until 1625 that they were let for hire at the principal inns. In 1637, there were fifty hackney coaches in London and Westminster, and soon after, stagecoaches came into general use. Here is a copy of an old coachbill of that date. 'YORK FOUR DAYS.—Stagecoach begins on Monday, the 18th of March 1678. All that are desirous to pass from London to York, or return from York to London, or any other place on that road, let them repair to the *Black Swan* in Holborn in London, and the *Black Swan* in Coney Street in York. At both which places they may be received in a stagecoach every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, which performs the whole journey in Four Days (if God permit) and sets forth by six in the Morning. And returns from York to Doncaster in a Forenoon, to Newark, in a Day and a Half, to Stamford, in Two Days, and from Stamford to London, in Two Days more.

Nearly one hundred years after, the coaches were called 'machines' and the fast ones, 'flying machines,' while, to continue the metaphor, one man thus advertises his coach—'Pruch's Machine will begin flying as follows. Hereford Machine, in a day and a half, twice a week, sets out from the *Bolsterd-tree Inn* in Hereford, Tuesday and Thursday mornings, at 7 o'clock, and from the *Swan with Two Necks*, Lad Lane, London, every Monday and Wednesday evenings. Insides £1 Outsides, half price. Jan 5, 1775.'

During these palmy days, they had not the good macadamised roads that we now enjoy. In winter, the roads were often so bad that the coaches could not run, but were laid up, like ships during an icebound. If the roads were defined at all, it was most frequently by ditches, into which many a luckless outside has been thrown by the numerous coach accidents of the period. In many places, there was no road boundary at all, for we read that Ralph Thoresby the antiquary lost his way between York and Doncaster, and the diarist Pepys between Newbury and Reading. A writer in 1770 thus speaks of the Lancashire roads. 'I know not, in the whole range of language, terms sufficiently expressive to describe this awful road. Let me most seriously caution all travellers who may accidentally propose to travel this terrible country, to avoid it as they would a pestilence, for a thousand to one they break their necks or their limbs by overthrows or breakings down, as they will here meet with ruts, which I actually measured, four feet deep, and floating with mud, in summer time.'

Besides the dangers of bad roads, the drivers did not render life, limb, and property any more secure by the furious driving which opposition coaches inspired. As in rival ocean steamers, competition led to a speed not compatible with safety. In Driffield (East Yorkshire) churchyard there is a tombstone to the memory

of the guard of a coach who was killed by the coach being overturned, and the way in which the local newspaper speaks of this accident, leads you to believe there had been racing between it and another coach. Richard Wood, of the *Reindeer* and *Rose Inn*, High Street, Doncaster, in his advertisements, says that his coaches are the best—the horses keep good time—and no *racing*.

These days were the days of highwaymen and footpads. Lady Walpole in her Letters relates how she and Lady Browne were robbed of their purses, when going to the Duchess of Montrose. 'After the thief had gone, Lady Browne was most fearful lest he should return and wreak vengeance, "for," said she, "I always prepare for such like people, and carry an old purse filled with bad money, which I give them, and so save my good money." Her fears were groundless, however, for we reached our journey's end without further mishap.' These highwaymen were a source of great danger and trouble to coach travellers, in spite of precautions to guard against them. A post office notice issued in York, October 30, 1786, says with regard to the mail-coach passengers: 'Ladies and gentlemen may depend on every care and attention being paid to their safety. They will be guarded all the way by His Majesty's servants, and on dark nights, a postillion will ride on one of the leaders.' There is also a note to the effect that the guard was well armed.

During very wet weather and on low lying roads, it was most unpleasant to drive through deep water, while, to all one no fortune to another, the trace might break or some thing else give way, and the mishap must be mended before we could get on to dry land. The water has heard of the water over the axle-trees, and on one occasion it ran into the coach, and all but set about two old ladies who were inside. Their dismay may be easily imagined, and their supplications to the coachman to stop were quite affecting. Those on the outside were nearly as much to be pitied, for it had rained without ceasing all day—that kind of pitiless rain which comes down straight in solid stripes, like the water from a shower bath, which in nautical language goes by the appellation of 'running mutton spikes with their points downwards.' The only difference between the outsiders and the old ladies being, that while they got it from below, the outsiders got it from above.

A good story has been told of four young undergraduates who had taken the four inside seats of the Oxford coach 'Defiance.' Just as the coach was about to start, a very pretty girl came up, attended by her grandfather, and asked if she could have an inside seat. As all the seats were occupied, the guard was unable to grant her request, but the young gentlemen inside vowed they would bear any amount of crushing and discomfort for her sake. The fare was paid, and she gently handed to her grandfather, saying 'Mind you thank the young gentlemen, grandpa!' The feelings of the young gallants can be better imagined than described, but the coach drove off amid a general chorus of anger and dismay.

A gentleman coachman gives the following incident: 'In or about November 1834, I got upon the "Albion" coach, which ran from Bilston head to London. There was no one on the box, a most unusual thing, so I got by the side of the coachman. "I suppose you know what kind of a load we've got, sir?" said he. "No," I answered, "they look a queer lot! What are they?"—"Why," said he, "they're all jail birds." "Where are they going?" said I.—"Why, to Botany Bay, and I wish they were there now, for they are inclined to give some trouble, and would do if they had not got "ruffles" on, but they're pretty safe, I think." They had two turnkeys with them, and there was no one else on the coach but these worthies, their keepers, myself, coachman, and guard. I felt the coach at Wolverhampton, and a lucky thing for me it was, for, before reaching Walsall, the horses shied at some sparks flying across the road from a blacksmith's shop, bolted, ran against a post, and upset the coach. No one was killed, but the coachman ultimately died of the injuries then received. During the confusion caused by the accident, and whilst neither coach and coachman were being put ready to take them on, one of the convicts contrived to get files and other implements, and by these means put their handcuffs into such condition that they could slip them whenever they chose to do so. At a given signal they freed themselves, sprang upon and overpowered their keepers, guard, and coachman, handcuffed them, cut the traces, let loose the horses, and decamped. The greater number of them were, however, recaptured.

With what ease, rapidity, and comfort we now perform our journeys, is best shown by contrast with the way in which our grandfathers thought winters were performed. On a cold day in winter, your hands were frozen, your feet were frozen, you felt very mouth felt frozen, and, in fact, you felt frozen all over. Sometimes, with all this cold, you were also wet through—your hat wet through, your coat wet through, the large wrapper that was meant to keep your neck warm and dry, wet through, and you felt wet through to your very bones. Only twenty minutes was allowed for dinner, and by the time you had got your hands warm enough to be able to unite your neck wrapper, and had got out of your greatcoat, which, being wet, clung most tenaciously to you, the time for dinner was half gone. Before you had eaten one quarter of what you could have consumed, if your mouth had been warm enough to handle your knife and fork, the coachman would put in his head and say 'Now, gentlemen, if you please, the coach is ready.' After this summons, having struggled into your wet greatcoat, bound your miserable wet wrapper round your miserably cold neck, having paid your half crown for the dinner you had the will but not the time to eat, with sixpence for the waiter, you wished your worthy host good bye, grudging him the half crown he had pocketed for your miserable dinner. You then again mounted your seat, to be rammed and crowed on, and almost frozen to death before you reached your journey's end.

The following is from *Notes and Queries*, August 1856 'There being persons who seriously lament the good old time of coaches, when they could travel leisurely and securely, see the country, and converse with the natives, it may be well to register some of the miseries before they are altogether effaced from the memory

> The evil that men do lives after them,
> The good is oft interred with their bones

It is certainly not desirable that the good of coaches should be interred with their bones, neither is it by any means to be wished that the evil should entirely cease to live after them, so as to render us indifferent, and thankless, and insensible to the superior advantages of modern locomotion (1) Although your place has been contingently secured days before, and you have risen with the lark, yet you see the ponderous vehicle arrive full, full, full, and this, not unlikely, more than once (2) At the end of a stage, beholding the four panting, reeking, foamy animals, which have dragged you twelve miles, and the stiff, gilded, sorry relay, crawling and limping out of the yard (3) Being politely requested, at the foot of a tremendous hill, to ease the horses, by getting out and walking (4) An outside passenger resolving to endure no longer the pelting of the pitiless storm, takes refuge inside, to your consternation, with dripping hat, saturated cloak, and soaked umbrella (5) Set down with a promiscuous party to a meal, bearing no resemblance to that of a good hotel save in the charge, and no time to enjoy it (6) Closely packed in the coach, "crammed, cribbed, confined" with five companions morally or physically obnoxious, for two or three comfortless days and nights (7) During a halt, overhearing the coarse language of the hostlers and tipplers at the roadside public house, and besieged by beggars exposing their mutilations (8) Roused from your nocturnal slumber by the horn or bugle, the hishing, and cracking of whip, a search for parcels under your seat, and solicitous drivers (9) Discovering at a diverging point in your journey that the other coach you wished to take runs only every other day, or has finally stopped (10) Clambering from the wheel to your elevated seat by various uncomfortable projections (11) After threading the narrowest streets of an ancient town, entering the inyard by a low gateway, requiring great care to escape decapitation (12) Seeing the luggage piled up "Olympus high," so as to occasion an alarming oscillation (13) Having the reins and whip placed in your unpractised hands, while coachee indulges in a glass and a chat (14) When dangling at the extremity of a seat, overcome with drowsiness (15) Exposed to piercing draughts, owing to a refractory glass, or, *vice versâ*, being in a minority, you are compelled, for the sake of ventilation, to thrust your umbrella accidentally through a pane (16) At various seasons, suffocated with dust and broiled by a powerful sun, or cowering under an umbrella in a drenching rain, or petrified by cold, or torn by fierce winds, or struggling through snow, or wending your way through perilous floods (17) Perceiving that a young squire is receiving an initiatory practical lesson in the art of driving, or that a jibing horse or a race with an opposition coach is endangering your existence (18) Losing the enjoyment or employment of much precious time, not only on the road but also from consequent fatigue (19) Interrupted before the termination of your hurried meal by your two rough coated, big buttoned, many caped friends, the coachman and guard, who hope you will remember them'

No doubt these olden times had their delights as well as discomforts, and old coachmen still speak enthusiastically of the charm of a bright moonlight night in summer time, in which, not marred by the beat of the horses' feet or the rumble of the wheels, you heard sounds, saw sights, and felt conscious of perfumes that are unknown to railway travellers Yes, though many may greatly regret that steam has superseded horse flesh, that the grimy engine driver and stoker have displaced the coachman, that the discordant, screeching whistle is heard instead of the long mellow horn the balance is in our favour, in spite of all the annoyances to which we are subjected by the stupidity and carelessness of railway officials, or by the red tapeism and apparent indifference of railway directors

IN ALL SHADES

CHAPTER XXVII

On the morning when Harry Noel was to arrive in Trinidad, Mr Dupuy and Edward Hawthorn both came down early to the landing stage to await the steamer Mr Dupuy condescended to nod in a distant manner to the young judge—he had never forgiven him that monstrous decision in the case of Delgado versus Dupuy—and to ask chillily whether he was expecting friends from England

'No,' Edward Hawthorn answered with a bow as cold as Mr Dupuy's own 'I have come down to meet an old English friend of mine, a Mr Noel, whom I knew very well at Cambridge and in London, but who is coming at present only from Barbados'

Mr Dupuy stately half his tone *Nobl* w did not so far impose upon him as to oblige him to confess that it was Harry Noel he, too, had come down in search of But as soon as the steamer was well alongside, Mr Dupuy, in his stately, slow, West Indian manner, sailed ponderously down the special gangway, and asked a steward at once to point out to him which of the passengers was Mr Noel

Harry Noel, when he received Mr Dupuy's pressing invitation, was naturally charmed at the prospect of thus being quartered under the same roof with pretty little Nora. Had he known the whole circumstances of the case, indeed, has native good feeling would, of course, have prompted him to go to the Hawthorns; but Edward had been restrained by a certain sense of false shame from writing the whole truth about this petty local race prejudice to his friend in England, and so Harry jumped at once at the idea of being so comfortably received into the very house of which he so greatly desired to become a inmate. 'You're very good, I'm sure,' he answered in his off hand manner to the old planter. 'Upon my word,

I never met anything in my life to equal your open hearted West Indian hospitality Wherever one goes, one's uniformly met with open arms I shall be delighted, Mr Dupuy, to put up at your place—Orange Grove, I think you call it—ah, exactly—if you'll kindly permit me —Here, you fellow, go down below, will you, and ask for my luggage'

Edward Hawthorn was a minute or two too late Harry came forward eagerly, in the old friendly fashion, to grasp his hand with a hard grip, but explained to him with a look, which Edward immediately understood, that Orange Grove succeeded in offering him superior attractions even to Mulberry So the very next day found Nora and Harry Noel seated together at lunch at Mr Dupuy's well loaded table, while Tom Dupuy, who had naturally stolen in hour or two from his beloved canes, dropped in casually to take stock of this new possible rival, as he half suspected the gay young Englishman would turn out to be From the first moment that their eyes met, Tom Dupuy conceived an immediate dislike and distrust for Harry Noel What did he want coming here to Trinidad? Tom wondered a fine spoken, stuck up, easy going, high bred Londoner, of the sort that your true born colonist hates and detests with all the force of his good hate's nature Harry irritated him immensely by his natural superiority a man of Tom Dupuy's type can forgive anything in any other man except higher intelligence and better breeding Those are qualities for which he feels a profound contempt, not unmingled with hatred, envy, malice, and all uncharitableness So, as soon as Nora had risen from the table and the men were left alone, West Indian fashion, to their afternoon cigar and cup of coffee, Tom Dupuy began to open fire at once on Harry about his precious coloured friends the Hawthorns at Mulberry

'So you've come across partly to see that new man at the Westmoreland District Court, have you?' he said sneeringly 'Well, I daresay he was considered fit company for gentlemen over in England, Mr Noel—people seem to have very queer ideas about what's a gentleman and what's not, over in England—but though I didn't like to speak about it before Nora, seeing that they're friends of hers, I think I ought to warn you beforehand that you mustn't have too much to say to them if you want to get on out here in Trinidad People here are a trifle particular about their company'

Harry looked across curiously at the young planter, leaning back in awkward fashion with legs outstretched and half turned away from the table, as he sipped his coffee, and answered quietly, with some little surprise 'Why, yes, Mr Dupuy, I think our English idea of what constitutes a gentleman does differ slightly in some respects from the one I find current out here in the West Indies I knew Hawthorn intimately for several years at Cambridge and in London, and the more I knew of him the better I liked him and the more I respected him He's a little bit too radical for me, I confess, and a little bit too learned as well, but in every other way, I can't imagine what possible objection you can bring against him'

Tom Dupuy smiled an ugly smile, and gazed hard at Harry Noel's dark and handsome face and features 'Well,' he said slowly, a malevolent light gleaming hastily from his heavy eyes, 'we West Indians may be prejudiced, they say we are, but still, we're not fond somehow of making too free with a pack of niggers Now, I don't say your friend Hawthorn's exactly a nigger outright, to look at he isn't he's managed to hide the outer show of his colour finely I've seen a good many regular white people, or what passed for white people'—and here he glanced significantly at the fine spoken Londoner's dark fingers, toying easily with the amber mouthpiece of his dainty cigar holder—'who were a good many shades darker in the skin than this fellow Hawthorn, for all they thought themselves such very grand gentlemen Some of 'em may be coloured, and some of 'em mayn't there's no knowing, when once you get across to England, for people there have no proper pride of race, I understand, and would marry a coloured girl, if she happened to have money, as soon as look at her But this fellow Hawthorn, though he seems externally as white as you do—and a great deal whiter too, by Jove—is well known out here to be nothing but a coloured person, as his father and his mother were before him'

Harry Noel puffed out a long stream of white smoke as he answered carelessly 'Ah, I daresay he is, if what you mean is just that he's got some remote sort of negro tinge somewhere about him—though he doesn't look it, but I expect almost all the old West Indian families, you know, must have intermarried long ago, when English ladies were rare in the colonies, with pretty half castes'

Quite unwittingly the young Englishman had trodden at once on the very tenderest and dearest corn of his proud and unbending West Indian entertainers Pride of blood is the one form of pride that they thoroughly understand and sympathise with, and this remote hint of a possible (and probable) distant past when the purity of the white race was not quite so efficiently guaranteed as it is nowadays, roused both the Harry Dupuys immediately to a white-heat of indignation

'Sir,' Mr Theodore Dupuy said stiffly, 'you evidently don't understand the way in which we regard these questions out here in the colonies, and especially in Trinidad There is one thing which your English parliament has not taken from us, and can never take from us, and that is the pure European blood which flows unsullied in all our veins, nowhere polluted by the faintest taint of a vile African intermixture.'

'Certainly,' Mr Tom Dupuy echoed angrily, 'if you want to call us niggers, you'd better call us niggers outright, and not be afraid of it'

'Upon my word,' Harry Noel answered with an apologetic smile, 'I hadn't the least intention, my dear sir, of seeming to hint anything against the purity of blood in West Indians generally; I only meant, that if my friend Hawthorn—who is really a very good fellow and a perfect gentleman—does happen to have a little distant infusion of negro blood in him, it doesn't seem to me to matter much to any of us nowadays It must be awfully little—a mere nothing, you

know; just the amount one would naturally expect if his people had intermarried once with half castes a great many generations ago. I was only standing up for my friend, you see—Surely,' turning to Tom, who still glared at him like a wild beast aroused, 'a man ought to stand up for his friends when he hears them ill spoken of.'

'Oh, quite so,' Mr Theodore Dupuy replied, in a mellifluous voice. 'Of course, if Mr Haw thorn's a friend of yours, and you choose to stand by him here, in spite of his natural disabilities, on the ground that you happened to know him over in England—where, I believe, he concealed the fact of his being coloured—and you don't like now to turn your back upon him, why, naturally, that's very honorable of you, very honourable.—Tom, my dear boy, we must both admit that Mr Noel is a very honourably. And, indeed, we can keep it quiet brought up wholly in England.—Mr Dupuy dwelt softly upon this fatal disqualification, as though aware that Harry must be rather chagrined at it—'to find up in these points exactly as we do, who have a better knowledge and insight into the negro blood and the negro character.'

'Certainly not,' Tom Dupuy continued triumphantly. 'People in England don't understand these things at all as we do.—Why, Mr Noel, you mayn't be aware of it, but even among the highest English aristocracy there are an awful lot of regular coloured people, out and out mulattoes. West Indian heiresses in the old days used to go home—brown girls, or at most young women with a touch of the tar brush—daughters of governors and so forth, on the wrong side of the house—you understand.—Mr Tom Dupuy accompanied these last words with an upward and backward jerk of his left thumb, supplemented by a peculiarly ugly grimace, intended to be facetious—'the sort of trash no decent young fellow over here would have so much as too he with a pair of tongs (in the way of marriage, I mean), and when they got across to England, were snapped up at once by dukes and marquises, whose descendants, after all, though they may be lords, are really nothing better, you see, than common brown people.'

He spoke snappishly, but Harry only looked across at him in mild wonder. On the calm and unquestioning pride of a Lincolnshire Noel, remarks such as these fell flat and pointless. If a Noel had chosen to marry a hot hen mul, according to their simple old fashioned faith, he would have ennobled her at once, and lifted her up into his own exalted sphere of life and station. Her hidden taint would have been Lincolnshire Noels, the equals of any duke or marquis in the United kingdom. So Harry only smiled benignly, and answered in his easy off hand manner 'By Jove, I shouldn't wonder at all if that were really the case now. One reads in Thackeray, you know, so much about the wealthy West Indian heiresses, with suspicously curly hair, who used to swarm in London in the old slavery days. But of course, Mr Dupuy, it's a well known fact that all our good families have been awfully recruited by actresses and so forth. I believe some statistical fellow or other has written a book to show that if it weren't for the actresses, the peerage and baronetage would all have died out long ago, of pure inanition. I daresay the West Indian heiresses, with the frizzy hair, helped to fulfil the same good and useful purpose, by bringing an infusion of fresh blood every now and then into our old families.' And Harry ran his hand carelessly through his own copious curling black locks, in perfect unconsciousness of the absurdly mal apropos nature of that instinctive action at that particular moment. His calm sense of utter superiority—that innate belief so difficult to shake, even on the most rational grounds, in most well born and well bred Englishmen—kept him even from suspecting the real drift of Tom Dupuy's reiterated innuendoes.

'You came out to Barbadoes to look after some property of your father's, I believe?' Mr Dupuy put in, anxious to turn the current of the conversation from this very dangerous and fatal channel.

'I did, Harry Noel answered unconcernedly. 'My father's, or rather my mother's. Her people have property there. We are connected with Barbadoes, indeed. My mother's family were Barbadian planters.'

At the word, Tom Dupuy almost jumped from his seat and brought his fist down heavily upon the groaning table. 'They were?' he cried inquiringly. 'Barbadian planters? You don't mean to say, then, Mr Noel, that some of your own people were really and truly born West Indians?'

'Why on earth should he want to get so very excited about it?' Harry Noel thought to himself hastily. 'What on earth can it matter to him whether my people were Barbadian planters or Indian fishmongers?—'Yes, certainly, they were,' he went on to Tom Dupuy with a placid smile of quiet amusement. 'Though my mother was never in the island herself from the time she was a baby, I believe, still all her family were born and bred there, for some generation.—But why do you ask me? Did you know anything of her people—the Budleighs of the Wilderness?'

'No, no, I didn't know anything of them,' Tom Dupuy replied hurriedly, with a curious glance sideways at his uncle.—'But, 'pon my honour, Uncle Theodore, it's really a very singular thing, now one comes to think of it, that Mr Noel should happen to come himself, too, from a West Indian family.'

As Harry Noel happened that moment to be lifting his cup of coffee to his lips, he didn't notice that Tom Dupuy was pointing most significantly to his own knuckles, and signalling to his uncle, with eyes and fingers, to observe Harry's. And if he had, it isn't probable that a Lincolnshire Noel would even have suspected the hidden meaning of those strange and odd looking monkey like antics.

By and by, Harry rose from the table carelessly, and asked in a casual way whether Mr Dupuy would kindly excuse him. He wanted to go and pay a call which he felt he really mustn't defer beyond the second day from his arrival in Trinidad.

'You'll take a mount?' Mr Dupuy inquired hospitably. 'You know, we never dream of

walking out in these regions. All the houses in my stable are entirely at your disposal. How far did you propose going, Mr Noel? A letter of introduction you wish to deliver, I suppose, to the governor or somebody?'

Harry paused and hesitated for a second. Then he answered as politely as he was able: 'No, not exactly a letter of introduction. I feel I mustn't let the day pass without having paid my respects as early as possible to Mrs Hawthorn.'

Tom Dupuy nudged his uncle, but the elder planter had too much good manners to make any reply save to remark that one of his niggers would be ready to show Mr Noel the way to the distant judge's—ah—dwelling place at Mulberry.

As soon as Harry's back was turned, however, Mr Tom Dupuy sank back incontinently on the dining-room sofa and exploded in a loud burst of boisterous laughter.

'My dear Tom, Mr Theodore Dupuy interposed mildly, 'what on earth are you doing? Young Noel will certainly overhear you. Upon my word, though, I can't say I agree with all the young fellow's English sentiments, I really don't see that there's anything in particular to laugh at in him. He seems to me a very gentlemanly, well-bred, intelligent—— Why, goodness gracious, Tom, what has come over you so suddenly? You look for all the world as if you were positively going to kill yourself outright with laughing about nothing.'

Mr Tom Dupuy removed his handkerchief hastily from his mouth, and with an immense effort to restrain his merriment, exclaimed in a low suppressed voice: 'Why, now, Uncle Theodore, do you mean to tell me you don't see the whole joke? you don't understand the full absurdity of the situation?'

Mr Dupuy gazed back at him blankly. 'No more than I understand why on earth you are making such a confounded fool of yourself now,' he answered contemptuously.

Tom Dupuy calmed himself slowly with a terrific effort, and blurted out at last, in a mysterious undertone: 'Why, the point of it is, don't you see, Uncle Theodore, the fellow's a coloured man himself, as sure as ever you and I are standing here this minute!'

A light burst in upon Mr Dupuy's benighted understanding with extraordinary rapidity. 'He is!' he cried, clapping his hand to his forehead hurriedly in the intense excitement of a profoundly important discovery. 'He is, he is! There can't be a doubt about it! Baronet or no baronet, as sure as fate, Tom, my boy, that man's a regular brown man!'

'I knew he was,' Tom Dupuy replied exultantly, 'the very moment I first set eyes upon that ugly head of his! I was sure he was a nigger as soon as I looked at him! I suspected it at once from his eyes and his knuckles. But when he told me his mother was a Barbadian woman—why, then, I knew, as sure as fate, it was all up with him!'

'You're quite right, quite right, Tom; I haven't a doubt about it,' Mr Theodore Dupuy continued helplessly, wringing his hands before him in bewilderment and horror. 'And the worst of it is I have asked him to stop here as long as he's in Trinidad! What a terrible thing it it were to get about over the whole island that I've asked a brown man to come and stop for an indefinite period under the same roof with your cousin Nora!'

Tom Dupuy was not wanting in chivalrous magnanimity. He leaned back on the sofa and covered his mouth up for a moment with a comical expression, then he answered slowly: 'It's a very serious thing, of course, to accuse a man offhand of being a nigger. We mustn't condemn him unheard or without evidence. We must try to find out all we can about his family. Luckily, he's given us the clue himself. He said his mother was a Barbadian woman—a Budleigh of the Wilderness. We'll track him down. I've made a mental note of it!'

Just at that moment, Nora walked quietly into the dining-room to ask the gentlemen whether they meant to go for a ride by and by in the cool of the evening. 'For if you do, pips,' she said in explanation, 'you know you must send for Inia to the pasture, for Mr Noel will want a horse, and you're too heavy for any but the cob, so you'll have to get up Nitri for Mr Noel.'

Tom Dupuy glanced at her suspiciously. 'I suppose since your last particular friend fell over the gully that night at Panama Garden,' he said hastily, 'you'll be picking up next with a new favourite in this fine-spoken, new-fangled, high-high, English fellow!'

Nora looked back at him haughtily and distantly. 'Tom Dupuy,' she answered with a curl of her lip (she always addressed him by both names together), 'you are quite mistaken—utterly mistaken. I don't feel in the least prepossessed by Mr Noel's personal appearance.'

'Why not? Why not?' Tom inquired eagerly.

'I don't know by what right you venture to ask question me about such a matter, but as you ask me, I don't mind answering you. Mr Noel is a shade or two too dark by far ever to take my own fancy.'

Tom whistled low to himself and gave a little start. 'By Jove,' he said, half aloud and half to himself, 'that was a Dupuy that spoke that time, certainly. After all, the girl's got some proper pride still left in her. She doesn't want to marry him, *although* he's a brown man. I always thought myself, as a mere matter of taste, she positively preferred these woolly headed mulattoes!'

JOHN HULLAH

In 1870, when Miss John Hullah was canvassing on behalf of Miss Garrett, M.D., then a candidate for the London School Board, several persons suggested that Mrs Hullah herself should have been proposed—'For it's a name that ought to be on the Board.' That the name of Hullah must at one time have been a household word might be gathered from Lord Wharncliffe's statement in the House of Lords, that between the end of 1841 and July 1842, fifty thousand persons were enlisted as musical students under the superintendence of Mr Hullah and his pupils. Very early in life, Mr Hullah's thoughts had been occupied with the great problem of popularising the noble and refining art of music, and

this problem it was his life's labour to deal with, bringing to the task considerable wisdom and culture, magnificent patience, and generous enthusiasm. At a time when musical culture was very limited indeed, Hullah stood forward to proclaim that this evil was readily curable, that almost any child might learn to sing on scientific principles, so as to be able to pursue the study after leaving school, and that music deserved to be dealt with systematically, instead of being treated as a mere 'relaxation from severer studies.' As showing how these ideas were promoted during a long and busy career, the *Life of John Hullah*, now published by his widow (London: Longmans), and including a few pages of autobiography, will be welcome not only to musicians but to social reformers, and all who have any respect for the pioneers of progress.

On the authority of Grove's *Dictionary of Music and Musicians*, Mr Hullah informs us that he first saw the light in the city of Worcester, on the 27th of June 1812. In a private school, he received a remarkably good education in English literature, but apparently in nothing else, and his future career was still an open question, when it was suggested, by a musical family very intimate with the Hullahs, that John should be trained to the profession of music. Accordingly, he became a pupil of William Horsley, the celebrated organ writer. At the age of seventeen or eighteen, Hullah himself ventured on the composition of a glee, and in 1831, he became a student at the Royal Academy of Music, then passing in his opinion, a reputation which it has never recovered. Here among his fellow students, he met Miss Fanny Dickens, sister of the novelist, and shortly afterwards he appears to have become intimately acquainted with Charles Dickens himself. Mr Hullah's first marriage took place on December 20, 1838, and early in the following year, the idea of a popular method of teaching singing began to engage his attention. He went to Paris to observe the method of M. Wilhem, and soon afterwards began teaching on a small scale at the Normal School at Battersea. Through Sir James Kay Shuttleworth, the sympathy of many influential persons was secured, and Hullah awoke to find himself famous. All classes from royalty downward were eager for information as to the new method. Lectures were required in all parts of the country, and owing probably to Mr Hullah's own enthusiasm, very many of his pupils became teachers.

In 1844, Hullah became Professor of Music at Kings College, London, an office which he filled with acceptance for thirty years. He held similar appointments at Bedford College and Queen's College, two well known schools for girls, and, indeed, was associated with F. D. Maurice in the founding of the latter institution.

The erection of St Martin's Hall, the scene of his most public labours, was an enterprise entered upon by him with characteristic light hearted ness. 'To the work carried out in St Martin's Hall,' says Mrs Hullah, 'is undoubtedly traceable the present all but universal study of music by every class in England, but it may certainly be said that for the chief director of that early movement, splendidly as he was supported and encouraged by his immediate friends, the results were ruinous in every way.' In this costly building he took up his residence, in order to be near the scene of his classes and concerts, and for more than four or five years he carried on a severe struggle for the cause which lay so near his heart. In 1861, when the Hall was destroyed by fire, and 'Mr Hullah, now past his prime, stood a ruined man in the midst of a large family, a host of influential friends—including Charles Dickens, Henry Chally, Sir J. Kay Shuttleworth, Sir Arthur Help, and Mr (now Lord) Coleridge—still rallied round him, and gave him a new start in life.

In 1861, Hullah published his Royal Institution Lectures on *The History of Modern Music*, a work which met with a cordial reception and has since been translated into Italian by Alberto Visetti. Hullah's failure in 1865 to gain the appointment of Professor of Music at Edinburgh was apparently as crushing as any misfortune could be to so buoyant a nature. There was scarcely a spot in the world which he would have chosen for his home in preference to Edinburgh. His lectures at the Philosophical Institution and his numerous concerts had made him well known there, and gained him many warm friends, who apparently encouraged him to suppose that his election was certain. There can be no doubt that he would have been a brilliant professor and an honour to the university, for he was a man of wide culture and boundless enthusiasm for his art. That 'capacity for general appreciation, which he pointed to in Mendelssohn, was very properly cited by a friend as the striking feature in Hullah's own character. Natural scenery, poetry, painting, and especially architecture, all found in him a thoughtful appreciation.

But admirably as he was fitted for such a professorship, perhaps the post which he received in 1872 of Government Inspector of Music was even more suited to call forth his best talents and energies. His great objects were, firstly, to abolish singing by ear, and secondly to encourage the formation of mixed choirs. He wished women to have more systematic training in chorus, so as to supersede the passionate soprano of boys and the falsetto counter tenor of men. While he did towards the promotion of a scientific method of singing, may be judged from the fact, that during nine years, he examined sixteen thousand male and female students who expected to become teachers, and in that case would probably give their pupils the benefit of his system. His official position brought him into delicate relations with the advocates of other singing methods, but although of course we find occasional deprecatory remarks, his tone is generally very fair. Referring to the tonic sol fa system, he went so far on one occasion as to recommend the government to refuse their sanction to 'a notation or alphabet absolutely unknown out of Great Britain, the closest acquaintance with which fails to enable its possessors to read music as it is written by musicians.' This seems at first sight inconsistent with his repeated deprecation of 'any attempt to enforce on the musical instructors in training schools directly or indirectly the adoption of any particular method of instruction, books, or exercises whatever,' but possibly his meaning was that

the tonic sol fa, however their course might begin, should ultimately include in it a knowledge of the old notation—a provision to which they could not possibly object.

As a composer Hullah attained no great distinction. In 1846, *The Village Coquettes*—an opera for which Charles Dickens supplied the libretto, and Hullah the music—was very successfully produced at the St James's Theatre, where it ran for sixty nights. It was also played in Edinburgh under the management of Mr Ramsay. Charles Kingsley praised very highly Hullah's setting of *He Three Fishers*, a song which is still met with in concert programmes. Among his other songs, which, as Mrs Hullah mentions, generally reflected his sadder moods, *He Sleeps* and *The Sands of Dee* are probably the best known.

Mrs Hullah has wisely restricted herself to a bare outline of her husband's life, thus leaving the book within reach of his many pupils and admirers. Had a larger scope been permissible, a much more entertaining volume might have been produced consisting of reminiscences of his distinguished friends. We should have had a peep at the young author of *Friends in Council*, for between Helps and Hullah there existed a life-long intimacy. We hear almost nothing of Mendelssohn and of Spohr, we are simply told that 'he did not play very well.' The simple fact of a dinner with Meyerbeer is recorded, and we also hear of Samuel Rogers and Tom Moore as visitors at Mr Hullah's house. His friend Mr Chorley having reported the discovery of 'a new composer, named by name, Hullah went to Paris, and reported favourably but cautiously concerning M Gounod's abilities. 'A great original musical genius, he writes, 'is such a creation, that one is slow to come to any conclusion.'

Hardly one of the good stories Hullah was constantly picking up has found its way into this volume. Being gifted with dramatic and dramatic power, he could repeat a story very effectively, and once boast I think he had correctly given a Scottish anecdote involving two distinct dialects.

In 1876, Hullah received the degree of LL D from the university of Edinburgh, being presented to the Chancellor by his old friend, Professor Douglas Maclagan. 'It is fitting,' said Professor Maclagan, 'that the university of Edinburgh, which alone, of the universities of Scotland, possesses a chair of Music, should now a practical acknowledgment of past musicians by recognising one of the fine arts in the person of this most and quite representative.'

In 1880 Hullah had a stroke of paralysis, which partially disabled his left leg and arm, but after a short rest, his marvellous energy forced him again into active work. Even at the age of seventy, he resented the idea of retirement, and it was not until he had accepted Mr Gladstone's offer of a Civil List pension, that he fully realised that his life-work was over. He died in the midst of his family, at Malvern wells, on the 21st of February 1884.

John Hullah devoted his whole energies to a cause in which he had a profound faith. It was doubtless to typify this devotion that he adopted the witty device and motto which appear on the title page of Mrs Hullah's book. The holder referred to on the motto, 'Per scalam ascendimus,' is of course the musical scale, by means of which Hullah knew he could greatly benefit his fellow countrymen. With remarkable courage and tenacity he pursued this object, triumphing wonderfully over both apathy and obliquy. His name will probably not be permanently associated with the great work of giving to all British school children a rudimentary musical education on a thoroughly scientific basis, but the principle was fearlessly maintained by him when it had scarcely any other supporters, and all our future efforts must rest on the sound foundation which he laid.

In conclusion, we may add that it is matter of congratulation that the teaching of music in elementary schools is no longer left merely to private enterprise, but now forms a branch of the work done under the auspices of the Education Department. Government encourages musical tuition by a grant of money even to infant schools, 'if the subjects are satisfactorily taught to sing by note—that is, by the standard, or any other recognised notation.' In this way the culture and the love of music will be sure to enter more than ever into the everyday life of our homes and communities.

THE HERRING FISHERY AND FISHERMEN

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

Until recent years, many curious customs and superstitions prevailed among the fisher people, and in a year of scarcity it was nothing uncommon to see in the streets of Fraserburgh, Peterhead, or any of the Moray Firth ports, a considerable procession, headed by several representative men, some on horseback, and others on foot, bearing flags and symbols of the trade. The leaders were always comically and fantastically attired, and while some had a number of herrings suspended by the tail from their hat brims, others had their clothes stuck full of burrs, and all this demonstration was deemed to have sufficient virtue in it to cause the herrings to rise and go into the nets! Up to the time that such exhibitions were common, no class was more superstitious than fishermen, and many practical jokes were perpetrated at their expense. The sea-faring classes had a mortal horror of hares and swine, and contact with them was held as portending some serious disaster or evil, and if any jocular cooper or fishwife, anxious at a dull time in the fishing season to relieve the monotony of their daily life, surreptitiously placed a leg of either of those animals on board a boat, its discovery led to the greatest commotion among the crew, who would not on any account go to sea that night, lest some dreadful accident should befall the craft.

After a period of scarcity, the unexpected arrival of a successful craft in the early forenoon with the report that the fleet had at length met a large shoal of fish and secured heavy takes, spreads like wildfire through the town,

and the excitement manifested by all, from the largest fishmen to the smallest fisher boy, is intense. The pier are soon crowded with visitors, interested spectators, and those directly engaged in the trade, and the effect produced by the loud toned dialect spoken by the local fisher women mingling with the distinctive pronunciation of the natives of Fife, Banffshire, Buchan, and Moray, in addition to the highly pitched Gaelic of the Highland girls, is unusually strange. As the boats round the breakwater, they are eagerly scanned by many anxious faces, and on reaching the pier, the crews of those craft that have been fortunate in securing unusually heavy takes receive, in a homely way, the congratulations of their relatives, and form the centre of attraction to all those loungers about the harbour who have nothing particular to do.

One of the first evidences of a successful fishing is the activity of the fishermen running hither and thither in hot haste armed with a plentiful supply of food for the hard winner, which is soon after the boat's arrival put on board, and hastily partakes of as the hard day's work commences. Before the meal is finished, the cutters are waiting at the pier side, and should all the herrings be shaken out of the nets, the men at once don their oilskins, and planting themselves in a convenient position to fill the baskets in the boat's hold, the work of discharging commences. The skipper stands upon the pier to haul the baskets ashore, an operation in which he is often assisted by his wife, who on many occasions takes the lion's share of the work. After working some time in the hold, the men gradually become covered with the silvery scales of the fish till their clothing assumes the appearance of a coat of mail, in which their stalwart figures and superb physique stand out in striking relief. Should the harvest of the sea be landed in larger quantities than usual, the stir both on the pier and in the curing yards corresponding ingly increases, and amid a babel of tongues and uproarious good humour, the stream of carts laden with herrings goes on incessantly, while fishmongers, whose heads are almost turned with the pressure of business, rush to and fro issuing orders to their servants and fishermen.

On being brought into the yards, the herrings are emptied into large square wooden boxes called 'fleetlands,' many of which are under a roof, so that the women who gut the fish may be protected from the heat of the sun or the inclemency of the weather. To those who see them for the first time in a heavy fishing night, the gutters count one of the sights of the trade, and their persons, as they appear clad in oilskins and besmeared with blood from head to foot, reminds one of an Indian in his war paint fresh from battle. These women, from a life long experience, show the greatest dexterity in their work, and the rapidity with which they seize a herring, enter the knife at its gills, remove the gut, and throw the offal into one tub and the fish into another, is one of the features of the business, and, in the eyes of a stranger, appears part of a juggler's education. In the course of an afternoon and evening, one crew of women—comprising two gutters and one packer—will have a good many rows of barrels at their credit, representing earnings of from ten to twenty shillings. On all occasions when the fishing is heavy, these women are obliged to work at any hour, and it often happens that the boats are late in arriving, curing operations go on all night, rendering a curing yard, if not a pretty, an interesting sight. From end to end of the premises are rows of fleetlands heaped with herrings, whose silvery scales glitter in the light thrown from the blazing naphtha lamps suspended overhead, the rays of which, again, play upon the surface of the water in the harbour in a way that recalls memories of historic cities by sea and lake.

Around the fleetlands the women ply the knife in a competitive spirit with lightning speed, and while they work, the air is often filled with the strains of popular songs and hymns, interspersed with the Gaelic music of the Highland girls, sung by these toilers to while away the midnight hours. On such a night, a fishing town has an appearance quite unique. The lurid glare in a murky sky of the many lights burning in the yards, has a very weird effect, while the roll of carts and the shrill cries of the fisher girls, mixed with the stentorian tones of 'the master' issuing his orders at dead of night, give a romantic touch to the picture. Often among the gutters are to be found most respectable, educated females, who are tempted by the high remuneration paid to engage in the work, and who, when the fishing is over, assume mostly character, and may be seen at the Christmas balls in some of the smaller towns as the leaders of fashion. It may be noted here, that after being gutted, packed, and salted, the herrings are allowed to lie in barrels in the curing yards for some little time. The barrels are then filled up, and otherwise completely cured, and having received the brand of the Fishery Board as a certificate of good quality, they are dispatched to Germany and Russia and other centres where herrings form a staple article of food. The salting of herrings has hitherto been the chief method of curing, but recently, bottling has been introduced for the same purpose, though how far it will be adopted in practice, is still a question of the future.

One feature of the fishing which presents an unusually pretty and romantic sight may be seen on a dark night towards the end of August. At that time the boats are usually within a mile or two of the shore, and when the glowing deepens and the nets are shot, the crews prepare to resist the lights required to be exhibited by law to prevent accidents happening with passing vessels. As darkness sets in, light after light appears, till the sea for a stretch of many miles is transformed into what seems a gaily illuminated city, but instead of the din and bustle associated with such an scene, not a sound is heard but the gentle ripple of the summer sea, as its wavelets frolic on the sandy beach, or thread their way round the rocks near the old tower. The sight is ever new, and one so pretty and so fascinating, that on every occasion when it is visible, the whole community, including those who have been privileged to witness it for a lifetime, eagerly seek the points of vantage where they can best view the fairy like scene spread out before them.

In mostly all the great herring fishery ports, the harbours during winter have a most oppressive stillness, and often the trade done for a protracted period would comprise the arrival and sailing of a few colliers and a limited number of windbound ships. In spring, the scene changes, however, and by July, every available inch of water area is appropriated to the use of craft employed in the staple industry, and at times so great is the pressure, that many vessels are obliged to lie in the bay and wait their regular turn before being permitted to enter the harbour. In addition to our own ships, a great many German vessels have been hitherto engaged carrying herrings, but within the last two years, Norwegian steamers, which were employed in the Norwegian herring business before steam was introduced here, have greatly taken up the carrying trade, to the serious exclusion of the British sailing schooners, which held the trade in their own hands for half a century, and considered it strictly their own. In consequence of the altered aspect of affairs, a strong feeling exists among the old fashioned mariners, especially the local skippers, against what they consider an unjust usurpation of their exclusive right, and many an aged salt may be heard sighing for the 'good old times.' But in spite of their quarter deck arguments, which appear as old fashioned as their craft, steam carrying power is fast increasing, and it is more than probable that the once smart fleet of schooners, whose employment in the herring trade was wont to yield the yearly dividend to the owners, will soon be practically a thing of the past.

The social aspect of the fishermen engaged in the herring fishery has undergone a remarkable change within the last quarter of a century, and the noisy, loud laughing, indigent toilers of the deep have given place to a race of sober, industrious, religiously inclined class of men, who in many instances have amassed and have at their credit in the bank large sums of money. On the north and north east coasts, thirty or forty years ago, fishermen as a class were reckoned amongst the hardest drinkers of the population, and one curious custom then existing, but which happily disappeared many years ago, was rather a strong proof of the not very enviable character attached to the men in those days. Before finally settling the terms of an agreement with the curer, the skipper always satisfied himself that one important clause was safe, which was to the effect that the curer was bound to supply a gallon and a half of whisky weekly for the exclusive use of the crew while prosecuting the fishing.

As years rolled on, the habits of fishermen gradually improved, and when the temperance movement spread its branches over the land, no class enlisted under its banners more readily, and no section of the community was more enthusiastic or adhered more firmly to the teetotal principles than did this section of the seafaring class. In a remarkably short time the thatched hovels gave place to neat stone and lime cottages, and the fishermen, instead of spending their evenings in the public house, preferred either to stay at home and mend the nets or join in some temperance or religious movement which often necessitated a walk of a good many miles to the chief town in the district where these meetings were usually held. The religious tone in most of the villages on the north east coast and Moray Firth continues marked, and many of those whose conduct a generation ago was a reproach to their village, not only are now in comfortable circumstances, but take an active interest in all local affairs, and can conduct religious meetings in a way that would do credit to those regularly trained for the ministry.

Fishermen are not naturally cosmopolitan in their nature, and take comparatively little interest in matters not directly affecting themselves, but if a trouble agitation is being promulgated, or if a sudden gale deals destruction to fishermen anywhere on the coast, the villagers evince the greatest anxiety to obtain the latest information. War or rumours of war exercise a strong influence on their minds, and the weekly newspapers are anxiously looked for, and the reports on the subject keenly discussed, but stirring questions of national importance seldom or never disturb the equilibrium of village life. A local oracle is here and there met with, and though his learning may not be profound, he has sufficient ability to represent with some degree of intelligence the opinions or wishes of his fellow-villagers at any time that a question affecting their welfare is prominently before the public. Some of these oracles are vain of their learning, and many good stories are in circulation in the fishing districts indicative of their anxiety to air their learning, especially when a big word could be utilised, whether it suited the sense or not. One good example happened in Fraserburgh not many years ago on the occasion of an accidental meeting of a minister and a leading villager. During the fishing season, the minister was visiting in a part of the town where a row of small houses were built on exactly similar lines, and finding it difficult to distinguish his parishioner's house, asked a fisherman—at the moment remarking as to the similarity of the buildings—where the individual whom he wanted resided. The man drew himself up, and with the intention of impressing the minister with his erudition, proffered his services with the following remark: 'Weel, sir, I'm no a bit surprised at your difficulty, for the houses on this street are most unanimous!'

As has been already indicated, fishermen do not trouble themselves with the affairs of state, and the result is that feel for conversation limits itself to incidents in their daily life, which, though at times painfully exciting, is oftenest most uneventful. During the herring fishing season, when the men often do not see one another from Monday to Saturday, part of Sunday is invariably spent in discussing the results of the previous week's work. 'Between sermons,' three, four, and sometimes half a dozen fishermen congregate at a relative's or an acquaintance's lodgings, and having seated themselves, some on chairs, some on chests, and others on nets, and filled their pipes, proceed to narrate their experiences of the past few days, in the course of which, one man describes how, after sailing east north east, and putting Mormond Hill down, he shot his nets, and was rewarded with a good take, but got much destruction to netting in

consequence of other boats having shot over his 'fleet,' while mother recounts most minutely every night's work from leaving till returning to the harbour, and explains that though they had been upon different grounds, they had failed to meet with any luck, although their neighbour Sandie, who was alongside of them, one night had got seventy cures. In this manner each skipper gives a little history of the week's labours, and the company having exhausted their store of news, take their departure to their respective homes, probably not to meet again till the following Sunday.

MY FIRST PATIENT.

'And may I beg you to visit us in your private rather than in your professional capacity? Since my dear wife has been failing thus sadly, she has conceived a great dread of medical men, and were she to guess you other than an ordinary guest, I tremble for the consequences!' The carriage will meet you at Blackburne Station at whatever hour you name.—Yours very truly,

ARTHUR CRAWFORD.'

This is an extract from a letter that I received on the 16th of June 1870, and being but a young fellow of twenty-six, I was very much elated thereby. The great drawback to being what is called a specialist is that the great majority of people—for what reason, I have never been able to discover—are afraid to employ you until you are well on in years, and consequently this Mr Crawford for whom my services had been solicited was my first private patient. My speciality was madness, and time equally of hospital work and of idling in my own rooms, I was heartily thankful for the good luck that had befallen me. In a previous letter, Mr Crawford had given a detailed account of his wife's symptoms, and now all arrangements were completed, and I was due at his Berkshire home on the following day.

When the train steamed into the little country station, I found a carriage and pair ready to meet me. Evidently, to judge by the general get up of the whole thing, the Crawfords were wealthy folk, and this impression was confirmed when we reached the house, which was standing in the midst of a lovely park. In true country fashion, the hall doors were standing open, and my host met me on the threshold with outstretched hands.

'This is exceedingly kind of you,' he said genially, 'for I know you have come at your very earliest convenience.—Journey from town pleasant?—Yes! That's right.—James, take Mr Lennox's things to his room. Lunch in the morning room, hey?—Come along, my dear sir, you must be half famished.' So saying, he proceeded me down a long corridor, whence I caught distant glimpses of a beautiful garden at the back of the house, and into a snug little room where luncheon was laid. While I discussed a cold chicken, Mr Crawford went on chatting, and ere I went to my room for a wash and brush up before presenting myself to his wife, we were excellent friends. I do not think I ever met a man who so much charmed me at first sight, nay, he more than charmed, he captivated me. He was about thirty, and exceedingly handsome, with fair curly hair, and bright blue eyes. He had a bronzed complexion, and a hearty laugh, and was altogether a most attractive specimen of a young Englishman. When I had finished luncheon, his manner changed abruptly as he began speaking of his young wife.

'I did not like to chat upon the subject before you were rested,' he began courteously, 'but I am intently anxious you should see her. For some months past she has been suffering from intense melancholy, and lately she has taken a deep dislike of those around her, more particularly of me.' He stopped abruptly and bit his lip. 'Do too, I simply worship her,' he went on passionately. 'When I married her five years ago, she was the brightest, merriest girl in all the shire, and now, to see her like this—why, it breaks my heart!' and he dropped into a chair and hurried his face in his hands.

There was an awkward pause, for in those days I was too inexperienced to be much of a hand at consolation, and then I stepped near to him and laid my hand upon his shoulder. 'Come, sir,' I said cheerily, 'there is no need to despair like this. We must hope for the best. How dreadfully she must show her distrust of you!'

He raised his head to answer me. 'By keeping the boy from me, for one thing. She will hardly let me touch him.'

'The boy? A son of yours?'

'Our only child,' he answered—'a dear little fellow of nearly four, and she betrays a terrible fear whenever I have him with me.'

'Does she eat well?'

'Hardly at all.'

'Sleep at night?'

He shook his head, and then followed a string of various professional questions. Our conversation at an end, I requested to be shown to my room, promising to be in the drawing room for five o'clock tea, when I should be introduced to Mrs Crawford.

'As Mr Lennox, if you please,' suggested her husband as we crossed the hall. 'You remember that I asked you to drop the doctor, and seem an ordinary visitor?'

Of course I agreed, and then he told me he had spoken to her of me as an old college friend, and finally he left me to myself.

When I descended to the drawing room, I found both Crawford and his wife waiting for me. He was standing by the open window playing with the climbing roses that were nodding by its sill, he was talking merrily as I entered, and looked the personification of life and good spirits. A girl was standing by the mantel shelf with her back towards me, and I had barely time to admire the slight figure and graceful pose, before Crawford's voice rang out in hearty cordiality.

'Ah! there you are at last! Let me introduce you to my wife—Beatrice, this is Mr John Lennox.'

She had half turned when he began speaking, but as he said my name, she gave a sullen gasp and confronted me with large startled eyes. I have seen the eyes of a crazed bird and those of a hunted stag, but I have never seen such a look of piteous fear as dwelt in hers then. For one moment she seemed half mad with terror, but the next it fled as quickly as it came, and

she held out her hand in greeting. As she did so, an ugly scar on the smooth white wrist caught my eye. It looked to me like an unskilful but intentional cut from a knife, and while we were exchanging commonplaces as to my journey, &c., I was wondering as to whether she had ever attempted her own life. She was in the first flush of her womanhood; and her glorious blue eyes and coil of auburn hair would alone have sufficed to stamp her as a beautiful woman, had it not been that the curious expression of her face outweighed every other fascination. She gave me the impression of being literally consumed by a terrible dread, to the nature of which I of course as yet held no clue, and with this dread, an equally strong desire to suppress all outward indication of it. All to this, the fact that her face was entirely colourless, and that the hand she had given me, in spite of the June sunshine, was as cold as ice, and it will be seen that my first fancy promised to be full of interest.

She poured out the tea silently, while her husband and I went on chatting, and she did not speak again until he proposed to ring the nursery bell.

'We have not seen Bertie all day,' he added, 'and I know you would like to show him off to Lennox.'

'He is having his tea,' she rejoined quickly. 'Show him off in the morning, Arthur, I don't think we want him now.'

'O fie! There is an unkind mamma! I wonder what Bertie would say to you? He can finish his tea here, dear. I'll fetch him.'

'No, no, I'll go.' She ran out of the room as she spoke, and Crawford turned to me with a weary half-smile.

'You see Lennox? I generally give way, but I am afraid of it growing upon her, if I never see the child. He is such a splendid fellow.' As he spoke, his wife returned with the boy in her arms.

'I met him in the hall, she explained. 'he was just coming in from his walk.—No, Arthur, don't take him, he is not at all heavy.' This last to her husband, who had stretched out outstretched hands. 'Look here, Bertie, darling. Who likes cake?' She seated herself on a low chair, still holding a jealous arm around the child, and went on talking, this time to me. 'Arthur and I quarrel over this small boy.' She laughed a little, but it sounded very mirthless. 'The last cause of dissension is his health. I think he is growing delicate and wants change, and papa doesn't agree. Does he, my beauty?'

The boy laughed as she held him yet more closely to her, and looking, at his rosy cheeks and bright eyes, it seemed to me that there could not be a healthier youngster.

'I am afraid I must take papa's side,' I said. 'You must not alarm yourself unnecessarily, dear Mrs Crawford, for I think'—— I stopped abruptly, alarmed by the expression on her face. I was new to my work, let it remembered, but I think that older men than I would have been frightened. Bertie had rebelled against the detaining arm, and sliding on to the floor, had run to his father and climbed into his arms.

A fine game of romps now ensued, and the mother sat and watched them. Sitting there facing her, I, too, was watching. In my student days, I had kept a tame lizard, and by whistling to it, had been able to direct its movements at will, and now I was reminded of my whilom pet by watching Beatrice Crawford's eyes. Every motion of her husband's, as he ran round the room tossing the laughing boy in his arms, appeared to hold a fascination for her, and her eyes never left him but once. That once was when she walked swiftly to a further table and possessed herself of a paper knife, which she handed to me, commenting on its curious make. It was of steel and sharply pointed, and I handed it back again with the remark, that it would make a nasty weapon if needed. She took it without glancing at me again, but her husband had caught her words, and now came up to us breathless and laughing, with Bertie clinging round his neck.

'Don't hold that thing, my darling,' he said tenderly. 'I hate to see such an ugly knife in your dear little hands.'

'Give it to Bertie, mamma,' cried the child, stretching dimpled hands for the coveted treasure, and his father, with an injunction to be careful, was taking it from her to give to him, when, with a muffled cry, she snatched the knife back and dashed it through the open window into the garden beyond.

'You shan't have it!—you shan't have it!' she cried excitedly, while a bright red spot burned on either cheek. 'You would'—— With marvellous self control, she stopped dead about, and after an almost imperceptible pause, she added in her usual quiet tones. 'Pray, forgive me, Arthur, I am so afraid of Bertie hurting himself.—Go up to the nursery, dear. Mamma will come to you.'

Awe struck at her late passion, the child went gently out of the room, and his mother followed him. I was left alone with Crawford. It went to my heart to see the pained, drawn look on his face, but the scene had at all events put one thing beyond a doubt. Mrs Crawford was not merely failing in brain power—she was mad.

A couple of days went by, and I became fairly puzzled. All the ordinary verbal tests when applied to my patient proved complete failures. Her memory was excellent, and indeed in this respect she was far better than her husband, who was constantly forgetting things. As to her judgment, it struck me as above the average, for she was a widely read woman, and we had a stiff argument one night as to the merits of our favourite authors. She managed her own housekeeping, and capitally she did it too, and, in fact—not to exhaust the reader's patience by entering into details—the only visible outcome of her mental aberration was this extreme terror in which she lived, and for which I could find no reason (I may remark parenthetically that the mad undoubtedly have rules of their own by which they are influenced. Experience thus teaching me that Mrs Crawford had some reason for this, to us, inexplicable dread—even though it might be but a fear of her own shadow—it became my business to solve this reason). What baffled me most was the fact that while it was Crawford himself who primarily excited this terror, she was undeniably fond of him. Indeed, the word 'fond' is

hardly suitable, for she simply adored him. I never heard him express the slightest wish as to the household arrangements but it was instantly fulfilled, while every whim—and he was the most whimsical of men—was implicitly obeyed. In fact, at the end of a week I was precisely in the same state as when I first entered the house. But that my amour propre was piqued, and I felt angry at my non-success, I should have been paying a very enjoyable visit. Arthur Crawford made a capital host, and although, as I have already said, he was a very whimsical man, and was subject to unaccountable fits of depression, he and I got on excellently together.

At the end of the week, something happened which had the double effect of lowering me several inches in my own estimation and of placing matters in a totally different light. It was an exceedingly hot night, and after we had all gone to bed, I was tempted to leave my room, and station myself by the open window in the corridor, to indulge in an extra cigar. The fact that it was a fine moonlight night, and that while the corridor window beside a lovely view, that of my own room looked into the stables, amply justified my choice of a seat. I had been there for perhaps an hour, when I heard the Crawfords talking in their room, which was on a level with my own. The tones were excited and angry, and fearing that Mrs Crawford might be lashing herself into a fury, and that her husband might be ignominiously in creasing it, I stole down to their door and stood listening.

'Arthur, dear, give it to me. You don't want it to-night. Why not wait until the morning?'

These were the first words that I caught, spoken in Mrs Crawford's usually gentle tones.

'Give it to you? No, not I! I know a trick worth two of that. Ah, you think I don't know that you and that confounded mealy-mouthed doctor are in league against me.'

Crawford's voice, shrill and mocking, but undoubtedly his. 'Good heavens! was the man drunk? There was a moment's pause, and then he began again, this time more gently.

'Come, come, Beatrice. Drop this stupid joking. I only want to have a little cut. Bertie, just a little cut, and look! the knife is so bright and sharp, it cannot hurt him much.'

The wall seemed to reel around me as I leaned against it for support. In a flash of revelation that nearly blinded me, as I realised the full horror of the situation, I understood for the first time how matters actually stood. Crawford himself was the madman, and the devoted wife, whom I had been taught to look upon as insane, had known the truth all this time, and knowing it, for some inscrutable woman's reason, had shielded him, perhaps at the cost of her own life. In a moment the meaning of his many whims, his loss of memory, his fits of depression, were made clear to me, and as I thought of the martyrdom through which his girl-wife had passed, I cursed myself for the rashness with which I had been duped.

While these thoughts were rushing through my brain, I had mechanically opened the outer door, and now stood in the dressing-room, peering into the bedroom beyond. The door between the two was standing open, but a heavy curtain hung in the aperture, and by making a little slit in it by means of my penknife, I was enabled to command a view of the interior. At the further end of the apartment lay Bertie asleep in his cot. Standing before him, clad in a long white wrapper, and with her auburn hair flowing over her shoulders, was the young mother herself, while at some place from her stood Crawford, still in evening dress, and balancing in his fingers a long glittering dagger, that I recognised as one that usually hung in the library below. By this time he had dropped his angry tones, and was speaking in his accustomed pleasant fashion. 'You know, dear,' he was saying, 'it really is necessary that we both drink some. Half a glassful of young and innocent blood, and we both shall keep young and happy for ever.'

'Want my blood do?' asked the girl despairingly. She stretched her bare arms towards him and forced a smile to her poor quivering lips. 'You are much fonder of me, aren't you, dear? I shall do much better.'

He laughed softly. 'No, no, my darling, not you. I would not hurt you for all the gold of all the Indies.' He stopped suddenly, as if struck by his own words. 'Gold!' he repeated. 'Ah! yes, of course, I must have gold. Where did I put it now?'

He retreated a few steps, looking uneasily from side to side.

'Perhaps you left it in the library.—Ring for James. Or, no, to Mr Lennox, Arthur, he will help you to find it.'

He laughed again, a low monotonous laugh, to which my hopeful work had but too well accustomed me, and then he moved, never her, still balancing the dagger in his long nervous fingers. 'That terrible knife!' If he had only put it down for a moment, I could have rushed in and secured it before turning to him, but as matters were, cruel experience taught me that the instant he caught sight of me, he would rush to the child, to carry his dreadful purpose into effect, and that the mother in all probability would fall the victim. On the other hand, I dared not quit my post to summon assistance, and so have Beatrice entirely at his mercy. I glanced round the dressing-room, and the window-cord caught my eye. It was new and strong. I cut it as high as I could reach, and crept back to my hide at the curtain. Crawford was growing rapidly angry.

'Give me that boy!' he cried roughly. 'Get out of the way, Beatrice, and let me have him,' and he caught her by the arm and dragged her from the cot.

'Arthur, Arthur! husband, sweetheart!' She clasped both arms around his neck, and raised imploring eyes to his, but the sight of the thin white face only moved him to greater wrath.

'It is all your fault! I have not made you strong long ago,' he exclaimed irritably. 'You never laugh now, and you can't sing, and you won't dance.'

'Dance? O yes, I can. Look, Arthur!' She drew rapidly back towards the cot, speaking in

her ordinary quiet voice 'You shall do what you like with Bertie, I was only joking Only we must have our dance first, you know'

With a sudden movement, she stooped and lifted the sleeping child from the bed, talking all the time in an arch merry voice, that still retained its old power over the poor madman He nodded approvingly as she began rocking to and fro with the boy in her arms, and he moved a chair or two, to give her more space

'Dance, Beatrice!' and he began whistling a then fashionable valse, beating time to the air with the dagger, of which he never relinquished his hold

'Very well,' she responded cheerily 'Stand by the mantel piece and give us plenty of room Now, then, my baby boy, one, two, and off we go'

My life has shown me instances of self devotion in plenty, I have seen proofs of ready wit, and more of indomitable pluck, but I have never seen them so marvellously combined as on that terrible June night Instinct taught me what she meant to do She had persuaded her husband to stand at the end of the room farthest from the curtain that hid her one means of escape, and now she intended to hazard her only chance, dash through it, lock the door on the other side, and then go for help Backwards and forwards, round and round, she curtled, a weird enough figure in her white draperies The little white feet were bare, and it tired her utmost strength to hold the heavy boy in her arms, but with a sublime heroism of which I should never have believed her capable, she never once paused for breath A miracle alone kept the child asleep, but when I saw the poor mother's lips move dumbly between the snatches of the gay valse she was humming, I felt that she was praying God he might not waken Nearer and nearer the curtain she came, but, to my horror, I perceived that Crawford was growing uneasy and advancing slowly in the rear

'Mrs Crawford! Quick!'

There was not a minute to be lost I tore the curtain aside, and she rushed towards me but ere I could fasten the heavy door, her husband was upon us With a yell of baffled rage, he was tearing after her through the open doorway, and in another moment would have reached her with uplifted knife, when I tripped him up, and he fell headlong to the floor He was stunned by his fall, and while I fastened his hands and feet by means of the cut window cord, his wife went back to the inner room and rang, loudly for assistance

Ere he came to himself, Arthur Crawford was safely secured in my own room Leaving him there under charge of the men servants, I went back to seek Mrs Crawford She was lying on the bedroom floor with her nervous fingers still tightly interlaced, and by her side sat her little son, warm and rosy from his broken sleep He was kissing the paling lips as I came hastily into the room, and now held up a warning finger as I knelt beside them

'Poor mamma is fast asleep,' he whispered 'And she is so cold!'

She was not dead The long and frightful mental strain through which she had passed brought on brain fever, and for some days we despaired of her life, but she came through it bravely, and ere the summer waned, I had the satisfaction of installing both mother and son in a seaside cottage, far enough away from her Berkshire home

Crawford, poor fellow, only lived a few months, for a dangerous fall in the asylum grounds put a merciful termination to his confinement During those few months, I visited him occasionally, and he always spoke most tenderly of his wife, whom he imagined to be dead

When he died, I went to break the news to his young widow, and while staying in her pretty Devonshire cottage, I solved much that had puzzled me Her terror at my first introduction to him had been occasioned by the fact that she had at once recognised me as Lennox the mad doctor I had been pointed out to her in the park the season before She dreaded Arthur's incipient madness being known to any one, for she had a blind terror of a lunatic asylum in connection with her idolised husband, and hoped that a quiet country life, free from trouble and contradiction, might in time restore him But had he never left him out before? I asked, for it seemed to me incomprehensible that so slight a frame should be capable of such courage Once, she said, only once, and then he had been bent on killing himself In struggling with him for the possession of the knife, he had accidentally cut her wrist and so occasioned the ugly scar that disfigured it As for Bertie's presence on that fatal night, she told me he had always been accustomed to sleep in their room, and as I had refused to second her theory that the child wanted change of air, and so had in sending him out of the house, she could devise no other means of getting rid of him.

And then I took my leave, and I have never seen Mrs Crawford from that day to this, but still, in spite of a certain pair of sweet brown eyes which make the sunshine of my home, I am forced to admit that there is no woman on earth for whom I have such a boundless admiration as for that unfortunate lady of whom I at one time thought as my First Patient

FYVIE CASTLE

GREAT are the vicissitudes of landed property in these modern times Estates of more than local name are constantly being placed in the market, and even manors and castles of national interest are occasionally brought to the auctioneer's hammer Old families are dying out or becoming embarrassed, and many of 'the stately homes of England'—often associated with legendary lore and the history of centuries—have to be handed over to the highest bidder We are not here concerned with the political or economical aspect of this transference of landed property, but even the most utilitarian will admit that there is something melancholy in seeing a fine old historic mansion advertised for sale, or a family divorced from an estate with which it

may have been connected for generations. On the other hand, nothing, we should fancy, would be more tempting to the new class of rich men desirous of acquiring landed possessions than the chance of securing some old family seat, of quaint architectural design, and crowded with memories of the past. A splendid chance of this kind was offered some time ago in the proposed sale of Fyvie Castle, in Aberdeenshire, along with the adjoining estate, but no sale was effected. This castle may be said to be complete in its way. It possesses dungeons, a 'murder hole,' and a secret inaccessible chamber, with, of course, a dreadful threat hanging over the head of him who first enters it, a 'Green Lady' is said to occasionally walk up and down its main staircase, a 'dripping stone' is one of its curiosities, a family history is associated with each of its four towers, it figures prominently in a well known local ballad, and Thomas the Rhymer even delivered himself of a prophecy concerning it. Yet, withal, it is a comfortable and commodious mansion, pleasantly situated, with park, lake, river, and shrubbery attached. What more could one wish for in a castle?

The traveller from Aberdeen to Banff by rail way may catch a glimpse of Fyvie Castle to his right when he has accomplished about three-fourths of his journey. He will only see its turret tops, however, for the castle stands in a well wooded hollow—familiarly known in the Aberdeenshire district as 'the hawse of Fyvie'—encircled by low, undulating hills and stretches of highly cultivated land. The castle occupies two sides of a square and is a high and narrow structure of the old Scotch baronial type, which would be designated plain were it not for its numerous turrets and dormer windows, ornamented with carved canopies and statuary. It has sometimes of the appearance of a French chateau, and it has indeed been cited by John Hill Burton in his *Scot Abroad* as one of the finest specimens of how the chateau architecture of France was superimposed upon the original plain square block of a Scotch baronial mansion. The chief front is to the south, and is formed by the union of three tall towers, built by and called after three successive families who, at one time or other, have been owners of Fyvie. Of these three towers, the most noticeable is the central one, the Seton Tower, named after a member of the Seton family, to whose French upbringing and architectural tastes the general design of the building is attributed. It is curiously recessed, two semi-round twin towers being united by an arch above the fourth story. In the recess thus formed, which is rendered striking by its great height and width, is the former grand entrance, leading into a low, vaulted passage, the doorway being defended by a ponderous iron grating bolted into the massive walls. The west side, terminating in a corresponding tower at the north end, is of more modern construction, but is in perfect harmony with the front. The main architectural feature of the castle, however, is, as already hinted, its many barbican turrets and dormer windows and high pitched gables, the turrets being surmounted with stone figures, and the dormer windows with carved canopies. A good view of this portion of the structure is given in Billings's *Baronial* [illegible] castle [illegible] Burton, [illegible] the frontispiece to Billings's engravings) as 'one of the noblest and most beautiful specimens of the rich architecture which the Scottish barons of the days of King James VI obtained from France.' Its three princely towers, with their luxuriant crowns of coned turrets, sharp gables, tall roofs and chimneys, canopied dormer windows, and rude statuary, present a sky outline at once graceful, rich, and massive, and in these qualities excelling even the far famed Glamis.' The interior of the building is in keeping with the exterior, and abounds in narrow passages, winding staircases, and small rooms, though there are apartments the size and elegance of which could hardly be predicated from a mere survey of the outside of the castle. For such an old place, the light and airiness of the rooms are something remarkable, while the views across the park and policies that are obtained from the windows are charming and charmingly diversified. But the main attraction is a grand stone staircase of unique design, and to be with out an equal, or even a rival, in Scotland. It is best described as 'revolving in corkscrew fashion round a massive central pillar, the shell of the architecture being chiefly shown in the turns and windings of the ribbed and vaulted roof, with its arches springing occasionally out of carved capitals in the walls.' The steps are of great breadth, and are so gently graduated, that it is easy to accept a tradition to the effect that the horse of one of the lairds used to ride them.

The stone figures on the tops of the turrets, wrought in the red sandstone that lends colour to the canopies and other ornamentations, are somewhat diminutive, and, with one exception, have lost their personality, if they ever had any. This exceptional figure is said to represent Andrew Lammie, 'the trumpeter of Fyvie,' immortalised in a well known Aberdeen shire ballad, *Will o' Tifty's Annie*. The miller's daughter fell in love with the trumpeter, and was done to death by her family in consequence, the tragedy being completed by the passing away of the trumpeter. We quote the concluding verses of this truly pathetic ballad:

'Fyvie Castle is braid and wide,
And oh but they be bonny!
But I wadna gie my auld true love,
For a' the lands in Fyvie.'

'Lay mak my bed and lay me down,
And turn my face to Fyvie,
That I may see before I die,
My bonny Andrew Lammie!'

They made her bed, and laid her down,
And turned her face to Fyvie,
She gave a groan, and died ere morn—
She never saw Andrew Lammie.

The laird o' Fyvie he went hame
And he was sad and sorry,
Says, 'The bonniest lass o' the country side
Has died for Andrew Lammie.'

Oh, Andrew's gane to the house top
O' the bonny house o' Fyvie,
He's blown his horn baith loud and shrill
O'er the lowland lass o' Fyvie.

'Many a time has I walked a night,
And never yet was weary
But now I may walk wae my lane,
For I'll never see my dearie.

'Love grows away, love dawes away,
Love—love decays the body
For the love o' thee, now I mean die,
I come, my bonny Annie.'

Mill of Tifty is still 'to the fore,' and the effigy of the trumpeter points his trumpet in its direction, and the ballad seems to have some truth in it, for the tombstone of the unfortunate Annie—her real name was Agnes Smith—was till recently in Fyvie kirkyard, being now replaced by a handsome monument, and documents show that her father was owner of the mill in 1672.

The castle as it now stands—there is supposed to have been an older castle or keep—is believed to date from about 1337, the oldest tower extant having been built by Sir Henry Preston—of the family of Preston of Craigmillar—who fought at Otterburn, and who acquired the estate from Sir James de Lindsay, 'Dominus de Crawford et Buchan.' From the Prestons, the estate passed by marriage into a family called Meldrum, but the family most associated with the castle is the family named after it. In 1596, Fyvie was purchased from the Meldrums by Alexander Seton, third son of George, sixth Lord Seton, and brother of the first Earl of Winton. This Alexander Seton was first created Lord Fyvie, and then Earl of Dunfermline—the former title being apparently used by the family in the north. He was a lawyer statesman of great ability and influence, and a favourite councillor of James I. He held a number of state and judicial offices, being successively President of the Court of Session and Lord Chancellor of Scotland, and he was the King's commissioner to the Scotch parliament of 1612, which rescinded the Act of 1592 establishing the Presbyterian system of church government. The second Lord Fyvie took a prominent part, under Montrose, in the operations against the Covenanters, and afterwards lived abroad with Charles II, and shared in the honours distributed at the restoration of the Stuart Monarch. The fourth and last peer fought at Killiecrankie on the royalist side, was outlawed, and died at St Germain. The estate, which had been forfeited to the Crown, was sold in 1726 to William, second Earl of Aberdeen, who settled it on his eldest son by his third wife, Lady Anne Gordon, sister of Lord Lewis Gordon—the 'Lewie Gordon' of the Jacobite ballad, and it has since descended through members of junior branches of the Gordon (Aberdeen) family. Its present proprietor is Sir Maurice Duff Gordon, son of Lady Duff Gordon, whose pleasant *Letters from Egypt* have not yet escaped memory.

It will thus be seen that a considerable historic interest attaches to the castle that was so recently in the market. The domain of Fyvie, indeed, is said to have been a royal chase at one time, and some would even have it that in the reign of Robert the Bruce it was a royal residence, and was visited in 1296 by Edward I on his progress through the north of Scotland. There is a 'Queen Mary Room' in the castle, and some good specimens of the furniture of Mary's period, though it is doubtful if Mary herself ever occupied the room. The great Marquis of Montrose, who certainly encamped once in the neighbourhood of the castle, is reported to have spent a night under its roof, and a century later, the Duke of Cumberland marched through the policies of Fyvie on his way to Culloden.

Turning from the historical to the legendary, we have a prophecy of Thomas the Rhymer's respecting Fyvie.

Fyvie rigge and towers
Hapless shall your meadows be
When ye shall hae within your mechis,
Three lairds kirks and stones three—
Aye in Preston's tower,
Aye in my lady's bower
And aye below the water pott
And it ye shall never get.

Two of these stones have been found in their respective places, but the third one remains true to the seer's prediction. One of the wind stones is carefully kept, and is known as the 'dripping stone,' as at times it exudes a large quantity of moisture, often sufficient to fill a large basin with water. Singular to say, nothing is known of a 'water pott,' or of there having been one, while the alleged land on Church property is equally a mystery, and though the hapless fate of the ladies of Fyvie is not specified, it is a curious circumstance that no heir has been born in Fyvie Castle for several generations. But whatever the prophecy may portend, it completes the charm of a castle which possesses much to delight both the lover of the picturesque and the worshipper of the past.

BIRD NOTES

Six poplar trees, in golden green
Stand up the sweet May sunshine between—
The snow of plum and pear tree bloom—
And I looking down from my little room
Call to the bird on the bough: 'What cheer?'
And he pipes for answer: 'The spring is here.'

A month goes by with its sun and rain
And a rosebud tips at my window pane;
I see in the garden down below
The tall white lilies stately row,
The birds are picking the cherries red
'Summer is sweet,' the starlings said.

Again I look from my casement down,
The leaves are changing, to red and brown,
And overhead, through a sky of gray,
The swallows are flying far away.
'Whither away, sweet birds?' I cry
'Autumn is come: they make reply.

Keenly coldly the north winds blow,
Silently falls the pure white snow,
Of birds and blossoms am I bereft—
Brave bright robin alone is left,
And he taps and chirps at my window pane
'Take heart, the spring will return again.'

FLORENCE TYLEE.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

All Rights Reserved.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)

No. 126.—Vol. III. SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1886 Price 1½d.

CLAIMANTS TO ROYALTY.

Since the famous Tichborne trial brought 'The Claimant' so prominently before the reading public, the general use of a term which accurately described his position without seeming to prejudge his case has given it universal currency as a convenient designation in similar cases of disputed or doubtful identity. For instance, the newspapers have recently announced a 'Napoleonic Claimant,' who makes his appearance in the most unromantic manner, by presenting himself before a magistrate at a police station in Paris, and asking for money to pay his passage to England. He claimed to be the Prince Imperial, the legitimate son of the Emperor Napoleon III. and the Empress Eugénie. The announcement of his death in Zululand was a mistake; he was not killed, but captured by the Zulus. After some time, he effected his escape, and having traversed Africa from south to north, he crossed the Mediterranean and landed at Marseilles. His poverty and his dignity prevented him from presenting himself before his mother, and so he stayed and worked in Marseilles incognito for several years. But he met the Empress once: it was at Vienna, at the tomb of Maximilian. So violent was his emotion, that he swooned away. The Empress herself raised him and tended him; but when he became conscious, she had gone. He wished now to go to her, but he was penniless. Would the magistrate grant him the sum necessary, and his mother, the Empress, would repay the loan? When asked to show his papers, he produced a book in which was entered the name of Pollak, a journeyman clock maker of Vienna. It had been lent to him to enable him to maintain his incognito.

When he found that his story was not to be credited, he accused the magistrate of yielding to pressure put upon him by the Princes Victor and Louis, whose interest it was to supplant the rightful heir. He spoke in the language of a well educated man, and when examined with a view to determine his mental condition, he betrayed no symptom of derangement.

The methods of all Claimants have a certain similarity, though some have been more audacious and successful than others. This is perhaps the most audacious of modern instances. But there are many examples of Claimants more or less notorious in the history of past times, whose pretensions are quite as difficult to reconcile with recorded facts. In most of these historical instances the Claimants have advanced pretensions to the name and station of a deceased member of some reigning family, and much obscurity has thus been thrown around historical events whose incidental details have been confused and complicated by the conflicting statements of contemporary or nearly contemporary records.

Perhaps the least known, but not the least curious and tragical story of a Claimant is that of the woman who, in the first year of the fourteenth century, attempted to personate the Maid of Norway, heiress to the crown of Scotland, and presumptive heiress also to that of Norway.—It had been given out that the Maid of Norway had died on her voyage to Scotland, but that, if it was now alleged, was a mistake; she did not die, but she was 'sold' or betrayed by those who had charge of her, and carried away to an obscure hiding place on the continent. She had at last found means to escape, and coming from Lubeck to Bergen—the very same port from which she had sailed for Scotland ten years before—she there presented herself to the people of Norway as the Princess Margaret. Although her father, King Eirik, was now dead, and his uncle Hakon possessed the throne, her right of succession to the crowns of Norway and of Scotland had been secured by the marriage contract of Norburgh, by which her father had espoused her mother Margaret, the daughter of Alexander III., king of Scotland. The Claimant appeared old for her years, and was white haired; but sorrow brings gray hairs more surely than age. She was a married woman, and her husband came with her

to Norway, and subsequently shared her tragic fate King Haken himself was present at her trial in Bergen, of which, unfortunately, no record exists But we learn from the *Iceland Annals* that she was burned to death as an impostor at Nordness, and her husband beheaded When she was being taken through the Kongsgaard Port to the place of execution, she said 'I remember well when I, as a child, was taken through this selfsame gate to be carried into Scotland, there was then in the High Church of the Apostles an Iceland priest, Hafldi by name, who was chaplain to my father, King Eirik, and when the clergy ceased singing, Sir Hafldi began the hymn *Veni Creator*, and that hymn was sung out to the end, just as I was taken on board the ship

Hafldi Stuinson, the priest here mentioned, had long since gone back to Iceland, where he died parish priest of Brandabolstad, and in chronicling his death, the annalist adds that 'he was King Eirik's chaplain at the time that his daughter Margaret was taken to Scotland, as she herself afterwards bore witness when she was being carried to execution at Nordness' Indeed, so prevalent was the belief in the personal identity of the Claimant with the daughter of King Eirik who died on the voyage to Orkney in 1290, that the place of her execution became a resort of pilgrims, and many of the priesthood having countenanced the popular belief in her martyrdom, a chapel was built on the spot where she suffered, and though unannounced, and repro bated by the dignitaries of the church, her memory was held in reverence till the Reformation as St Maritta (Margaret), the Martyr of Nordness In 1320, the number of pilgrimages to this irregular shrine had become so numerous that Bishop Audfinn of Bergen issued an official interdict against them, an interference which was resented by his canons, some of whom were bold enough to protest against its promulgation

Nothing is known of the Claimant's previous history, except that the contemporary annalist states that she came to Bergen in a ship from Lubeck Absolom Pedersen asserts that she came from Scotland, but gives no authority for the statement, and there is sufficient evidence in the records to render this highly improbable But it is a very remarkable circumstance that Wyntoun, the popular historian of his time, gave currency in Scotland to the statement—which we must assume to have been then the popular belief—that the Maid of Norway was put to death in her own country by martyrdom After giving circumstantial details of the sending of the Scottish embassy to Norway, consisting of Sir David of the Wemyss and Michael Scot of Balweanie, he adds, that when they arrived—

> Dead then was that Maiden fair,
> That of law wald have been heir,
> And appeared til have been
> By the law of Norway Queen,
> But that Maiden sweet for the [therefore]
> Was put to death by martyry

In accordance with the usage of the period, the expression of the chronicler describing the manner of her death would be universally understood to mean burning at the stake, and the evident anachronism, as well as the inherent improbability of the narrative, is accounted for by the fact that it quite accurately describes the death of the Claimant, but assigns it to the time of the death of the Princess The reason given by Wyntoun for the 'martyrdom' is, that the Norwegians—though their law allowed—could not brook the idea of a woman succeeding to the crown, and this also may be accounted for by the fact that the woman who suffered was a pretender to the crown

No incident in Scottish history is more pathetic than that of the untimely death of the young Princess on her voyage to Orkney, and no single event in the whole course of that history has exercised a more important influence on the destinies of the nation In these circumstances, we cannot cease to wonder how it came to pass that there is no authentic record of its details in the contemporary or nearly contemporary chronicles of Scottish or Norwegian history The only contemporary document in Scottish record which notices her death is the letter of the Bishop of St Andrews to Edward I, dated at Inchiare the 7th of October 1290, in which the bishop states that there was a rumour of her death, but that he had heard subsequently that she 'had recovered of her sickness, but was still weak' It was plain, however, that the bishop did not believe the rumour of her recovery, for he concludes his letter by praying King Edward to approach the Borders with his army to prevent bloodshed, seeing that Sir Robert Bruce had come to Perth and Mar and Athole were collecting their forces On the Norwegian side, there is a total absence of authentic contemporary record of the time and manner of the death of the Princess, and there would have been absolutely nothing known of the details of her decease, if it had not been for the appearance ten years later of the Claimant, whom Munch, the historian of Norway, following Bishop Audfinn, has no hesitation in designating 'The False Margaret'

In his official interdict of 1320, forbidding the people 'any longer to invoke that woman with great vows and worship as if she had been one of Gods martyrs,' the bishop states that he has deemed it his duty to declare the truth as to her case 'She said, indeed, that she was the child and lawful heir of King Eirik, but when she came from Lubeck to Bergen she was gray-haired and white in the head, and was proved to be twenty years older than the time of King Eirik's marriage with Margaret of Scotland He was then only thirteen winters old, and consequently, could not have been the father of a person of her years And then he had no other

child than one daughter by Queen Margaret This only child of King Eirik and Queen Margaret was on her journey to Scotland, when she died in Orkney between the hands of Bishop Narve of Bergen, and in the presence of the best men of the land, who had attended her from Norway, and the bishop and Herr Thore Hakonson and others brought back her corpse to Bergen, where her father had the coffin opened and narrowly examined the body, and himself acknowledged that it was his daughter's corpse, and buried her beside the queen her mother, in the stone wall on the north side of the choir of the cathedral church of Bergen'

Although we owe these details of the Princess's death and burial, meagre as they are, to the bishop's anxiety to confute the pretensions of the Claimant, there can be no room for doubt as to their strict truth And yet it was possible, ten years after the event, for a Claimant so to influence the popular belief, that, although burned to death as a traitorous impostor, she was regarded by many of the priesthood as a martyr, and by the common people was not only worshipped as a saint in the church erected to her memory on the spot where she suffered, but celebrated in songs which long continued to be handed down among them Even to this day, the precise date of the death of the Princess Margaret remains unknown, and until quite recently, it was generally believed that she had been buried in Kirkwall Cathedral as is indeed stated by the Danish archæologist Worsaae in his account of that edifice given in his work on *The Danes and Northmen in England* No *History of Scotland*, until the issue of the last edition of Dr John Hill Burton's, has noticed the curious episode of the false Margaret, a knowledge of which is necessary in order to account for the fact that, in Wyntoun's time, it was the popular belief in Scotland that the Maid of Norway had suffered martyrdom at the hands of her own countrymen

It is curious that in connection with the history of Scotland, and before the close of the fourteenth century, we find the story of another Claimant not less audacious in his pretensions, but much more fortunate in his patrons, by whom he was maintained till his death as a state pensioner, and buried in one of the churches of Stirling under the royal name and regal title to which he had laid claim There was this strange element in his case that he was the second personator of the same dead king Readers of English history are familiar with the incidents of the revolution which placed Henry of Lancaster on the throne, and consigned 'the good King Richard' to a perpetual prison in Pontefract Castle But the subsequent events in the life of the imprisoned monarch, and the date and manner of his death, are shrouded in an impenetrable obscurity One of the ablest of our Scottish historians, Patrick Fraser Tytler, has even declared, after an elaborate investigation of the whole available evidence, that this second Claimant, whose story we are about to notice, was Richard II in reality

It is well known that shortly after the king's imprisonment, there was a conspiracy to replace him on the throne The conspirators attempted to attract the people to their cause by spreading abroad the rumour of his escape from Pontefract; and, as is stated by a contemporary chronicler, 'to make this the more credible, they brought into the field with them a chaplain called Father Maudelain, who so exactly resembled good King Richard in face and person, in form and speech, that every one who saw him declared that he was their former king' The conspiracy failed, and those most deeply concerned in it, among whom was the first personator, Father Maudelain, were beheaded

Shortly afterwards, it was given out that King Richard had died in Pontefract Castle, on or about the 14th of February 1399 Rumour, indeed, spoke freely of the suspicion, that if he were dead, he had surely been murdered by his enemies, and with the connivance of the reigning king It was not till nearly a month after the alleged date of his death that, in order to silence the popular rumours, King Henry caused the body to be brought publicly to London 'with the face exposed, and laid in state for two days in the church of St Paul, 'that the people might believe for certain that he was dead' 'But,' says the old chronicler formerly quoted, 'I certainly do not believe that it was the king, but I think it was Maudelain, his chaplain,' who had been beheaded little more than a month previously

There were many who shared this unbelief, and in 1402, the rumours that King Richard was yet alive became so persistent and circumstantial, that King Henry dealt with them by putting to death a number of persons, principally priests and friars, for spreading such treasonable reports The cause of the revival of these rumours at this time is revealed in a document issued by King Henry, requiring the sheriffs to arrest all persons guilty of spreading the report that King Richard was alive, which had arisen from a person calling himself King Richard having appeared in Scotland in company with one William Scile, who had been groom of the robes to Richard, and had possessed himself of his signet

As the scene thus shifts to Scotland, we naturally turn to the Scottish chronicles and records for the further elucidation of the mystery Wyntoun and Bower—each writing of events which happened within his own lifetime—narrate the story of this second Claimant in much the same manner He came from the outlaws of Scotland, having been discovered in the kitchen of Donald, Lord of the Isles, by persons who had seen King Richard, and recognised his likeness. He was sent in charge of Lord Montgomery to Robert III of Scotland, by whom he was well received, and assigned a pension of one hundred merks yearly After King Robert's death, the pension was continued by the Regent Albany The Scottish Chamberlain, in charging his accounts with these annual payments, has entered them as paid to 'King Richard of England' Finally, we learn from an old Scottish chronicle that when he died at Stirling in 1419, his body was buried on the north side of the high altar of the Church of the Preaching Friars, and a long Latin epitaph graven over his tomb informed the reader that 'Here lies buried King Richard of England' Yet it has been established as clearly as any such question can now be established by evidence, that this second personator of King

Richard was an adventurer named Thomas Ward, or Thomas of Trumpington, who, with his confederate William Seele, is exempted by name from the general amnesty granted to political offenders by Henry IV. in 1403

IN ALL SHADES

CHAPTER XXVIII

Meanwhile, Harry Noel himself was quite unconsciously riding round to the Hawthorns' cottage, to perform the whole social duty of man by Edward and Marian

'So you're come out to look after your father's estates in Barbadoes, have you, Mr Noel?' Marian inquired with a quiet smile, after the first greetings and talk about the voyage were well over

Harry laughed 'Well, Mrs Hawthorn,' he said confidentially, 'my father's estates there seem to have looked after themselves pretty comfortably for the last twenty years, or at least been looked after vicariously by a rascally local Scotch agent, and I've no doubt they'd have continued to look after themselves for the next twenty years without my intervention, if nothing particular had occurred otherwise to bring me out here'

'But something particular did occur—eh, Mr Noel?'

'No, nothing occurred,' Harry Noel answered, with a distinct stress upon the significant verb 'But I had reasons of my own which made me anxious to visit Trinidad, and I thought Barbadoes would be an excellent excuse to supply to Sir Walter for the expense of the journey The old gentleman jumped at it—positively jumped at it There's nothing loosens Sir Walter's purse-strings like a devotion to business, and he declared to me on leaving, with tears in his eyes almost, that it was the first time he ever remembered to have seen me show my proper interest whatsoever in the family property'

'And what were the reasons that made you so very anxious, then, to visit Trinidad?'

'Why, Mrs Hawthorn, how can you ask me? Wasn't I naturally desirous of seeing you and Edward once more after a year's absence?'

Marian coughed a little dry cough 'I mind ship is a very powerfully attractive magnet, isn't it, Edward?' she said with an arch smile to her husband 'It was very good of Mr Noel to have thought of coming four thousand miles across the Atlantic just to visit you and me, dear—now, wasn't it?'

'So very good, Edward answered, laughing, 'that I should almost be inclined myself (as a lawyer) to suspect some other underlying motive'

'Well, she is a very dear little girl,' Marian went on reflectively

'She is, certainly,' her husband echoed

Harry laughed 'I see you've found me out,' he answered, not altogether unpleased 'Well, yes, I may as well make a clean breast of it, Mrs Hawthorn I've come across on purpose to ask her, and I won't go back either, till I can take her with me. I've waited for twelve months, to make quite sure I knew my own heart and wasn't mistaken about it Every day, her image has remained there clearer and clearer than before, and I will win her, or else stop here for ever'

'When a man says that and really means it,' Marian replied encouragingly, 'I believe in the end he can always win the girl he has set his heart upon'

'But I suppose you know,' Edward interrupted, 'that her father has already made up his mind that she's to marry a cousin of hers at Paraiso Valley, a planter in the island, and has announced the fact publicly to half Trinidad?'

'Not Mr Tom Dupuy?' Harry cried in amazement

'Yes, Tom Dupuy—the very man Then you've met him already?'

'He lunched with us to-day at Orange Grove!' Harry answered, puckering his brow a little 'And her father actually wants her to marry that fellow! By Jove, what a desecration!'

'Then you don't like what you've seen so far of Mr Tom?' Marian asked with a smile

Harry rose and leaned against the piazza pillar with his hands behind him 'The man's a fool,' he answered briefly

'If we were in Piccadilly again,' Edward Hawthorn said quietly, 'I should say that was probably a piece of pure class prejudice, Noel, but as we are in Trinidad, and as I happen to know Mr Tom Dupuy by two or three pieces of personal adventure, I don't mind telling you in strict confidence, I cordially agree with you'

'Ah!' Harry Noel cried with much amusement, clapping him heartily on his broad shoulder 'So coming to Trinidad has knocked some of that radical humbug and nonsense clean out of you, has it, Teddy? I knew it would, my dear fellow, I knew you'd get rid of it!'

'On the contrary, Mr Noel,' Marian answered with quiet dignity, 'I think it has really made us a great deal more confirmed in our own opinions than we were to begin with We have suffered a great deal ourselves, you know, since we came to Trinidad'

Harry flushed in the face a little 'You needn't tell me all about it, Mrs Hawthorn,' he said uneasily 'I've heard something about the matter already from the two Dupuys, and all I can say is, I never heard before such a foolish, idiotic, nonsensical, cock and bull prejudice as the one they told me about, in the whole course of my precious existence If it hadn't been for Nora's sake—I mean for Miss Dupuy's'—and he checked himself suddenly—'upon my word, I really think I should have knocked the fellow down in his uncle's dining room the very first moment he began to speak about it'

'Mr Noel,' Marian said, 'I know how absurd it must seem to you, but you can't imagine how much Edward and I have suffered about it since we've been in this island'

'I see,' Harry answered 'I can understand it easily I had a specimen of it myself from those fellows at lunch this morning I kept as calm as I could outwardly, but, by Jove, Mrs Hawthorn, it made my blood boil over within me to hear the way they spoke of your

husband —Upon my honour, if it weren't for—for Miss Dupuy,' he added thoughtfully, 'I wouldn't stop now a single night to accept that man's hospitality after the way he spoke about you'

'No, no, do stop,' Marian answered simply 'We want you so much to marry Nora, and we want to save her from that horrid man her father has chosen for her'

And then they began unburdening their hearts to Harry Noel with the long arrears of twelve months' continuous confidences It was such a relief to get a little fresh external sympathy, to be able to talk about it all to somebody just come from England, and entirely free from the taint of West Indian prejudices They told Harry everything, without reserve, and Harry listened, growing more and more indignant every minute, to the long story of petty slights and undeserved insults At last he could restrain his wrath no longer 'It's preposterous,' he cried, walking up and down the piazza angrily, by way of giving vent to his suppressed emotion 'it's abominable! it's outrageous! it's not to be borne with! The idea of these people, these holt and corner nobodies, these miserable, stupid, ignorant mobbies, with no more education or manners than an English ploughboy—O yes, my dear fellow, I know what they are—I've seen them in Barbadoes—setting themselves up to be better than you are—there, upon my word I've really no patience with it I shall flog some of them soundly, some day, before I've done with them, I know I shall I can't avoid it But what on earth can have induced you to stop here, my dear Teddy, when you might have gone back again comfortably to England, and have mixed properly in the sort of society you're naturally fitted for?'

'I did,' Marian answered firmly 'I induced him, Mr Noel I wouldn't let him run away from these miserable people And besides, you know, he's been able to do such a lot of good here All the negroes love him dearly, because he's protected them from so much injustice He's the most popular man in the island with the black people, he's been so good to them, and so useful to them, and such a help against the planters, who are always trying their hardest to oppress them And isn't that something worth staying for, in spite of everything?'

Harry Noel paused and hesitated 'Tastes differ, Mrs Hawthorn,' he answered more soberly 'For my part, I can't say I feel myself very profoundly interested in the eternal nigger question; though, if a man feels it his duty to stop and see the thing out to the bitter end, why, of course he ought in that case to stop and see it But what does rile me is the idea that these wretched Dupuy people should venture to talk in the way they do about such a man as your husband—confound them!'

Tea interrupted his flow of indignation

But when Harry Noel had ridden away again towards Orange Grove on Mr Dupuy's pony, Hawthorn and his wife stood looking at one another in dubious silence for a few minutes Neither of them liked to utter the thought that had been uppermost in both their minds from the first moment they saw him in Trinidad.

At last Edward broke the ominous stillness 'Harry Noel's awfully dark, isn't he, Marian?' he said uneasily

'Very,' Marian answered in as unconcerned a voice as she could well summon up 'And so extremely handsome, too, Edward,' she added after a moment's faint pause, as if to turn the current of the conversation

Neither of them had ever observed in England

Trinidad, girt round by all that curiously suspicious and genealogically inquiring society, they couldn't help noticing to themselves what a very dark skin and what curly hair he happened to have inherited

'And his mother's a Barbadian lady,' Edward went on uncomfortably, pretending to play with a book and a paper knife

'She is,' Marian answered, hardly daring to look up at her husband's face in her natural confusion 'He—he always seems so very fond of his mother, Edward, darling'

Edward went on cutting the pages of his newly arrived magazine in grim silence for a few minutes longer, then he said 'I wish to goodness he could get engaged and married offhand to Nora Dupuy very soon, Marian, and then clear out at once and for ever from this detestable island as quickly as possible'

'It would be better if he could, perhaps,' Marian answered, sighing deeply 'Poor dear Nora! I wish she'd take him She could never be happy with that horrid Dupuy man'

They didn't dare to speak, one to the other, the doubt that was agitating them, but they both agreed in that half unspoken fashion that it would be well if Harry pressed his suit soon, before any sudden thunderbolt had time to fall unexpectedly upon his head and mar his chance with poor little Nora

As Harry Noel rode back to Orange Grove alone, along the level bridle path, he chanced to drop his short riding whip at a turn of the road by a broad canepiece A tall negro was hoeing vigorously among the luxuriant rows of cane close by The young Englishman called out to him carelessly, as he would have done to a labourer at home 'Here, you, hi, mr, come and pick up my whip, will you'

The tall negro turned and stared at him 'Who you callin' to come an' pick up your whip, me fren'?' he answered somewhat saucily

Noel glanced back at the man with an angry glare 'You!' he said, pointing with an imperious gesture to the whip on the ground 'I called you to pick it up for me Don't you understand English?'

'You is rude gentleman for true,' the old negro responded quietly, continuing his task of hoeing in the canepiece, without any attempt to pick up the whip for the unrecognised stranger 'If you want de whip picked up, what for you doesn't speak to naygur decently? Ole time folk has proverb, "Please am a good dog, an' him keep doan't cost nuffin" Get down yourself, sah, an' pick up your own whip for you-self if you want him'

Harry was just on the point of dismounting and following the old negro's advice, with some

remote idea of applying the whip immediately after to the back of his adviser, when a younger black man, stepping out hastily from behind a row of canes that had hitherto concealed him, took up the whip and handed it back to him with a respectful salutation. The old man looked on disdainfully while Harry took it, then, as the rider went on with a parting angry glance, he muttered sulkily 'Who dat man dat you gib de whip to? An' what for you want to gib it him dere, Peter?'

The younger man answered apologetically 'Dat Mr Noel, buckra from Englan', him come to stop at Orange Grobe along ob de massa.'

'Buckra from Englan!' Louis Delgado cried incredulously 'Him doan't no buckra from Englan', I tellin you, me brudder, him Trini dad brown man as sure as de gospel You doan't see him is brown man, Peter, de minnit you look at him?

Peter shook his head and grinned solemnly 'No, Mistah Delgado, him doan't no brown man,' he answered, laughing 'Him is dark for true, but still him real buckra. Him stoppin' up at house along ob de massa!'

Delgado turned to his work once more, doggedly 'If him buckra, an' if him stoppin' up wit dem Dupuy,' he said half aloud, but so that the wondering Peter could easily overhear it, 'when de great an' terrible day come, he will be cut off wit all de household An' de day doan't gwine to be delayed long now, neider' A mumbled Arabic sentence, which Peter of course could not understand, gave point and terror to this last prediction Peter turned away, thinking to himself that Louis Delgado was a terrible obeah man and sorcerer for certain, and that whoever crossed his path, had better think twice before he offended so powerful an antagonist

Meanwhile, Harry Noel was still riding on to Orange Grove As he reached the garden gate, Tom Dupuy met him, out for a walk in the cool of the evening with big Slot, his great Cuban bloodhound As Harry drew near, Slot burst away suddenly with a leap from his master, and before Harry could foresee what was going to happen, the huge brute had sprung up at him fiercely, and was attacking him with his mighty teeth and paws, as though about to drag him from his seat forcibly with his slobbering cannes Harry hit out at the beast a vicious blow from the butt end of his riding whip, and at the same moment Tom Dupuy, sauntering up somewhat more lazily than politeness or even common humanity perhaps demanded, caught the dog sturdily by the neck and held him back by main force, still struggling vehemently and pulling at the collar His great slobbering jaws opened hungrily towards the angry Englishman, and his eyes gleamed with the fierce light of a starving carnivore in sight and smell of his natural prey

'Precious vicious dog you keep, Mr Dupuy,' Harry exclaimed, not over good humouredly, for the brute had made its teeth meet through the flap of his coat lappets 'you oughtn't to let him go at large, I fancy'

Tom Dupuy stooped and patted his huge favourite lovingly on the head with very little hypocritical show of penitence or apology 'He doan't often go off this way,' he answered coolly. 'He's a Cuban bloodhound, Slot is, pure blooded—the same kind we used to train in the good old days to hunt up the runaway niggers, and they often go at a black man or a brown man—that's what they're meant for The moment they smell African blood, they're after it, like a greyhound after a hare, as quick as lightning But I never knew Slot before go for a white man! It's very singular—ax ceasively singular I never before knew him go for a real white man'

'If he was my dog,' Harry Noel answered, walking his pony up to the door with a sharp lookout on the ugly mouth of the straining and quivering bloodhound, 'he'd never have the chance again, I can tell you, to go for another The brute's most dangerous—a most bloodthirsty creature And indeed, I'm not sentimental myself on the matter of niggers, but I don't know that in a country where there are so many niggers knocking about casually everywhere, any man has got a right to keep a dog that darts straight at them as a greyhound darts at a hare, according to your own confession It doesn't seem to me exactly right or proper somehow

Tom Dupuy glanced carelessly at the struggling brute and answered with a coarse laugh 'I see, Mr Noel, you've been taking counsel already with your friend Hawthorn Well, well, in my opinion, I expect there's just about a pair of you!'

(To be continued)

TOBACCO CULTIVATION

The question of the cultivation of tobacco has recently been brought within the range of practical agriculture In both Houses of Parliament the government has announced that permission will be given to grow this plant, and cure it in proper manner, as experiments, in various parts of the country, and more especially in Ireland The Council of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, with His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales in the chair, determined to help the government in the matter, provided the government gave a grant towards the experiments The subject thus becomes one of special moment It is very doubtful, however, whether any experiments that can be made will give us much more information than we at present have regarding this crop That it can be grown in this country is certain To take up the first seed catalogue that comes to our hand—that of Messrs Carter & Co—we find that for a long series of years past, the seed of no fewer than seven varieties of Nicotiana is announced as for sale The plants are grown in many gardens, and the leaves are dried and used as fumigants against insects In fact, so simple is the growth of the plant, that the only directions given are to 'Sow on heat, and transplant to good, rich, loamy soil, or sow out of doors in May' That the plant can be grown is certain, but if grown on an agricultural scale, it will have to bear with the usual effects of climate, injurious insects, and the thousand and one ills which plant life is heir to That is, so far as the plant is concerned The great difficulty in every country will begin with the curing, and

is the cause of the tobacco crop being gradually given up

So far as Europe is concerned, there has been a great decrease in tobacco cultivation during recent years In the Netherlands, the acreage is at present something like half what it was ten or twelve years ago In Belgium, the decrease in area has been considerable, but not to so great an extent In Austro Hungary the acreage under tobacco was in 1884 less by 6768 acres than two years previously In Germany, the area of the crop fell from 1861 to 1883 by over 12,000 acres Italy, with its magnificent climate, grows only 8202 acres, while in France, where the government purchase the crop, only 38,800 acres were grown last year It is to America, however, that we must turn for our best information as to the growth of tobacco In the last four census years, this crop was grown to the following extent 1850, crop of 199,752,655 pounds, 1860, crop of 434,209,461 pounds, 1870, 262,735,941 pounds, and 1880, crop of 472,681,117 pounds, grown on 638,841 acres Here we find that although there was a great decrease in the growth of this crop after the war, it gradually picked up again, and the crop is now as large

In 1883, 451,545,641 pounds were grown on an area of 638,739 acres Its total value was £8 091,072

The method of cultivation adopted in the United States cannot fail to be of use to the English or Irish grower In the first place, a word should be said upon the position of tobacco in crop rotations Travellers in South America have often noticed the desolate appearance of some portions of the country This is due to the exhaustion of the soil by continuous tobacco growing A very large proportion of what was known as tobacco land has thus been reduced to a condition of poverty, and has been left to itself, and is covered with weeds A good authority declares that this fault can be easily remedied, and that by growing tobacco as a rotation crop After two crops of tobacco have been taken from the land, and after this a crop of corn, and then a crop of clover or vetches, after the latter have been cut or fed off, the land may be again prepared for another crop of tobacco A word may be said here also on manures In the best tobacco plantations, two hundred pounds of nitrate of soda and two hundred and fifty pounds of superphosphate per acre are used—the former bringing up a heavier crop, and the latter improving its quality Besides these, large applications of farmyard manure are made Taking Wisconsin as the State more particularly to be treated of, we find that the seed beds are burned lightly, and a liberal allowance of manure worked in, to the depth of six inches, with a hoe or spade This work of preparation begins in July, when the manure is applied The bed is reworked in August, and again in September, for the purpose of keeping down any weeds or grass that may spring up, and finally, in November, it is hoed and raked and prepared to receive the seed, which is either sown in the Fall or early in the succeeding spring When sown in the Fall, the seed is not previously sprouted After sowing, the bed is compacted by rolling, tramping, or clapping with a board The plants are carefully nursed by liquid manuring and by weeding The young plants are generally large enough for transplanting by the 1st of June

The land for the main crop—that is, into which the plants are transplanted from the seed-bed—is ploughed in the Fall after the crop of the previous year, and twice in the spring—in May, and just before the 1st of June. Coarse and rough manures are applied with the autumn ploughing, and finer well rotted sorts in May. After the last ploughing, the land is thoroughly pulverised by harrows or drags, and marked off for the plant The varieties of tobacco grown are either the seed leaf or the Spanish If the former, the plants are placed two and a half feet by three feet apart, but if the latter, three feet by a foot and a half Thus, if the seed leaf variety, some five thousand five hundred plants are used to the acre, and if the Spanish, nine thousand six hundred As soon as the soil is in proper condition to work after the plants have been set out, a cultivator with five teeth is run between the rows, and this is kept up once or twice a week, until the field has been gone over five or six times The crop is hoed twice—once after the cultivator has been run through the first time Very little earth is put round the plant, level cultivation being preferred In some portions of the district, a horse hoe is used in cultivating the crop, this implement, from its peculiar construction, enables the operation to go very near each plant and stir every portion of the soil In very small patches, the cultivation is done entirely with the hoe, which is kept up every week until the plants are so large that they cannot be worked without breaking the leaves

The next operations are termed 'topping' and 'suckering' In about forty eight or fifty days after the plants are set, if the crop has been well cultivated and the weather seasonable, the flower buds make their appearance, and are pinched out, leaving, from fourteen to sixteen leaves on each plant None of the bottom leaves are taken off, but all are left to mature, or dry up, serving as a protection against the dirt Fields, however, are often seen in full blossom before the tobacco is topped, and this results in great damage to the crop Tobacco is suckered twice—once in about a week after it is topped, and again just before it is cut, which is generally about two weeks after topping 'Suckering' consists in the removal of young suckers, which at this time make their appearance in large numbers As has been noted, tobacco is generally ready for harvesting in two weeks after being topped, but there is considerable variation in the time on various soils On warm sandy loams, the plant will be as ripe in twelve days as it will be on heavy clayey soils in eighteen days This is one of the reasons why sandy loams are preferred

Harvesting commences early in August, and continues without intermission into September The time preferred for cutting is from two o'clock in the afternoon until nearly sundown, because at that time tobacco is less liable to be blistered by the heat of the sun The instrument used for cutting is a hatchet, the plants being cut off nearly on a level with the ground, and laid back on the rows to 'wilt' After wilting, they are speared on lathe Of the large seed leaf variety,

only about six plants are put on a lath, but of the smaller Spanish (or Havana) variety, ten are not considered too many. After being speared on the laths, the latter are carefully put on a long wagon frame, made for the purpose, and carried to the sheds, where they are arranged on the tier poles or racks, from six to ten inches apart, according to the size of the plant, but never so close as to permit them to touch each other. It requires six weeks to cure the Spanish variety perfectly, and two months to cure the seed leaf. If the weather is dry, after the crop is out, the doors are kept closed during the day and opened at night, but extreme care must be taken not to cure too rapidly. In muggy, rainy weather, as much air as possible should be given, thorough ventilation being indispensable, to prevent 'pole sweat.' Continuous damp weather and continuous dry weather are both to be feared. It is believed by many good growers that white veins are the result of a drought after the tobacco has been harvested, and it is said that no crop cured when there is plenty of rain is ever affected with them. Inferences of this kind, however, are too often drawn without considering a sufficient number of cases to warrant the enunciation of a general law. This is the view put forth by Mr Lallebrun, in an able paper on Tobacco culture written for the American government. He, however, further points out that it is a well established truth, deduced from the universal experience of the cultivation of seed leaf tobacco in every State, that a crop cannot be cured without the alternations of moist and dry atmospheres.

A few words may be said on the curing of tobacco generally. Three systems are adopted in the United States. It may be (1) air dried, (2) dried by open fire heat from charcoal or wood fires in the barn, or (3) by flues which convey heat from ovens and heaters built outside the barn. The last method is said to be the best, as a better control can be had over the temperature. No regular rule can be given, as the heat must be regulated according to circumstances, and must change with the weather. The main thing is to dry the tobacco gradually to secure a good colour, and to prevent mould. When the tobacco is dry, it must be kept so by gentle fires in wet or damp weather, and it is not touched for the purpose of 'bulking' until it has become soft and pliable. Artificial sweating is believed by some to be accompanied with less risk than sweating by the natural process, and second stories of warehouses are sometimes prepared as sweating chambers by being closely ceiled or plastered. These are heated by furnaces, and the temperature maintained at from one hundred and ten to one hundred and forty degrees.

After curing, the tobacco is prepared for market. This consists of stripping the leaves from the stalks, tying them up in large bundles, and afterwards sorting them. After being sorted in 'grades,' these are tied up in 'hands' of from eighteen to twenty leaves, securely wrapped with a leaf at the butt end, and 'bulked' in piles, with the heads out and the tails overlapping in the centre of the bulk. Here it remains until the 'fatty stems' are thoroughly cured, when it is sold to the dealers. These latter pack it in barrels and sweat the leaves still further, but into this subject we need not go, as it can have but little interest to the farmer who intends growing tobacco in this country.

So far as the cost of growing tobacco is concerned, a large and successful grower in Pennsylvania, some two years ago, published the following statement of cost and returns from a field of nine and a half acres: 215½ days' labour of men from preparing the seed bed up to the hanging in the barn, £43; team work, 38½ days, with feed for 42½ days, £30; curing, stripping, and marketing, £15; total, £88. The net receipts were £174, thus showing a profit of £86. This was in a fairly good year.

These few notes show us that tobacco is a crop requiring a great expenditure of labour and care, and that even in America the profits of thirty pounds per acre, about which we have heard so much, are not always realised. The probabilities, however, are so much against our getting really fine qualities of tobacco, that it is doubtful if the necessary capital will be put into the business.

'WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS'

I warn those pages as a warning. I don't suppose any one will profit by it. From the time of Cassandra downwards, nobody has ever paid attention to warnings. But that is not my affair.

A London newspaper, some years ago, gave up several columns of its valuable space to the question 'What shall we do with our Boys?' I perused the correspondence with a strong personal interest, for I myself am the proprietor of a boy—several boys, in point of fact, but I refer more particularly to my eldest, aged nineteen, to whom I felt that it was time something was settled. I have a great belief—partly derived from the before-mentioned correspondence, and partly from my own observation—in studying a boy's natural bent, and finding him an occupation in accordance with it. Such being the case, I began to study Augustus with a view to finding out his special aptitude; but, unless a really remarkable faculty of outgrowing his trousers may be so regarded, I could not for some time discover that he had any. By dint, however, of careful observation and cross examination of the household, I elicited that he was addicted to making extremely offensive smells in the back kitchen with chemicals, and that he had what he called a 'collection' of beetles and other unpleasant insects stuck on pins in a box in his bedroom. It appeared, therefore, that his proclivities were scientific, and I ultimately decided to make an analyst of him. Accordingly, after disposing of sundry painful but presumably necessary arrangements as to premium, Augustus was duly articled to a Public Analyst. I use capital letters, because I observed that Mr Samson himself always did so. Why, I cannot say. Possibly, a public analyst—without capitals—would not command the same amount of public confidence. On consideration, I don't suppose he would.

Augustus first demand on taking up his new

occupation was a microscope 'And while you re about it,' he suggested, 'it had better be a good one' At first, I was inclined to suspect that this was an artful device for the further indulgence of his entomological vices, and that the implement would be devoted to post mortem examinations of deceased caterpillars or other kindred abominations He assured me, however, that such was not the case, and that the microscope was now alive 'the very short anchor of analytical science The 'short anchor' completely took the wind out of my sails (I feel that there is rather a confusion of metaphor here, but, not being a nautical person, I don't feel competent to set it right) I surrendered, humbly remarking that I supposed a five pound note would cover it The youthful analyst laughed me to scorn The very least, he assured me, that a good working microscope could be got for would be ten or twelve pounds Ultimately, I agreed to give three one hundred guineas, and congratulated myself that at any rate *that* was done with On the contrary, it was only just begun No sooner had my analyst secured his microscope, than he began to insist upon the purchase of a number of auxiliary appliances, which, it appeared, no respectable microscope would be seen without He broke them to me by degrees At first he only mentioned, if I remember right, an 'achromatic condenser, at two guineas Next came a 'double nosepiece (why 'double,' I don't know), then a polarising apparatus and a camera lucida (four pounds ten) then a micrometer and a camera (three guineas each), then somebody's prism, at one pound five, and somebody else's microspectroscope, at I don't know how much Here, however, I put my foot down I am compelled to regard the sordid consideration of price, though some doubt

The microscope and its subsidiary apparatus were duly delivered, but my analyst appeared to be in no particular hurry to convey them to the laboratory where he was studying On my making a remark to this effect, he replied 'Haven't taken them to the laboratory? No, and I'm not going to Mr Scrutin has got a precious sight better microscope than mine—cost sixty guineas without the little extra articles, and they were about thirty more *He's* got a microspectroscope, if you like!'

I refrained from arguing the point, and mildly remarked that in that case he might have used Mr Scrutin's microscope, and saved me some twenty guineas But he rejected the idea with scorn, and explained that his microscope was not for laboratory use, but for 'private study'

So far as my observation went, my analyst's private study had hitherto been confined to a short pipe and the last number of some penny dreadful, but I did not think it wise to check as a limpet might have done in answer to the same observation. 'Why, microscopy is the most fascinating study out—Just take a squint at *that*, now'

I looked down the tube, but couldn't see anything at all, and made a remark to that effect

'Oh, that's because you haven't got the focus—*Now*, try again'

I tried again, and saw a sort of network of red fibre

'I'll bet anyone you can't tell me what *that* is!' he exclaimed triumphantly

I owned the soft impeachment

'That's the maxillary gland of a rat'

'Dear me!' I said

'Yes Isn't it lovely? Here's another—Now, just look at that' (A queer granular looking object) 'You don't know what that is!'

'Give it up, I said

'That's a section of the epidermis of the great toe'

'Great toe!' I exclaimed in disgust 'What on earth have analysts got to do with great toes!'

'Oh, nothing particular, he said airily 'But we like to have as much variety as possible I should like to have a section of everything, if I could get it—Here's another pretty slide, that is the section of a diseased potato, and this one is a bit of a frog's leg'

'Very instructive, I daresay,' I remarked, 'but I hope you haven't made me spend twenty pounds merely to improve your acquaintance with frogs' legs and diseased potatoes Mr Scrutin surely doesn't study such things as these!'

'I can't say we learn much from frogs' legs' he said 'but there are lots of things adulterated with potato Flour and arrowroot, and butter and cocoa, and—and—a heap of things And the potato is just as likely to be diseased as not It may be, anyhow, and there you are! If you don't know what diseased potato looks like, you're done

'A pleasant look out, I replied, 'if half a dozen of the commonest articles of food are habitually adulterated

'Bless you, that's nothing,' he replied 'If *that* was all, there wouldn't be much harm done There are a jolly sight worse adulterations than that In fact, pretty nearly everything's adulterated, and some of 'em with rank poisons'

'Rank poisons! That's murderous!'

'O no, it isn't, he calmly rejoined 'Of course, they don't put in enough to kill you right off And if you find something disagreeing with you, you can't swear what it is It may be the nux vomica in the beer, but it's just as likely to be entozoa in the water, or copper in the last bottle of pickles However, you're all right now With an analyst in the family, at any rate you shan't be poisoned without knowing it I'll let you know what you are eating and drinking—This fellow—and he patted the microscope affectionately—'will tell you all about that'

And it did From that day forth I have never enjoyed a meal, and I never expect to do so again I have always been particular to deal at respectable establishments, and to pay a fair price, in the hope of insuring a good article I have, or had, a very tolerable appetite, and till that dreadful microscope came into the house, I used to get a good deal of enjoyment out of life But now all is changed My analyst begins by undermining my faith in our baker Now, if there was one of our tradesmen in whom, more than another, I had confidence, it was the baker, who supplied what seemed to me a good,

solid, satisfying article, with no nonsense about it. But one day, shortly after the conversation I have recorded, my analyst remarked at breakfast time: 'We had a turn at bread yesterday at the laboratory—examined five samples, and found three of 'em adulterated. And do you know'—holding up a piece of our own bread and smelling it critically—'I rather fancy this of ours is rather dicky.'

'Nonsense!' I cried. 'It's very good bread—capital bread!'

'You may think so,' he continued calmly, 'but you're not an analyst. I shall take a sample of this to the laboratory, and you shall have my report upon it.'

'Take it, by all means. But if you find any thing wrong about that bread, I'll eat my hat!'

'Better not make rash promises. I'll take a good big sample, and you shall have my report on it to-night.'

On his return home in the evening, he began: 'I've been having a go in at your bread. It's not pure, of course, but there isn't very much the matter with it. There's a little potato, and a little rice, and a little alum, and with these additions, it takes up a good deal more water than it ought, so you don't get your proper weight.'

'Ahem!' I said, 'if that's the case, we'll change our baker. I'm not going to pay for a mixture of potatoes and water, and call it bread. But as for alum, that's all nonsense. If they put *that* in, we should taste it.'

'O no, you wouldn't. When alum is put in bread, it decomposes and forms sulphate of potash, an aperient salt. It disagrees with you, of course, but you don't taste it. As for chemicals, your baker, the next fellow you tried might be a jolly sight worse, he might put in bone dust, or plaster of Paris, or sulphate of copper. And besides, half the adulterations are in the flour already, before it reaches the baker. Of course, that doesn't prevent his doing a little more on his own account.'

And with that the matter dropped, so far as the bread was concerned, but my confidence was rudely shaken.

A few days later, my analyst remarked: 'I don't think much of this milk,' and he forthwith appropriated a sample for analytical purposes, but, happily, was compelled to own that it wasn't quite so bad as he expected. It had more than its proper proportion of water, but that *might* arise—he charitably suggested—from the cow being unwell. To make up the deficiency, it had been fortified with treacle and coloured with annatto, but these my analyst appeared to regard as quite every day falsifications.

'It's a naturally shame,' I said. 'If one can't put faith in the milk jug, it's a bad lookout for the Blue Ribbon gentlemen. However, let us hope that the tea and coffee are all right.'

'Not likely!' he rejoined. 'Nearly all tea is "faced," as they call it, more or less, and the facing is itself an adulteration. As for coffee, you don't expect to get *that* pure, do you? It's sure to be mixed with chicory, anyhow, and very probably with roasted acorns, beans, mahogany sawdust, or old tan. Baked horse liver occasionally, but that's an extreme case. If by any remote chance there wasn't anything wrong in the original coffee, you get it in the chicory; and very often there are adulterations in both, so you get 'em twice over.'

'If that's the case, no more ground coffee for me. We'll grind our own, and then we are sure to be safe.'

'You mustn't make too cocksure of that. Some years ago, an ingenious firm took out a patent for a machine to mould chicory into the shape of coffee berries. Smart chaps those! And of course they can put anything they like into the chicory before they work it up.'

'That's pleasant, certainly. Then how is one to secure pure coffee?'

'You can't secure it, except by sending a sample to us, or some other shop of the same sort, to have it analysed, and if it's wrong, prosecute your grocer for adulteration. After doing that a few times, he might find it didn't pay, and give it up.'

'And how much would that cost?'

'Analysis of a sample of coffee, one guinea; analysis of butter, five guineas; analysis of milk, one guinea; analysis of tea, one guinea. Those are the regular charges for private analyses.'

'Rather expensive, it seems.—And how much would it cost to prosecute?'

'Ah, that I can't tell you,' said my analyst. 'Another fiver, or more, I daresay.—But look at the satisfaction!'

I did look at it, but ultimately decided to give my grocer the benefit of the doubt, and cherish a fond hope that he was better than his fellows. The subject dropped. But a few days later, there chanced to be apple pudding on the table. With the dish in question my analyst had always been in the habit of consuming brown sugar, and a good deal of it. Now, however, on the sugar basin—best Demerara—being offered to him, he put on an expression as if he had been invited to partake of black draught.

'Raw sugar! No, thank you.'

'Hullo, what's wrong with the sugar? Is that adulterated too?'

'Very probably,' he listlessly replied. 'But that's a small matter. The genuine article is bad enough.'

'Bad enough!' indignantly interposed my analyst's mamma. 'This Mr Gritlick's very best moist—threepence three farthings a pound!'

'I daresay it is. If it was fourpence, it wouldn't make any difference.—Did you ever hear of the sugar mite, *Acarus saccharo*?——

'No, I can't say I ever did,' I said, 'and I don't want to, either. We have had enough of this sort of thing, and I am not going to have my more agonies over every article we eat.'

I had again put my foot down. But it was too late. I had even forbidden my analyst, under penalty of forfeiture of his pocket money for several months to come, telling us anything whatever about the food we eat or the drink we imbibe, but the mischief was done. I have lost my confidence in my fellow man, and still more in my fellow man's productions. I may try in an imperfect way to protect our household. I may give the strictest orders that none but the rotundest of sugar shall be admitted into our store cupboard, but who is to answer for the man who makes the jam and the marmalade, or the other man who makes the Madeira

cakes and the three cornered tarts? And how much is there that we have *not* heard? I have silenced my analyst's lips, it is true, but there is also a language of the eyes, and still more a language of the nose, and when, with a scornful tip tilt of the latter, he says, 'No, thank you,' to anything, my appetite is destroyed for that meal I can't take a pill or a black draught without my disordered imagination picturing my chemist 'pestling a poisoned poison' behind his counter I can't even eat a new laid egg or crack a nut without wondering what it is adulterated with This is morbid, no doubt I am quite aware that it is morbid, but I can't help it I am like Governor Sancho in the island of Barataria my choicest dishes are whisked away from me—or rendered nauseous, which is as bad—at the bidding of a grim being who calls himself Analytical Science He may not know anything about it, or he may be lying, but meanwhile he has spoilt my appetite, and the dish may go away untasted for me

Truly, a little knowledge is a dangerous thing The moral of my painful story is obvious I intend to bring up the rest of my family, if possible, to occupations involving no knowledge whatever

THE MONTH

SCIENCE AND ARTS

About two years ago, we recorded an interesting discovery which had been made on the coast of Norway, that of a viking war ship, which had formed the tomb of some forgotten Danish freebooter We have now to chronicle a somewhat similar find, which has recently been unearthed at Brigg, in Lincolnshire While the workmen were excavating the ground for a new gas holder, they came upon a block of oak, which ultimately proved to be an ancient British vessel of extraordinary size It is cut out of a solid piece of wood, and measures forty eight feet in length, fifty two inches in width, and thirty three inches in depth The boat is in a wonderfully good state of preservation, owing, no doubt, to the clayey nature of the soil in which it lies, and which has effectually sealed up every crannny against the intrusion of the air The discovery of this prehistoric relic is of such interest, that it is to be hoped some way of preserving it from the action of the weather will be found before it is too late

Only a few years ago, an ancient wooden causeway was discovered in the same neighbourhood—a causeway made of squared balks of timber fifteen feet long and ten inches square The ends of these logs were bored with holes for the reception of pegs, so that the whole structure could be firmly fastened to the earth This was evidently a necessary precaution, for the causeway crosses the valley of the river Ancholme, and would be subject to removal by the action of the tidal waters It is believed that an extensive shallow lagoon once existed in the Ancholme valley, and that this was slowly filled up with alluvium It is to this silting up with a non porous soil that the preservation of both the boat and the causeway is due

The *Times of India* raises a curious point about a certain meteor of unusual brilliancy which was seen in India on a certain night in January last Curiously enough, a meteor which was described by eye witnesses in almost the same language which was used by the Indian observers, passed over London on the same evening It was travelling in an easterly direction, and appeared about two hours and a half before the meteor noted in India The question raised by this double appearance is Are these two meteors really one and the same? The distance between the two points of observation is between five and six thousand miles, which would give a rate of movement for the meteor of thirty five and a half miles per minute The question is a startling one, which we should think could be easily answered by consulting the logs of various vessels which were near the presumed track of the meteor on the night of its occurrence Such an unusual appearance could not fail to have been recorded

The celebrated Christy Ethnographical Collection has now been added to the British Museum, and for the first time it may be said that the country which has the best opportunities of studying prehistoric and semi barbarous peoples in all the countries of the world, is not behind its neighbours in its collection of objects for promoting that study Mr Henry Christy, who died in 1865, left his wonderful collection to four trustees, to deal with it as they might think fit in the best interests of science These trustees offered the collection to the national Museum on the very wise condition, that it was not to become the property of the Museum until it should be publicly exhibited there This proviso has prevented the collection being packed away into cellars for an indefinite time, a fate which has befallen too many treasures intrusted to the national Museum

The delegates of the French Chambers of Commerce who accompanied M de Lesseps during the late survey of the Panama Canal works, have now returned with hopeful tales of the ultimate success of the grand project for uniting the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans Briefly put, the matter stands thus let money be supplied, and the work can be brought to a glorious termination M de Lesseps affirms that the canal can be opened for traffic as soon as 1889, and he points to the circumstance that all contracts expire in 1888 But contractors are but mortal, and it is believed by experts that the hard Culebra rocks, which present the most formidable obstacle to the prosecution of the work, cannot be cut through in less than five years These rocks are more than a mile in length, and in some spots they rise to a height of more than one hundred and fifty feet above the canal level

In a recent article on 'The National Egg supply,' a contemporary gives some interesting particulars regarding the productiveness of different kinds of fowls The laying power of each hen is said to be on an average one hundred eggs per annum This seems a small average Some fowls will lay as many as two hundred and twenty per annum, but the larger proportion yield not more than from sixty-five to one hundred and twenty per annum Care and proper food have much to do with productiveness, as all

keepers of fowls know well A large portion of our egg supply comes from Ireland, where the birds are not nearly so well tended as they are in England and Scotland A score of Irish eggs selected at random from a large crate weighed a little under two pounds The eggs from good Dorkings will weigh six ounces more than this The eggs from Spanish fowls weigh two pounds fourteen ounces per score, while those from Leghorns weigh as much as three pounds for the same quantity The total cost of our annual egg supply is calculated to be nearly seven millions sterling

Mr W K Brooks, of the John Hopkins University of America, has put forward a new observation regarding oyster spat, which may account for the failure of the fisheries in many parts of this country He remarks that the young oyster as it settles upon the bottom of the sea is in some localities so covered with sediment that it is killed at a very early stage of existence He holds that the tender oyster should find a resting place which must be clean as well as free from destructive pests He recommends the employment of floating frames furnished with a bottom of galvanised wire netting for the reception of the fry Under such conditions it is found that oysters grow with wonderful rapidity

Anglers know well that the voracious pike is a fish most tenacious of life, and that hours after he has lain in the fishing creel apparently dead, he is quite capable of giving a snap with his sharp teeth But few are aware how long a pike will live out of his proper element A Paris fish monger recently received a quantity of fish from Rotterdam which were packed in ice Among these was a pike over two feet long, which, on unpacking, was seen slightly to move its gills The fish was placed in fresh water, with the result that in a few hours it was fully alive and very active This fish, as far as can be learnt, was actually out of the water for three days, during which time it travelled nearly three hundred miles It is now in the Trocadero Aquarium, and seems to have fully recovered from its curious experience

The *Sanitary Record* informs metropolitan householders that their peace is threatened with a new danger A London resident found that each time the water was turned on to his house, a plentiful supply of coal gas was delivered gratis at the same time and through the same pipes The explanation of the matter is as follows in the particular street where this strange thing happened, the soil round the water main is completely saturated with gas from leaky pipes When the water is turned off, there is a vacuum formed in the main, and gas is sucked in through imperfect joints, to be delivered to the unfortunate residents directly the water is again turned on The matter can of course be easily remedied, but the serious lesson taught by the incident is that gas can find its way to water pipes, and that sewer gas may as easily do so as coal gas

The last application of rock oil is a petroleum engine, which we saw working lately in London In general appearance, it is like a gas engine, but it has a tank fixed above the cylinder which contains a supply of petroleum This liquid is conveyed by a small pipe and pump to the cylinder at the rate of about four drops per stroke of the piston rod It is ignited by a spirit lamp after having been mingled with sufficient air to form an explosive mixture The working cost of the engine is calculated at three-halfpence per horse power per hour for petroleum, and one sixth of that sum for lubricating The engine will be valuable where gas is not to be obtained and where steam is inadmissible

Mr William Anderson lately delivered an interesting lecture before the Royal Institution 'On New Applications of the Mechanical Properties of Cork to the Arts' He showed that cork was unique among solid substances in being capable of cubical compression both from forces applied in opposite directions and from pressure from all sides This is shown when cork is immersed in water and is subjected to hydraulic pressure The phenomenon in question is due to the peculiar cellular structure of the material, which causes it to behave more like a gas when under pressure than like a solid Mr Anderson proposes to use cork instead of air in the air vessels of water raising machinery, and he showed by experiment how well fitted it was for doing this duty He also proposes to use it in connection with gun carriages in the following way the carriage is to be furnished with hydraulic compressors in the customary manner, but the water in the cylinders is to be driven by the recoil of the gun into a vessel filled with cork This will represent a store of energy which will run the gun out again when loaded, by the aid of a tap which will liberate the water from the compressed cork The lecture certainly exhibited cork in a new character, and called attention to many ways in which it can be used with advantage

The nebula in the Pleiades, so strangely discovered by photography, although it was quite invisible to ordinary telescopic scanning, has now been detected by more than one observer It is, however, as may be guessed, an extremely faint object MM Perrotin and Thollon, of the observatory at Nice, say that they have seen it, but admit at the same time that this was only because they knew from the Paris photograph that it existed

The number of valuable substances which can be extracted from coal tar is marvellous, and would surprise gas manufacturers of a generation ago, who gladly gave away the tar to any one who would take it The last product of the black and ill smelling fluid is a substance which has been named Saccharin, on account of its extreme sweetness, and the discovery is due to Professor Fahlberg Saccharin is said to be two hundred and thirty times sweeter than the best cane sugar It has a great interest for the medical profession, for it can be used to render palatable the food of patients suffering from diabetes, and has been already adopted for this service in one of the Berlin hospitals At present, the new sweetener costs forty shillings per pound It has been ascertained by experiment that saccharin is innocuous, and we may feel sure that if its price can be reduced, it will become a formidable rival to sugar

The chief of the United States Geological Survey, Major Powell, has discovered near California what he believes to be the oldest human habitations on the American continent

The mountains in the vicinity are covered with beds of lava, in which have been excavated square rooms, lined with a kind of cement made with lava Although these rock dwellers were of prehistoric time, their work shows traces of an advanced civilisation Several articles of pottery have been found in these cave dwellings, as well as a kind of cloth made of woven hair Wrapped in such a cloth, which tumbled into dust when touched, there was found a small image resembling a man No fewer than sixty groups of these villages in the lava have been found

Mr Lee S Bruce, who has been experimenting during the past year for the government with a balloon for signalling purposes, which he has invented, is about to exhibit a balloon of the same kind at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham This aerostat will have a capacity of eighty thousand cubic feet, sufficient to give it the necessary lifting power to carry up several passengers The balloon will be a captive one, like that exhibited at Paris in 1878, and will, like its huge forerunner, be hauled down to the earth after each ascent, by steam power It will ascend for the amusement of visitors during the daytime, telephonic communication being maintained between the car and the earth, while at night it will be illuminated by the electric light, so that Mr Bruce's method of signalling may be fully demonstrated

The number of deep wells sunk in London and its neighbourhood during the past thirty years has had the effect of lowering the general water level in the chalk to the amount of about twelve inches annually But there is still a very large quantity available—so the experts say—without sinking shafts to extraordinary depths Much interest attaches to the subject at the present time on account of the threatened action of the London corporation to sink wells for themselves, as the strongest protest they can offer against the high charges of the Water Company supplying the city

The title of one of Turner's best pictures, 'The *Temeraire* towed to her last Moorings,' comes to the mind as one hears that the *Great Eastern*, the largest steamship ever built, too large, indeed, to be profitably worked, has steamed round to Liverpool to serve as a show place during the Maritime Exhibition there After this last duty is done, this monument of Brunel's wonderful skill will take up her position as a vast bulk

People who rejoice in the possession of wealth and who have plenty of time on their hands, generally develop into 'collectors' Coins, pictures, books, china, orchids, postage stamps, &c, have been periods as the fashionable things to gather together The last craze of this kind is devoted to engraved plates Old copper plates are perhaps the best, and the way to preserve and exhibit them is as follows the plate is rolled with ink and polished, just as if an impression were required of it It is then set aside for the ink to dry, when it receives a coating of clear varnish, to protect it from the oxidising action of the air It is now framed and hung up like an ordinary picture

The Kyle Societies have seldom reason to congratulate iron manufacturers on the progress of their art, but it seems as if they might heartily rejoice in a Report recently made at the instance of the North eastern Steel Company as to the utilisation of an important by product of the steel manufacture The Report is on the results of experiments made to test the value of basic cinder as a manure, and is the joint work of Professor Wrightson and Dr Munro, of the College of Agriculture, Downton, Salisbury Basic cinder, or basic steel slag, is the broken up and useless lining of the converters used in the Thomas Gilchrist process for dephosphorising iron, and is a bulky by product of the manufacture It contains from sixteen to nineteen per cent of phosphoric acid combined with lime and other bases, and the Report in question puts it beyond a doubt that the undissolved phosphates of the cinder have an available and remarkable value for manurial purposes Extensive and elaborate experiments conducted at Downton and elsewhere showed decisively that this hitherto inconvenient substance is an excellent fertiliser for swedes and other turnips, as well as for grass It seems to be positively better for this purpose than ground coprolites, and only a little less effective than superphosphate This interesting Report is published at the *Daily Exchange* Offices, Middlesbrough Similar experiments have been attended with like success in Germany, and from *Le Temps* it would appear that enterprising agricultural chemists are already in treaty with some of the blast furnaces of Alsace Lorraine for the purchase of all the slag produced by them

The history of the recovery of a portion of the mail from the Cunard steamer *Oregon*, ought to supply chemists and inventors with a good deal of food for thought Before the vessel sank, a portion of the mail was recovered, but by far the greater portion went down with her This was the case with the registered letters, the portion of the mail containing securities, coupons, &c, to the value of at least one hundred thousand pounds, besides drafts, letters of credit, &c, of which the value was unknown A notice has been issued by the Liverpool post master which tells us that the whole of the registered letters have been recovered The letters were thoroughly soaked, but the post office authorities dried them as carefully as they could and sent them on to their destination All the mail matter that has been recovered was badly damaged by water, and the bags which were subjected to long continued soaking at the bottom of the sea were very much damaged In one case, a fifty pound note sent from Rome to Chicago was delivered only just recognisable, but still sufficient to ensure its being honoured

These facts have led an American scientific journal to urge the necessity for waterproof mailbags, waterproof paper, and waterproof ink Waterproof mailbags alone will not be sufficient, as in the process of handling them or raising them from a sunken vessel, they are liable to be rendered leaky Waterproof paper, again, would be of no service unless it was accompanied by waterproof ink The mailbags need only be waterproof in the ordinary acceptation of the term, and if there could be certainty that they would remain so, nothing more would be needed to protect documents or anything else placed in them, but as holes are likely to be worn or

torn in them, the only final resource is the production of paper and ink that will resist the prolonged action of sea water If such a paper and ink can be produced at a reasonable cost, they would meet with a ready market throughout the civilised world But the paper must be lighter, more flexible, and more opaque than the waterproof parchment paper now obtainable

The lesson which the loss of the *Orpon* seems to teach the commercial world is, that a convenient waterproof paper is required for transatlantic correspondence Modern chemistry and mechanical invention ought to be able to meet this want

No class of the community has received so much good advice as that to which the farmer belongs, and it would be a wonder if he did not resent some of it, and say that it is not good advice that is wanted most, but good seasons However, when a practical lesson comes within one's reach for the better utilisation of available material, only a foolish person would neglect to learn it In the model dairy at the Brighton Show, last summer, Professor Long gave an explanatory demonstration of the simple methods of making three kinds of soft cheese, by the employment of tinned iron hoops, leech boards, straw mats, milk vessels, draining shelves, and a thermometer In the Journal of the Bath and West of England Society, he has recently drawn attention to the subject again, and explains his method whereby the farmer may utilise his skim milk by the profitable manufacture of soft cheese It seems that anybody can learn the processes, and a few experiments will teach the practice of ripening the cheeses in an apartment having a regulated temperature proper for the development of the necessary white mould, followed by blue mould, producing the most accepted flavour

From a gallon of 'whole' milk, costing sixpence, Professor Long made Brie cheese—the most famous of French varieties—worth, at ten days to three months old, from one shilling to one shilling and sixpence, from half a gallon of milk, half of it skim milk, valued at twopence halfpenny, he made Coulommiers, a round cheese worth at least eightpence, and from skim milk only, costing about one penny, he made a square variety, of his own invention, named Graveley cheese, partaking of the qualities of the Limburg of Germany and the Livarot of France We understand that nearly six millions of the delicious Brie cheeses are made annually in certain districts of France for the Parisian market An important point will be gained, however, in this country, if some of our farmers begin to convert their skim milk into a product which will sell at three or four times the value of the milk

Honey wine is said to be excellent, and Dreyson—one of the most famous German writers on scientific bee keeping,—tells us that it is often manufactured by peasants in Eastern Europe It is made as follows Twenty five pounds of honey are mixed with four and a half gallons of water in a bright copper boiler, the mixture being gently boiled and constantly skimmed during half an hour Three pounds of finely powdered chalk are then gradually added, under assistant stirring The tough scum which rises to the surface is skimmed off, and when no more rises, the liquid is poured into a wooden vessel, where it is allowed to settle The liquid is then carefully decanted into the cleaned kettle, mixed with six pounds of finely powdered and recently burned charcoal, and raised to boiling It is now once more poured into the wooden vessel, allowed to cool, and then filtered through felt or flannel It should be stated that the chalk is added to neutralise free acid, while the charcoal removes the waxy taste The filtered liquor is then transferred to the boiler, mixed with the white of twenty five eggs, and raised to boiling, when the coagulated albumen will have clarified the liquid After having kept the liquid at a gentle boil for one hour longer, it is allowed to cool, and is then poured into a cask, which must not be quite full, and the bung hole covered with a piece of clean linen In this condition it is allowed to remain until fermentation has been completed When it is perfectly clear, the liquid is drawn off into bottles We are told by Dreyson that this wine, if properly prepared, resembles the best brands of Madeira, and is a truly royal beverage It keeps for any length of time, provided the bottles are stored in a cool cellar

A NEW THEORY OF DEW

THE explanation of the formation of dew and hoar frost which Dr Wells published about twenty years ago, has been almost universally accepted as satisfactory ever since Shortly stated, Dr Wells Theory of Dew is as follows An air always contains a certain amount of moisture in the form of invisible vapour The hotter the air is, the more vapour will it contain Thus, during a warm day, a good deal of moisture passes into the air, and when the temperature falls in the evening, some of it is deposited as a fine mist But even when this mist does not appear, dew is formed As soon as the sun is down, especially if it is a clear evening, the grass, trees, shrubs, and even the soil itself rapidly get cooled by radiating into space the heat which they contain These cooled bodies in turn cool the warm air above them, and this causes it to deposit more or less of its moisture, which appears either as a film or in minute drops of dew The points of the grass, small twigs, and all other good radiating surfaces are cooled the most, and accordingly we find the dewdrops most abundant on these bodies, whilst on metal or hard stone surfaces, which are poor radiators, we seldom or never find any dew A clear, cloudless sky, which promotes radiation, is always favourable to the formation of dew, but on cloudy nights, little is formed, because the clouds return the heat radiated from the earth

Hoar frost is only dew deposited on bodies cooled below the freezing point It is formed in winter when the temperature of the air during the day is only a little over this point At night, the grass and ground are soon cooled below thirty two degrees Fahrenheit, and what moisture is deposited appears as minute ice crystals or hoar frost

Many experiments can be cited which tend to strengthen and confirm this explanation. Thus, every one is familiar with the fact of glass bottles, mirrors, &c., being covered with moisture on being brought into a warm room. The same thing happens with a cold cabbage leaf, or with a bundle of vegetables or a bunch of flowers. On a cold night, the windows of a warm room soon get dimmed. Still more striking is a phenomenon which frequently occurs in countries where the temperature is much below the freezing point in winter. The houses are well heated, and if a number of people are together as in a ballroom, the air soon becomes moisture laden. If the ventilation is not over good, it may happen that a door or window will be opened. With the rush of cold air from without, the merry makers are often alarmed by being suddenly covered with hoar frost, or sometimes even a shower of snow. This does not come from the outside, as it occurs most readily on cold, clear, starlit nights. It is the moisture of the air of the room suddenly cooled below freezing point that appears as snow or hoar frost. Many similar experiments may be noticed, all of which are satisfactorily accounted for on Dr Wells' theory.

Yet, within the last few months, Mr Aitken, in a communication to the Royal Society of Edinburgh, has brought forward many observations, and the results of numerous experiments, which appear to prove that Dr Wells' theory of dew is not, after all, correct.

The essential difference between the old and the new theories is as to the source of the moisture which forms the dew. Instead of being condensed from the air above by the cooled vegetation, Mr Aitken maintains that it comes from the ground. The author of the original theory admitted that some of the dew might come from below, but affirmed that it must be in exceedingly small proportion. Mr Aitken's experiments, on the contrary, seem to prove that most if not the whole comes from the ground.

It is quite clear that the grass and soil do get rapidly cooled on dewy nights, but if they are below the temperature of the air above, the ground just under the surface is much warmer. Thermometers placed on the surface of grass were often found ten to eighteen degrees lower than those placed under the surface among the stems. In such circumstances, vapour must be rising from the soil and part of it will condense on the grass, which has been cooled by radiation. By carefully weighing small squares of turf cut from a lawn before and after the appearance of dew on them, it was always found that they *lost* weight. If the dew had condensed out of the surrounding air, the turf would have gained in weight by the amount of dew deposited. It was thus clear that vapour was rising from the ground only part of which was condensed on the grass, the remainder passing into the air.

Another experiment, pointing to the same conclusion, was made by inverting thin trays over the grass. On dewy nights these trays were always found wet on the under surface, and the grass below them was always much wetter than that freely exposed outside. The moisture rising from the ground was evidently trapped and condensed, instead of being allowed to pass freely into the atmosphere.

The explanation of the absence of dew on the surface of stones, roads, and other hard surfaces, on the old theory was, that these, being poor radiators, did not get much cooled. But closer observation shows that dew does form on stones and clods and gravel, only it is chiefly on the under surfaces. Thus, slates laid over both hard and gravelly roads are always found dripping wet on their under surfaces on dewy nights, while their upper surfaces and the surrounding roads are dry. During frost, too, clods and stones on the surface of the soil are almost always found to be covered with hoar frost, showing that the moisture is trapped as it rises from the soil.

But perhaps the most interesting observations and experiments were those made to determine the origin of the 'dewdrops' on grass and vegetables. In the first place, it is found that these drops do not appear on all plants. Some are wet, while others growing alongside are dry, though there could be no great difference in their radiating power. Then the leaves do not get wet all over, but only at the edges and on the tips. A closer observation reveals the fact that those so called 'dewdrops' are formed at the end of the minute veins of the leaves and grass, and are not now recognised as dew at all, but moisture exuded from the interior of the plants themselves. Moreover, these drops always appear before the time dew in the evening, and very often are seen when no true dew is formed. They even appear when the vegetables are placed under conditions where condensation of the surrounding water vapour is impossible, and must, therefore, be due to the vital activity of the plants.

Another observation may be mentioned which clearly shows that moisture rises from below may become condensed on the cooled surfaces of hoar material. If the weather is at all cold, the beard and moustaches get covered with moisture, and in very cold climates the eyebrows hair, and whiskers get covered with a coating of hoar frost. The moisture which forms thus certainly comes from the body, which is always at a much higher temperature than the surrounding air.

All these observations and experiments have led to the conclusion that moisture is constantly being given off from the earth, and that except on the rare occasions when a warm moisture laden wind blows gently over a previously cooled surface, it only returns to the surface of the ground after being condensed into rain, sleet, snow, or hail. Dew is only a portion of the outward current trapped on the exposed and cooled surfaces of the grass and other bodies.

COMRIE EARTHQUAKES

Recurring earth tremors or earthquakes, which, curiously enough, seem to be mainly confined in Scotland to Comrie, in Perthshire, a correspondent writing from Comrie kindly favours us with the following notes as to the erection which is there devoted to the registering of earthquakes. Our correspondent says:

I recently visited the building with a view of giving you a few notes as to its history and

construction. I may state that about fourteen years ago, the British Association applied to Mr Drummond of Drumearn for leave to erect a house on his property, which he at once granted free of charge, and assisted to defray the cost of erection

The reason why the British Association selected a site here and erected this earthquake house at Comrie, was on account of the long continued periodical shocks that had been felt in Upper Strathearn, particularly from the year 1790 to 1840 About the former date, they had been rather severely felt over the whole district, and damage to some extent done to buildings On a sheet of water near to Tawers House, the ice was shattered to pieces Some of the inhabitants at that time kept a record of their occurrence and we believe the late Sir David Dundas, of Dunira, had a seismometer placed on his estate in Glenlednoch, to the north of Comrie, but there seems to be no evidence to show that it had ever indicated any shock Coming down to the year 1839, the inhabitants of the village of Comrie were greatly alarmed, about eleven o'clock on the night of the 23d of October, by one of the most violent tremors that had been experienced there, and the good people rushed out of their houses and assembled in the old Secession Church for prayer, which was conducted by the late R T Walker, the minister of that church Many others fled to the hills But no serious damage was done to property, save some rents in the chimneys From 1839 to 1847, tremors continued to be more frequent, causing considerable alarm by the movements of furniture and crockery

The work of erecting the building proposed by the British Association was carried out under the care of the late Dr James Bryce of Glasgow, who resided here for many seasons, and was well acquainted with the locality and its geological formation The site chosen is a rising ground near Drumearn House and is built on rock that is supposed to extend a considerable distance westward The building is stone, and slated, and is about seven feet square inside The floor is laid with Arbroath pavement, on solid rock, and is overlaid with fine sand, on which are placed two boards, at right angles to each other These boards are six feet long by nine inches broad, and on each are placed, standing, nine round wooden pins, varying from the fourth of an inch to an inch and a half in diameter, but all of one height (eight inches)

The building is in excellent condition, and the pins or markers are in their places, awaiting the action of an earthquake to record the desired information as to the severity and direction of this now seemingly extinct agency of force in Upper Strathearn The use of pin or cylinder thrown down, and the direction in which it falls, indicate the strength of shock as well as its direction Any one who feels interested and may wish to visit the building will readily get access by applying to Mr Drummond

Many theories have been propounded as to the cause of the earthquakes which have visited this district The late Mr Patrick M'Farlane of Comrie, who took a great interest in them, erected a seismometer in the steeple of the parish church of Comrie, which was visited by many of the members of the British Association and others; but so far as we are aware, it never registered any markings It was a very simple apparatus The pendulum was of considerable length, and all but rested on a table overlaid with magnesia, which being light, offered no resistance to the oscillation of the pendulum A few slight shocks occurred between 1847 and 1877, but these attracted little notice

I may remark that no earthquake had, till recently, been felt here for some years, consequently, there had been no registering But on Sunday morning, 16th April last, at one o'clock, and again on Thursday the 22d of the same month, about half past five A M, a slight earthquake occurred I visited the earthquake house on both occasions, but there were no markings, none of the pins having fallen

WHICH

Is thou art fair as thou art fair,
And false the fairest far may be,
Again the wan moon power to mock
Again the mirror self we see
There a change in those dimpling smiles,
It glances from that witching eye
And he who would escape thy wiles,
Must quickly from the temptress fly

For better far to stay a while
From fair to fair to fair alone
Than fall beneath the magic spell
Of charms the heart may overcome
Beware, if false of lovely light
Beware that lure, beam may
For oh! the love that trusts and lies
May drift a wreck ere dawn of day

But if thou art true as thou art fair
And kind in heart though cold in gay,
Would that one constant prove and never
With faithful heart all fearless play
Then thou art a gem worth more than all
More precious than the ruby rare
More to be prized than wealth untold
True heart and mind in form so fair

JOHN BAINE

The Conductor of CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL begs to direct the attention of CONTRIBUTORS to the following notice

1st All communications should be addressed to the 'Editor 30 High Street, Edinburgh'

2d For its return in case of ineligibility, postage stamps should accompany every manuscript

3d To secure their safe return if unsuitable ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon it* IN FULL

4th Offerings of Verse should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope

If the above rules are complied with, the Editor will do his best to ensure the safe return of ineligible papers

Printed and Published by W & R CHAMBERS 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 30 High Street, EDINBURGH.

All Rights Reserved.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL
OF
POPULAR
LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART
Fifth Series
ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832
CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)

No. 127.—Vol. III. SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1886 Price 1½d.

HOSTESS AND GUEST

BY MRS. LOWER O'DONOGHUE

PART I.—THE DUTIES OF A HOSTESS.

I HAVE often thought that a few practical hints relative to the preparations for and treatment of a guest who comes to be a member of the household for a while, would not, perhaps, be thrown away upon the general company of readers. I therefore venture to offer the crude hints in homely fashion, feeling that I am, as it were, treading upon almost new ground, for the matter is one that appears to me to have been, considering its importance, wonderfully little discussed.

Before entering upon my subject, I would wish to say that my observations and advice are not addressed to those heads of families who have large establishments and a numerous staff of servants at command; such, of course, have merely to signify to the housekeeper or upper housemaid that a guest is expected, and give directions that such and such a room is prepared, the green, the yellow, blue, or any other colour, as the case may be. I desire rather to write for those heads of houses who belong to the middle classes, and for ladies who, for lack of means, can afford to keep but one servant, or at the most two.

It may, perhaps, be said that in the former case a visitor ought not to be invited at all, but that is mere nonsense, for there are times and circumstances when such a mark of civility is undoubtedly due, and when it cannot with propriety be avoided, nor need there be any reason, in a properly regulated household, why a guest should not be lodged and entertained quite as comfortably, if less luxuriously, in an unpretentious dwelling as within the loftiest halls. Of course, a great deal must depend upon the style of living to which the visitor is accustomed. It would, for instance, be unwise for a hostess with limited means at her command to undertake the entertaining of a wealthy nobob, who, from being born with the proverbial silver spoon in his mouth, knows nothing of difficulties or struggles with the world, and is in consequence a mere mass of selfish ingratitude and caprice. Nor would it be judicious for a person of moderate income to invite a gourmet, who lives to pamper his appetite, and is guilty of such vulgar impertinence as praising the wines beneath his host before tasting them, in order that he may boast of his knowledge of the various vintages to which they belong. It is likewise unwise for a host or hostess of limited resources to extend an offer of hospitality to a fine lady or gentleman who cannot travel without a maid or valet in attendance upon them. Strange servants are an intolerable nuisance among a household, and it is usual for those who have had experience of them to declare that they would rather entertain a dozen guests in the dining-room than cater for one in the kitchen or servants hall.

In the event of a hostess becoming, it is necessary—which it sometimes occurs—to invite a guest whose household and style of living are to her known to be superior to her own, she should not be in the least ashamed to confess the fact, or feel in the smallest degree embarrassed about doing so. She should, on the contrary, refer to it—once only—with easy grace, exhibiting no trace of 'awkwardness,' for there is not any shame in being unable to cope with those who are wealthier than ourselves, nor any radius over weigh against nobility of soul. Were we to ape what we cannot have—to strive after position which we cannot attain—to attempt style that we cannot keep up—to cheat honest tradesmen out of their lawful earnings in order to gratify some expensive taste which we have no right to indulge—then, indeed, might a blush lawfully arise, but there is nothing in upright frugality to make even the most sensitive feel ashamed.

I have said, refer to the matter once only, because I consider it a sign of extreme bad taste to keep perpetually offering apologies to visitors, in the event of things not being quite so grand or imposing as the hostess may desire. How

frequently we are put to the pain of listening to such sentences as 'Do, pray, take some more, although I know it is not so good as you have at home.'—'I hope you slept well, though I am afraid you missed your own fine bedroom, &c.' This display of differential anxiety cannot be otherwise than painfully embarrassing to a visitor, and looks as though the hostess were either throwing out perpetual hints for compliments upon the excellence of her house and table, or as if she were really uncomfortably conscious of deficiencies which are perhaps inevitable to her alone. A few words—the briefer the better—spoken to the guest on arrival, or inserted in the note of invitation, are sufficient to answer all purposes. 'You are aware, Miss—or Mr (as the case may be), that our means are not sufficient to admit of any style. But I hope you will be comfortable, and I am sure you will be welcome.'

A hostess of moderate income, such as I am writing for, should always ascertain personally that the bedchamber intended for her guest's use is comfortably arranged and the bed clothing properly aired. These are things which, if left to the care of the ordinary run of servants, will in most instances be performed in a very slovenly manner. As I intend that these observations shall be of a decidedly practical nature, I shall talk plainly my views respecting the arrangement of a guest chamber in an ordinary middle class house. Ignoring, then, the existence of a family bathroom, the visitor's apartment should be provided with a bath, a large sponge, and a plentiful supply of towels. The first of these should be kept turned up in some spare corner by day, and laid down at night by the chamber maid, with a square of oil cloth or felt underneath, to save the carpet from being wetted, for some persons are very untidy bathers, and make a terrible splashing when they indulge in a 'tub.' The sponge should be kept in a little basket, made to hook on to the lower rail of the towel stand, which is in every way preferable to keeping it in a bag. Care should be taken that the looking glass does not, when touched, incline a few salaam—the upper end coming down upon the nose of the visitor, while the lower portion departs out of sight! This is very frequently the case in hotels and lodging houses, and indeed in too many private dwellings also, and it can be so easily rectified by the bestowal of a little care upon the screws, that it is quite wonderful how persons can contentedly go on from month to month propping up the disabled toilet mirror—or leaving others to do it—with a hairbrush, or pocket handkerchief, or half a newspaper folded into a pad.

Be sure, also, if you are expecting a visitor, to leave the wardrobe in the guest chamber perfectly empty, and all the shelves neatly swept and papered. Be certain to attend particularly to this matter, more especially if the expected visitor be a lady, for it is pitiable to contemplate the inconvenience which neglect of it may entail. See that every article of clothing is removed from drawers and wardrobe, and do not from negligence leave half a dozen dresses hanging up in the latter, or an array of laces and finery folded away in the former. Nothing can possibly be more conducive to the discomfort of a lady guest than—just when she has doffed her dust and has divested herself of her outer garments to dress for some dinner or dance—to have the hostess knock and bounce in, with 'I beg your pardon, I know you won't mind me but I find the dress I want to wear is in your wardrobe.' Or, 'My opera mantle is stowed away in one of your drawers.'

I have occasionally stayed in houses, and very frequently at hotels, where there was no such thing in my room as a wardrobe at all, in any shape or form—not even a shelved press, or a clothes rack on the wall. This is dire misery, and is an unpardonable omission on the part of those in authority over the management of affairs. It is not by any means a matter of necessity that a costly glass panelled wardrobe should be provided. Many households cannot afford such, but a neatly painted one is not an extravagance, and in the event of a narrow staircase for doorway preventing ingress to such a piece of furniture, there is an excellent plan for improvising a wardrobe, which I have seen tried with great success. Nail up a substantial clothes rack in a recess of the room, suspend a brass rod across it, on which are curtains hung on rings, and cover in the top with strong chintz, leaving a neat valance of the curtain full, bordered with fringe to hang over the rod. Any piece, in short, which will all a set of coats and dresses being hung up, to prevent the crushing which they suffer by folding, and to prevent them in dust, cannot fail to be acceptable to a visitor, when he or she comes to unpack!

Always make sure that the window blinds are in perfect working order. They are at times too stiff, or too loose, or so much out of gear that if drawn down at night they remain immovable in the morning, and the guest is obliged to dress in semi darkness. See, also, that the windows themselves are properly in order. Every window ought to be made to open both at top and bottom, as this admits of the immediate and thorough ventilation of the room. If, however, through defective carpentering in the first instance, the windows are hermetically sealed at the top, as is too frequently the case in old houses—make certain at all events that the lower sash opens and shuts with ease, and that when closed it does not admit a draught. Above all things, see that means are provided to prevent the shaking of windows in windy weather. Few things are so aggravating to the temper, and at the same time so wearying to the constitution as being kept awake at night by the ceaseless and monotonous 'bang, bang' of a loose window sash, which, after all, can be very easily remedied without adopting the old fashioned method of thrusting a toothbrush handle or rack comb between the sashes, to act as a sort of

wedge. Procure two neat flat pieces of wood, about four inches in length, drill a hole in the centre of each, affix one at each side of the window frame with a screw, which you must not drive in too closely, but leave sufficient of the head for the wood to revolve or move upon. You will find that by slightly lifting the outer or lower end of the wood, the other end becomes pressed against the edge of the window sash, which it holds perfectly steady, and that by declining or lowering this outer or lower end, the sash is released from pressure. The plan is an invention of my own, and I must not be considered egotistical for saying that it is an excellent one, as it will silence the noisiest window in an instant of time. A small bar of brass, treated in the same manner as the wood, looks more ornamental, and is of course stronger, where much pressure is desirable. Should there be any aperture or draught a neat piece of cloth may be nailed down, the sash, and will effectually exclude it.

Take especial care that the carpet does not wrinkle about the door, or in any other way prevent its shutting. I have seen some extremely awkward things occur from the neglect of this precaution. A relative of mine, who was of a very neat and systematic disposition, observed upon one occasion that there was a great crease in the carpet of his sitting room at an hotel where he went to stay, and being of a practical turn of mind, he set at his own little hammer, and with the aid of a tack or two, coaxed matters to rights. It happened, however, that the waiter was in the habit of overstepping his duties by making a rush at the door, and he followed this plan an hour later, when trying, in a heavy fray, the consequence were disastrous, for the door flew open with the contrary one, and fray and waiter came tumbling out the room together.

You should make sure, also, that the bolt and lock of the door are in proper order. Many persons cannot sleep easily unless they do so listened, and it is plausible for the hostess to expend a few pence upon the mending of a lock or bolt, than to hear her guest, at dead of night, dragging a heavy box or table, or chest of drawers, or some other unwieldy thing, across the floor of the chamber, to barricade the door against imaginary disturbances.

Ascertain, likewise, that there are night light matches, and a substantial tip left in the room—as also writing materials, pen, ink, pens—if the expected guest be a lady, perfume, and a few amusing magazines or other specimens of light literature, as well as the Book of books, for some persons wake early, and enjoy a brief spell of reading before getting up.

These may perhaps appear very minute details to go into, but believe me the chamber in which they have been thoroughly attended to—no matter how plain and unpretentious it may be—will prove infinitely more comfortable than the most luxuriously furnished room in which they have been overlooked.

It is an excellent plan, in a limited household, to have various matters connected with house keeping in readiness before the guest arrives. A good supply of fresh table napkins, a number of knives, forks, and spoons arranged in a sideboard drawer in the dining room, a few plates and glasses within the locker, in order to obviate the necessity for continually ringing the bell, a supply of sweets made, and a good marketing list. Many persons think this an impossibility in warm weather, but few things are so, if properly managed. There are many kinds of sweets that will keep good for days, even those in the manufacture of which milk has been employed, will not sour if the milk be first boiled and slightly flavoured, or if condensed milk be used in place of fresh. Of course, a great deal depends also upon keeping such things in a perfectly cool atmosphere.

With regard to meat, a joint may be preserved for many days by wrapping it loosely in a fine cloth wrung out of vinegar, and hanging it in a draught of air. If the weather be very warm, the cloth must be renovated twice, or even thrice a day. Tinned provisions are excellent in summer, and are invaluable in cases of emergency, tongues, curries, and soups being amongst the best of the articles thus preserved.

A breakfast table, to be comfortably set, should have a separate tea or coffee equipage for each individual, except in cases where the family is very large, then one may be used to serve for two persons. In the manner, no doubt table can be said to be properly appointed when there is any handing about of salt cellar, water bottles, or other necessaries, nor can there be any excuse for it in these days of cheapness, when very neat little salt cellars of moulded glass can be had for a penny apiece. I have even seen some as low as half that price, and yet quite presentable.

Do not exercise your mind too much about amusing your guest. I have often thought that in some foreign countries, and in fashionable in many parts of America, the relative of host and guest was a sort of double slavery. The host has the comfort and amusement of his guest too painfully at heart, that he undergoes, for the time being, an amount of social misery that entirely spoils the freedom and pleasure of the visit. In our country it is different. Go to spend a week in an Englishman's house, and you may be sure that neither your host nor hostess will bother you with trifling matters unless you seem to desire it. Everything goes on as though you were not there, and yet, *par contra*, the house and its belongings are practically yours so long as you remain. I consider it the extreme of bad taste to pursue a visitor with continual offers of amusement. If treated as a member of the family and suffered to amuse himself, he will generally do very well, and will feel much happier and more at ease than when he is too closely looked after. I have heard persons complain bitterly of undue attentions and continual running after, from which they have suffered far more acutely than if actually neglected. 'Where is Mrs Dash?' Who is sitting with her?' cries the flurried hostess. 'Good gracious! is it possible she has been left by herself? Go at once, Mary, or Julia, or Tommy, and sit with her, and amuse her until I have time to come!' And all the while, perhaps, the hapless Mrs Dash is struggling to get a letter or two written, or a bill or account made

up, and in congratulating herself upon the unwonted luxury of a few delicious moments of absolute quiet. She is revelling in the thought of being left alone, when, lo! Miss Mary, aged ten, comes awkwardly in, and stands smiling in the window, or sits sideways upon the piano stool, strumming with one hand at the notes, which in her idea of keeping the visitor company until mamma comes. Or Master Tommy, aged twelve, enters with a bunch of notes, and proceeds to relate to the afflicted guest how he and Jack Jones are in the same Latin class, and how said Jones is beyond him in Euclid, though inferior in something else, and how Brown licked Black for calling him a dunce—with a variety of other information, by no means interesting, to uninterested parties. To this annoyance there are few of us who have not been subjected. A greater error of judgment can scarcely be committed. To make a guest feel comfortable and at home, leave him pretty much to his own devices. To be always striving to amuse him is a poor compliment to his own resources.

If in the winter time a visitor comes to stay in your house, inquire early whether he prefers a fire in his bedroom at night, or a hot pan laid into the bed. If the latter, so much the better, it not only economizes the coals, but is an immense saving of trouble to the housemaid in the morning, as she has not then an additional grate to make up.

During the stay of your guest, if a lady, do not suffer her to pay anything towards the expenses of cabs, trains, or laundry, neither to defray the cost of her own concert or theatre tickets. Whilst in your house, she is, or ought to be, a member of your family, and it is not worth while for the sake of a trifling additional outlay, to do anything which bears upon it the smallest stamp of meanness. If, however, the guest be a gentleman, there may under certain circumstances—be some little relaxation of the rule, but where a lady is concerned, it cannot be too stringently adhered to.

Opinions vary as to the propriety of inviting a departing visitor to remain longer. The hostess should, I think, be guided by circumstances and surroundings. A lady cannot well press a gentleman to stay, unless he be a special friend or relative, or that it is her husband's desire that he should do so. It is, however, quite usual to ask a lady to extend her visit a few days beyond the time fixed by her for departure. Not to do so would appear in most cases inhospitable, or at all events coldly formal, which amounts to much the same thing. It is an excellent plan, however, when giving an invitation, to name the time that the recipient of it is intended to remain. 'We shall expect you to come to us for a fortnight, or, "Stay with us from Monday to Thursday," will enable the guest to know precisely the limit to which his visit ought to be prolonged.

Make it a rule never to introduce any subject that could be unpleasant or embarrassing to a visitor. Avoid strictly the smallest allusion to household worries, as also questions of politics and religion, and if your household be, unhappily, one in which family jars are at times wont to figure, banish all such entirely out of view, for the time at least, if not for all time, as nothing can possibly be more painful to a guest than witnessing bickerings upon subjects with which he has no sort of sympathy. A visitor, remember, can have but one feeling upon all such dreary occasions—namely, an intense desire to get well out of the way with all convenient speed.

Be careful, also, that your guest shall see nothing of your share of household duties or drudgery, otherwise he, or she, will be made to feel extremely uncomfortable. A hostess who presides over a limited establishment will have many duties to perform, and countless little matters to engage her attention and need her helping hand, but a visitor should not on any account be permitted to witness these things. A well bred orderly hostess will get her work done quietly and without fuss, nor will she ever exhibit that bustling, anxious demeanour which is the characteristic of so many really kind and otherwise excellent entertainers.

It will not be out of place here to speak a warning word to ladies—mistresses of households—who allow their overwhelming anxiety respecting the success of the dinner preparations to appear on their countenances during the progress of the meal. Which of us is unfamiliar with the flushed face, anxious eyes, and look of tortured suspense with which some hostesses regard the carrying in of the various dishes? I am now, of course, speaking of plain, old fashioned family dinners, where the joints and sweets are laid upon the table. The hostess may be, and probably is, engaged in conversation with the guest who occupies the seat on her right or left hand, as the case may be, but the preoccupied manner, the wandering thoughts, the painful effort to appear interested in whatever topic may be under discussion, are only too apparent—as are likewise the harassed look if, on the lifting of the covers, anything is discovered to be wrong, and the pitiable look of relief if, on the other hand, there seems to be no reasonable ground for apprehension or complaint. All such fretful reflexes of the soul can and ought to be avoided. They are frequently the result of nervousness, and in such cases a misfortune, yet one which is quite curable and capable of being easily overcome. A hostess who cannot preserve her serenity upon even the most critical occasions, is lacking in one of the most essential qualities of an entertainer. The thoughtless spilling of her best wine, the soiling of her whitest tablecloth, nay, even the smashing of a whole trayful of her best old family china, should not cause one muscle of her countenance to change.

On the other hand, an affected ignorance respecting the contents of the day's bill of fare is at times almost as fatal as the opposite extreme. I was myself present at a dinner party at which one of the untutored stable helpers had been brought in, on an emergency, to assist. 'What are these, John?' inquired the languid hostess, as John tremblingly thrust forward a dish of tartlets just under her right elbow. 'I don't know ma'am, really,' he replied, 'but I think they're tuppence apiece!'

I shall conclude this portion of my subject by remarking, that if a hostess has a lady-visitor in her house and does not keep a carriage, she ought, when the guest is about to depart, to

make arrangements that a cab or other vehicle shall be in waiting at the door in good time, to convey the visitor to train, boat, or whatever else may lead to her destination. Gentlemen are usually understood to see after such matters for themselves.

IN ALL SHADES.

BY GRANT ALLEN,

AUTHOR OF "BABYLON," "STRANGE STORIES," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.

In spite of his vigorous dislike for Tom Dupuy, Harry Noel continued to stop on at Orange Grove for some weeks together, returned there irresistibly by the potent spell of Nora's presence. He couldn't tear himself away from Nora. And Nora, too, though she could never conquer her instinctive prejudice against the dark young Englishman—a prejudice that seemed to be almost ingrained in her very nature—couldn't help feeling on her side, also, that it was very pleasant to have Harry Noel staying in the house with her, he was such a relief and change after Tom Dupuy and the other sugar-growing young gentlemen of Trinidad. He had some other ideas in his head besides vanilla pins and cachou-nuts and centifugals; he could talk about something else besides the crop and the cutting and the labor. Harry was careful not to come for the present to the subject of their last outstanding quarrel upon Tom Dupuy; he left that important issue aside for a while, till he had time to make his account quite for herself afresh. Again half persuaded that if she came to Trinidad, he might have changed her mind meanwhile. At nineteen or twenty, one's views often undergo a rapid expansion. In any case, it would be best to let her have a little time to get to know him better. In his own heart, Harry Noel had misgivings of a certain not wholly unbecoming consciousness that he cut a very decent figure indeed in Nora's eyes, by the side of the awkward, sugar-growing young men of Trinidad.

One afternoon, a week or two later, he was out riding among the plums with Nora, attended behind by the negro groom, when they happened to pass the same corner where he had first met Louis Delgado. The old man was standing there again, cutlass in hand—the cutlass is the common agricultural implement and rural jack of all trades of the West Indies, answering to plough, harrow, hoe, spade, reaping hook, rake, and pruning knife in England—but as Nora passed, he dropped her a grudging, half satirical salutation, something between a bow and a courtesy, as is the primitive custom of the country.

'A very murderous looking weapon, the thing that fellow's got in his hand,' Harry Noel said, in passing, to his pretty companion as they turned the corner. 'What on earth does he want to do with it, I wonder?'

'Oh, that!' Nora exclaimed carelessly, glancing back at it in an unconcerned fashion. 'That's only a cutlass. All our people work with cutlasses, you know. He's merely going to hoe up the canes with it.'

'Nasty things for the niggers to have in their hands, in case there should ever be any row in the island,' Harry murmured half aloud, for the sight of the wild looking old man ran strangely in his head, and he couldn't help thinking to himself how much damage could easily be done by a sturdy negro with one of those rude and formidable weapons.

'Yes,' Nora answered with a childish laugh, 'those are just what they always back us to pieces with, you know, when ever there comes a negro rising. Mr Hawthorn says there's very likely to be one soon. He thinks the negroes are ripe for rebellion. He knows more about them than any one else, you see, and he's thoroughly in the confidence of a great many of them, and he says they're almost all fearfully disaffected. That old man Delgado there, in particular—he's a shocking old man altogether. He hates papa and Tom Dupuy, and I believe if ever he got the chance, he'd cut every one of our throats in cold blood as soon as look at us.'

'I trust to goodness he won't get the chance, then,' Harry exclaimed earnestly. 'He seems a most uncivil, ill conditioned, independent sort of a fellow altogether. I dropped my whip on the road by chance the very first afternoon I came here, and I asked this same man to pick it up for me, and, would you believe it, the old wretch wouldn't stoop to hand the thing to me, he told me I might just jump off my horse and pick it up for myself, if I wanted to get it! Now, you know, a labourer in England, though he's a white man like one's self, would never have dared to answer me that way. He'd have touched down and picked it up instinctively, the moment he was asked to by any gentleman.'

'Mr Hawthorn says,' Nora answered, smiling, 'that our negroes here are a great deal more independent, and have a great deal more sense of freedom than English country people, because they were emancipated straight off all in one lay, and were told at once "Now, from this time forth, you're every bit as free as your masters," whereas the English peasantry, he says, were never regularly emancipated at all, but only slowly and unconsciously came out of serfdom, so that there never was any one day when they felt to themselves that they had become freemen. I'm not quite sure whether that's exactly how he puts it, but I think it is. Anyhow, I know it's a fact that all once negro women servants out here are a great deal more independent and saucy than the white maids used to be over in England.'

'Independence,' Harry remarked, cracking his short whip with a sharp snap, 'is a very noble quality, considered in the abstract, but when it comes to taking it in the concrete, I should much prefer for my part not to have it in my own servants.'

(A sentiment, it may be observed in passing, by no means uncommon, even when not expressed, among people who make far more pretensions to democratic feeling than did Harry Noel.)

Louis Delgado, standing behind, and gazing with a malevolent gleam in his cold dark eyes after the retreating broken figures, beckoned in

silence with his skinny hand to the black groom, who came back immediately and unhesitatingly, as if in prompt obedience to some superior officer.

'You is number forty tree, I tink,' the old man said, looking at the groom closely. 'Yes, yes, dat's your number. Tell me, you know who is dis buckra from England?'

'Dem callin him Mistah Noel, sah,' the black groom answered, touching the brim of his hat respectfully.

'Yes, yes, I know him name, I know dat already,' Delgado answered with an impatient gesture. 'But what I want to know is jest dis—can you find out for me from de house servants, or anybody up at Orange Grove, where him father an' him mudder come from? I want to know all about him.'

'Massy Rosina find dat out for me,' the groom answered, grumpily. 'Massy Rosina is de young lady wittin mud, an' de young lady, him tell Rosina pretty well everything Rosina hear Isaac Pourtales new sweetheart.'

Delgado nodded in instantaneous acquiescence. 'All right, number forty tree,' he answered, curtly, 'him about endlessly. 'Ride dat buckra, an say no more about it. I get it all out of him now, surely. I know Massy Rosina well, for true. I gib him de lub of Isaac Pourtales wit me heart, I tell him you. Send Massy Rosina to me di evenin. I has plenty tun, I want to talk about wit her.'

OLD CITY TREES.

It might seem to many, at first sight, almost indecorous to be directed to search for poetry in that most prosaic of all places, the Old City of London. The busy cry of 'commerce,' which all day long deafens the ear and destroys the finer sense, excludes all thought of and all sympathy with tend to the discovery of the state of the various markets—the price of stocks, the rate of exchange at Paris, Berlin, or St Petersburg—the condition, in fact, of all the monetary and mercantile affairs in the world. Yet if the toilers had a moment to spare, and would look around them and reflect, they would find that there are spots in the City which have in past many a poet.

Starting for a 'walk down Fleet Street,' and entering at the Middle Temple gate, we come upon a scene which has been immortalised by Shakspeare the scene of the original factions of Yorkist and Lancaster. In this garden, Plantagenet says:

> Since you are tongue-tied and so loath to speak,
> In dumb significance proclaim your thoughts:
> Let him that is a true-born gentleman
> And stands upon the honour of his birth,
> If he suppose that I have pleaded truth
> From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.'

To which Somerset replies:

> 'Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer,
> But dare maintain the party of the truth,
> Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.'

In the background of this garden, with its fine trees and flowers, where the great dramatist placed, in his imagination, this historical incident, may be seen the old walls and buttresses of the Middle Temple Hall. The descent into the garden is after the Italian fashion, from a court, in the centre of which stands that celebrated fountain of which nearly every noted author has spoken. Who does not remember Ruth Pinch—that devoted sister of Tom's, in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, walking under the trees in Fountain Court, and meeting there—by the merest accident, of course—her lover? 'Merrily the fountain leaped and danced, and merrily the smiling dimples twinkled and expanded more and more, until they broke into a laugh, as it passed in run, and vanished.' There is a graceful poem by L. E. L. (Miss Landon) on this much admired and petted fountain in the Temple Gardens:

> The fountain's low singing is heard on the wind
> Like a sad lady bringing sweet fancies to mind
> Some to grave, some to gladden, around them they cast
> The hopes of the morrow, the dream of the past
> Many in the distance heard this vision I
> From the street of the city that comes sighing and,
> Like the echo of fountains or ocean's deep call
> Not the fountain's low singing is heard over all.

There is no place, one can see from reading Charles Lamb, which he loved more than the Temple to walk in. 'What a transition for a country man visiting London for the first time,' he remarks in his Essays, 'the passing from the crowded Strand or Fleet Street by unexpected avenues, into its magnificent, ample square, its classic green recesses!' What a collegiate aspect has that fine Elizabethan hall, where the fountain plays, which I had much to rise and fall, how many times. Among the Temple trees there was formerly a colony of rooks, for aught that we know Sir Edward Northey, a well known lawyer in the time of Queen Anne, from his house at Epsom. He thought that in it a touch of humour. The rook, both in his plumage is well suited to his habits, is a legal bird; he is strongly addicted to discussions, lives in communities, and has altogether the grave appearance of a learned brother. But these rooks have ceased to assemble in the Temple Gardens for many years.

For a long time, they a favourite resident of rooks was that beautiful tree which still stands at the left hand corner of Wood Street, on turning out of Cheapside. As late as 1845, two new seats were built there, and a trace of them is still visible. The spot where the tree stands marks the site of the church of St Peter in Cheap, a church destroyed by the Great Fire. The firms of the lease of the low houses at this west corner, with their frontage in Cheapside, forbad the erection of another story, it is said, on the removal of this tree. Is it possible that Wordsworth, passing one summer day down Cheapside, observed

the tree, and gained the inspiration which led to the *Reverie of Poor Susan*:

> At the corner of Wood Street when daylight appears
> Hangs a thrush that sings loud—it has sung for three years
> Poor Susan has passed by the spot and has heard
> In the silence of morning the song of the bird
>
> 'Tis a note of enchantment What ails her? She sees
> A mountain ascending a vision of trees
> Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide,
> And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside

Within one of the inner courts of the Bank of England there is a garden tastefully planted with trees and shrubs, some of considerable age, and in the centre there springs forth a large fountain mushroom shaped, which plays during the office hours for the benefit of the clerks who inhabit that portion of the building, and for the visitors who pass in and out with their bills of exchange and their bags of gold. The sparrows which congregate here flutter from branch to branch, twittering, 'as though they called it one and all,' as Charles Dickens describes it, 'Let us play it country,' a place where 'a few feet of garden,' he says in *Edwin Drood*, 'enable them to do that refreshing violence to their tiny understandings.' This green spot, like many other still to be seen in the City of London, was once a churchyard, it belonged to the church of St Christopher in Threadneedle Street.

But one of the greatest spots in the City, although only a corner of it remains, is perhaps Drapers Hall Gardens. It is shut in on all sides by newly constructed mansions, and only those who have business to transact among the stock brokers, who have their offices in these buildings behind Throgmorton Street, have any suspicion of its existence. It may be reached by wandering through court and alleys, it has almost a park like appearance, if you are fortunate enough to gain a glimpse of it from an elevated and slightly distant point of view. Here there is also a fountain visible among the trees. But how different this garden once was! In the seventeenth century it was an estate, the property of Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex. It was purchased from him, in the reign of Henry VIII, by the Drapers' Company. The gardens then extended northwards as far as London Wall, and commanded a fine view of Highgate and the adjoining heights. In Wendy's *London Spy*, it is spoken of as a fashionable promenade an hour before dinner time.

In the neighbourhood of the Monument and of Thames Street, these gardens may be met with at nearly every turning by those who care to wander into nooks and corners in search of them. By walking up St Mary at Hill out of Thames Street, and entering through a narrow iron gateway with bars like a prison, above which may be seen in stone a grinning skull and crossbones, one comes upon some fine trees with their branches extending overhead in the passage way. Or, again, when descending St Dunstan's Hill, hard by, what is more beautiful in the City than the trees in the churchyard of St Dunstan, with the gray and black masonry of the church, against the green leaves, with its four lofty towers rising above?

To the account of the trees and gardens mentioned above may be added a short statement of many others existing in out of the way nooks and corners within the boundary of the city of London. Many of the small open patches where these trees are found were once undoubtedly burial grounds of churches, or the sites of churches long since taken down. After the beautiful grounds of the Temple, the only other large open spaces within the boundaries of the City are Finsbury Square, Finsbury Circus, Charterhouse Square, and Trinity Square. All these are well laid out with grass, shrubs, trees, and flowers, and are used as promenading places by the inhabitants. It should be here mentioned that the trees referred to in this notice are all young, or at most middle aged, and that no such thing as a really old tree exists anywhere within the City of London.

We will now continue our ramble, or tour of inspection, and starting from Temple Bar, we proceed eastward down Fleet Street. Here the first trees we notice are two or three small and sickly specimens growing in the churchyard of St Bride, Fleet Street, they are not very ornamental, or much to look at. Passing on up Ludgate Hill, St Paul's Cathedral is reached. The grounds round the church are prettily laid out, and contain many trees, but all young, small, and weedy. Just to the east of St Paul's, in Watling Street, is a little inclosure very neatly [illegible] on the site of a church long since removed. Proceeding eastward, and turning down Queen Street, just out of Cannon Street, two tall and rather fine plane trees are observed growing in the front of a grand old mansion, once, of course, the residence of a City magnate, but now cut up and let out in offices. These places are worthy of remark as affording one of the few instances now occurring of trees found in private grounds inside the City.

We now pass up Queen Street into Cheapside, and thence into Aldersgate Street. Here we find the ground, once the churchyard of St Botolph, Aldersgate, has been beautifully laid out as a garden, planted with trees, flowers, and shrubs, and furnished with numerous seats, and affording a delightful promenade or resting place in summer time, and is much enjoyed by the immediate neighbourhood. Another plot of ground, lying on the west, but belonging to Christ Church, Newgate Street, has also been planted and laid out, but, because it belongs to another parish, it is separated from the St Botolph's garden by a low wall and railing, although the two grounds actually adjoin.

Continuing our walk northward, we arrive at Charterhouse, once celebrated for its high class school, which has now been removed into the

country. Adjoining, is Charterhouse Square, laid out with trees, shrubs, and grass like an ordinary London square, and surrounded by private dwellings. Returning south, and then going east, we reach St Alban's, Wood Street, which has a little ground round it, decorated with few trees and shrubs. Close by is St Mary the Virgin, Aldermanbury, with four trees round it. Just beyond is a small churchyard that once belonged to St Mary, Staining, containing two trees and shrubs and a little further is St Olave, Jewry, with six trees and shrubs, all weedy and ill.

Passing on into Cannon Street, we turn down Lawrence Poultney Hill, where we discover a disused burial ground, with a public passage way passing through the midst of it. The plot is planted with eighteen sickly looking, weedy trees, large and small, as well as some stunted shrubs. Pursuing over King William Street, we reach the top of Lombard Street, where one little sickly looking tree is seen in front of the church of St Mary Woolnoth. Continuing down Lombard Street, and turning to the right, we come upon the disused burial ground of St Nicholas Acon, situated in Nicholas Lane. This little plot is very neatly laid out with shrubs, and planted with three small trees. Passing on into King William Street, we ultimately reach London Bridge, where, close by in Thames Street we find the large church of St Magnus the Martyr, with its tall and peculiar tower and spire, near the Monument. It has no churchyard, but a small inclosed space round it contains a dozen unhealthy looking young trees. A little beyond this, close to the church of St Mary at Hill, three trees are observed growing, in what is apparently the private ground or garden in the rear of a dwelling house. A few minutes farther east, we come to the fine church of St Dunstan in the East, standing in the midst of a well kept churchyard, and having ten goodly young trees, of fair height and girth, which always have a very agreeable appearance in the summer time. Still further on east, we come to St Olave, Hart Street, with its little churchyard, planted with ten small trees, and close by we see the church of Allhallows (Barking), Tower Street. This fine old church is one of the few which escaped the great fire of 1666. It stands in a roomy churchyard, decorated with twenty four trees and having somewhat the appearance of a village church and churchyard.

We now emerge into one of the most interesting spots in all London, interesting not only in an historical sense, but peculiarly so from the terrible tragedies of which it was so constantly the theatre.—namely, Tower Hill. This vast space, extending from the Tower gates northward to the Trinity House, was once entirely open, but now a small portion of its northern extremity is inclosed and neatly planted with grass, shrubs, and trees. As the Tower itself is situated outside the City boundaries, we must not include its trees and plantations in this notice, which strictly applies to trees in the City only. We therefore turn our steps westward, and in a little court, leading from Mark Lane to Fenchurch Street, called Star Alley, we come on a curious relic of the past, a gray mediæval church tower, square in shape, with its stair turret at one corner, which once belonged to the church of Allhallows (Staining), Mark Lane. The nave of the church has long since been removed, and the small plot of ground round the old tower is now prettily laid out with six young trees, many shrubs, yuccas, and other ornamental plants.

Threading our way to Bishopsgate Street, we find the churchyard of St Botolph, through which a public footway leads to a neighbouring street. The ground, right and left, is tastefully laid out as a garden with pretty shrubs and trees, the effect being pleasing and agreeable, especially in summer. Nearly opposite is the ancient church of St Helen, hidden behind the houses, with a small confined space at the back, in which are five trees. Two or three more trees are found in a small inclosure in the vicinity at the back of this church. Close by is also the curious and interesting church of St Helen, Bishopsgate, and in the ground round it are four ill looking, scraggy trees.

Returning southward, and reaching Cornhill, we find a little burial ground in the rear of the fine church of St Michael, Cornhill, neatly laid out, and planted with three small trees. Close by is another large church, St Peter upon Cornhill with its small confined churchyard, also neatly laid out, and planted with two small unhealthy looking trees.

Taking our way westward, we pass Christ's Hospital in Newgate Street. The boys' playground is a large open paved courtyard, destitute of grass, trees, or shrubs. But in the private gardens in the rear, trees, shrubs, and flowers are to be found having a pleasant appearance. A little way beyond, we find St Andrews, Holborn, and in the open churchyard surrounding the church are many trees, but not much cultivation. Passing through the quaint old gateway, we find ourselves in the interior of Staple Inn, Holborn, with its Hall and gardens. The latter are neatly laid out with grass, shrubs and trees, and carefully kept, affording a quiet retreat from the noise and rocket of Holborn during the bright days of summer.

In conclusion, it may perhaps be worthy of remark that nearly all the places referred to are very small indeed, more 'garden nooks,' some are churchyards surrounding churches, and for these reasons, apparently, none of them are open for the use of the public as places of recreation, except the cultivated churchyards of St Paul's Cathedral, and St Botolph, Aldersgate, close by, and the squares of Finsbury Trinity, and Charterhouse, which are open to the immediate residents. St Botolph, Bishopsgate, has, as already stated, a footway through its prettily laid out churchyard.

It is at least remarkable how trees will suddenly appear in the City in the most out of the way corners, where a green leaf would be about the last thing looked for, yet such is the case, as it has already been shown. There are two sickly, scraggy, young trees in a little court, up a narrow dirty lane, on the south side of St Paul's Cathedral, and at Stationers Hall, where no one would dream of looking for vegetation, and two or three more in Barnard's Inn, Holborn, an inn devoted to law and lawyers. The peculiar character of 'City trees,' in nearly all cases, is that they are lanky, thin, and generally poor and unhealthy looking. It is rare,

indeed, to find a tall, well grown tree in any of these odd nooks and corners of the old City, perhaps the three finest in size and height are two plane trees in front of a private house—now used as offices—in Queen Street, Cheapside, and the well known single tree at the corner of Wood Street, Cheapside, but these instances are few and far between.

TREASURE TROVE.

A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

Saint Quintins—that quaint little town which nestles in a valley close by the cruel, tumbling North Sea—looked forward, sixty years ago, to market day as the one weekly break in the monotony of its existence, just as it does now. On Wednesday, Saint Quintins became the centre to which active life converged from a score of villages and hamlets that regarded it as their metropolis. Wednesday was a point in the calendar upon which hinged all arrangements, and by which all events were calculated. People met upon Wednesday who never saw each other at any other time, and the news of Wednesday was the latest obtainable by many folk even at an epoch when forty coaches left London every evening. And if Saint Quintins shopkeepers looked forward to Wednesday as their busy day—if the farmers looked forward to it as the link which bound them with the outer world—if the local youth saved up their money and their spirits, and let them both out on Wednesday, Bertha West, who lived with her father in a solitary house on the sheer, some four miles from the town, looked forward to it as the day when she met her sweetheart, Harry Symonds, and spent the happiest hours of her week. Every Wednesday, Harry Symonds met her at the old South Gate—the only one remaining to tell of days when Saint Quintins was a port of some fame, and contributed its quota of ships and men to the national navy—and if she was prevented from coming, a very miserable week was in store for the young man, as John West, the father of Bertha, did not approve of the attachment, for the rather selfish reason, that if his daughter married, he was left alone in the world.

They had been sweethearting in this semi clandestine manner for more than a year, and Harry Symonds was beginning to face mentally the awkward problem of what was to be done, should the old man persist in his opposition to the match. Not only this, but the young man was aware that the pretty girl whom he had learned to regard as his own inalienable private property was the object of very marked attention on the part of a certain Jasper Rodley, a youth who bore no very high character in the town, who had suddenly disappeared from it for three years, and had as unexpectedly returned, and although Harry trusted Bertha implicitly, he thought that a settlement of affairs would be an advisable step. And so when, one bright spring Wednesday morning, he met the girl coming with her market baskets on her arm along the path over the sandhills, she observed that his face was serious, and very naturally jumped at the conclusion that something was wrong.

'Why, Harry,' she exclaimed, 'there's a face for a lover to make who sees his sweetheart only once a week! There's nothing wrong, is there?'

'No, dear,' replied the young man, his face instantly brightening at the sound of her voice, 'there's nothing wrong. I've been thinking, that's all. And how are matters at home? How's the father?'

'Just as usual, Harry. Father's been depressed all the week, but I've got him to set to work on his flagstaff and battery with two real guns, so that he'll be all right.'

'I wonder what depresses him?' asked Harry. 'You've always described him as such a jovial old sculog.'

'I don't know, but ever since the *Fancy Lass* was wrecked, he's been different at times.'

'And Mr Rodley—has he been annoying you with any of his attentions lately?' asked Harry.

'No. But I've seen him more than once about our house.'

'How did he find out where you lived? And what was he doing there?'

Bertha shook her head, and said, 'I don't know. I seem to think that there has been some acquaintance formed between father and him. He has never been inside the house, to my knowledge, but I fancy they meet now and then.'

The young man was silent for a few moments, then he continued, 'Well, never mind, Bertha. So long as we are true to each other, he cannot come between us. He's a queer fellow, and people say odd things about him. If you remember, he disappeared from Saint Quintins about the same time that my sad business with the bank took place.'

'You mean, when the bank's sovereigns were stolen, and you were dismissed for cul—cul——What was it, Harry?'

'Culpable negligence, my dear.'

'Yes, that was it, and your shame it was,' cried the girl warmly. 'I wonder where the sovereigns went to!'

'Ah! where indeed?' asked Harry. 'They were never traced. But old Cusack, our cashier, who disappeared with them, took good care that they never should be traced. It's my belief that they went to sea, for those thousand pounds in sovereigns are not carried away so easily. However, after all, it did me no harm. Every one agreed that I was cruelly treated. I got a new berth immediately, and I am much better off now than I should have been if I had remained in the bank service, so will off, in fact, Bertha, that I am beginning to think it almost time for us to come to some decision as to what we shall do.'

'O Harry! there's plenty of time to think about that, and it's—it's so pleasant making love, and besides, I must break it gently to father, for he has no idea of parting with me yet.'

'But he surely can't expect that you should spend your life in that tumble down old smuggler's cottage.—Hillo! there's Rodley, skulking about like a whipped cur. We'll go on.'

So the happy pair proceeded into the market,

Harry holding the girl's baskets whilst she made her usual purchases, until the clock striking ten warned the young man that he was due at his office. He saw Bertha on her road home as far as the South Gate, and was hurrying across the market place, when he caught sight of Jasper Rodley walking swiftly in the direction taken by Bertha. He stopped and watched. He saw Rodley catch the girl up just as she was disappearing beneath the archway, raise his hat, and continue by her side in spite of Bertha's evident annoyance. Harry Symonds retraced his steps so far that he could watch the progress of the pair out of the town. Suddenly, he observed Mr Rodley attempt to put his arms round Bertha's waist, whereupon the girl struggled, got free, and ran on.

This was too much for Harry. He ran out by the gate, and coming up to Bertha and her tormentor, said to him, 'Mr Rodley, what do you mean by thus forcing your attentions when they are not wanted?'

Jasper Rodley, a tall, well built young fellow, of about Harry's age and size, started at first, but shoving his hands into his pockets, and giving his quizzing glass a moment with the chain, and asked, 'And what has that to do with you, Mr Damnsed Bank clerk?'

Harry was itching to thrash him on the spot, but spoke for Bertha's presence induced him to bottle up his wrath as best he could and reply, 'It is no right I tell you my girl at the decent want to have anything to do with you. And look here, your character hereabouts isn't so high that you can afford to call other people names, so I warn you to keep a civil tongue in your head, or a mighty lot of some things might be said that would make you look a little small.'

This last hit was aimed at random, but it seemed to have a strange effect upon Rodley, who turned pale for a moment, but recovered himself and retorted, 'Dare and said indeed! You couldn't do much that I'm afraid of, and as anyone people couldn't say of me what they do of you. How about those sovereigns?'

'Look here, Rodley. If I did my duty, I should give you a thrashing on the spot. But let off.—Miss West is betrothed to me. That's enough. Do you hear?'

Jasper Rodley walked off, with a savage scowl on his face and an imprecation on his lips.

'O Harry dear!' cried the girl, who was facing him, with fright, 'I'm so glad you didn't fight.'

'Fight with a cur like that!' exclaimed Harry. 'Man of his kidney don't fight.—What has he been saying to you, my darling?'

'Oh, such terrible things, Harry! He says that he will marry me whether I like it or not—that father is in his power, and has consented, and that I had better make up my mind to give you up before it is too late.'

'Why, what on earth an he mean? Your father in the power of a rascal like that—to consent to your marrying him! He's only trying to frighten you. And yet you say that you have seen him with your father. I think I shall tackle Mr Jasper at once and make him explain his dark speeches. There's one thing—I'm not going to have him continue his tormenting of you, whether your father is in his power or not.—And now, good bye, dearest, you're safe now.'

So the girl pursued her homeward road, and Harry Symonds walked rapidly back into the town. Just within the gate, he came up with Jasper Rodley. 'Rodley, he said, 'I'm going to the office to give an excuse for my absence. Kindly wait here until I come back, as I want to speak to you.'

'If you want to speak to me, you'd better do so at once, I've other things to attend to, and I'm not going to hang about here waiting for you.'

'Very well, then,' said Harry, 'let's go where people can't remark us. Here, we'll turn on to the ramparts.'

So they went down the pleasant walk which ran upon what had been, in old, stirring times, the walls of Saint Quintens, a broad path, bounded by shrubs and trees on one side, and by the deep stony ditch on the other.

'I want an explanation from you,' said Harry, 'about what you have just said to Miss West concerning her father being in your power and your determination to marry her.'

'That's easily given,' replied Rodley. 'At a word from me old Captain West could be ruined and disgraced. I'm so much in love with Bertha——'

'Miss West if you please.'

'I said "Bertha," and I repeat it,' continued Rodley. 'I'm so much in love with her as you are, and I intend to marry her. If I can't marry her I ruin her father.'

'How can you ruin him?'

'It's very likely I should tell you—isn't it?' answered Rodley with a sneer.

'I intend to find out.'

'Very well then, find out,' retorted Rodley. 'And now I must be off.'

'You don't go until I have an explanation,' said Harry. 'I don't believe a word of what you say, and I believe you are only trying to terrify the poor girl into submission.'

'Come now, Symonds, don't be a fool, we are men of the world, and it's time we understood one another. I tell you once and for all, if Bertha West does not marry me, I'll have her father up in the felons' dock.—There, I've said more than I intended so good morning.'

He endeavoured to push past Harry; but the latter barred the way, saying, 'You'll have poor old Captain West up as a felon! Why, man, you're mad! A simple old man like that, who never stirs beyond his garden, who never said an evil thing of any one, much less did a wrong to any one! Come, be more explicit.'

'I've said more than I intended, continued Rodley, 'and you don't get another word out of me.'

Again he tried to get past Harry, and again Harry prevented him, saying, 'Neither of us shall budge from here until I find out more about this.'

Rodley made a desperate effort to get past Harry. The two men struggled together, and as they were evenly matched in weight and strength, the issue was doubtful. Suddenly, Rodley loosened his hold of Harry's arms, stooped, caught him by the legs, and jerked him

over the steep side of the rampart Harry fell heavily, struck a projecting mass of stone half way down, and rolled amongst the sharp stones and rubbish at the bottom, where he lay motionless and bleeding Hodley did not stop to look after him, but walked rapidly back into the town.

TRIAL BY ORDEAL

ONE of the most remarkable judicial systems of olden times was the trial by ordeal, a mode of procedure founded on the presumption that, should a person be wrongfully accused, heaven would interpose, and in some marked way make his innocence undeniable With the exception of China, this test was of almost universal adoption in the middle ages, and, whilst still surviving amongst the uneducated portion of most civilised communities, is even nowadays largely practised by uncultured races As far as its origin is concerned, it may be traced back to remote antiquity, and the bitter water by which conjugal infidelity was revealed—an ordeal quite and simple—will readily occur to the biblical student as an interesting instance in Hebrew legislation and history Herodotus relates how King Amasis—whose reign immediately preceded the invasion of Cambyses—was, when a private person, fond of drinking and jesting, and by no means inclined to serious business As soon, however, as income failed him for the indulgence of his amusements, he used to go about pilfering, and such persons as accused him of having stolen their property—on his denying it—were wont to take him to the oracle of the place, where he was oftentimes convicted, and occasionally acquitted' The Greeks had their ordeal a good illustration of which occurs in the *Antigone* of Sophocles, where the soldiers offer to prove their innocence in various ways

> Ready with hands to bear the red hot iron
> To pass through fire and by the gods to swear
> That we not aid the deed nor do we know
> Who counselled it nor who performed it

This mode of purgation, the scholiast tells us, was in common use at that time

There was also the water ordeal, and a certain fountain near Ephesus was specially employed for this purpose As soon as the accused had sworn to her innocence, she entered the water with a tablet affixed to her neck, on which was inscribed her oath If she were innocent, the water remained stationary, but if guilty, it gradually rose until the tablet floated Traces of the same system are to be met with in the history of ancient Rome, and amongst notable instances may be quoted that of the vestal Tucca, who proved her purity by carrying water in a sieve; and that of Claudia Quinta, who cleared her character by dragging a ship against the current of the Tiber, after it had run aground, and resisted every effort made to remove it But, as Mr Lea points out in his essay on *The Ordeal*, 'instances such as these had no influence on the forms and principles of Roman jurisprudence, which was based on reason, and not on superstition With the exception of the use of torture, the accused was not required to exculpate himself He was presumed to be innocent, and the burden of proof lay not on him, but on the prosecutor'

The ordeal trial prevailed in France from before the time of Charlemagne down to the eleventh century The ancient Germans, too, were in the habit of resorting to divination, and their superstitious notions, writes Mr Gibson, led them to invent many methods of purgation or trial now unknown to the law It should be added, also, that the Germans were speedily tardy in throwing off the rebe of barbarism, for, in a period when most vulgar ordeals were falling into disuse, the nobles of Southern Germany established the water ordeal as the mode of deciding doubtful claims on fiefs, and in Northern Germany it was instituted for the settlement of conflicting titles on land Indeed, as recently as the commencement of the present century, the populace of Hela, near Danzig, was plunged into the sea an old woman, reputed to be a sorceress, who, on persistently rising to the surface, was pronounced guilty, and beaten to death Gretius mentions many instances of water ordeal in Lithuania, Sardinia, and other countries, having been in use in Ireland from a very early period

In the primitive jurisprudence of Russia, ordeal by boiling water was enjoined in case of minor importance and in the eleventh century we find burning iron ordeal where the matter at stake amounted to more than half a grivna of gold' A curious survival of ordeal superstition still prevails to a very large extent in Southern Russia When a theft is committed in a household, the servants are summoned together, and a priest is sent for Should no confession be made by the guilty party, the priest rolls up as many little balls of bread as there are suspected persons present She then takes one of these balls, and addressing the nearest servant, uses the formula 'If you have committed the theft, the ball will sink to the bottom of the vessel, but if you are innocent, it will float on the water The accuracy of this trial, however, is seldom tested, as the guilty person invariably confesses before his turn arrives to undergo the ordeal

Again, in Spain, trial by ordeal was largely practised, and it may be remembered how, during the pontificate of Gregory VII, it was debated whether the Gregorian ritual or the Mozarabic ritual contained the form of worship most acceptable to the Deity When the chance of deciding this contest amicably seemed hopeless, the nobles resolved to arrange the controversy in their customary manner, and, according to the historian Robertson, the champions—one chosen by either side—met and fought But in the year 1322, in Castile and Leon, the Council of Palencia

threatened with excommunication all concerned in administering the ordeal of fire or water—a circumstance which is important, as pointing to the disappearance of this mode of trial in Spain.

Furthermore, the practice of trial by ordeal was under the Danish kings substituted for the trial by combat, which, until the close of the ninth century, had been resorted to among the Danes for the detection of guilt and the acquittal of innocence. In Sweden, says Mr Gibson, the clergy 'presided at the trial by ordeal, and it was performed only in the sanctuary, or in the presence of ministers of the church, and according to a solemn ritual.' And yet, as he rightly observes, its abolition in Europe was due to the continued remonstrances of the clergy themselves. One form of ordeal practised in Sweden was popularly known as the *true iron*, and consisted in the accused carrying a red hot iron, and depositing it in a hole twelve paces from the starting point. In accordance with the accustomed mode of procedure, the accused fasted on bread and water on Monday and Tuesday, the ordeal being held on Wednesday, previous to which the hand or foot was washed. It was then allowed to touch nothing until it came in contact with the iron, after which it was wrapped up and sealed until Saturday, when it was opened in the presence of the accuser and the judges.

In the years 1816 and 1816, Belgium, says Mr Lea, was disgraced by ordeal trials performed on unfortunate persons suspected of witchcraft, and in 1728, in Hungary, thirteen persons suspected of a similar offence were, by order of the court, subjected to the ordeal of cold water, and then to that of the balance. Referring to the ordeal of the balance, Mr Tylor informs us that the use of the Bible as a counterpoise is on record as recently as 1759, at Aylesbury in this country, where one Susannah Hynolds accused of witchcraft, was formally weighed against the Bible in the parish church. In Lombardy, ordeal by hot water was a form of procedure much resorted to, and in Burgundy this was also supplemented by the trial by hot iron.

The instances thus quoted show how universally practised throughout Europe in bygone years was the trial by ordeal, and if we would still see it employed with the enthusiastic faith of the middle ages, we must turn to eastern countries, where, owing to the slow advance of civilisation, many of their institutions still retain their primitive form. Indeed, as Mr Isaac Disraeli remarks, 'ordeals are the rude laws of a barbarous people who have not yet obtained a written code, and not advanced enough in civilisation to enter into the refined inquiries, the subtile distinctions, and elaborate investigations which a court of law demands.' This is specially true in the case of India at the present day, where the same ordeals are practised as were in use five or six centuries ago. Thus, the guilt or innocence of an accused person is still tested by his 'ability to carry red hot iron, to plunge his hand unhurt in boiling oil, to pass through fire, to remain under water, to swallow consecrated rice, to drink water in which an idol has been immersed, and by various other forms which retain their hold on public veneration.' Professor Monier Williams, too, says that trial by ordeal is recognised by the code of Manu, and quotes the subjoined rules: 'Let him cause a man (whose veracity is doubted) to take hold of fire, or dive under water, or touch the heads of his wife and sons one by one. The man whom flaming fire burns not and water forces not up, and who suffers no harm, must be instantly held innocent of perjury.'

In Japan, ordeals extensively prevail, and amongst the many superstitious practices kept up, we are told how the 'goo'—a paper inscribed with certain cabalistic characters—is rolled up and swallowed by an accused person, this being commonly supposed to give him no internal rest, if guilty, until he confesses. A similar mode of procedure is practised by the Siamese, and under a variety of forms was prevalent in former years. With it, too, we may compare the mouthful of rice taken by all of a suspected household in India, which the thief's nervous fear often prevents him from swallowing.

Formerly, this practice was observed in our own country with the consecrated or trial cake of consecrated bread or cheese. Even now, says Mr Tylor, peasants have not forgotten the old formula: 'May this bit choke me if I lie.'

In Tibet, a popular ordeal consists in both plaintiff and defendant thrusting their arms into a caldron of boiling water containing a black and white stone, victory being assigned to the one who is fortunate enough to obtain the white. Such an even handed mode of procedure, if generally used, must, as Mr Lea remarks, 'exert a powerful influence in repression of litigation.'

Among further curious specimens of ordeal trial mentioned by this author may be noticed those in use in certain parts of Africa. Thus, the Kalabarese draw a white and black line on the skull of a chimpanzee, which is then held up before the accused, 'when an attraction of the white line towards him indicates his innocence, or an attraction of the black towards him pronounces his guilt.' In Madagascar, a decoction of the nut of the Tangena—a deadly poison—is administered to the accused. If it act as an emetic, this is considered a proof of innocence, but if it fail to do so, the guilt of the accused is confirmed. Dr Livingstone describes a similar ordeal as practised in Africa, and tells us how 'when a man suspects that any of his wives have bewitched him, he sends for the witch doctor, and all the wives go forth into the field, and remain fasting till that person has made an infusion of the plant called "Isho." They all drink it, each one holding up her hand to heaven in attestation of her innocence. Those who vomit it are considered innocent, but those whom it purges are pronounced guilty, and put to death by burning. The innocent return to their homes, and slaughter a cock, as a thank offering to their guardian spirits.'

It should be noted, too, that such modes of trial have been introduced with much effect into mediæval poetry and romance. Thus, says Mr Gibson, 'there was the mantle mentioned in a ballad of which Queen Guenever is the principal heroine, and which is supposed to have suggested to Spenser his conceit of Florimel's

Lastly, as far as our own country is concerned, trial by ordeal existed from a very early period When the Anglo Saxons were unable to decide as to the guilt of an accused person, they invariably resorted to this test, the law requiring that the accused should swear that he believed the accused to be guilty, and that his oath should be supported by a number of friends who swore to their belief in his statement and to his general truthfulness Trials of this kind, however, were often fraudulently conducted Thus, when William Rufus caused forty Englishmen of good quality and fortune to be tried by the ordeal of hot iron, they all escaped unhurt, and were acquitted But upon this the king declared that he would try them by his own court According to the legendary account, it was by this mode of ordeal that Queen Emma, the mother of Edward the Confessor, was tried in order to clear her character from the imputation of an intrigue with Alwyn, Bishop of Winchester Then there was the ordeal known as the 'corsned, or morsel of execration, already alluded to, which consisted of a piece of bread, weighing about an ounce, being given to the accused person, that, if he were guilty, it might cause convulsions and pleurisy and find no passage, but turn to health and nourishment if he were innocent The sudden and fatal appeal to this test by Godwin, Earl of Kent, in the year 1053, when accused of the murder of Alfred, the brother of Edward the Confessor, ranks amongst the most curious traditions of English history Hallam relates how 'a citizen of London, suspected of murder, having failed in the ordeal of cold water, was hanged by order of Henry II, though he had offered five hundred marks to save his life It appears as if the ordeal were permitted to persons already convicted by the verdict of a jury

Ordeals were abolished in England about the commencement of Henry III s reign An edict dated January 27, 1219, directs the judges then starting on their circuits to employ other modes of proof, 'seeing that the judgment of fire and water is forbidden by the Church of Rome Matthew Paris, enumerating the notable occurrences of the first half of the thirteenth century, alludes to the disuse of the ordeal But it was no easy matter to root out such a deep rooted superstition, instances of which were of constant occurrence Thus, the belief that the wounds of a murdered person would bleed afresh at the approach, or touch, of the murderer long retained its hold on the popular mind, and in a note to the *Paston Mind of Perth*, we are told how this bleeding of a corpse was urged as an evidence of guilt in the High Court of Justiciary in Edinburgh as late as the year 1668 An interesting survival of this notion still exists in the north of England, where we are told that 'touching of the corpse by those who come to look at it is still expected by the poor who visit their house while a dead body is lying in it, in token that they wished no ill to the departed, and were in peace and amity with him'

Another of the few ordeals that still linger in popular memory may be seen occasionally in some country village, where persons suspected of theft are made to hold a Bible hanging to a key, which is supposed to turn in the hands of the thief—a survival of the old classic and medieval ordeal described in *Hudibras* as 'th' oracle of sieve and shears, that turns as certain as the spheres' But instances of this kind are mostly confined to the uncultured part of the community, for, happily, ordeals have long [illegible] had their day, and are now discarded from the laws of the more civilised nations

A NORMAN STRONGHOLD

The lover of antiquity may well lament when he sees our ancient fortresses nearly levelled to the ground, but the friend of rational freedom will rejoice, when he reflects on the design for which such works were erected, and on the many calamities to which they have given occasion Amongst the existing but dismantled and ruined fortresses connecting the present with the sanguinary scene of strife and bloodshed of the past, is the famous castle of Pontefract, in Yorkshire, which sustained two memorable sieges by Cromwell s soldiery This celebrated edifice is supposed to be of Saxon origin, and the site of it is perfectly agreeable to their mode of fortification While the Romans formed their camps on a plan or on the level ground, and defended them by a fosse and a vallum, the Saxons raised the area of their camps and castles, if the ground was level, or selected hills as places best adapted for defence and security The elevated rock on which the castle is built stands wholly insulated, forming a site which, without much trouble or expense, might soon be converted into a strong hold In support of the theory as to its Saxon origin, it may be mentioned that, since the demolition of the castle, it has been found that the great round tower stood upon a raised hill of stiff hard clay, of which material the Saxons usually made their foundations

After the Conquest, Ilbert de Lacy received a grant of the place, and about 1076, all his vast possessions being confirmed to him, he soon after began to erect the castle This noble structure cost immense expense and labour, and no one, unless in possession of a princely revenue, could have completed it This formidable structure and magnificent palace was carried forward for the space of twelve years with unremitting attention Ilbert de Lacy, when he laid the foundation stone of the castle, gave it the name of Pontefrect, because the situation, as he conceived, resembled the place so called in Normandy where he was born Historians, however, have differed much respecting the origin of the name Thomas de Castleford, who was bred a Benedictine monk, and who wrote the history of this place, accounts for it by the following miracle William, Archbishop of York, and son of the sister of King Stephen, returning from Rome, was met by such crowds of people desirous to see him and receive his blessing, that a wooden bridge over the river Aire, near to this place, gave way and broke down, by which accident vast numbers fell into the river. The

bishop, affected at the danger of so many persons, is said to have prayed with such fervour and success that no one perished. To perpetuate so striking and so signal a miracle, the pious Normans, says Thomas, gave the name of Pontefract or Broken bridge to this place.

The tower of York minster, distant upwards of twenty miles, is distinctly visible from this elevated rock. The situation of the castle contributed greatly to its strength, and rendered it almost impregnable. It was not surrounded by any contiguous hills, and the only way it could be taken was by blockade. The staterooms of the castle were large, and accommodated with offices suitable for the residence of a prince. The style of the building shows it to be Norman, though it has received various additions and improvements of a later date.

The barbican was situated on the west side of the outer yard beyond the mainguard. Barbicans were watch towers, meant for the accommodation of the outer guard and for the protection of the main entrance to the castle. They were some times advanced beyond the ditch, to which they were joined by drawbridges. The north side of the barbican area was formed by the south wall of the ballium or castle yard, in the centre of which was the porter's lodge, the grand entrance into the yard of the castle. The whole of this area was sometimes called the barbican, and within it stood the king's stables and a large barn. A deep moat was cut on the west side of the castle. Within the wall of the ballium or great castle yard were the lodgings and barracks for the garrison and officers, the chapel of St Clement, and the magazine. The magazine is cut out of a rock, the descent to which is by a passage four feet wide, with forty three steps to the bottom. Near this place was a large dungeon, the entrance to which was at the seventeenth step of the passage, and was a yard in breadth, but it is now stopped up by the falling in of the ruins. The wall, as you descend these steps, is marked with many names. The entrance into the ballium was usually through a strong, machicolated and embattled gate between the two towers, secured by a horse or portcullis. Over this were the rooms intended for the porter of the castle. The towers served for the *coups de garde*. On an eminence at the western extremity of the ballium stood the keep or donjon, called the Round Tower. It was the citadel or last retreat of the garrison. The walls of this edifice were always of an extraordinary thickness, and having in consequence withstood the united injuries of time and weather, now remain more perfect than any other part of the castle. Here on the second story were the staterooms for the governor. The lights were admitted by small chinks, which answered the double purpose of windows, and served for embrasures whence the defenders might shoot with long and cross bows. The different stories were frequently vaulted and divided by strong arches, on the top was generally a platform with an embattled parapet, whence the garrison could see exterior works.

Richard II was confined and a blow with a battleaxe from

Sir Piers Exton. Fabian and Rapin inform us 'that on Richard's arrival at Pontefract Castle, Sir Piers Exton is related to have murdered the king in the following manner. On the king's arrival at the castle, he was closely confined in the great tower. Soon after, Sir Piers Exton, a domestic of Henry's, was sent down with eight ruffians to imbrue their hands with the blood of this unfortunate king. On the day of their arrival, Richard perceived at dinner that the victuals were not tasted as usual. He asked the reason of the taster, and upon his telling him that Exton had brought an order against it, the king took up a knife and struck him on the face. Exton with his eight attendants entered his chamber at that instant, and shutting the door, attempted to lay hold of Richard. He immediately perceived their fatal errand, and knew he was a lost man. With a noble resolution, he snatched a halbert or poleaxe from the foremost of them and defended himself so bravely that he slew four of his assailants. Whilst combating with the rest of the murderers, Exton got upon a chair behind him, and, with a poleaxe, dashing of such a blow on his head as laid him down at his feet, where the miserable king ended his calamities.' Stow says 'that the most probable opinion is that he was starved to death by order of king Henry IV, suffering the most unheard of cruelties, keeping him for fifteen days together in hunger, thirst, and cold, before he reached the end of his miseries.'

Henry IV, after his accession to the throne, and during the whole of his reign, honoured the castle at Pontefract, the paternal residence of his family, by his frequent residence. Many state documents were dated from this castle. After the battle of Shrewsbury, in which fell the valiant Hotspur and near six thousand of the rebels, the king marched to Pontefract, to watch the motions of the Scots and the Earl of Northumberland. He granted full power to certain persons to treat with the king of Scotland, in a document which is dated at Pontefract Castle, August 6, 1403. These and other similar acts of the king, and many of his successors, originated in this celebrated castle. Lord Rivers, Sir Richard Grey, and Sir Thomas Vaughan, were executed in this fortress in the reign of Edward V.

The castle of Pontefract was the only one that held out against the parliament in the reign of Charles I. The garrison long and obstinately maintained themselves against the overwhelming numbers of the besieging army under Fairfax, until famine and reduced numbers compelled them to capitulate. Great and numerous were the deeds of heroism and daring displayed in their sallies against their foes, who in more than one encounter were put to rout. The besiegers, seeing no prospects of taking the castle by the breach they had made, began to mine, in order to blow up some of the towers. On the discovery of this, the garrison sank several pits within the castle, and commenced their mines from them. The number of pits within and without the castle is said to have been above a hundred. No great advance was made against the brave defenders, even by the arrival of Cromwell himself, who adopted every measure to compel them to surrender the fortress. On the 30th of January 1648, Charles was beheaded. The

news of this event had no sooner reached the garrison, than they loyally proclaimed his son, Charles II But the want of provisions and the hopelessness of relief were stronger than the enemy, and towards the end of March the garrison walked out of the castle In compliance with an order, the fortress was dismantled, and rendered wholly untenable for the future General Lambert, to whom the execution of this order was intrusted, soon rendered this stately and princely stronghold a heap of ruins The buildings were unroofed, and all the valuable materials sold

Thus fell this castle, which had successively been the stronghold of the brave and warlike Strons, the residence of a proud and unparalleled Norman conqueror, the turreted seat of the high aspiring Dukes of Lancaster, the palace of princes and of kings, at some periods a nest of treachery and rebellion, and at others the last hope of vanquished royalty

SOME SIMILES

'The child of the past and the parent of the future, is not an unhappy simile for the—present Happiness has been likened to a flight, all talk about it, but few, if any, have ever seen it Ambition's ladder rests against a star, remarks a clever writer, who also tells us that a proverb is a short truth sandwiched between wit and wisdom

Eloquence is a coat of many colours judiciously blended No one thing will make a man eloquent Flattery has been termed a kind of bad money to which our vanity gives currency Society, like shaded silk, must be viewed in all situations, or its colours will do us no Kindness is the golden chain by which society is bound together, and charity is an angel breathing on riches, which graves have been poetically called the footsteps of angels

Language is a slippery thing to deal with, as some may find when selecting their similes Says a writer 'Speak of a man's mouble blow, and he will glow with conscious pride, but allude to his wooden head, and he's mad in a minute' The young lecturer's 'similes were gathered in a heap' when he expressed the whole body of his argument on Dissent in the following 'O my brethren, the snowiest shirt front may conceal an aching bosom, and the stiffest of collars encircle a throat that has many a bitter pill to swallow'

Plagiarists are a species of pickpockets who filch the fruit that others have gathered, and then throw away or attempt to destroy the basket

It has been truly said that the abilities of man must fall short on one side or other, like too scanty a blanket when you are in bed if you pull it upon your shoulders, you have your feet bare, if you thrust it down upon your feet, your shoulders are uncovered The man, we are told, who has not anything to boast of but his illustrious ancestors, is like a potato—the only good belonging to him being underground

A man at a dinner in evening dress has been likened to a conundrum you cant tell whether he is a waiter or a guest A Yankee, describing a lean opponent, said 'That man doesn't amount to a sum in arithmetic, add him up, and there's nothing to carry' An American critic in reviewing a poem, said 'The rhythm sounds like turnips rolling over a barn floor, while some lines appear to have been measured with a yard stick, and others with a ten feet pole'

An amusing illustration was given by a parent when asked by his boy, 'What is understood by experimental and natural philosophy? The answer was 'If any one wants to borrow money, that is experimental philosophy If the other man knocks him down, that is natural philosophy' Curious and comical illustrations seem natural to many children A little girl, suffering from the mumps, declared she felt as though a headache had slipped down into her neck 'Mamma,' said another youngster, alluding to a man whose neck was a series of great rolls of flesh, 'that man's got a double chin on the back of his neck' A little three year old, in admiring her baby brother, is said to have exclaimed 'He's got a bald head, like papa'

Talking of curious similes—among the southern languages of India is the Telooguo or Telings, so rough in pronunciation that a traveller of the nation speaking it before a rajah of Bokhara, admitted that its sound resembled 'the tossing of a bag of pebbles in a sack A simile for scarlet stockings is fitch's—laughter is the sound you hear when your hat blows off—and trying to do business without advertising, is said to be 'like winking at a girl in the dark' An unpoetical Yankee has described ladies' lips as the glowing gateway of beans, pork, and cabbage and potatoes This would provoke Mauryat's exclamation of, 'Such a metaphor I never *met afore* Much more complimentary was the old Irishman's reply to a beautiful young lady who he offered to lift over the gutter, and who insisted she was too heavy 'Lor, missy' said he, 'I've used to lifting barrels of sugar' Wit from a man's mouth is like a mouse in a hole, you may watch the hole all day, and no mouse come out, but by and by, when no one is looking for it, out pops the mouse and scurries across the parlour

Marrying a woman for her money, says a philosopher, is very much like setting a rat trap and baiting it with your own finger

An American writer says 'A man with one idea always puts me in mind of an old goose trying to hatch out a paving stone' An editor's simile of man's career is summed up in the lines 'Man's a vapour full of woes, starts a paper, busts, and goes'

We all recollect how the Bath waters were associated in Weller's mind with the 'flavour of warm flat-irons' The humorist w character was often reminded of a enthusiasm by the appearance of a bo and the elongated pupils of a cat's bright light were likened by him of admiration'

Just as children call a locomotive 'a puff puff,' savages will use sounding similes to supply the lack of language. The war rockets sent amongst the Ashantees soon became known as 'shoo shoos,' to describe their hissing, and we have heard that a fieldpiece firing shell was referred to by some of the Zulus as a 'boom—byby,' the first representing the report of the gun, the second the explosion of the projectile.

To touch on the poetic and romantic style of similes. Moore, if we rightly recollect, sings of 'rose leaves steeped in milk' as a simile for a beautiful complexion. One of the gallant poets of France wrote of Mary Queen of Scots that her complexion was 'clear as a white egg with a blush on it,' and it certainly is probable that Elizabeth was as jealous of Mary's wonderful complexion as of her claims to the English throne. Beauty has been called a 'whitening kingdom.' Another writer says, 'The red, white, and blue—the red cheeks, white teeth and blue eyes of a lovely girl are as good a flag as a young soldier in the battle of life can fight for.' A German poet refers to a fishing rod as being typical of a young girl. He says: 'The eyes are the hooks, the smile the bait, the lover the gudgeon, and marriage the butter in which he is fried.' Matrimony has been well likened to a bark in which two souls venture forth upon life's stormy sea with only their own frail help to aid them, the well doing of their craft rests with themselves.

A French wit of a poetic turn of mind evolves the following: 'A married woman is a letter which has reached its address. A young girl is a letter not yet addressed.'

Home has been described as the rainbow of life. A laughing philosopher once, in a moral lecture, compared human life to a table pierced with a number of holes, each of which has a peg made exactly to fit it, but which pegs, being stuck in hastily and without selection, chance leads inevitably to the most awkward mistakes, 'for how often do we see the orator pathetically contrite—how often do we see the round man stuck in the three cornered hole!' Sir Walter Scott, who alludes to this simile, says: 'This new illustration of the vicissitudes of fortune set the audience into convulsions of laughter, excepting one fat alderman, who seemed to make the case his own, and insisted that it was no jesting matter.'

PROCESSIONARY CATERPILLARS

In the month of February, those 'processionary caterpillars'—as they have come to be called—are seen in large numbers both at Arcachon and Biarritz. Sometimes chains of two and three hundred may be observed marching in solemn procession either on the plage or on the roads. It is clearly seen that they choose the smooth paths of life, as they are rarely, if ever, seen to perambulate the sandy, uneven forest, from which they emerge throughout the whole day. Not unfrequently, they mount the steps of a villa, to take a peep at the interior, to the dismay of invalids unaccustomed to such extraordinary, though perfectly harmless callers. On such occasions, they divide into small detachments, as if conscious that the presence of a whole battalion might prove inconvenient, for at other times, whatever be the length of the chain, or how oft soever divided, they invariably unite, and the one who starts as leader retains the post, as if by common consent, until their return to the nests they have left in the early morning. Alas! for the fruit trees that fall in their way on what may be termed their foraging expeditions. They halt many times to regale themselves on succulent leaves, and when fully satisfied, return to their nests in the evening. These nests are longitudinal in form, similar to those of wasps, but smaller. They are composed of the dry needle points of the pine, divided into minute particles, and are ingeniously woven together by gossamer threads as fine as those of the spider, but in appearance so silky as to resemble the work of the silkworm. As it covers the whole nest, the intention is evidently to keep the fabric together. Should any one, impelled by curiosity, attempt to pull the nest to pieces, to discover more of this texture, and afterwards touch his own eyes, inflammation may set in, and even death ensue. This enables us to understand how injurious so virulent a poison must be to the young trees. Many of large growth in the forest of Arcachon have been completely destroyed by these insects. They are never seen during the great heat of summer. In mid winter, they leave the nests by shoals, unite, and burrow in the earth. There, underground, the long chain forms itself into a ball, and many of the caterpillars die. After a time, the rest emerge from their cocoon existence, and return to the trees, where they make fresh nests on the deserted ones of the preceding year.

BY THE RIVER

We met at morning by the willowed river,
Long years ago when both our hearts were young;
We met to watch the lights and shadows quiver,
And listen to the song the waters sang,
Yet deeper than the music of its flowing,
The tale of love flowed on from mind to mind;
While overhead the elder blooms were blowing,
And dewy fire raced filled the wooing wind.

We stand beside the waters of the river,
But now the morning of the sun is near;
Far off the beacons and the dimness quiver,
And rolling breakers fill our hearts with fear;
No longer chorusters of morning greet us,
Or blossoms of the May time drop above,
But the leaves of the twilight rise to meet us
And cloud the golden harvesting of love.

Ah! listen to the rushing of the river
Towards its haven in the restless sea,
While like a leaf upon its tide for ever
Our life flows onward to Eternity.
Oh, mid its eager tumult and commotion,
The whirl of waters, and the dash of foam,
May Love, the beacon, shining o'er the ocean,
Lead us together to our Father's home!

ARTHUR L. SALMON.

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, 47 Paternoster Row, London, and 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

All Rights Reserved.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL
OF
POPULAR
LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART
Fifth Series
ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832
CONDUCTED BY R CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)
No 128 —Vol III SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1886 Price 1½d

LIFE IN MARS

The question as to the habitability of other worlds than ours has always been a very fascinating one, and, indeed, it is not surprising that it is so for since the days when the earth was banished from her proud position as centre of the universe, and was assigned her proper place among the planets there seemed to be no particular reason why she alone should produce life, and why other planets, apparently as suitable for this purpose as she is, should wander uninhabited through space

Up to the present time, it must be confessed, we have met with nothing but disappointment in this branch of inquiry, for not only have we not detected living creatures on any other member of the solar system, but, with the single exception we are considering, there is apparently no other body whose surface is under conditions which would lead us to suppose that it might support life or at least life in any form with which we are acquainted It is of course useless to argue about the possibility of life under entirely different conditions, for instance, there might be some form of life on the sun, we can only say that it would be so different from what we know as life, that the term would be hardly applicable and whether it is likely to exist or not is a question which our limited experience does not allow us to answer one way or the other

The moon, again, may be the home of living creatures, but they must be so constituted as to exist without air of any sort, which is rather contrary to our notions of life

We will not here go to the length of examining in detail the conditions which obtain on the surface of all the bodies within range of our telescopes, but we may state that in none of them, with the exception of the planet Mars, is there any resemblance to our earth, and therefore life as we know it could not exist on them With Mars, the case is different, and at first sight, there appears to be a state of things which approximates closely to that which obtains here The planet Mars appears to the naked eye a deep red colour, and when examined with the telescope, we see that a large part of his surface is red, but between the red, and intersecting it in all directions, are patches and strips of a dull greenish hue It was very soon conjectured that this green part was the Martial sea and that the red was the land this has been confirmed by later observations, and now no doubt exists on the point The principal problem that we are here confronted with is this assuming that what appears green on Mars is a liquid of some sort, can we assume that it is water, and not some other liquid with which perhaps we are unacquainted? This question appears at first sight impossible, for, unless we can bring some of the Martial sea down to the earth and analyse it, how can we determine its chemical constitution? The telescope evidently will not help us here, and we must call to our aid that powerful ally of the telescope—the spectroscope

The method of observation employed is a question which we cannot enter into here, it must suffice to state results, which all tend to prove that these seas are composed of water similar to ours It must not be understood that we have been able to determine this directly, the only fact that we know for certain about it is, that in the Martial atmosphere there is a considerable quantity of water vapour, which it is only fair to assume has been raised by evaporation from the seas, which are therefore also water

Some time ago, it was observed that situated at each pole of Mars there is a white patch, which increases and decreases at regular intervals This had been observed for many years before the explanation was suggested by Herschel, that it was due to the freezing of the sea, and was exactly analogous to our Arctic and Antarctic Oceans If this was true, the patch of ice would of course decrease in the Martial summer, and increase again as the winter came on This was soon shown to be the fact Thus we see that as far as regards the sea, Mars is very similar to our earth, with the exception that the proportion of land is much larger On the earth, the land is only about one third of the area of the sea, while

on Mars, the land and sea surfaces seem to be about equal in extent. The land is much cut up by the water, which exists not so much in the form of a few large oceans, but rather as a number of curious shaped narrow inlets and channels, which intersect the continents in all directions. The bright red colour of the land is a curious fact, for which no adequate explanation has as yet been suggested. Herschel considered it was due to the peculiar nature of the soil; but it certainly seems curious that in this point Mars should differ from all the other planets. The appearance of the earth seen from a similar distance would probably be a dirty green, or perhaps brown. In fact, on the earth we have no soil or rock, which occurs in any quantity, of the red colour which we observe on Mars. There is therefore no vegetation, unless we adopt the curious theory, advanced by a French savant, that in Mars the foliage is red. Unluckily, we have no instrument that can at all help us here; the telescope and spectroscope are alike useless, and, for the present, we must content ourselves with vain conjectures.

The next point that ought to engage our attention is the atmosphere, without which no life is possible. The method we use to determine whether a planet has an atmosphere is a very simple one: we have only to observe it pass in front of a fixed star; then, if there is no air round it, the light from the star will be extinguished instantaneously, as it is in the case of the moon; whereas, if it has an atmosphere, the light will gradually die away, because, instead of being cut off suddenly by an opaque body, it will be slowly diminished by the increasing thickness of the air that it is viewed through, and will very likely have entirely disappeared before the actual body of the planet is anticipated. By applying this observation to Mars, it has been determined that it has an atmosphere, the exact thickness of which, however, we are unable to measure. It seems fair to assume that the amount of air which surrounds it is about the same proportion to the total mass of the planet as in the case of the earth. Without entering into calculations, we may state that if this is true, the pressure of the air at the surface of Mars would be about equal to five inches of mercury, or about one sixth of the normal atmospheric pressure on the earth.

Now, given an atmosphere and a large extent of sea, we should naturally expect that clouds would form a prominent feature on the Martial surface, and observation has proved this to be the case. On several occasions, some of the features of the planet have been observed to be obscured by a sort of white film, which it is only fair to assume was a cloud. These clouds appear more markedly at the edge of the disc, or at those points where it would be morning or evening, and we may therefore assume that, similar to the earth, Mars is liable to mists or clouds forming at dawn and in the evening. It has been suggested that these white films are due not to clouds in the air, but to a deposition of snow on the surface, which disappears when the sun rises. There seems to be no particular reason for adopting this theory; it does not explain the observed phenomena better, nor does it seem more likely to be true.

The air on Mars being very much less dense than on the earth, it is presumable that the winds would move with much greater velocity, and for this reason, it has been thought that trees could not grow to any considerable height. We must, however, bear in mind that though the velocity would be high, the actual force of the wind would probably not be very great, on account of its excessive tenuity.

In an inquiry as to the probability of the existence of life, one of the most important points to be taken into account is the amount of heat available. Now, Mars is at such a distance from the sun that on the whole it would receive about two fifths as much solar heat as we do. This does not, however, give the amount of heat that is actually received on the surface of the planet, a considerable proportion being absorbed by the atmosphere; and since our atmosphere is so much denser and thicker than that of Mars, it follows that we lose a much larger percentage of the solar heat. To calculate the exact amount of heat absorbed by a given thickness of air is a very difficult, if not impossible, problem; but it seems likely that, taking everything into account, the inhabitant of Mars will receive more heat from the sun than we do. This would have the effect of making the evaporation very large, and if so, the Martial atmosphere would be mostly composed of water vapour.

According to Professor Langley, the true colour of the sun is blue, and its yellowness is due to the dirt always present in the air. To the inhabitants of Mars, it would most probably appear nearly white, unless, indeed, they also have volcanoes to fill the air with lava dust.

Let us now sum up the facts we have stated, and determine as far as we can what sort of man the inhabitant of Mars must be.

In the first place, the force of gravitation at the surface is only just over one third of its equivalent on the earth; a pound would therefore weigh about six ounces in Mars. If, therefore, we assume that the man are of such a size that their weight and activity are the same as ours, they would be about fourteen feet high on the average. This would make their strength very great; for not only would it be actually superior to ours, but, as every weight is so much smaller, it would be apparently proportionally increased. We should, therefore, expect to find that the Martialites have executed large engineering works; perhaps also their telescopes are much superior to ours, and we have been objects of interest for their observers. With regard to telescopes, it may be interesting to examine what is the effect of the highest magnifying power we can use. At his nearest approach, the distance from us to Mars is about thirty seven million miles; and assuming that the highest power that can be used with advantage is twelve

hundred, we approach with our telescopes to a distance of thirty thousand miles, so that houses, or towns, or indeed any artificial works, would be hopelessly invisible. With regard to the supply of heat and light, we have seen that the Martalite is not worse off than we are. To him the sun would appear as a white, or perhaps blue disc about two thirds of the diameter that it appears to us. The Martial day differs but slightly from ours, his year, however, is much longer, being about six hundred and eighty seven of our days, which is about six hundred and fifty Martial days. The inclination of his axis to the plane of the orbit is such that his seasons would be very similar to ours. It is difficult to reconcile the idea of an extensive vegetation with his peculiar red colour, it is just possible, however, that some of the green patches, generally supposed to be seas, may in reality be large forests.

The most valid objection to the habitability of Mars lies in the fact of the extremely low atmospheric pressure, which, as we have seen, would probably average about five inches of mercury. The lowest pressure that a man has ever lived in, even for a short time, is about seven inches, which was reached by Coxwell and Glaisher in their famous balloon ascent. The aeronauts, however, narrowly escaped perishing, not only on account of the low pressure, but also because of the extreme cold.

It seems impossible that a man constituted exactly as we are could live for any length of time breathing air only one sixth of the density of ours. But it is rather going out of our way to assume that the Martalites would be exactly the same as we are in every way, the chances are a million to one against it, and on the other hand, a very slight modification of the lung arrangement would suffice to make life perfectly possible under such conditions.

The nights on Mars would be very dark, for he has no satellite like our moon. He has, it is true, two moons, but they are so small that their illuminating power is *nil*, being respectively only sixty and forty miles in diameter. The smallest of these presents the curious phenomenon that it revolves round Mars faster than the planet turns on his own axis, and therefore would appear to rise in the west and set in the east.

Our earth, as seen from Mars, when at his nearest, would appear about the same size as Jupiter does to us, that is to say, would subtend an angle of about forty seconds. At his furthest distance, this would be reduced to four teen.

We thus see that there is ample reason for assuming that this, the most interesting of all the planets, is the abode of creatures not essentially different from ourselves. Being considerably older than we are, the Martalites are probably much further advanced in the arts and sciences, and perhaps there may be some truth in the story of the Italian astronomer who says he has lately detected lights on the planet moving about in such a way as seems to indicate a deliberate intention to open communication with the earth. What the language of the lights is, we have not been informed, let us hope it is something more practical than the proposal of the Russian savant to communicate with the moon by cutting a huge figure of the forty seventh proposition of Euclid on the plains of Siberia, which, he said, any fool would understand.

IN ALL SHADES

CHAPTER XXX

That evening, Rosina Fleming went as she was bid to the old African's tent about half past eleven, groping her way down, the black moonless roads in fear and trembling, with infinite terror of the all pervading and utterly ghastly West Indian ghosts or duppies. It was a fearful thing to go at that time of night to the hut of an obeah man, heaven knows what grinning, gibbering ghouls and phantoms one might chance to come across in such a place at such an hour. But it would have been more fearful still to stop away, for Delgado, who could so easily bring her Isaac Pourtalès for a lover by his powerful spells, could just as easily burn her to powder with his thunder and lightning, or send the awful duppies to torment her in her bed, as she lay awake trembling through the night watches. So poor Rosina groped her way fearfully round to Delgado's hut with wild misgivings, and lifted the latch with quivering fingers, which she heard its owner's gruff, 'Come in den, missy,' echoing grimly from the inner recesses.

When she opened the door, however, she was somewhat relieved to find within a paraffin lamp burning brightly, and in place of ghouls or ghosts or duppies, Isaac Pourtalès himself, jauntily seated smoking a fresh tobacco leaf cigarette of his own manufacture, in the corner of the hut where Louis Delgado was sitting cross legged on the mud floor.

'Ebenin', missy,' Delgado said, rising with African politeness to greet her, while the brown Barbadian, without moving from his seat, allowed his lady love to stoop down of herself to kiss him affectionately. 'I send for you dis ebenin' becaus we want to know suffin' about dis passon dat callin' himself buckra, an stoppin' now at Orange Grobe wit you. What you know about him, tell us dat, missy. You is Missy Dupuy own sarbin' lady, him gwine to tell you all him secret. What you know about dis passon Noel?'

Thus adjured, Rosina Fleming, sitting down awkwardly on the side of the rude wooden settee, and with her big white eyes fixed abstractedly upon the grinning skull that decorated the bare mud wall just opposite her, pulled her turban straight upon her woolly locks with coquettish precision, and sticking one finger up to her mouth like a country child, began to pour forth all she could remember of the Orange Grove servants' gossip about Harry Noel. Delgado listened impatiently to the long recital without ever for a moment trying to interrupt her, for long experience had taught him the lesson that little was to be got out of his fellow countrywomen by deliberate cross questioning, but a great deal by allowing them quietly to tell their own stories at full length in their own rambling, childish fashion.

At last, when Rosina, with eyes kept always timidly askance, half the time upon the frightful

skull, and half the time on Isaac Fourtalis, had fairly come to the end of her tether, the old African ventured, with tentative cunning, to put a leading question 'You ebber hear dum say at de table, missy, who him muddor and fadar is, and where dem come from?'

'Him fader is very great gentleman ober in England,' Rosina answered confidently—'very grand gentleman, wit house an' sebbunt, an' coach an horses, an' plenty cane piece, an' rum an sugar, an yam garden an' plantain, becase I 'member Aunt Clemmy say so, an de missy say him say so himself too, sah An de missy say dat de pusson dat marry him will be real lady—same like de gubbernor lady, real de vly, like dem hab in England De missy tellin' me all about him dis berry chunin

Delgado smiled Dat de missy in lub wit him himself, for certain, he answered with true African shrewdness and cynicism 'Ole time folk has proverb, "When naygur woman say, 'Dat fowl fat,' him gwine to steal him same chunin for him pickany dinner" An' when lady tell you what happ'n to gal dat marry gentleman, him want to hab de gentleman himself for him own husban'?'

'O no, sah, dat dean't so,' Rosina cried with sudden energy 'De missy dean't lubbin de buckra gentleman at all She tell me him look altogedder too much like naygur'

Delgado and Fourtalis exchanged meaning looks with one another but neither of them answered a word to Rosina

'An' him muddar?' Delgado inquired curiously after a moment's pause, taking a long pull at a cigarette which Isaac handed him

'Him muddar Rosina said 'Ah, dere now, I forgettin clean what I tell 'Zakiel, him what in butler up to de house, dar, an he an talk wit one muddor at dinner—I forgettin clean what it was him tell me ab ut him muddar'

Delgado did not urge her to rack her feeble little memory on this important question, but waited silently, with consummate prudence, till she should think of it herself and come out with it spontaneously

'Ha, dere now,' Rosina cried at last, after a minute or two of vacant and steady staring at the soulless eyeballs of the skull opposite, 'I is too chupid—too chupid altogedder Mistah 'Zakiel, him tellin me de odder morrin' dat Mistah Noel's muddor is lady from Barbadoes—Dat what you come from yourself, Isaac, me frien' You must be 'membarin' de family ober in Barbadoes'

'How dum call de family? Isaac asked cautiously 'You ebber hear, Rosa, how dum call de family? Tell me dat is good gal, an' I gwine to lub you better n ebber'

Rosina hesitated, and ransacked her poor brains eagerly a few minutes longer, then another happy flash of recollection came across her suddenly like an inspiration, and she cried out in a joyous tone 'Yes, yes, I got him now, I got him now, Isaac' Him muddar family dem name is Budleigh, an' dem lib at place dem call de Wilderness Mistah 'Zakiel tell me all about dem Him say dat de lady, what him name Missy Budleigh, marry de buckra gentleman fader, what him name Sir Walter Noel

It was an enormous and unprecedented fetch of memory for a pure blooded black woman, and Rosina Fleming was justly proud of it She stood there grinning and smiling from ear to ear, so that even the skull upon the wall opposite was simply nowhere in the competition

Delgado turned breathlessly to Isaac Fourtalis 'You know dis family?' he asked with eager anticipation 'You ebber hear ob dem? You turn at all whe lder dum is buckra or only brown people?'

Louis Delgado laughed heartily Brown man as he was himself, he chuckled and hugged himself with sardonic delight over the anticipated humiliation of a fellow brown man who thought himself a genuine buckra

'Know dem, sah?' Isaac cried in a perfect ecstasy of malicious humour—'know de Budleighs ob de Wilderness? I tink for true I know dem' *Eh!* Mistah Delgado, me tink, I tellin' you de truth, sah, me own muddar an Mrs Budleigh ob de Wilderness is fir tcousin, first cousin to one nuddor'

It was perfectly true Strange as such a relationship sounds to English ears, in the West Indies cases of the sort are as common as earthquakes In many a cultivated light brown family, where the young ladies of the household, pretty and well educated, expect and hope to marry an English officer of good connections, the visitor knows that, in some small room or other of the back premises, there still lingers an feeble in old black hag, wrinkled and toothless, full of strange oaths and incomprehensible African jargons, who is nevertheless the grandmother of the proud and handsome girls, busy over Mendelssohn sonatas and the *Situation Review*, in the front drawing room Into such a family it was that Sir Walter Noel, heir of the great Lincolnshire house, had actually married The Budleighs of the Wilderness had migrated to England before the abolition of slavery, when the future Lady Noel was still a baby, and gradually easily into good society in London, had only been in an as West Indian proprietors in those old days when to be a West Indian proprietor was still equivalent to wealth and prosperity, not, as now to poverty and bankruptcy

Strange to say, too, Lady Noel herself was not by any means so dark as her son Harry The Lincolnshire Noels belonged themselves to the black haired type so common in their county, and the union of the two strains had produced in Harry a complexion several degrees more swarthy than that of either of his handsome parents In England, nobody would ever have noticed this little peculiarity, they merely said that Harry was the very image of the old Noel family portraits, but in Trinidad, where the abiding traces of negro blood are so familiarly known and so carefully looked for, it was almost impossible for him to pass a single day without his partially black descent being immediately suspected He had 'thrown back,' as the colonists coarsely phrase it, to the dusky complexion of his quadroon ancestors

Louis Delgado hugged himself and grinned at this glorious discovery 'Ha, ha!' he cried, rocking himself rapidly to and fro in a perfect frenzy of gratified vindictiveness, 'him doan't buckra, den!—him doan't buckra' He hold himself so proud, an' look down on naygur, an'

after all, him doan't buckra, him only brown man! De Lard be praise, I gwine to humble him! I gwine to let him know him doan't buckra!"

"You will tell him!" Rosina Fleming asked curiously.

Delgado danced about the hut in a wild ecstasy, with his fingers snapping about in every direction, like the half tamed African savage that he really was. "Tell him, Missy Rosie!" he echoed contemptuously—"tell him, you sayin' to me! Yah, yah! you hab no sense, missy. I doan't gwine to tell him, for certain; I gwine to tell dat cheatin' scoundrel, Tom Dupuy, missy, to humble him in de end de wuss for all dat!"

Rosina gazed at him in puzzled bewilderment. "Tom Dupuy!" she repeated slowly. "You gwine to tell Tom Dupuy, you say, Mistah Delgado! What de dobbel de use, I wonder, sah, ob tell Tom Dupuy dat de buckra gentleman an Isaac is own cousin?"

Delgado executed another frantic pas de rival across the floor of the hut, to work off his rival excitement, and then answered gleefully. "Ha, ha, Missy Rosie, you is woman, you is creole nayger gal—you doan't understan de depth an' de wisdom ob African nayger. Look you here, me frien', I explain you all about it. De missy up at house, him fall in lub wit dis brown man, Noel Tom Dupuy, him want fo go an' marry de missy. Dat make Tom Dupuy hate de brown man. I tell him, Noel doan't no buckra—him common brown man, own cousin to Isaac Pentitakes. Den Tom Dupuy laugh at Noel. Ha, ha! I turn de hand ob one proud buckra to bring down de pride ob de colder!"

Isaac Pentitakes laughed too. "Ha, ha!" he cried, "him is proud buckra, an' him is me own cousin! I hate him!"

Rosina gazed at her mulatto lover in rueful silence. She liked the English stranger—he had given her a shilling one day to post a letter for him—but still, she doan't go back upon Isaac and Louis Delgado. "Him is fren ob Mistah Hawtorn," she murmured apologetically at last after a minute's severe reflection—"great fren' ob Mistah Hawtorn. Dem is old time fren' in Englan' togedder, and when Mistah Tom Dupuy speak bad 'bout Mistah Hawtorn, Mistah Noel him flare up like angry nayger, an' him gib him de lie, an' him speak out wil for him!"

Delgado checked himself, and looked closely at the hesitating negress with more deliberation. "Him is fren' ob Mistah Hawtorn," he said in a meditative voice. "Ha, ha! Dat is fren' ob Mistah Hawtorn! De fren' ob de Lard's fren' shall come to no harm. I gwine to tell Tom Dupuy I must humble de buckra. But in de great an' terrible day, dem shall not hurt a hair of him head, if de Lard wills it." And then he added somewhat louder, in his own sonorous and mystic Arabic: "The effendi's brother is dear to Allah even as the good effendi himself is."

Isaac Pentitakes made a very face aside to himself. Evidently he had settled in his own mind that whatever might be Delgado's private opinion about the friends of the Lord's friend, he himself was not going to be bound, when the moment for action actually arrived, by anybody else's ideas of promises.

By and by, Rosina rose to go. "You is comin' wit me, Isaac?" she asked coquettishly, with her finger stuck once more in my reserve at the corner of her mouth, and her head a little on one side, bewitching negress fashion.

Isaac hesitated, it does not do for a brown man to be too condescending and familiar with a nigger girl, even if she does happen to be his sweetheart. Besides, Delgado signed to him with his withered finger that he wanted him to stop a few minutes longer. "No, Missy Rosie," the mulatto answered, yawning quietly, "I doan't gwine yet. You know de road to house, I tink. Ebenin', le ady!"

Rosina gave a sighing, sidelong look of disappointed affection, took her lover's hand a little coldly in her own black fingers, and sailed out of the hut with much reluctance, half-frightened still at the horrid prospect of once more facing alone the irrepressible and ubiquitous ghouls.

As soon as she was fairly out of earshot, Louis Delgado approached at once close to the mulatto, and murmured in a mysterious hollow undertone: "Next Wednesday."

The mulatto started. "So soon as dat!" he cried. "Dat you has got de pistols!"

Delgado, with his wrinkled finger placed upon his lip, moved stealthily to a corner of his hut, and slowly opened a chest, occupied on the top by his mouldy shabby mummery of loose alligators' teeth and well cleaned little human knuckle bones. Carefully removing this superstitious rubbish from the top of the box with an undisguised sneer—for Isaac as a brown man was *ex officio* superior to obeah—he took from beneath it a couple of dozen old navy pistols, of a disused pattern, bought cheap from a marine store dealer of doubtful honesty down at the harbour. Isaac's eyes gleamed brightly as soon as he saw the goodly array of real firearms. "*H, he!*" he cried joyously, fingering the triggers with a loving touch, "dat de ting to bring down de pride ob de proud buckra. Ha, ha! Next Wednesday, next Wednesday! We wanted long, Mistah Delgado, for de Lard's dobbier time, but de time come now, de time come at last, sah, an' we gwine to hab de island ob Trinidad all to ourselves."

The old African bowed magnificently. "Slay ebbery mak among dem," he answered aloud in his deepest accents, with a not wholly unimpressive mouthing of his hollow vowels—"slay ebbery male, an' take de woman captive, an' de maidens, an' de little ones, an' divide amongst you de spoil ob all dese cattle, an' all dese flocks, an' all dese goods, an' dese cities wherein dey dwell, an' all dese vineyards, an' dese goodly castles."

Isaac Pentitakes' eyes gleamed hideously as he listened in delight to that awful quotation.

THE DUBLIN BANK GUARD

After a reading on article in *Chambers's Journal* for August 1885, headed "The Bank Picket," it struck me (says a correspondent) that a reminiscence of the Bank Guard in Dublin may not prove uninteresting. I say reminiscence, for, though the Bank Guard is mounted there now pretty much, I believe, as in the days of which I write—some eight and thirty years ago—the incident which my memory recalls in connection with it is a reminiscence of an event, the

actors in which, except myself, have passed away or have left the service, and in either case, I have not seen or heard of any of them for many years, but if one or two still survive, and this should meet their eye, I have no doubt the remembrance recalled by it will raise a hearty laugh at what was to them certainly no joke, and to me personally was a lesson never again to disobey orders.

The guard over the Bank of Ireland in Dublin was then—as I believe it is now—under the command of the senior subaltern for guard in the garrison, with a proper complement of non commissioned officers and men, and was relieved, like all the other garrison guards, every twenty four hours. The men's guardroom was a large apartment, flagged with stone, on the ground floor of part of what was once the old Irish House of Parliament, and there it was the officers guardroom, which was reached by a flight of stairs, at the bottom of which a door communicated on the left with the men's guardroom, and facing the stair foot was a small heavy door leading into the street. In this door was a barred aperture about a foot square, closed by a sliding piece of wood, which could be drawn aside to permit the examination from within of any one outside, and made the door, a sentry was posted during the night. Through the barred aperture, the 'Grand rounds'—as the field officer on duty for the day was called—whispered the countersign to the officer of the guard when he visited the bank at night, after which he was admitted, to enable him to inspect the guard. To the left of the door outside was also a large iron studded gate, leading into a small courtyard, where the guard paraded during the daytime, but this, as well as the small door, was locked and secured by heavy bars at sunset, and the keys of both were kept by the officer of the guard.

Immediately after the mounting of the new guard, every morning a knock at the door of the officer's room announced the arrival of the head porter with a large book, in which the officer signed his name, rank, and regiment, and on the departure of the head porter with the book, a half sovereign was found on the table where the book had been. There were no meals provided for the officer, as for his more fortunate comrade mounting the Bank Picket in London, nor were the non commissioned officers or men 'tipped,' as at the Bank of England, but they, as well as the officer, were left to shift for themselves as the way of food during the twenty four hours, without even the assistance of a canteen vendor, so that the dinners and other meals had to be sent from the barracks—in the case of some regiments, a distance of two or three miles—there was no blanket or greatcoat either provided at the Bank of Ireland for the men, but the officer had some articles furnished for his use, for a consideration, which were exhumed towards night from a small closet in the officer's guardroom. There was no library or anything of that kind for men or officer, and they were left entirely to their own devices how to fill up the tedium of the twenty four hours' duty.

The furniture of both guardrooms was scanty, that in the men's room consisting of a few forms and a guard bed of wood, raised a couple of feet from the ground; while the officer's furniture was more luxurious, he having an old leather covered couch, with four or five chairs to match, and a large table. There was, however, abundance of fuel, and candles of the mutton-fat order were liberally supplied at the rate of one to each room. Both apartments were large and lofty, the ceiling of the officer's being vaulted, and its walls, in my time, were covered with drawings in pencil and coloured chalks, more or less well done, and many very amusing, being caricatures of well known staff and other officers, or sketches of various funny incidents which had taken place at guard mountings and field days, in which the figure of old Toby White, the well known town major, was always prominent, as well as an adjutant of one of the regiments, famed for the peculiar peak which adorned his shako, and his feats of horsemanship, which served meant to illustrate the many ways one could fall off a horse without getting hurt. Over the vast mantel piece were drawings of the breastplates of every regiment that had mounted the guard, all artistically and faithfully done. Like the gorgets, these breastplates have ceased for many years to be part of the uniform of the British infantry, but for the benefit of those who don't remember them, I may say that they served to clasp across the breast the broad white sword belt worn in full uniform in the days of coatees and epaulets, and were very handsome, having, besides, the number of the regiment, the regimental badge, and the various battles authorized to be borne on the regimental colour, emblazoned on them.

Amongst the other drawings on the walls was, directly opposite the door leading from the stairs into the guardroom, the figure of a young lady clad in the full dress uniform of a regiment dating many years anterior to the time of which I speak. She was represented as standing at the salute, with a drawn sword extended in her right hand, and the left at the shako peak shading the eyes. This was a legend—whence derived or how handed down, I am unable to say—that the young lady in the obsolete uniform was the wife of an officer of the guard who one night, many years ago, had become intoxicated on duty, and that she saved his commission by drawing herself in his uniform and turning out the guard to the field officer when doing his nightly rounds. This legend was, I have no doubt, as true as very many which are now implicitly believed, but be that as it may, it was in attack of faith amongst the subalterns of the Dublin garrison, who always regarded the fair young figure in the quaint uniform with a certain amount of respect.

In those days, the guardrooms in Dublin were pretty generally ornamented with sketches, some of which were very well done. I may specify 'The Kildare Hunt,' round the wall of the upper castle guard, and a monument upon a wall facing the door in the lower castle guard, on which was the following inscription:

In Memory of
A Wigging received by a Subaltern of this Guard
from ———

May whose soul be as his life has been—peaceful!

That the above stung the officer in question, who was a well known martinet, but, unfortunately, had seen no war service, we soon had reason to know, for an order was issued that in future all commandants of guards were to certify in their guard Reports that the walls of their guard rooms had not been defaced during their tour of duty

One snowy, bitterly cold day in the winter of 1847-48, I found myself the occupant of the Bank Guard in Dublin, and in the proud position of commandant The semi darkness of the afternoon was fast verging on night, and I nodded, half asleep, over the huge fire which blazed on the hearth, when the door opened, and admitted, with a cold swirl of frosty air, the handsome, jolly face of a brother sub and particular friend of mine, named Harry P—— The old room looked instantly bright and cheerful, and he sat until well after dark, smoking and chatting pleasantly At length he rose to go, and told me that he was going to dine with his brother at Richmond Barracks, and that after mess, he, his brother, and another officer of his brother's regiment, were about to visit the theatre, where some popular performer was stirring it 'And I tell you what it is, old fellow,' he added, 'we'll all come here afterwards, and you have some oysters in, and give us a supper'

It was in vain that I reminded him of the order that no one was to be admitted to the Bank Guard after tattoo except on duty He laughed at my scruples, and at last, on his hinting that want of hospitality was at the bottom of my strict observance of standing orders, I was weak enough to give in, and the tempter descending the stairs, stopped to say, by way of encouragement 'You know we shan't be with you before twelve o'clock, and by that time, the Grand rounds will have turned you out, and will be snug in bed in the upper castle' So saying, without giving me time to recall my rash moderate promise, he was off, and I had nothing left me but to call my servant, and between us, we managed to arrange, if not an elegant, at least a comfortable little supper, which was brought in from a neighbouring hotel Lush lights were placed upon the new well furnished table, more coals added to the already roaring fire, beside which simmered a kettle of boiling water, ready to mix with what in the land capital is known as 'the materials,' and towards the 'small hours ayont the twal,' I sat waiting the arrival of my expected guests, as well as the field officer of the day, who, to my great discomfort and uneasiness, had not up to this hour put in an appearance

I hadn't long to wait after midnight had struck for Harry P—— and his companions, who didn't sympathise with me much concerning the non arrival of the field officer, Harry only remarking 'Oh, he'll only just look at the guard, and be off to roost with as little delay as he can The snow is falling fast, and no one with any brains will stay out in it longer than he can help'

So, 'laying this flattering unction to our souls,' we proceeded, without further ceremony, to pay attention to the good things provided for the comfort of the body, and had already got through a fair lot of the bravives, when suddenly the loud challenge of the sentry at the door below rang through the vaulted corridor 'Who comes there?' The reply from outside was 'Rounds;' then 'What rounds?' Answer 'Grand rounds,' followed by the sentry's 'Stand, Grand rounds; Guard, turn out'

This called me to take my part in the ceremony, and my visitors, still looking on the affair as a prime joke, proceeded to ensconce themselves in the closet containing the officer's bedding, which, on account of the expected advent of company, had not as yet been disinterred As he closed the door, I heard Harry P—— remark, by way of apology to the others 'You know, his Satanic Majesty may prompt him to come upstairs, and so we had better not show till he goes'

I now dashed down below, and after the accustomed interchange of question and answer at the barred window in the door, ordered his admission, and proceeded to the guard, which was turned out in the men's guardroom, to duly 'present arms' to the Grand rounds (I may here remark, that to the sentry's shout of 'Guard, turn out' in the Punk Guard, the response was decidedly Irish, for the guard didn't turn out at all, in the literal sense of the word, at night, but 'fell in' on the stone flags of their guard room)

The field officer on the occasion was a Major P——, of a Highland regiment, a jolly, pleasant-looking little man, who evidently enjoyed to the full the good things of this life, and after acknowledging the salute and receiving the report of 'All correct, sir,' he desired me to dismiss the guard, and as we left the room, said 'I was looking at the bright light in your guardroom window as I came up, and envied you the roaring fire you must have inside, and I dreamt a good glass of something hot also If you don't mind, I'll come up and thaw a bit, for it's snowing hard, and most bitterly cold outside'

What could I say, but—heaven forgive me—express the pleasure it would give me to do the hospitable, and so, with troubled heart, I bounded up the stairs ostensibly to fetch a candle to light the major up, but really to clear the room of the prisoners, had they left the closet, or, at all events, to warn them of approaching danger if they had not In either case, I was, however, foiled, as the Grand rounds, though a partly looking little man, and not active to all appearance, still had the use of his legs, well tired, no doubt, on many a good Highland moor and mountain; and in spite of my knowledge of the situation, he was in the guardroom close at my heels It was, however, to all appearance entirely with us any occupants save ourselves, and only the remains of the supper looked suspicious This at once attracted the major, and to his remark that I appeared to have had a party here, I replied loudly, in order to give notice to the prisoners, that some of our fellows had dropped in during the afternoon and had some lunch, that I had had my dinner after they had left, and that my servant had not yet removed the débris, that I dared say there were some oysters still left, and would the major let me get him a few, &c ? which caused the little man's eyes to twinkle as he toasted himself by the ample fire, and unbuckling his sword, he seated himself in a chair at the table, and fell to without more ceremony, remarking 'You are

very kind What Sybarites you—th fellows are! I'll just take an oyster or two, and qualify with a glass of hot toddy, to keep out the cold of this bitter night'

After doing ample justice to the supper, he proceeded to undo a couple of the bottom buttons of his doublet, and, with a sigh of satisfaction drew his chair closer to the fire, and lighting a cigar, settled himself comfortably for a chat I, too, lighted a pipe, and with an affectation of enjoyment I was far from feeling, I sat opposite to him, and listened to what I have no doubt were very amusing anecdotes, but which fell unheeded upon ears strained to catch a sneeze or cough or other ill timed sound from the closet All, however, was quite still there, and after what seemed to me a century of anxious suspense, the Grand rounds finished his glass, and with profuse thanks for my hospitality, buckled himself into his sword belt and took his departure

It could not have been much more than an hour since he came up stairs, and yet to me it seemed ages until the outer door again closed on him and I heard his muffled footsteps retreating over the soft snow But if the time appeared long, to me, what must it not have been to the prisoners cooped in the stuffy closet! I found them peeping inquiringly out from their prison, and when the 'Coast clear' was announced, such a peal of laughter resounded through the old walls as made them ring again, and there being no fear of further disturbance, we straightway drank health and safe home to the jolly old Grand rounds, and seating ourselves at the table with appetites sharpened by the perils we had passed, we did ample justice to the remainder of the supper, and proved that 'all's well that ends well' in a most satisfactory manner Far into the night, or rather well into the morning, was it before we parted, and as Harry shook my hand at the stair foot, he said 'Good night good night, or rather morning We are all much obliged for the night's amusement, but between you and me, old man, I don't think that I for one, will ever again join a supper party in the Bank Guard' To which I replied 'No, nor will you ever catch me again giving one'

I have since often thought, did Major F—— suspect that the closet had tenants? If he did, he kept it to himself, and though we often met afterwards, he never made any allusion to that night He may have meant to teach me a lesson, or he may not, but if he did, he did it most kindly, and it has never been forgotten nor ever since have I disregarded the resolution, 'Always stick to orders,' which I formed that winter's night upon the Bank Guard

TREASURE TROVE

A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS—CHAP II

AROUND a roaring fire in a little, lone, beetle browed inn which stood by the sea about six miles from Saint Quimans, known as the *Lobster*, were assembled one evening, about a week after the events recorded in the last chapter, some half-dozen men, whose apparel and appearance proclaimed them fisher folk They were sitting simply smoking and drinking, not speaking, for it may be noted that men whose lives are spent in one continual struggle with danger and death are generally silent It was a wild, wet evening, although it was April, and the great waves were tumbling on the rocky shore with a booming which never ceased, and which was audible above the roar of the wind and the rattle of the rain against the rickety casements, so that the assembly was not a little astonished to hear the voice of the landlord talking with a stranger, and presently to see a tall man, clad from head to foot in waterproofs, enter All eyes were instantly fixed on him in a suspicious sort of manner, and more than one man rose, for in these days, coast folk enjoyed almost as little peace on land as at sea, as preventive men were continually poking about in search of smugglers, and the press-gang was hard at work collecting hands for His Majesty's ships But as the newcomer was alone, and saluted them with a 'good evening' as he divested himself of his reeking overalls, their momentary alarm seemed to subside, and they made a space for him in the circle round the fire

The visitor, who was no other than Jasper Rodley, ordered a stiff tumbler of grog and a new pipe, took his seat, and gazed intently at the leaping flames for some moments without speaking 'It's a wretched evening for a walk,' he said presently, a remark which elicited a great murmur of assent from the circle, 'and the road from Saint Quimans is so hard to follow as the course between Deadend Shoal and the Painter Buoy,' he continued He was evidently a sailor, so that eyes were again fixed on him with something of the original suspicion

There was another pause, during which pipes were puffed vigorously and more than one mug emptied

Jasper Rodley broke the silence 'Doesn't a Captain West live somewhere hereabouts?' he asked

'Yes, sir,' replied a man 'Can't mistake the house—a long white inn, standing in a bit o' garden with a fir-stuff in it, about two miles towards the town'

'Strange sort of man, isn't he?' asked Rodley

'Well, sir, he's strange in some things, but nobody don't know any harm of him,' replied the man 'cept a precious little folk see of him'

'Said to be very rich, isn't he?' asked Rodley

This question brought the eyes of the party to bear again upon the speaker, the problem troubling the rude minds being 'If this chap wants to see the captain, and hails from Saint Quimans, why on earth does he go two miles farther than he need?' Mental conclusion arrived at—stranger up to no good

'Well, no, mate,' replied the man to Rodley's question, 'he isn't what you'd call rich, not by no means, seein' that he's only a half pay captain But he's been richer durin this last four year than he was afore'

'Lives all alone with his daughter, doesn't he?' continued Rodley

Mental conclusion previously arrived at by the party is confirmed

'Yes,' replied the man who acted as spokesman, 'lives with Miss Bertha, the captain do She's a proper quean, she is Purtiest slip of a lass in these parts by a long way But the captain

he keeps her uncommon close, can't a bear her to be out of his sight, and when she goes into town a marketin' on Wednesdays, we says it's about all the life she sees'

Another silence ensued, during which the half dozen pairs of eyes were taking stock of Rodley sideways, and endeavouring to solve the problem of his intentions from his dress and appearance

At length Rodley said 'Wasn't there a lugger wrecked off here about four years ago called the *Fancy Lass*?'

'Nobody heard of it, replied the spokesman 'There was a lugger of that name left Saint Quinians about four years agone, but she warn't never heard of no more, and bein' a smuggler, that ain't surprisin'!'

'I thought some bodies were washed ashore by the Locket Rock about that time, observed Rodley

'There's a sight o' poor chaps washed ashore hereabouts every gale,' replied the man 'Tain't possible allus to say who they be or where they come from Saint Quinians' churchyard is full on 'em'

Not another word was spoken for at least twenty minutes At the expiration of that time, Rodley rose, went to the door, looked out, remarked that the rain had stopped, put on his overalls, paid his reckoning, wished the company 'good night,' and went out into the dark night

'Didn't get much information out of these chaps!' he muttered as he pulled his hat down over his face against the driving wind and retraced his steps towards the captain's house What with battling against the wind and stumbling about the uneven road in the dark, it was an hour before the solitary light in the captain's house met Rodley's gaze He crossed the small garden and knocked

Bertha opened the door, and asked timidly 'Who is it?'

'I—Jasper Rodley,' was the reply

She uttered a cry of alarm, and would have shut the door, but that Rodley had placed his foot in the opening The captain hearing his daughter's cry, came hobbling along the passage hastily When he beheld Rodley, a cloud came over his face, and he said 'Hillo, mate, what is it at this time o' night?'

'I want a bed for to-night, and a few words with you, captain,' said Rodley, who by this time was fairly inside the house, and coolly taking his hat and coat off

'But I've no room here There's an inn farther down, where they'll put you up better than we can'

'I'm a sailor, captain,' replied Rodley, 'and I don't mind where I shake down that's of no consequence, but the talk is'

The captain, who seemed to treat his evidently unwelcome visitor with a kind of deference, shrugged his shoulders, and led the way into the sitting room, where the remains of a substantial meal graced the table Jasper Rodley made himself very comfortable in an armchair, the captain, who was the wreck of a fine man, and who, being lame from a recent accident, used a stick, remained standing, as if uncertain how to proceed next, whilst poor Bertha stood, trembling with fright, by the door

'Captain,' said the visitor, 'isn't ten o'clock the usual time for young ladies to go to bed?'

At this hint, the old man made a signal to his daughter, who retired

'Now then,' continued Rodley, 'let's to business'

'I'm not aware that I have any business with you,' said the captain

'Well, you'll soon have some with me Look here We're men of the world, and we must understand each other I've only met you twice before each time you were coming from the same place, and each time you were astonished, in fact, alarmed, at seeing me

'Well, sir, and what of that?' asked the old sailor 'Here am I, an old East India Company's skipper, living in a lonely place, where I don't see half a dozen people in the course of a month You came upon me suddenly, just when it was getting dark, and I was naturally startled

'O no that's not it,' continued Rodley 'But we'll leave that for a bit First of all, I'm head over heels in love with your daughter

'I'm sorry for it'

'And I intend to marry her,' continued his visitor

'That depends firstly whether she will have you, which I very much doubt,' said the captain, 'and secondly upon whether I let her go, which I also doubt

'So you think, sneered Rodley 'Now, then, to the other matter from years ago, you were a poor man'

'So I am now, retorted the captain

'O no you're very well off, your private bank is safe enough'

The captain fidgeted uneasily in his chair at this

'You see, I know more than you think, said Rodley, and bending over and speaking in a lower tone of voice, he added 'Is it not a little curious that you should have come into your fortune about the same time that the *Fancy Lass* was wrecked about a hundred yards from your house?'

The poor old captain's amazement and perplexity culminated here in a start which sent his pipe flying from his hand 'Why, how do you know?' 'Who told you?' gasped the old man 'Not a soul escaped from her'

Jasper Rodley looked searchingly at him for a moment, and said 'Perhaps not That's got nothing to do with what we are talking about.'

'And the boat went to pieces,' added the captain

'You're almost as well up in the subject as I am,' said Rodley 'But she was wrecked on Sheringham Shoal, and went to pieces on the Locket Rock'

'Well!' asked the captain

'And her cargo—valuable cargo it was,' continued Rodley, actually smiling with enjoyment at the misery he was causing—'her cargo was recovered'

The old man rose and hobbled about the room in a state of pitiable agony 'How do you know?' he asked desperately

'The last time I met you,' replied Rodley, 'you were so startled that you dropped something—thus' He put his hand into his pocket and drew out a sovereign

'What do you infer from that?'

'Why, what's the use of asking me what I infer? What is the most natural inference I should draw?'

The captain resumed his seat, and was silent for some minutes. In the meanwhile, Rodley filled another pipe and mixed himself a glass of grog.

At length the old man said: 'I understand the case to be this: You want to marry my daughter. If I refuse, you'll——'

'I will expose you as having taken property which does not belong to you,' replied Rodley.

'You must prove it,' cried the captain. 'Why shouldn't I keep my money where I think fit? This is a lonely house, in a dangerous neighbourhood, the folk all about are desperate men—wreckers, smugglers, old privateersmen, escaped pressed men—men who, if they thought I kept money and valuable on the premises, would not hesitate to rob me, and what could we, a lame old man and a young girl, do to protect ourselves?'

'I can prove it,' continued Rodley quietly. 'But I am not such a fool as to tell you how I can prove it. Look here, we need not waste words over it. You are in my power, you cannot escape. The price I put upon keeping silence upon a matter which would bring you into the felons' dock, is the hand of your daughter Bertha. I give you a week to decide, for the matter presses, and I do not intend to remain longer than I can help at Saint Quinnans.'

'Then you would take my Bertha far away from me?' exclaimed the old man in horror.

'Not necessarily; my business is on the sea. When I am away, she would remain with you. It would comfort you, and relieve me of the expense of keeping up an establishment, and would thus be an agreeable arrangement for both parties. Is that a bargain?'

The old man looked his hard.

'Mind,' said Rodley, smiling, as he rose to go to bed, 'I shall keep strict watch on the—on the bank.'

THE CORACLE

Having seen this boat of ancient Britain on those Welsh rivers where it has been wont to float since the commencement of the historic period—have seen a Welsh fisherman ferry his wife over the Towy in a coracle, we will endeavour to describe this antique relic, and to relate a few leading facts of its history. Before the adjustment of the British, this boat of theirs was probably found in all parts of England, it is now confined to Wales, the last stronghold of the British after the arrival of the Saxons—or English, as they are now called. It is found, in fact, only in a few parts of Wales, and in the course of this short narrative we shall not ramble far in other regions, though it may be interesting to mention that boats exactly similar in structure to the coracles of Wales are frequently used in many parts of India for the purpose of crossing the rivers of that great country, and this forms one of those obscure links which Mr Borrow loved to dilate upon in his *Wild Wales*, a book of wonderful attraction both to the learned and to travellers and tourists. Joining all the links together into a connected chain, and taking language into account, the evidence is strong that the Welsh, or ancient Britons, were originally emigrants from India.

The antiquity of this quaint little ark—for it is more ark than boat in shape—is undoubted. Herodotus describes the common boats of the Euphrates as having been in all respects similar in pattern and construction to the coracles of Wales. The materials for making these simple, home built vessels were naturally such as the particular country might afford. In India they were made of wicker, covered with skins, and on the Euphrates they were of willow, covered with hides. In the salmon fishing season, almost any day except Sunday from April till the end of August, coracles may still be observed on the rivers Towy and Teivy, having remained there unaltered from the time when the attention of Cæsar was attracted by them during his campaign in Britain. A fisherman still slings his boat over his back, and carries it home in that position, and on reaching his dwelling, he sets it erect against the house wall, and leaves it there till he again goes fishing, when he carries it back to the water. An old Welsh adage runs, 'A man's lord is his coracle,' and in former times, when this old fashioned boat was covered with raw hides, the load must have been a heavy one. The hides, however, have now been discarded for a light covering, made of waterproof canvas. The shape of the coracle remains unaltered. It is the broadest of boats in proportion to its length, hence it moves through the water under the alternate stroke of the paddle with a motion like the waddling of a duck.

The time arrived, as it usually does to men of genius, when Cæsar turned the idea of the coracle to good account. Ptolemy had destroyed his galleys, and the only boat that could have saved him were such as he could build quickly of any common materials which might come to hand. He remembered the coracle, which he had seen in Britain built of hazel, or willow, or any kind of rods that were capable of being wrought so as to form a framework for the covering of skins. Great numbers hastily put together constituted his boats, and by means of a number of rafts of large size, but rapidly constructed, he safely crossed the river, which had stopped and endangered his march.

A Welsh coracle for one passenger upsets so easily that a stroke from a salmon trout is said to be more than the cranky little boat can bear without being overturned. One person forms a full freight for a coracle of the usual size, besides the one who uses the paddle, and that person being the oarsman's wife, he places her continually in the stern, and declines a second passenger.

When there are two persons to be ferried over, one of them is usually taken across first, and the other is left on the bank, and brought over afterwards. During the voyage, certain precautions must be observed, which are well understood by all persons accustomed to this kind of navigation. But we remember on one occasion, when an English lady, a tourist, was in the act of crossing the river below Cardigan, some of her friends having already crossed, while others watched behind—for her precautions before setting out had been elaborate. She had no sooner reached

the middle of the stream then she rose suddenly to her feet, and the next moment was capsized and sprawling in the water. It is a 'rule of the road' never to stand up in a coracle.

This ancient boat possesses mythological as well as historical interest, since it was first used symbolically in some of the curious mystical rites of the Druids. Among the traditions of Bardism was that of the bursting of the 'lake of waters,' when all mankind were drowned except a single pair, who escaped to Wales in a naked vessel—that is, a ship without sails. According to the Triads, the isle of Wales contained a male and female of all living creatures including the parents of the Cymry, or Welsh people. This human couple were in due time deified, the Noah of the Cymry sharing this honour with his wife. His symbol was an ox, hare, a cow. A British and very singular rite of sacrifice to one of these deities took place, curiously enough, at the very spot where the largest number of coracles is now stationed, a boat of this kind being used in the ceremony. At the mouth of the Teivy, in Cardigan Bay, where the coracles are now used in trawling and setting nets for the salmon fishing, three miles below Cardigan, at the little fishing village of St Dogmaels, the service was celebrated. At the appointed time, the Druids, clad in their emblematic white robes, and the Lords in robes of sky blue, assembled at the spot, when the victim was placed in the coracle and the frail boat was turned adrift.

The coracle figured also on the impressment of a son of the profession of a Lord, when it was used by the novices, or probationers, in his passage to and from the island of Sain Ladin, off the coast of Carnarvonshire. In rough weather this would be an impossible feat. Probably the Gwydhaw (priest of the ship) selected a suitable day for this occasion. Having brought the novice to the shore, the usual confession was pronounced by him in these words: 'Though I love the sea-beach, I dread the open sea; a billow may come undulating over a stone.' The priest then spoke as follows, to reassure the novice: 'To the brave, to the magnanimous, to the amiable, to the generous, who boldly embarks, the landing place of the Birds will prove the harbour of life.'

We will only add to this brief account of the coracle, or river boat of ancient Britain, that the name is derived from corug, a ship.

HOSTESS AND GUEST

PART II.—THE DUTIES OF A GUEST.

Having previously considered the question of the duties of a hostess, I now come to speak of those of a guest, and the subject being less exhaustive than the former one, can be treated with considerably more concisenessness.

Firstly, then, when invited to stay at a friend's house, use your judgment with regard to the advisability of accepting the invitation. If it is proffered spontaneously and without any apparent object in view, avail yourself of it, if inclination prompts you, but if you have reason to think that you are only asked because the hostess thinks it 'necessary,' or deems it likely that you will 'expect it,' hasten to write an apology at once. Never, however, do this, nor the reverse of it, nor anything else, for the matter of that, on impulse—take time to consider it, worst occupy you long, and the result will repay you. On no account reply to invitations on postcards such missives, although highly estimable and convenient in their proper place, should only be made use of for the conveyal of unimportant messages. A lady who favours you with an invitation to her house, may at least be considered worthy of such trifling as a sheet of note paper and a penny stamp.

When you have made up your mind to avail yourself of an invitation, be sure to do so at the time specified by your hostess. Never select your own time, except when especially requested, should you be guilty of such a breach of etiquette, you would, in all probability, seriously incommode your entertainer. It is the custom in many families—especially those who live in the country to invite a succession of visitors, one after another, and if an invited guest declines going at the time for which he is asked, he ought to remain absent altogether, for, to say, 'I cannot go to you next week, but shall be happy to do so the week following,' may considerably embarrass the head of the house to which he has been bidden.

Supposing then, that you have accepted an invitation to a friend's abode, be very careful not to miss the train or other mode of conveyance by which you have appointed to travel, lest your host's carriage—and perhaps some member of his family also—be kept, through your carelessness, waiting to receive you at your destination. Do not, on arriving at the house, make an unruly fuss—as in persons do—about the disposal of your luggage, have the carriage, in and arranging of it entirely to the servants, and should anything go wrong, refer it afterwards. Accustom as early as possible the hour for meals, and be ready to the moment for such. Also, if it be customary in the household to have family prayer, be prepared always to attend it with punctuality, nothing is more disturbing, than to have dropping in entering the room when the service is half concluded. Do not come down in the mornings before the shutters are opened or the rooms made up, servants feel much aggrieved by this practice, nor is it fair towards them. If you are, from habit, an early riser, remain in your chamber, where you can read or write without being in anybody's way, or, if the weather be fine, go out for a walk, quietly, without any slamming of doors or obtrusive noise or bustle. Always remember, when entering the house after walking, to clean your boots well upon the door scraper and mat. Do not on any account neglect this most important admonition; even though there may not be any perceptible mud upon the soles of your footgear, a certain amount of dust will be sure to cling, and will by no means improve your hostess's carpets—or the tempers of her servants.

Do not eat immediately at table, or in

manner to occasion remark. If you are affected with an abnormal appetite, satisfy its first craving in the privacy of your apartment with biscuits, sandwiches, or something else of your own providing. It is dreadful to eat and drink as though one had not for days enjoyed a meal. On the other hand, do not, from a feeling of false delicacy, abstain from eating enough. A healthy, hearty appetite is to be commended; nor is anything more distressing to a hospitable hostess than to see her viands unappreciated, while her guests leave table apparently unsatisfied with what has been provided. It is needless to add that temperance in drinking is all important.

Be especially careful to avoid little *gaucheries*, of which even some well bred persons are occasionally guilty. Those who are accustomed to live alone are particularly apt to fall into odd ways, because they have not, as a rule, anybody to please or consult except themselves. I have seen a man of title and position, who, through living an isolated life, had many strange oddities, ignoring the use of the butter knife and using his own—touching the lips of the cruet bottle with his finger, turning over the contents of the biscuit box—helping himself to sugar without the aid of the spoon or tongs. Persons with whom he sat in company called him vulgar, whereas he was in reality *naïve* and odd. A learned man, earning nothing for conventionalities, and living wholly alone, he fell into strange habits, and they clung to him, which is abundant proof that we ought, each and all of us, to guard against such.

Carefully steer clear of topics of discourse that you think might by any possibility be distrisful to anybody present, and if your host and hostess, or other members of the household, should chance to dispute in your presence upon any point, whether of great or little importance, do not take any part in the discussion, or side with either combatant. Maintain complete silence—or, if you can tactfully change the subject, or turn the conversation into another channel so much the better, but this sort of thing requires so large an amount of tact and address, that if not done nicely, it had better be left alone.

Endeavour at all times to be obliging in the household. Offer your services upon all necessary occasions, but do not force them or appear officious, it is bad taste, and is certain to worry your hostess. If an entertainment is to take place in the house, keep out of the way as much as possible during the preparations for it, unless you can be of some substantial use, and while the festivity is in progress, do all you can to oblige the entertainer and contribute to the enjoyment of the guests. If you can sing, dance, or recite, do all (if asked) without making a fuss about it. At the same time do not fall into the opposite extreme of giving the company too substantial proof of your prowess in the vocal or histrionic art. Some persons are a perfect nuisance in this respect, once they sit down to the piano, they cannot be induced to leave it, and keep on singing song after song, to the exclusion of others and the weariness of the assembled guests. Assist your hostess in effecting introductions, and, if necessary, in ascertaining that each person has visited the supper-room and that nobody has been overlooked. In short—feeling yourself for the time a member of the household—perform all such duties as would, were you in reality so, fall to your share.

Never give unnecessary trouble to servants. Avoid, as far as possible, slopping water over your washstand, drenching the floor when you take your bath, emptying the entire contents of the water jug into the basin every time you wash your hands throughout the day, throwing your soiled linen carelessly about the room, leaving your wearing apparel scattered promiscuously over the bed and the backs of the chairs, calling for hot water when cold would serve you quite as well, or better, asking three or four pairs of boots and shoes in the day, leaving damp umbrellas upon the hall table instead of in the stand, and going in and out of the house an unlimited number of times for idle pastime, when once or twice would serve your purpose quite as well.

Be careful never to outstay your welcome. You can form a very good idea from the nature and wording of your invitation, how long you are meant to remain, even though the time may not have been exactly specified, but if there is any doubt about the matter, do not take advantage of it by staying too long, or extend your visit to any unusual length unless decidedly pressed to do so. It is far better to go away leaving a wish for your return, than that there should be the very smallest feeling of an opposite nature in the minds of your entertainers.

Be particularly cautious during your visit never to allow yourself to appear in the way. Should your host or hostess be called upon to receive a long absent or favourite friend, or one who is a rare visitor, retire quickly for a while, as there may be things to talk about that your presence would forbid, or at all events hamper, but be sure that you withdraw gracefully and without fuss, having a fair pretext on your lips, if asked your reason for doing so, as—although a well bred hostess will never under any circumstances allow it to appear that any member of her household is *de trop*—a lady-like or gentlemanlike guest will never permit the possibility of her feeling that such is in reality the case.

When Sunday comes round, attend worship with your entertainer, who will probably be pleased by your doing so, rather than that you should go wandering off to some distant church alone, and endeavour throughout the day to adapt your ways and doings to those of your host and hostess. If you do not like or approve their mode of passing the Sabbath day, you can take your leave before the next comes round, but it is the worst possible taste for a visitor to isolate himself in his own apartment, because the household of which he is *pro tem.* a member sees no harm in certain things which stricter persons may, while, on the other hand, it is equally objectionable to appear to ignore the Sabbath, where those about you have been educated in a more rigid school.

Finally, be kind and courteous to all, but never servile, nor yet haughty, for the one is quite as bad as the other, and both are hateful in the extreme. If, when you are departing, your host,

or hostess, invites you to come again, you may feel justly satisfied that you have succeeded in making that most enviable thing—a good impression

WHAT CAREER FOR TOM?

Ay, what was to be done with him? He had just completed his fifteenth year, was famous at cricket and football, rode his bicycle up and down the steepest gradients, was a fearless swimmer, and indeed the athletic paragon of his school mates But he began to tire of his lessons, and to utter dark confidences to his sisters that 'Latin would be no use to a fellow when he grew up,' that 'he felt like a lodin as he went along the lines to the grammar school,' that 'Sam Jackson and Harry Wilde were going to business at Easter, and that if papa did not find him something to do, he should perhaps run away to sea'

This last confidence, which was given on a windy night, when the rain plashed most dismally against the windows of the children's room, quite alarmed Tom's sisters, who were romantic and tender hearted girls of seventeen and eighteen They began to cry, and to beg the indignant lad not to do anything so dreadful But the more they petitioned, the more stubborn Tom grew Tears and entreaties only hardened him into firmer determination to doff his mother hood cap for ever How *could* he stay at school, when his chums, Sam Jackson and Harry Wilde, had gone to business' What did girls know of a fellow's vexation at being left with a lot of young boys, not one of whom could hold a bat or keep a goal' To sea he would go, unless papa got him some sort of berth by Easter

The poor girls were crying very bitterly, and the rain throbbed in sympathy against the panes, and Tom stamped up and down the floor, when his mamma came in She was much surprised at the scene, for the children were always on the best of terms She was still more surprised, and a little dismayed, when she learned the cause of the scene Being a prudent and self restraining woman, however, she did not say much, and with a few general remarks, 'that of course all boys must go to business in due time,' she terminated the painful discussion

After supper, when her husband and self were alone, she startled the good easy man by relating what had taken place Tom's father was the principal doctor of the neighbourhood, which was so salubrious and so poor that he must have left it long before, had he not possessed a little independency, which kept the household afloat He was of an indolent turn, getting grey and fat, like his old nag Want of work, magnificent health, and a managing wife, who took all the worries of life off his shoulders, made him oblivious of the young world growing round his hearth He could not imagine that his boy and girls were wearing anticipatory tissues of *their* lives, that these young buds were getting fledged for flights far away from the home nest So, the announcement of Tom's rebellion against school, and his thoughts of evasion, came on the doctor as the greatest event he had known for years

'Now you mention it, Maria,' said he, when he began to quieten down a bit—'now you mention it, Tom is really growing a big fellow He'll be six feet high, if he's an inch by his twentieth year And what a square stiff back he's got' He takes after my mother's family, they were all strapping fellows Yes, Tom's too big for school. He's like a salmon among minnows, among the grammar school boys Dear, dear, how lads do grow!'

'Yes, yes, broke in Tom's mother, a little tartly—she had a temper of her own, as all managing women have—'Tom is big, and will be bigger, that goes without the saying But what is to be done for the poor boy' What career do you propose for him'

'Upon my life, I haven't the ghost of an idea, Maria Now you have brought this matter on the carpet, it recalls a good deal I have heard of late When I was at Bimpson's the other day, attending his wife of her seventh boy, Bimpson said to me, over a glass of wine "Doctor, he is a fine child, I admit, but how he'll get bread and cheese, if he lives, I can't guess at all" And the poor fellow broke out into quite a jeremiad over the redundancy of boys just now He has three lads waiting for careers and the dence an opening can he find' Then there is Clumpit the wheelwright—you know Clumpit, Maria' Well I've been attending him for hypochondria He can find nothing suitable for his eldest son, and it prays on his mind, because the mother won't let him go away from home to try his luck in some of the big towns And old Burrows met me the other day, and quite pitifully asked me if I could advise him what to do with his grandson I was really sorry for the poor old man. Of course, I could not help him'

Tom's mother looked more anxious as the doctor went on ramblingly, and at last she said 'All this leads to nothing Tom must have a career arranged for him by us, or he will take the matter in his own hands I can read his mind I know him better than you, my dear What must we do with him'

'I tell you, again, Maria, I have not a ghost of an idea Yet, I do know one thing—he shall not be a medical man

Here the doctor relighted his cigar and smoked in frowning thoughtfulness, until Tom's mother said decisively 'Well if you do not know what is to be done with the dear child, we must ask the opinion of our friends I, for my part, cannot allow this subject to drop It must be taken up and carried out to the needful end I know too well your easy going way To morrow, you will forget all about poor Tom I say, and with emphasis, we must find a career for our boy As you have no ideas, I shall write to such of our friends as have experience of the world, and ask them either to advise us, by coming over here to a sort of family council, or else to tell us by letter Your connections and mine have among them a great deal of experience they know what prospects there are for the rising generation better than we can know, in this out of the way place So, I tell you, my dear, my mind is made up, and to morrow I will write the letters'

'You are a genius, Maria, as I've often told you I believe you would get us out of any

hobble, however formidable. I haven't the ghost of an idea, and you have the ideas themselves, heaps of them. Write, my dear, to all our relations that are likely to be of help to us, and we shall soon find a billet for Tom. God bless him! he is a good and clever boy, and deserves a splendid career. Don't forget my brother John, as a London lawyer, he will be a host of advice in himself. And be sure to ask your cousin Richard, the parson, he has always been fond of Tom, and besides, he is the shrewdest fellow I know, notwithstanding his cloth. He ought to have been a barrister. But, as that cannot be, he ought to be a bishop. How he would rule a diocese, Maria!"

In the course of a few weeks, the family council assembled, for the doctor was really much beloved by all his connections, and his wife had so couched her request for advice that it was quite irresistible. On a bean-feast day, uncles, cousins, and aunts met; and after dining at the doctor's hospitable table, they began to consider what career would be most likely to assure Tom of a happy and prosperous future. The reverend cousin presided, at the general request, and he opened the subject as follows:

"When I got the letter which has brought me here to-day, I felt its appeal so strongly, that I made immediate arrangements to be present. Tom has always been an exemplary boy in conduct, though I must say his progress in the classics is deplorably slow. When I was his age, I read Homer for the pleasure it gave me, and I had Horace by heart. Now, a scholar Tom never will be, of that I have satisfied my self before dinner in a private talk with him. Well, the ground is so far cleared. Tom cannot be a scholar, ergo, he cannot be a clergyman, for of all things inappropriate in my opinion, the extreme is an ignorant divine. In my profession, one ought to be steeped in Greek, permeated with Latin, and saturated with Hebrew. But even if Tom were a born student and of a serious order of mind, I could not advise his parents to devote him to the Church."

Something like a blank fell on Tom's mother at the emphatic closure of the reverend cousin's speech. She had hoped that Tom might have gone to Oxford, as other grammar-school boys had done, and thence to some pretty rectory as a rural parson. While she sat in silent depression, the rest of the company talked in little knots, until the reverend president stopped them by saying, "Now, Uncle John, I call upon you. No one is better able to say if the law promises fame and fortune for the rising generation, as it has done for the past generations since Cicero's time. Shall we make Tom an attorney or a barrister?"

"I am flattered by the manner you cast on my humble abilities," answered Uncle John. "It is a strange coincidence of thought. I have also come down from town expressly to deprecate the putting of our young hopeful to my profession. I believed I could by my reasons before my brother and his good wife better by a few spoken words, than by any extent of correspondence, so I took an early train. Tom must not be a lawyer. Why, I proceed as briefly as I can to explain. First, the profession is more crowded than the market-place. Second, the crowd is daily increasing, because almost every family of the middle classes that has thriven during the past twenty or thirty years is sending a boy into a solicitor's office. The business is supposed to be very lucrative, and it is esteemed highly respectable, which allures the parvenu mind. As to the fiction of the law being a lucrative pursuit, I cannot understand how it originated, still less how it is maintained. A few solicitors, with quite exceptional luck and good connections, may attain to opulence. But the rank and file of the profession merely earn a decent livelihood. If you want to know what fortune does for lawyers in England, read the reports of wills and bequests in the newspapers. While these are telling us of manufacturing, banking, and trading millionaires dying in all parts of the country, they rarely record the demise of a lawyer worth twenty thousand pounds. No, no, the law is not a money-making trade. But it will be still less so, and that is why I warn Tom's parents against it.

"Let me elaborate a little. Since I was put on the rolls, Law Reform, as it is pleasantly called by certain politicians, has been hacking away at our fees continually, until now, certain branches of the profession are no longer remunerative at all. County courts, for instance, have deprived me of hundreds a year. The Judicature Act has damaged my practice still more seriously. However, I am not here to dwell upon my own misfortunes, but to prevent my nephew Tom from having worse, by telling in my footsteps. Past law reforms are trifles to what are coming! In a few years, the most respectable and valuable department of my profession will be simply worthless. I refer to conveyancing. Even now, it is sadly shorn of its former profitableness. Soon it will be a fact. Registration of title is bound to come, with it goes the old system of mortgage deeds and all the costly methods of land transfer. As in America and the colonies, the transfer of real estate will be merely the business of government officials, and the vendor and purchaser, lawyers will be eliminated from such transactions altogether. Then, as regards commercial cases—Chambers of Commerce will go on with their simple methods of arbitration and conciliation, until at last the courts will hear no more of traders' contentions than if such did not exist.

"Last and worst of all, there is growing a steady abhorrence of legal conflicts in all ranks and classes. When I was apprenticed, even the poorest fellow would rush into law against a neighbour or relative with the greatest confidence, yes, and be ruined with a sort of grim satisfaction. In those days, everybody delighted in law. Now, if I am not vastly wide of the mark, men will submit to the rankest frauds and personal assaults as meekly as the most abject Asiatics. Yes, really, the English race, once litigious to a degree, is positively afraid of entering upon the most trumpery suit in the inferior courts. Finally, the lowest of our business, that of the criminal courts, is dwindling into insignificance. Judges are holiday making in maiden assizes all over the country, police stipendiaries are becoming amateurs, and as soon as the teetotalers have made another million

or two of converts, the income of legal men from criminals will be cut. What with popular education, milder manners, law reforms, land reforms, and the rest, no man would think of putting a youngster into the fast decaying legal profession!'

Uncle John spoke with such evident and crushing sincerity that Tom's father and mother uttered a simultaneous groan as he finished, and for a few minutes something like consternation kept all silent.

But the reverend president did not forget his duty, and afterwards resumed in these terms: 'My dear friends, I am sure we are all greatly indebted to Uncle John for his luminous remarks upon the actual and coming condition of the profession, of which he is so distinguished a member. Of course, our dear Tom cannot be a lawyer. Let us therefore proceed with our deliberations into another profession, and venture after the Law. Medicine comes, according to established usage. Tell us therefore, my learned doctor, why you do not think of devoting Tom to your own pursuit. Of that, you must have far clearer and more accurate knowledge than any other person here present. Answer, how hopeless the Church and the Law are, do you not think it best to train Tom to succeed to your own practice?

'I certainly am greatly surprised at what I have just heard of the degenerate state of two noble professions, said Tom's father, indeed I may express myself as stunned by the revelations. Yet, I do not think that the future of the Church and the Law is as discouraging as that of Medicine. If I saw the ghost of a prospect for my boy as a doctor, I would not have put you to the trouble you have so kindly taken to come here and advise me. It is my solemn conviction that in a few years general practitioners in medicine—and that means ninety-nine out of every hundred doctors in this country—will not earn salt. A few men of supreme ability in medicine will have that department of the profession to themselves, a few more will have the surgical, but the good old family doctor, there will be no place in the new house that John Bull is going to build.—You smile, dear friends, at my simile, but the prospect is not amusing to me. Uncle John tells us that his profession is crowded, and that "the cry is still they come." Yes but they are men that come to the Law, whereas, women are swarming into our profession. Think of that, good folks! Realise what it means for the men doctors of the next generation. All our practice among children and women will go to the doctoresses, as a matter of course. Women are naturally fitted for attending upon their own sex, and are, if truly feminine, born *medicos*. Now that they have proved themselves equal to all the tests of the continental dissecting rooms and to brazen out the lecture, and now that they are taking such brilliant degrees, I, for one, throw up the game, and say *place aux dames!*

'Just think! there are nearly a million more women than men in these happy islands, and they are all bound to live. And accentuate the thought by my assurance that there is no one so ambitious and remorseless in professional competition as a clever woman! While our male medical students are dissipating, idling, fooling, as they have always done since Hippocrates' days, their lady rivals are preparing to puzzle a John Hunter, a Claude Bernard, a Bichat, or any savant living or dead. I prophesy that, before the end of this century, women will sit in most of the high places of the medical profession. They have better wits than men, they are more moral, more industrious, and more sympathetic. But I leave this part of the subject for another and more discouraging still—people are beginning to be their *own doctors*! When I was a young man, few persons were bold enough to quack themselves. Now there are millions swallowing homœopathic pills and tinctures, and diagnosing their own ailments themselves! Add to them the other millions who feed themselves on patent medicines, and, I tell you, the field of operation is alarmingly diminished, for both sexes of either sex. Nor have I yet mentioned more than a fraction of my sorrowful tale. Other multitude, who, by all that is fair in social life, instead of following the good old plan of sending for the doctor when they have eaten, drunk, and worked or pleasured too freely, now belt away to some hydropathic palace, and positively turn a fit of sickness into a spell of luxury! Talk about the Sybarites of old! Go rather and look at our 'packed,' shampooed, handled, doudled, and fondled in the vast number of our hydropathic 'Halls of Illness' and sensuous convalescing sanatria! Do not stay to deplore these lapses from the stern old British methods of phlebotomy, leeching, purging and partaking of all that was nauseous, but receive my most startling confidence—the public don't believe in us as of old!

'You, my reverend cousin, have dissuaded us from educating Tom for your own profession, but that profession is still better than mine, for your benefice will benefit you to the end of life, while my fees are growing so steadily less that they will soon be nil. You Uncle John, draw a fearful picture of a non-litigious England, and I felt for you as you drew it. Yet my clients are still more pig-headed. Yours want to live, mine won't go to the doctor. I have at last reached the rock-bottom depth—the public will not weaken as it used to do. When I was walking the hospitals, zymotics were as regular as the tides, and all the year round, fevers and agues went their profitable course. Everybody had a bad cold at least once in the winter. Gout and rheumatism were solid annuities to most of us. Broken limbs were family common in most families. In short, as the proverb ran, "the doctor was never out of the house." Alas, all that has gone! People take such ridiculous care of themselves, "sanitation" is the chatter of every nincompoop, and the fuss about clean cowsheds, pure water, pure air, and the rest, is cutting off the doctor's income at the roots.—Have I said enough, dear friends, to prove to you that Tom cannot be a doctor?'

Tom's father fell into his chair overcome with his own rhetoric, Tom's mother furtively wiped two tributary tears from her eyes, the reverend cousin looked at the ceiling inquiringly, Uncle John frowned sardonically.

Uncle Lucas, the farmer, who had listened in

puzzled bewilderment to the recitals of his relatives, now got leisurely on to his feet, and broke in thus 'Well, well, it's all over with gentlefolks, too, it seems to me I thought that everybody was thriving but the poor farmers, and now I learn that our betters are no better off than ourselves' When our father made me a farmer against my inclination, I thought he was unfair He had made you elder lads into gentlemen, and I felt slighted at being left among clodpolls in the village But I began to think I shall have the best of it after all I am in no trouble to find careers for my two lads and three lasses Since the labourers have begun to skulk over their work and to ask twice as much wages, I have taken the lads to help me Well, we've pulled through a troublesome and disheartening time, and what's more, we've learned a lot I tell you, we've found out how to make farming pay—by doing it ourselves, the lads in the fields, and the girls in the house and dairy We've had to take hold of the rough end of it stick, truly The girls had to give up many of the fal lals that young ladies learn at boarding-school, and the boys had to wear corduroy and hobnailed shoes But they are none the worse for the case hardening they've got Finest lads don't live in the shire, and as to the girls, they're as blithe as the birds, and that, I reckon, is as good a test of contentment as you can get —Now, brother doctor, let me advise you what to do with your son Tom The Church, the Law, and Medicine all shut their doors in his face Open the gate of a field and turn him in to pick up what pasture he can find, and my word for it, he'll not die of hunger Look at his big limbs and his love of action! Why, he is built for a husbandman Even if you could put him to some gentlemanly way of making a living in town, he would not be so happy and so healthy as in the country When he comes to spend a few days with us, the lad is in his element, and works with his cousins right handily Put him in a field, brother, put him in a field'

Uncle Lucas quite astonished his more cultured relatives by his long speech, still more, by the almost pathetic earnestness of his appeal.

The reverend cousin, who had smiled compassionately at the rude beginning of the harangue, grew attentive as it went on, and at the end, clapped his hands approvingly 'Bravo, Uncle Lucas!' he cried, 'thou art the one wise man amongst us —A farmer let Tom be, doctor Churches may fall, legal systems vanish, the healing art be sub ranked by universal hygiene, but the tillage of the land must ever demand tillers During the period of change that has set in so strongly, let us see what remains least affected by the mutations of time and circumstances While man lives on the earth he must eat, and the purveyor of food, therefore, has a first lien upon all the productions of society It flashed into my mind, as Uncle Lucas was speaking, that perhaps the greatest result of all the metamorphoses going on will be the sublimation of husbandry From the beginning, it has been regarded as an inferior career, and has to a certain degree been shunned The age of Feudalism has gone; the age of Gentility is going; the real age of Utility is coming When it is established, the husbandman will be duly honoured and duly rewarded, as the pre eminent citizen, as the venerated conduit through whose limbs and brain that daily bread flows for which we are bidden to pray.'

A pause followed, during which Tom's father began to smile hopefully, and his mother regained serenity

'We educated men,' said the reverend cousin, concluding the business, 'have not done our duty by your class, Uncle Lucas We have kept our intellectual children from your business, to the great retardation of agricultural science Now that the professions are no longer profitable, we shall send some of our best youth to your pursuits We will begin with Tom In the fields, he will find a career open to every talent that providence has endowed him with'

Uncle Lucas prevailed, and Tom 'was turned into a field' What the result will be in these times of agricultural depression, is a thing of the future

SKETCHES

In the far village by the shining sea,
When the white sails, snow gleaming in the light,
Creep up the tidal river to the quay,
And find the glistening captives of the night,
At the abiding to a close
Of the brightness of the day,
Have you forgotten, Lady Rose
Our meeting on the lonely way?

Beyond the dreamy towards, where the trees
With linked branches, olden shadows spread,
While west wind flowers bend before the breeze,
And many an arum lifts her hooded head,
Where the early primrose blows,
Long we lingered, loth to part
Have you forgotten, Lady Rose,
Our earnest converse, heart to heart?

The mossy stonework of the ancient span
That bridged the clear brown waters of the stream,
Where round the stepping stones the eddies ran,
And skipped away with many a sunny gleam
Still beside the river grows
Starry eyed forget me not
Have you forgotten, Lady Rose,
The drooping, faintly coloured knot?

In the home garden, where the ivy crept
Around the ruined coping of the wall,
When in mine own, your trembling hand I kept,
And in the silence heard the night bird's call.
Dear and cold the evening's close,
Sorrow of an adverse fate
Have you forgotten, Lady Rose,
That parting by the wicket gate?

C A Dawson.

Printed and Published by W & R Chambers, 47 Paternoster Row, London, and 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

All Rights Reserved.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL
OF
POPULAR
LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART
Fifth Series
ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832
CONDUCTED BY J. CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)
No. 129.—Vol. III. SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1886. Price 1½d.

ARACHNE AND MELLISSA

When Anne was queen and Mrs Freeman was her mistress, two folk whose names are Arachne and Melissa came one day before the reading public. Those who are up in the literature of the time will remember their portraits, which exposed two well defined and persistent types of humanity—those who get good from every thing like Melissa, and those who draw only evil like Arachne. Now, each of these ladies has left behind her a long train of descendants—a wide spreading gens, as the old Romans would have said—as the people who prefer to drink vinegar out of a golden cup or wine out of a leden, who are to their surroundings as frost on a dew, which so the trodden backward path and the unmounted hills in front through spectacles tinted in black or in rose colour, and who sing their Psalm of Life in the minor key, discordantly, or in the major, with false harmonies. These are the descendants of the Arachne (spider born) and Melissa (honey maker) who, in Queen Anne's time, sucked poison or gathered honey, and we meet them at all four corners of our way.

The Arachnides are for the most part character ised by a strange and chilling silence, when a few words would remove a painful impression or enlighten a dangerous ignorance. When they do speak, their words fall like vocal icicles which freeze and cut at the same time, and they contrive to make their good advice more painful than other people's rebuke, and to give their information the form of a sarcastic reproach in that you did not know it all before. Their presence in society reminds one of the winter whose 'Breath was a chain which without a sound, The earth and the air and the water bound.' Where they are, freedom flags and gaiety declines, and only the most robust of those moral pachydermes who oppose their thick insensitiveness to all outside influences whatsoever, can withstand the lethal effect of the Arachnides. Their small pale eyes wither, their pinched lips paralyse, their very smiles are the fracture of a crystal more than the visible sign of a living friendly heart, and they are the veritable freezing mixtures of life. They take strong and unreasoning dislikes to quite innocent strangers and harmless acquaintances, and will not be convinced that they have no occasion to do so, they quarrel for a mere nothing with those who are so unfortunate as to be their friends and relations, and cannot be induced to make peace or to come to explanation. No one knows what has offended them, but all at once they become like anthropomorphous polar bears to those to whom they had been previously human a little while before, and more intolerable than ever to those to whom they had been intolerable enough when things were at their best. If a ray does not get into their own spiritual lair to hammer away at that leaden cup from which they drink the deadly acid that vitriols all their life and destroys all their happiness, they make the worst of things in every direction. If a cloud has come across the sky of others friendships they do what they can to increase the trouble and to make that permanent which by the nature of things and without their evil offices would have been evanescent. They kill all the tender little growth of growing affection between two young people or two likely companies, and what they cannot do by straight forward means, they do by crooked ones—which comes to the same thing in the end.

If any one is so ill advised as to take one of these Arachnides into his confidence, he is sure to smart for it. His he complained of a common friend? —the grim confidant reps the little abscess till it becomes a gangrened sore, and never lets it alone till it has lost all power of healing. He does the same by the other—the one complained of—till what was a mere nothing in the beginning becomes a cancer which eats into the whole substance of their mutual love, and reduces it to something worse than death. At no time is one of those Arachnides a safe confidant, for so surely as the night follows on the day, so surely will your secret be divulged in one of these moments of pique and ill temper for which the Spider born are famous. Women of the Spider born *gens* are

great in this kind of small treachery. Have you a false tooth?—a well concealed twist of the poor weak spine?—a tress of hair that never grew on your own head?—a blemish on your shoulder beyond the line of the most *décolleté* dress, and to the world therefore as though it were not!—and has Arachne found out, or been told in an impulse of misdirected confidence, one or all these things? It is only a question of time. In time the whole of society will know the fact, and that perfect bit of porcelain which the Generals and the Colonels, the Bishops and the Archdeacons admired so much, will ring cracked for ever after. You might just as well have advertised your secret in the *Times*, and so you find out when too late.

Egotist to their finger tips, the Arachnoides make their own small annoyances the one great thought of their lives. They do not make much account of their blessings, only of their misfortunes, and nothing is so large as a microscopic speck on one of their most luscious fruits. The fate of empires and the fall of nations are not so important as the change of a servant or the ill arrangement of a dinner. The loss of a hundred men in a battle does not touch them so much as the loss of a row of cabbages in their garden, and a burnt lustre out of a set is a more serious affair in their eyes than a passenger ship wrecked on the Cornish coast or a merchant steamer burnt to the waters edge. On one thing only can they be made loquacious—on their own small sufferings. On these they will descant an hour by the clock, and more to come after. But speak to them of the heart anguish of others, and they are unsympathetic, dumb, indifferent. Their fire burns for themselves alone, to all the world beyond they have only ashes and ice to give.

As a physiognomical sign, the Arachnoides do not often look you in the face. They glance rather than gaze with straight and level eyes, and they prefer the corners of their eyes to the centres.

How different it is with those others—those Melisseides who drink their wine of life in deep draughts from golden cups, those sanguine fair-skinned melisseides, those lovers of their kind and rejoicers in the sunshine—those who see own pearl nature tints the whole outlook with roseate hues elegant of the fresh morning and the young day's hope. Wherever they are, things go more easily. They do not suffer troubles to arise, but put their broad backs to the work when strength is required—handle the difficulty with their delicate fingers where tact is needed—and by the marvellous power of their genial temper, smooth all ruffled feathers and still all angry seas. Seeing life as a mixed web, where rare silks are shot through with the coarse fibres of rough hand hemp or common cotton, they prefer not to linger on the hemp nor to fret over the cotton. They think the good is as true as the bad, and when they cannot cure they do not contemplate. When two friends fall apart, they do their level best to bring them together again, and when the skin of the over sensitive shows signs of abrasion and inflammation, they treat it with an anodyne, not an irritant. They are too frank to be untruthful, but they are too genial to be parsimonious of praise or pinched in the matter of verbal accuracy. If a little embroidery can hide the poverty of the original stuff, well, they do embroider, and they think it no sin to expound a text already given. Thus they make a grudging admission on the part of A that B is not quite such a ruffian after all as Mr A imagined, do as much good work as a positive statement that B is a very fine fellow indeed, and A has no fault to find with him anyhow. By which they knit up that weak bit of the rope, and the two friends, who had strayed so far apart, are hauled up into line as before.

When these workers in gold are, what common prudence calls friends, with the workers in lead, the former have a hard time of it. They are always at the point where the Arachnoides are backing and the Melisseides are pulling—where the one are trying to break and the other doing their best to hold. The Arachnoides takes off nose at a word, and by a gesture, a thing done or not done, and the Melisseides will not have it. 'Come, old fellow, what's up now?' he says in that round cheery voice of his which suggests honey and sunshine, or a strong west wind, or any thing else you like both sweet and wholesome. Probably the Arachnoides pouches his lips and says 'Nothing;' but 'nothing' does not answer the purpose, and an explanation is forced—if indeed that poor chilled soul can be forced into any thing frank and human. If he can't, then the other does his best to laugh away the cloud and to go on as before, but it all depends on the mood of the Spider born whether this frankness will be an offence or a clearance—whether it will win the day or lose it for ever. Unlike the Arachnoides, who is indolent in that hard which, when it is stand or stand over so highly, breaks it into into crystals, the Melisseides is almost impossible to freeze. Even his anger has a touch of generous pity in it, in that a man should be such a fool as so wrong herself, and where the one will not forgive the smallest mistake, the other will forget the greatest wrong and trust to better things in the future. Tender of heart, he measures all good impulses in himself, and recognises them with glad eyes in others, and as centrally peace loving, as the really strong ever are, he is slow to wash his spurs, and only when forced by self respecting gives out to fight his foe. Generous as a master and genial as an administrator, he puts up with the worries and disappointments inevitable to his business what ever it may be, not troubling the gods with his complaints because men are made of clay, and every now and then break in the handling and fly in the firing. On the contrary, he makes the best of things even when they are bad, and looks to the perfected work rather than to the alterative, which can't now be mended. He believes in the doctrine of encouragement rather than in the theory of repression, and thinks when men know that they are trusted to do well, they do better than when they know that they are expected to do ill—with the handcuffs to follow. He has no great faith in gags and bearing reins, whips and spurs, for any kind of team that he may have to manage. He trusts rather to the cheering voice and the guiding hand, and his choice of method is justified by its results. In all troublous times, the Melisseides—he who looks at a man's circumstances from that man's own

standpoint, and not from one external, unintelligent and unsympathetic—escapes the doom accorded to the Arachnides, and lives in peaceful security where those other ones are not safe, however well protected. If such as he did not form what Matthew Arnold calls the remnant society would stand still like the clogged wheels of a watch, and men would perish in the moral desert as they perish in the material. The righteous man who saves cities is they who do good to their brother man as well as they who pray to God, and "the prayeth best who loves the best in a phrase we all know by heart, and some of us by heart and heart as well."

In hours of doubt and danger the Arachnid departs, but the Multitude looks to for the work of decision and deliverance, perhaps, while a ray of light remains, or a plank whole out of the wreck. The one cannot spell success, the other will not learn to say defeat. The one could not hold on, the other cannot let go. Hence we call men and the workers Arachnid successful in life and the meed which they have to take for themselves is apt to be little scant in quantity and sour in quality. The others, on the contrary, for their merit put on record. They have not only a longer volume of life to bear them on, but they have also the art of making friend, such as the poor tired prison-pinched souls do not know. They are thus backed by their own strength, and given a helping hand by the strength of others where the Arachnid's gift no aliment is and soon comes to the end of their own power. Then they may plum of their all back, or peak of a sect cause with work in the dark against them, and, as men, they go into the sunless labyrinth of sorrows, by which they even at their poor very and all temper, their sources and errors. They say evently that none knows what they suffer save those who are in like manner afflicted, and that they alone can measure the pain they endure. Perhaps the intemperate interlocutor thinks to himself 'A little honey mixed in with all thy vinegar, O Arachnite, would soften much of thy misery and reduce thy misfortunes to zero, and the milk of human kindness set to mild cream is a better spiritual drink than the poison thou distillest and the vinegar which makes thee thin and the pot than whey, which is but serum with all the cream and cheese and butter taken out is bad nourishment for man or babes.

IN ALL SHADES.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Dupuy had fixed 'the great and terrible day' for Wednesday evening. On Monday afternoon, Harry and Nora, accompanied by Mr Dupuy, went for a ride in the cool of dusk among the hills together. Around this day was looking its very best. The tall and feathery bamboos that overhung the serpentine pathways stood out in exquisite charms of outline, like Japanese designs, against the tender background of pearl-grey sky. The tree ferns rose lush and green among the bracken after yesterday's brief and refreshing thunder shower. The scarlet hibiscus trees beside the negro huts were in the full blush of their first flowering season. The poinsettias, not, as in England, mere stiff standard plants from florists' cuttings, but rising proudly into graceful trees of free and rounded growth, with long, drooping branches, spread all about their great rosettes of crimson leaflets to the gorgeous dying sunlight. The broad green foliage of the ribbed bananas in the negro gardens put to shame the flimsy tropical make believes of Kew or Monte Carlo. For the first time it seemed to Harry Neal he was riding through the true and beautiful tropics of poets and painters, and the reason was not difficult to guess, for Nora—Nora really seemed to be more kindly disposed to him. After all she was not made of stone, and they had an interest in common which the rest of the house of Dupuy did not share with Nora—the interest in Edward and Marian Hawthorn. You can't have a better introduction to any girl's heart—though I dare say it may be very wicked indeed to acknowledge it—than a common attachment to some lady or something, tabooed or opposed by the parental authority.

Mr Dupuy rode first in the little single file cavalcade, as he was the senior, and Mr Dupuy's cob had somehow a strange habit of keeping fifty yards ahead of the other horses, which was the owner on this particular occasion no little to the vexation of Harry and Nora, followed behind at a respectful distance, and Harry, who had been hit a new horse of his own the day before, and who brought up the rear on his fresh mount, could curiously unknown of putting his latest purchase through its paces, as one might naturally have expected him to do under the circumstances. On the contrary he hung about behind most unconsciously, delaying Nora by every means in his power, and Mr Dupuy, looking back from his cob every now and again grew almost weary of calling out a dozen times over, 'Now then Nora, you can canter up over this little bit of level, and catch me up, can't you, surely?'

If it weren't for the old gentleman Harry thought to himself more than once, 'I really think I should take this opportunity of speaking to Nora—he always called her 'Nora' in his own heart—a well known symptom of the advanced stages of the disease—though she was of course 'Miss Dupuy' alone in conversation. Or even if we were on a decent English road, now, where you can ride two abreast, and have a *tête à tête* quite as comfortably as in an ordinary drawing room! But it's clearly impossible to propose to a girl when she's riding a whole horse length in front of you on a one horse pathway. You can't shout out to her "My beloved, I adore you," at the top of your voice, as they do at the opera, especially with her own father—presumably devoted to the rival interest—hanging ahead within moderate earshot. So Harry was compelled to repress for the present his ardent declaration, and continue talking to Nora Dupuy about Edward and Marian, a subject which, as he acutely perceived, was more likely to bring them into sympathy with one another than any alternative theme he could possibly have hit upon.

Presently, they descended again upon the plain, and Mr Dupuy was just about to canter them in

a narrow lane, almost wide enough for three abreast, and bordered by a prickly hedge of cactus and pingum, when, to Nora's great surprise, Tom Dupuy, on his celebrated chestnut mare Sambo Gal, came cantering up in the opposite direction, as if on purpose to catch and meet them. Tom wasn't often to be found away from his cane at that time of day, and Nora had very little doubt indeed that he had caught a glimpse of Harry and herself from Pimento Valley, on the zigzag mountain path, without noticing her father on in front of them, and had ridden out with the express intention of breaking in upon their supposed *tête-à-tête*.

Mr Dupuy unconsciously prevented him from carrying out this natural design. Meeting his nephew first in the narrow pathway, he was just going to make him turn round and ride alongside with him, when Nora, seized with a sudden fancy, half wished to Harry Noel—'I'm not going to ride with Tom Dupuy, I can't endure him, I shall turn and ride back in the opposite direction.'

'We must tell your father,' Harry said, hesitating.

'Oh come,' Nora answered decidedly—'Papa,' she continued, raising her voice, 'we are going to ride back again and round by Delgado's but you know—the mountain cabbage palm tree was so much prettier, and I want to show it to Mr Noel. You and Tom Dupuy can turn and follow me.—The cob always goes about, you see, Mr Noel, if one chooses allowed to get in front of the other horses.'

They turned back once more in this reversed order, Nora and Harry Noel leading, the way, and Mr Dupuy, almost with Tom following behind somewhat ungrily, till they came to a point in the narrow lane where a gap in the hedge led into a patch of jungle on the right hand side. An old negro had crept out of it just before them, carrying on his head, poised quite easily, a big fagot of sticks for his cottage fireplace. The old man kept the middle of the lane, just in front of them, and made not the slightest movement to right or left, as if he had no particular intention of allowing them to pass. Harry had just given his new horse a tap with the whip, and they were trotting along to get well in front of the two followers, so he didn't greatly relish this untoward obstacle thrown so unexpectedly in his way. 'Get out of the road, will you, you there!' he shouted angrily. 'Don't you see a lady's coming? Stand aside this minute, my good fellow, and let her pass, I tell you.'

Delgado turned round, almost as the horse's nose was upon him, and looking the young man defiantly in the face, answered with an obvious sneer. 'Who is you, sah, dat you speak to me like a dat? Dis is de Queen high road, for nuyyur an' for buckra. You doesn't got no right at all to turn me off it.'

Harry recognised his man at once, and the hot temper of the Lancashire Noels blazed up within him. He hit out at the fellow with his riding whip vicinously. Delgado didn't attempt to dodge the blow—a negro never does—but merely turned his head haughtily, so that the bundle of sticks pushed hard against the horse's nose, and set it bleeding with the force of the sudden turn. Delgado knew it would. The sticks, in fact, were prickly enough. The horse plunged and reared a little, and backed up in fright against the cactus hedge. The sharp cactus spines and the long, dog like needles of the pingum leaves in the hedgerow goaded his flank severely as he backed against them. He gave another plunge, and hit up wildly against Nora's mount. Nora kept her seat bravely, but with some difficulty. Harry was furious. Forgetting himself entirely, he knocked the bundle of sticks off the old man's head with a sudden swish of his thick riding crop, and then proceeded to lay the whip twice or three times about Delgado's ears with angry vehemence. To his great surprise, Delgado stood, erect and motionless, as if he didn't even notice the blows. Apparently what he took to be the man's submissiveness Harry dug his heel into his horse's side and hurried forward to upon Nora, who rode off hastily to avoid the turmoil.

'He's an ill conditioned, rude, bad blooded fellow, that nigger there, he said apologetically to his pretty companion. 'I know him before. He's the very same man I told you of the other evening, that wouldn't pick my whip up for me the first day I came to Trinidad. I'm glad he's had a taste of it to day for his continual impudence.'

'He'll have you up for assault, you may be sure, Mr Noel,' Nora answered earnestly. 'And if Mr Hewitt in trying the case, he'll give it against you for he'll never allow any white man to strike a negro. That means name Delgado, a man African, you know—an unpaid African—and a regular savage, and he had beautiful quarrel on with papa and Tom Dupuy about the wages, which papa has never forgiven. But Mr Hewitt in Trinidad—and Nora dropped her voice a little—'that has really had a great deal of provocation and that Tom Dupuy behaved shamefully, which of course is very probable, for what can you expect from Tom Dupuy, Mr Noel?—But still—and this she said very loudly—'all the negroes themselves will tell you that Louis Delgado is a regular rattlesnake, and you must put your foot firmly down upon him if you want to curb him.'

'If you put your foot on a rattlesnake,' Louis Delgado cried aloud from behind, in angry accents, 'you crush a rattlesnake, but a rattlesnake sting you, so you die.' And then he muttered to himself in lower tones. 'An' de rattlesnake has got sting in him tail dat will hurt dat mulatto man from England, still, dat link himself proper bu kra.'

Tom Dupuy and his uncle had just reached the spot when Louis Delgado said angrily to himself, in negro soliloquy, this offensive sentence. Tom reined in and looked smilingly at his uncle as Delgado said it. 'So you know something, too, about this confounded Englishman, you wretched nigger you!' he said condescendingly. 'You've found out that our friend Noel's a woolly headed mulatto, have you, Delgado?'

Louis Delgado's eyes sparkled with gratified malevolence as he answered with a cunning smile. 'Ah, Massah Tom Dupuy, you glad to hear dat, ah! You want to get some information from de poor nayyur dis chanin', do you? No, no, sah, de Dupuys an' me, we is not fran';

we is at variance one wit de odder I doant gwine to tell you nuffin' it all, sah, about de buckra from England But when mule kick too much, I say to him often "Ha, ha, me fren', you is too proud You think you is horse I spose you doant rightly remember dat your own father wasn't nuffin' but a common jackass!"

He loved to play with both his intended victims at once, as a cat plays with a captured mouse before she kills it Keep him in suspense as long as you can—that is the point of the game Dandle him, and torture him and hold him off, but never tell him the truth out right, for good or for evil, as long as you can possibly help it

'Do you really know anything,' Tom Dupuy asked eagerly, 'or are you only guessing, like all the rest of us? Do you mean to tell me you've got any proof that the fellow's a nigger? —Come, come, Delgado, we may have quarrelled but you needn't be nasty about it I've got a grudge against this man Noel, and I don't mind paying you liberally for anything you can tell me against him'

But Delgado shook his head doubtfully 'I doant want your money, sah,' he muttered with a slow drawl, 'I want more than your money if I want anything But I want gwine to help you, an' me can tell an' buckra for buckra, an' colour for colour If you want to find out about him, why doant you write to de buckra gentleman over in Barbadoes?'

He kept the pun of what man there dandling and pulling, for twenty minutes nearly while Harry and Noel went round away down towards the mountain cabbage palms It plays Delgado thus to be able to hold the two together on the tenter hooks of suspense—to exercise his power before the two victims At last, Tom Dupuy couldn't stand to delay entirely Delgado he said with much impatience, 'you know I don't often ask a favour of a nigger—it isn't the way with us Dupuys it isn't run in the family—but still, I ask you as a personal favour to tell me whatever you know about this matter I have reasons of my own which make me ask you as a personal favour'

Delgado eyes glistened horribly 'Buckra,' he answered with a hideous grin, dropping all the usual polite formula, 'I will tell you de time den, I will tell you all about it Dat man Noel is son ob brown gal from ole Barbadoes He name is Badleigh, an his family is brown folks dat lib at place dem call de Wilderness I hear all about dem from Isaac Pourtalès Pourtalès an dis man Noel, dem is but cousin De man is brown just same like Isaac Pourtalès!'

'By George, Uncle Theodore!' Tom Dupuy cried exultantly, 'Delgado's right—right to the letter Pourtalès is a Barbadoes man his father was one of the Pourtalèses of this island who settled in Barbadoes, and his mother must have been one of these brown Badleighs Noel told us himself the other day his mother was a Badleigh—a Badleigh of the Wilderness He's been over in Barbadoes looking after their property—By Jove, Delgado, I'd rather have a piece of news like that than a hundred pounds'—We shall stick a pin, after all, Uncle Theodore, in that compounded, stuck up, fal-lal mulatto man'

'It's too late to follow them up by the mountain cabbages,' Mr Theodore Dupuy exclaimed with an anxious sigh—how did he know but that at that very moment this undoubted brown man might be proposing (him, his impudence) to his daughter Noel!—'it's too late to follow them, if we mean to dress for dinner We must go home straight by the trail, and even then we won't overtake them before they're back at Orange Grove, I'm afraid, Tom'

Delgado stood in the middle of the lane and watched them retreating at an easy canter, then he solemnly replaced the bundle of sticks on the top of his head, spread out his hands and fingers in the most expressively derisive African attitudes, and began to dance with wild grotesque a sort of imaginary triumphal war dance over his intended slaughter 'Ha, ha,' he cried aloud, 'Wednesday chanin—Wednesday chanin! De great and terrible day ob de Lord comin for true on Wednesday chanin!' Slay, slay, slay, an' leave not one hibbin soul behind in de land of de Amikikits But is de first an de last poor nigger I kill gwine to do for Tom Dupuy, I'm certain I doant want his money, I tell him, but I want de blood ob him On Wednesday night, I gwine to get it Ha, ha! We gwine to lay de remnant ob de Amikikits' He paused a moment, and poised the bundle more evenly on his head, then he went on, walking homewards more quietly, but talking to himself aloud, in a clear, musical, guttural voice, as negroes will do, under the influence of powerful excitement 'What for I doant tell dat man Noel himself dat he is multiby when him hit me?' he asked himself with rhetorical earnestness 'Because I doant want to go an spoil de fun ob de whole discovery If I tell him, dat doant nuffin—even I tell de massy Tom Dupuy is proper buckra he hate Noel, an' Noel hate him' He swung to tell it so it sting Noel He wine to disgrace dat proud man before de buckras an before de massy!'

He paused again, and chewed violently for a minute or two it a piece of cane he pulled out of his pocket then he spit out the dry refuse with a fierce explosion of laughter, and went on again 'But I doant gwine to punish Noel like I gwine to punish de Dupuys in de massy Noel is fren' ob Mistah Hewton, de fren ob de nayger dat gwine to be imputed to him for righteousness In de great and terrible day, de angel gwine to pass ober Noel, gwine as him pass ober de house ob Israel, but be house ob de Dupuy shall perish utterly like de house ob Pharaoh, an' like de house ob Saul, king ob Israel, whose seed was destroyed out ob de land, so dat not one ob dem left

THE MODERN PRIZE SYSTEM

It may be accepted as a principle that the education question admits of no final settlement in a state of progressive civilisation Methods and forms, possibly the outcome of much thought and effort, established in one age, become cumbrous or altogether valueless in the next They are found unsuited to the requirements of the later period, during which a demand has arisen for other kinds of knowledge, or for more advanced

teaching in subjects previously treated in an elementary manner only. Hence it follows that the minds of enlightened natures become directed to educational matters with a certain degree of periodicity from time to time the education question becomes a burning one.

The most superficial reader of the daily papers or magazines cannot fail to have been struck latterly by the increasing attention bestowed on such matters by the people of these countries, so decided an influence is exert l by these considerations on the public just now that we find them furnishing a test in some districts for parliamentary or other representatives. At social and literary gatherings, such questions as the following are warmly discussed: Should the State provide and maintain schools for the people, or should these be merely left to individual enterprise, as at present?—Should Government interference take the form it has done in recent educational experiments, whereby two universities and one grand scheme of intermediate education have been framed on the lines of mere examining boards, drawing public purse money?—What is the relative value of the kinds of instruction ordinarily given in schools?—How may the desire of information be aroused among the masses, and in what way may the stimulus be best applied?

These and other questions of a kindred nature occupy the thoughts of many at this time. It is not our present purpose to deal with the whole question of education, but to consider very briefly one aspect of it—namely, prizes and their distribution.

If we inquire what inducements are offered to pupils to excel in special subjects or to proceed to higher branches of them, we find that the same general plan is followed in all our institutions, from the most elementary to the highest—namely, in many prizes or their equivalent in books or medals, the obtaining of which presupposes a competitive examination. In most instances the prize money is paid in cash to the successful candidate. The age in which we live is eminently competitive, a fact early recognised by children at school and still better understood in after life. In comparing ourselves with our neighbours, may it not be a fact that we are an over-examined people? We may further ask, are examinations always fair tests of ability? Is the reward system, as we have it, the best means of promoting higher culture?

The world have had any experience at all of examinations must have been over and over again surprised at the order in which candidates known to them are placed on the Honour list. There is a certain element of chance about examinations rapidly conducted that cannot be eliminated, and which may lead to the disappointment of the most excellent hopes. A dull, not student, who has perhaps overtaxed himself physically in preparation for, or who is over anxious about the examination, fails utterly, or is surpassed by some one of very superficial attainments. It seems to us that the verdict of a teacher, or, to present favouritism, of several teachers, as to the relative merits of the pupils long under their training and observation, has some advantages over the examination method at present in vogue, success in which is so often attained by an unhealthy effort of 'cramming,' as by patient and honest study. Doubtless, examinations for some purposes cannot be entirely dispensed with, but must remain as necessary evils. Still, their frequency could be reduced considerably with decided benefit to the physical, and probably also to the intellectual, condition of the rising generation.

The second part of our question remains to be considered. Is the present reward system the best means of promoting higher culture? Let us suppose a case. There is a class of twenty pupils engaged upon a subject for which a valuable prize is offered. Possibly seventeen of these, from their inferior capacities or their class fellows, conclude that the prize lies between the remaining three, and that there is no use trying for it. The prize and perhaps the subject also have no longer any interest for them; they cease to study, or at all events do little. The three amongst whom the prize lies are the most diligent, who probably like the subject, or learning generally for its own sake, or who, from vanity or ambition, are anxious to excel. These are they to whom the stimulus is applied, but they are the very pupils that need no further stimulus. The spur is virtually withheld from those requiring it, and applied to those who need it not.

If it be conceded that the need of a prize is indicated in such cases, we must avoid running to the opposite extreme in trying to effect it. No one will suggest that the method of reward as applied to donkey races would meet the case. With our present light we are not prepared to recommend a thorough going remedy. Much may, however, be done for the cause of true culture by modifying the distribution of prizes. The current notion of a prize is, that it is a reward for something well done, due as soon as the meritorious act is accomplished. Etymologically considered, the word conveys nothing more than that. A higher estimate of the function of a prize might advantageously be substituted for the one implied in the above definition. If it were regarded not merely as a reward for something past and done, but also as a stimulus to further effort in the same direction, more lasting good might be effected, and a modification of the present system of distribution would become a necessity. For example, a large money prize obtained in a junior school, instead of being paid directly to the successful candidate, might be divided into two unequal sums, the smaller to provide a medal or book, &c., as a tangible evidence of distinction, the larger, to be applied as fees at a neighbouring high school or college where the favourite subjects could be studied for a longer period free of cost to the pupil. The payment of the larger instalment could be made contingent upon the successful candidate desiring to prosecute his studies further. In the event of the pupil electing to abandon study in favour of trade or business, or from mere disinclination, the medal, book, &c., showing the position attained, might alone be presented, and the balance of the prize money be forfeited.

Among other benefits resulting from this scheme we might mention—that cramming would be diminished to an appreciable extent. A common practice nowadays with many who enter for prize

examinations is to hurriedly prepare a large number of subjects, selected more with reference to their maximum of marks than to the tastes of the pupil, then to obtain the coveted prize, and subsequently to forget the mass of undigested information with which their memories have been surfeited, possibly never to return without disgust to the consideration of them.

We fancy such a modification as sketched above would influence favourably those who select a subject for its own sake and are desirous of knowing it perfectly. If successful in the elementary schools, the means are gained for following it up in a more advanced one till it is finally mastered, the information having been gradually imparted and more perfectly assimilated. On the other hand, the scheme would rather repel those alluded to before, who study hurriedly particular branches solely for the sake of the money to be gained, only so long as this is at once paid to them in the form of cash.

The plan recommended appears to be incompatible with separate or private educational enterprises, many of which depend for their maintenance and efficiency on large fees. The want of uniformity in constitution and management of elementary schools, and the want of harmonious action resulting from the rivalry between them, scarcely offer the proper conditions for the full development of the plan. In a few large towns, where the relations between schools have rendered its introduction possible, it has been eminently successful. Pupils of marked intellectual power, belonging to the less opulent classes, have been induced by the operation of this system to proceed from primary to intermediate school, and ultimately to the attainment of the highest distinctions at the English universities, following specially at each advancement the subject of their choice.

Undoubtedly, a complete State controlled educational scheme embracing all grades would render possible the general adoption of this method of applying large money prizes. In offering this suggestion as a plea in favour of State education we must bear in mind that the State system depends for its favourable reception on considerations of much greater moment, which cannot in our present limits be discussed.

TREASURE TROVE.

A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAP. III.

After a sleepless night of suspense and dread, Bertha, who was always up first in the little household, lingered in her room until long after her usual time, not daring to descend, for fear of meeting Jasper Rodley, and only did so at the personal summons of her father, who assured her that their visitor had gone.

Contrary to his usual habit, the captain was silent during breakfast, and the girl's heart, which had been brightened partly by the departure of Jasper Rodley, and partly by the thought that it was Wednesday, interpreted the silence of her father as ominous. After breakfast, she began to prepare as usual for her weekly visit to Saint Quinians' market.

'Bertha,' said her father, who had lighted his pipe and was stumping up and down the room, 'don't hurry to day. An hour or so cannot make much difference. I want to speak to you.'

Pale and trembling, the girl took her seat at the open window, through which streamed the early sunshine.

'Jasper Rodley was talking to me for a long time last night,' continued the old man. 'I think he is a nice young fellow, and I am sure you have made an impression on him.'

Another person better versed in the art of approaching a delicate subject would have chosen a more circuitous mode of procedure, but the simple, blunt, old sailor knew very little about conversational wile and artifice, and could only go straight to the point.

Bertha did not answer, but sat motionless, with her eyes fixed on the shining rocks and the tumbling sea beyond.

So her father continued. 'And I don't think you could do better, in case he should make any proposal to you about—about marriage, than accept him. In fact, it is my wish that you should do so.'

Bertha remained silent for some moments, then she moved from her seat, placed herself on the stool by her father's side, took his hand in hers, and said: 'Father, my dearest wish is to please you and to do all that you wish. I have but one other friend in the world besides you, and no other relation. You have been the best of fathers to me, and I have tried to be a good daughter to you, but I cannot, oh, I cannot obey you in this!'

'But, my lass,' continued the old man, who was evidently moved by the earnest manner in which the girl spoke, 'Jasper Rodley is a man of whom said—good looking, of respectable birth, and doing well. He would make you happy, and another important thing—he would not take you from me.'

'Oh, it is not that, father—no, no!' exclaimed the girl.

'But you must have some reason for not liking him!'

'Yes, I have the best of reasons, father. In the first place, you know very little about him, or you could not speak so highly of him as you do. He is a man of doubtful character, as you may find out by asking any one in Saint Quinians. In the second place, I—I don't love him, and could never get to love him, or even like him. And in the third place ——'

'Well, lass, well!'

'In the third place, I am betrothed to another.'

'Betrothed to another!' exclaimed her father in amazement. 'Why, that is impossible! You never see any one, no one ever comes here, and I cannot believe that all this time you have been deceiving me by carrying on a acquaintance, when you have so often protest that you live for me, and me only.'

'I have never dared tell you, father,' cried the girl. 'But it is a weight off my mind, now that you know. And, father, remember that I am not a child, and that, fond as I am of you and the old home, I could not go through life without some love of another kind than that I feel for you.'

Bertha had never spoken to her father in this style before, and the old man looked at her with mingled astonishment and reproach. Then he said: 'Bertha, I have particular reasons for wishing you to marry Jasper Rodley. I am in his power.'

The girl recalled what Rodley had said to her on the previous Wednesday, and knew now that there was a mystery in which her father and Rodley were involved, a mystery which insinuatively filled her with dread that, during all those years of peace and quiet, something had been enacted between them which had been carefully kept from her, and that the interview of the previous evening was but the climax of a long gathering storm. Many little changes in her father's manner and habits during the past four years had mystified her, now they were partially accounted for, and yet, to her recollection, she had never seen Jasper Rodley before the present month.

'In his power, father!' she exclaimed. 'How can you be in his power?'

'That I cannot even tell you, my loved one.'

'If you went out into the world, and had business dealings with other men, I could perhaps understand that you, being so simple and good minded, might be drawn into the power of bad men, father,' cried Bertha. 'But you see none but me, you get no letters, you never go even into Saint Quintans, and yet you are in the power of a stranger!'

The old man shook his head, and continued: 'It is kind of you, Bertha, to say that I am good minded, but I am a rogue.'

'You a rogue—my own, good, dear father!' exclaimed the girl. 'No, no! Were a hundred Rodleys to swear on their knees that you were a rogue, I would tell them they lied!'

'Yet, it is true, lass,' said the old man softly, 'and it is to save me from the consequences of being a rogue, that I ask you to accept Jasper Rodley's offer of marriage. You have a week in which to decide.'

'A week! Seven short days!' cried his daughter, springing from her seat. 'But there is time. I must go, father, now; don't keep me, for every minute is of value.'

The old man would have said something, but she hurried from the room, and in a few minutes had started.

Never before had the four miles between home and Saint Quintans seemed so long to Bertha; never before had she trod the familiar road unmindful of the beauties of nature around her, and on this April morning nature was very beautiful; but she had no eyes for the majestic green waves splintering into clouds of spray on the shining rocks, for the white winged birds riding on the swell, for the sweet scented herbage, or the blue sky glimmering between the dark branches of the pines. Simply she gazed on the gray walled, red roofed old town ahead of her, at the entrance of which some one would be waiting to greet her with open arms and glad smile. And her heart felt a little sinking as she gained the sandy eminence whence she generally got a first sight of his figure coming to meet her, and saw no one! She was later than usual, certainly, but he would have waited for her, she felt assured. He was not under the archway, nor coming up the street from the market place, nor, when she arrived at the market place, could she descry him anywhere.

'Ah, Mis Bertha!' said one of her market-friends. 'And how's the poor young gentleman gettin' on?'

'The poor young gentleman!' repeated Bertha. 'Why, Mis Hardingson, who do you mean?'

'Why, who should I mean but Mi Symonds? Surely you've heard of his accident picked out of the South Tossy, half dead an'——'

Bertha almost dropped her baskets, and her blood ran cold within her; then, without waiting to hear further details, she hurried away to the office in which Harry was. The head partner received her with the utmost urbanity, and corroborated what the market woman had said, stating, that when Harry did not appear at the office at the usual hour, a messenger was sent to his lodgings, who returned with the answer that nothing was known about him. Later in the day he was found lying insensible in the Old Town Ditch. The gentleman added, that although Harry had had a narrow escape, he was out of danger.

From the office, Bertha went to her lover's lodgings. The servant told her that Harry was in bed, very weak and excitable, but that the doctor spoke hopefully.

She sent him up a long written message, reproaching him with having kept the facts from her, and bidding him lose no precautions for getting better, as she had urgent need of him, but avoiding all direct allusion to what had taken place at home. A painfully scrawled answer came back to her to the effect that the doctor had assured him that within a week he ought to be able to get out, and sending her all sorts of loving messages.

Brief as all this is to tell, Bertha found that she had spent nearly two hours since her arrival in the town in finding out about Harry, so that, when she turned again into the market place to begin her purchases, it was the usual hour when she was due at home, and by the time she had finished, the church bells were chiming three o'clock. As she turned out of the arch on to the homeward road, she felt bewildered and upset by the events of the past few hours as she had never felt before, and the central figure in the midst of her mental confusion was that of Jasper Rodley. Instinctively, she associated him with what had happened to Harry. All the circumstances pointed to him as being the author of the harm—the anger in which the two young men had parted, Harry's avowed intention of getting an explanation from Rodley, and the discovery of the former in the Town Ditch a few hours later. To such an extent were her feelings worked up, that she dreaded arriving at home, for fear that Jasper Rodley should be there to meet her and to push his suit, and so,

resolving to linger as long as possible, she turned from the direct road over the sandhills, and struck into a more devious path, which led amongst the rocks on the edge of the sea.

So busy was she communing with herself that she did not observe the tide, which she imagined was receding, to be rising fast, and had proceeded for two miles before she noticed that she was cut off from the sandhills by a broad, deep, rapidly increasing sheet of troubled water. For a moment she hesitated, yet not from fear, for familiarity since early childhood with rocks and tides had saved her more than once from a similar predicament, and had made her an expert in rock scrambling, but from the fact that her absence of mind had caused her to miss the right path. However, she quickly decided, and in spite of being heavily handicapped by the burden of two baskets, struck straight up a ledge of fantastic rock which, she seemed to remember, communicated even at high tide with the shore. But, to her horror and dismay, when she arrived at the summit she beheld a fast running, angry current separating her from the sandhills, upon which, not a quarter of a mile away, stood her father's house. There was nothing to be done but to make for the rocks which towered above her on her right hand, and which she could see were never touched by the waves. Once up there, and she was safe; but the getting there was a problem even for her with her youthful strength and activity. As the rising water was directly lapping at her heels and would advance to a level some inches above her heel, there was no time to delay. Before turning, she shouted, in order to attract the attention of some one in the house; but the wind was blowing in her teeth, and she knew that she would not call her breath for the climb before her.

It was a quarter of an hour's race with the tide. At each one of Bethia's upward steps, the green water seemed to make a step. More than once she slipped back, and was over her ankles in water, but at length she reached the haven, and sank down on a table of dry rock, utterly exhausted, her hands torn and bleeding, her dress in tatters and drenched with water, safe from a fearful death, but face to face with the prospect of having to pass long dark hours in a wild desolate spot, and at the risk of being discovered by some of the lawless characters who made the rocks their homes, their castles, and their storehouses.

It was some time before she was sufficiently recovered to examine her place of refuge. When she did so, she found that she was on the very ridge of one steep cliff, and at the foot of another as high, but not so inaccessible. She was well above the water, for, clinging to the sides of the cliff and springing up between the clefts of the rocks, were thick stunted bushes, and even here and there the tinted head of a hardy flower. But suddenly her attention was drawn from the geography of her surroundings to the mark of a boot on the patch of bright sand behind the rock. A tremor seized her at first, for she imagined that she must have chosen a smugglers' haunt as her place of refuge, but her fear turned into joy when she noticed that there was but the impression of a left foot, and that the spot the right foot would have occupied was marked by a hole such as the ferrule of a thick stick would make, and she knew that the traces were those of her father. The marks came up from below, and stopped abruptly at a thick bush. Something prompted the girl to stir this bush with her foot, and, to her surprise, it came away in a mass, and displayed an orifice in the rock just large enough to admit of one man passing. Her curiosity was now aroused, and overruling all considerations concerning her personal safety, and the advisability of getting home as soon as possible, she entered the opening, and found herself in a tolerably large cavern, the sandy floor of which was covered with marks corresponding to those outside, but which were especially numerous about a large round stone which, from its disassociation to the material of the cavern, seemed to have been brought from the beach below. Exerting all her strength, she moved the stone, and staggered back with an exclamation of amazement. On a wooden bench placed in a hollow she beheld a dozen canvas bags, which, when she lifted them, clinked with the unmistakable sound of coin. But what startled her even more than the discovery itself was that each bag was upon it, in bold clipped letters, the word, 'Turtiby & Co., Saint Dunmans.'

A terrible light now broke upon her. Turtiby & Co. were the bankers in whose employ Harry Symonds had been when they were robbed four years previously of thirty thousand pounds in overseas, and she too well understood now with what faith a man upon whom rested such a charge, and what was the nature of the influence which Jasper Rolly had over him. She stood for some moments mute but, sick at heart, but from a chill, and every limb trembling. How should she act? A thing that she could do would remove the fact that during the past four years her father had been making use of coin which belonged to other people, although, by taking the money away, she could screen him from the public shame of having it in his possession. Oh! she thought, if Harry could be with her but for five minutes to decide for her!

Daylight was fast fading away, so that every moment was of value. She decided that she would get home as soon as possible, tell her father that business, pressing him to return the money to the bankers, making up the deficit which he had made, and informing them how and where he had found it. If this could be done without allowing the name of Jasper Rolly, she might defy him to do his worst, and clear her father of all suspicion. So she replaced the stone, covered up the entrance to the cave with the bush, and followed the marks on the thin sand path, which, to her joy, led over a ridge of rocks hitherto invisible to her, to the shore. Scarcely had she passed along, when the figure of Jasper Rodley rose from behind a rock close by the cavern entrance, his eyes bright with malignant satisfaction at having watched all her movements unseen.

Bethia found her father in a terrible state of anxiety, and she had to explain how she had been overtaken by the tide on her homeward journey, before she could trouble the topic uppermost in her mind and then, just as she was about to tell the captain of her discovery

Mr Jasper Redly walked into the room, and announced his intention of staying the night, so that she would have no opportunity of speaking to her father in private until the next day

WONDERS OF MEMORY

In 'all great people have great memories,' as Sir Arthur Helps declares in his delightful book entitled *Social Pleasure*, it by no means follows that all those who are possessed of great memories are 'great people' Many an instance might be cited to show that men of very moderate intellectual capacity may be endowed with a power of memory which is truly prodigious In addition to this, there are plenty of well authenticated examples of the extraordinary power of memory displayed even by idiots In the Memoirs of Mrs Somerville there is an account of a man of extraordinary natural memory 'There was in the Edinburgh,' she tells us, 'of a respectable family who had a remarkable memory He never failed to go to the kirk on Sundays, and on returning home, could repeat the sermon, saying, "Here the minister coughed, here he stopped to blow his nose"—During the tour we made in the Highlands,' she adds 'we met with another idiot who knew the Bible so perfectly, that if you asked him where such a verse was to be found, he could tell without hesitation and repeat the chapter These examples are sufficiently remarkable, but what shall be said of the case cited by Archdeacon Paley in his valuable pamphlet on *Mental Vision*? 'There was in my father's parish, says the archdeacon, 'a man who could remember the day when every person had been buried in the parish for thirty-five years, and could repeat with unerring accuracy the name and age of the deceased, with the mourners at the funeral But he was a complete fool Out of the line of burial, he had but one idea, and could not give an intelligible reply to a single question, nor be trusted to feed himself'

These phenomenal instances may be matched by the Sussex farm-labourer George Watson, as we find recorded in Hone's *Table Book* Watson could neither read nor write, yet he was wont to perform wonderful feats of mental calculation, and his memory for events seemed to be almost faultless 'But the most extraordinary circumstance,' says Hone, 'is the power he possesses of recollecting the events of very early from an early period of his life Upon being asked what day of the week a given day of the month occurred, he immediately name it and also mentions where he was and what was the state of the weather A gentleman who had kept a diary put many questions to him, and his answer was invariably correct'

Of a similar kind is the memory for which Daniel McCartney has become famous in the United States The strange story of this man's achievements is told by Mr Henkle in the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy* McCartney, in 1869, declared that he could remember the day of the week for any date from January 1827, that is, from the time when he was nine years and four months old—forty-two and a half years He has often been tested, and, so far as Mr Henkle's account goes, had not failed to tell his questioner 'what day it was,' and to give some information about the weather, and about his own whereabouts and doings on any one of the fifteen thousand or more dates that might be named When Mr Henkle first met this man of marvellous memory, he was employed in the office of the Honourable T B Rakenbrod, editor of the *Salem Republican*, where nothing better could be found for McCartney to do than 'turn the wheel of the printing press on two days of each week' On the first formal examination this man underwent, his memories were tested by reference to the file of a new paper which gave the day of the week along with the date In one case his statement was disputed, for the day he named was not the same as that given by the paper; but on further inquiry, it was found that the newspaper was wrong, for the printer had made a mistake Short hand notes of the conversation were taken at subsequent interviews The report of these is very curious reading Take the following as a sample 'Question October 8, 1828? Answer (in two seconds), Wednesday It was cloudy and drizzled rain I carried dinner to my father where he was getting out coal—Question February 21, 1829? Answer (in two seconds), Saturday It was cloudy in the morning, and clear in the afternoon, there was a little snow on the ground An uncle who lived near sold a horse beast that day for thirty five dollars' And so the conversation ran on for hours, ranging over forty years of McCartney's personal history Mr Henkle tells us that if he went over some of the dates again, after a few days' interval, the answers although given in different terms, were essentially the same, 'showing distinctly that he remembered the facts, and not the words previously used' McCartney's memory is not confined to dates and events, he is a rare calculator, can give the cube root of such numbers as 59, 319 or 971, 787, &c, can repeat some two hundred and fifty hymns, and start about two hundred times, has a singularly extensive and accurate knowledge of geography, and never forgets the name of a person he has once seen or read of With all this singular power of memory, however, he is not a man whose general grasp of mind is at all noteworthy

The same may be said of scores of men whose one rich gift of memory has brought them into prominence No one has claimed any high intellectual rank for the renowned 'Memory Corner Thompson,' who drew from actual memory, in twenty-two hours, at two sittings, in the presence of two well known gentlemen, a correct plan of the parish of St James, Westminster, with parts of the parishes of St Marylebone, St Ann, and St Martin, which plan contained every square, street, lane, court, alley, market, church, chapel, and all public buildings, with all stable and other yards, also every public house in the parish, and the corners of all streets, with all minutiæ, as pumps, posts, trees, houses that project and inject, bow windows, Carlton House, St James's Palace, and the interior of the markets, without scale or reference to any plan, book, or paper whatever; who undertook to do the same for the parishes of St Andrew, Holborn, St Giles in the Fields, St Paul's, Covent Garden, St Mary le Strand, St Clement's, and St George's, who could tell the corner of any great leading thoroughfare from

Hyde Park corner or Oxford Street to St Paul's, who could 'take an inventory of a gentleman's house from attic to ground floor and write it out afterwards. He did this at Lord Nelson's at Merton, and at the Duke of Kent's, in the presence of two noblemen.'

Turning now, from examples like the foregoing, which have been given to show that a great memory does not argue in all cases any unusual mental power in other directions, let us look at some of the 'great people,' whose 'great memories' illustrate the correctness of Sir Arthur Helps's dictum. Running over a long list of examples, which the writer has prepared for his own use in the study of this subject, he has been struck with the fact, that the last three or four centuries appear to much greater advantage in this review than any similar period which precedes them. This, after all, is not surprising, when the circumstances of modern life are carefully considered, but it is not in accordance with common opinion. There is a notion abroad that the power of memory has declined since the invention of writing, and especially since the invention of printing and the universal spread of cheap books and newspapers. Nothing could be more mistaken than such a supposition. If we do not now give the memory as the only repository of facts within our reach, we do use the memory even more than the ancients for the simple reason that our knowledge travels over an immeasurably wider area, we have more to remember, and, as civilisation and culture advance, as a rule, of memory becomes more and more needful for the work of life, the general level of intelligence is raised, and mental power is developed from age to age. In this general advancement and growth, memory has its share.

The verbal memory displayed by the old Greek rhapsodists and bards, or the Icelandic scalds, was undoubtedly remarkable, and is often held up to the envy of these degenerate days. Yet the modern Shah-nameh Khans, Karam Khans, and other singers and reciters of Persia, who will recite for hours together without stammering, and the Calmuck national bards, whose songs and recitations 'sometimes last a whole day,' cannot surely be a whit behind, if indeed they do not far surpass the prodigies of early ages. We are often reminded of Greek gentlemen who knew their Homer by heart, in the days when Homer occupied the field almost alone, and there was little else to learn. But what are these exploits by the side of Lord Macaulay's Jeremiah Pulleyn, who 'committed Homer to memory in twenty one days, and the whole Greek poets in three months!' Cobbett says of Scaliger, 'There was no subject on which any one could desire instruction which he was not capable of giving. He had read nothing which he did not perfectly remember. So extraordinary and accurate was his acquaintance with languages, that if during his lifetime he had made but this single acquisition, it would have appeared marvellous.'

Since the revival of learning in Europe, there have been scores, yes, hundreds of scholars who have known 'their Homer' by heart and a thousand other things besides. Bishop Saunderson, old Isaac Walton tells us, could repeat all the odes of Horace, all Tully's *Offices*, and the best part of Juvenal and Persius. Enter the mathematician and Euclidean philosopher could recite the *Æneid* from beginning to end. In their day, Porson, Elmsley, Parr, and Wakefield, held the foremost place as scholars, and all, of course, had rare memories, but the palm must be given to Porson, of whom endless stories are told. Before he went to Eton, he was able to repeat almost the whole of Horace, Virgil, Homer, Cicero, and Livy. When, as a practical joke, a school fellow slipped the wrong book into Porson's hand, just as he was about to read and translate, the boy was not discomfited, but went on to read from his memory, as if nothing had occurred. In later life, his performances approached the miraculous. It would require all our space to give any fair idea of them, for he not only knew all the great Greek poets and prose writers pretty well by heart, but could recite whole plays of Shakspeare, or complete books from *Paradise Lost*, Pope's *Rape of the Lock*, Barrow's sermons, scenes from Foote, Edgeworth's *Castle Rack-rent*, scores of pages from Gibbon or Hippisley. He is also said to have been able to repeat the whole of the *Moral Tale of the Dean of Badajoz*, and Smollett's *Roderick Random* from the first page to the last.

Gilbert Wakefield's memory was also of the gigantic order, but it will not bear comparison with Porson's. There were few passages in Homer or Pindar which he could not recite at a moment's notice, Virgil and Horace he knew perfectly, and he could recite entire books from the Old and New Testaments without halting or failing in a single verse. There was also John Wyndham Bruce, whose leisure time was devoted to classical studies. His chief favourite was Æschylus, the whole of whose plays he had learnt by heart, including the twelve hundred lines of the fragments, collated by Brunckius. He knew his Horace in the same way, and was quite content, until one day he met with an old fellow student at Inns, who, when he made a quotation, would mutter a word, or, and vice versâ, remarking, that he did not recall any one to his mind. Horace popularly unless he could do that. Mr Bruce accordingly set to work at Hunter's, and was not long before he could name the exact place occupied by a line in any of the famous odes. It will be hard to believe that Athenian lads could be the English lads of fourteen years and under, of whom Archdeacon Paxton tells us in the pamphlet referred to above. It was the custom in the school to which he went for the boys to repeat at the end of one of the terms all the Latin and Greek poetry they had learnt during the year. The usual quantity for a boy to go in with was from eight to ten thousand lines, and it took about a week to hear them. 'One boy in my year,' he says, 'repeated the enormous quantity of fourteen thousand lines of Homer, Horace, and Virgil. I heard him say it!'

Ease in learning foreign languages is sometimes regarded as a mere matter of memory, which, however, this is not exactly true, it must be allowed, of course, that skilful linguists are endowed with powers of memory beyond the average. Here, also, we find that there are no examples in ancient times that will stand comparison with our great modern linguists. Our

modern facilities for travel and study place us at an immense advantage. Cineas, when prator in Asia, was so familiar with the dialects of Greek, that he was able to try cases and pronounce judgment in any dialect that might chance to be spoken in his presence. 'Mithridates, king of twenty-two nations, administered their laws in as many languages,' and could harangue each division of his motley army of soldiers in its own language or dialect.

But what are such linguists as these in the sale of the best examples of recent times? Keeping within the limits of the last hundred years, we have examples that have never been surpassed or even approached in former times. Sir William Jones knew thirteen languages well, and could read with comparative ease thirty others. John Leyden, a very inferior man to his great contemporary, had a slight acquaintance with fifteen of the leading Indian and Asiatic languages. Within the last few years we have had two men who could have travelled from the hills of Connaught or the mountains of Wales to the Ural Mountains, or from Lisbon or Algiers to Lahore or Delhi, and hardly met with a language in which they could not converse or write with ease. The reader will most likely have anticipated the names of two of the most remarkable linguists this country has produced—George Borrow and Thomas Henry Palmer. When Borrow was at St Petersburg, he published a little book called *Targum*, in which he gave translations in prose and poetry from thirty different languages. Besides speaking the native tongue of every European nation, Palmer was so perfect a master of Arabic, Persian, Hindustani, Turkish, and the languages of the East, that even natives were sometimes deceived as to his nationality. Mr Ireland says that, one day in Paris, Palmer 'entered into conversation with a Zouave or Turco, a native Arab. After a while the man said, "Why do you wear these clothes?"—"Why, how should I dress?" exclaimed Palmer.—"Dress like what you are!" was the indignant reply—"like a *Vaudeville*!"'

Viscount Strangford may be placed in the same category with these, and the 'learned blacksmith' Elihu Burritt, whose friends claim for him that he knew all the languages of Europe and most of those of Asia, must not be left out of sight. But even these do not touch the highest limit of linguistic skill and power of memory. The most scientific linguist we have to name, and one of the most remarkable for the extent of his acquisitions, is Von der Gabelentz, who seems to have been equally at home with the Sushilis, the Samoyeds, the Hottos, the Aumks, the Dyaks, the Dakotas, and the Kurus, who could translate from Chinese into Mandu, compile a grammar or correct the speech of the inhabitants of the Fiji Island, New Hebrides, Loyalty Islands, or New Caledonia. When we come to Cardinal Mezzofanti and Sir John Bowring, we find the 'highest record' as regards the mere number and variety of tongues that men have been known to acquire. No one can speak with absolute certainty as to the number of languages Mezzofanti could converse in with ease. Mrs Somerville says that he professed only fifty-two.

This brief review of the subject necessarily leaves out of account a vast number of the most extraordinary and interesting examples. Artists like Horace Vernet, mathematicians and calculators like Dr Wallis and Leonard Euler, or G. P. Bidder and young Colburn, musicians like Mozart, newspaper reporters like the unequalled 'Memory Woodfall,' literary men like Lord Macaulay and T. H. Buckle, chess players like Paul Morphy and J. H. Blackburne, have accomplished feats of memory as marvellous as any of those which have been mentioned.

A TRICK AT THE HELM.

Dear Bob,—Come and lend me a hand, like a good fellow. The regatta here takes place the day after to-morrow, and the *Bellis* is entered for it. There will be a very fair show of other crack 'Tines' for her to try her speed against, and I am more eager than usual to carry off the first prize. I think I ought to do it, if I can get a first-rate hand like yourself to come and help. You recollect my telling you how that crack bronzed Irishman O'Gorman offered to bet me a hundred pounds that he would carry off as many first prizes as I would this season, and how, in a moment of irritation, I took the bet? Well, it has come to this, that we have each won nine prizes, and that Dartmouth Regatta is the last of the season. He can't possibly be here in the Cowskin *Fawn*, and consequently, the regatta represents considerably more to me than the twenty pounds which they offer for the winning boat. The *Redbreast* is out and away the best five-tonner here at present, and unless some wonderful crack arrives between this and then, my first prize and my bet ought to be a certainty, bar accidents. But I want you. Your experience of this part of the coast is greater than mine, and will be invaluable to me, and though Phipps is with me, and is a right good fellow in a race, still, he has not your skill and knowledge. Besides these weighty reasons, I want very much to show you my new little craft, and to enjoy a good dusting down together once more. So, just pack your bag, and come for three days at least, if you can't spare more, to your old chum,

Jack Hetherington.

Such was the letter—dated 'Yacht *Redbreast*, Dartmouth'—which the Honourable Robert Merryns took from his pocket more than once to peruse, as the train rolled him along the lovely Great Western coast line, in answer to his friend's appeal. He was a fine broad-shouldered fellow, had pulled in his College Eight at Oxford, and, since that semi-boyish period, had done a great deal of genuine yachting work, especially in Corinthian matches in the lower reaches of the Thames, where he had acquired a skill and experience in the handling of small craft under racing canvas which fully justified the confidence which Hetherington reposed in

him. Moreover, the coasts of Devon were well known to him, and to the local knowledge of the pilot and the technical skill of the yacht sailor, he added that quickness of resource which so often makes the gentleman the superior of the professional. He was delighted at the opportunity afforded him by his friend's letter, and had not hesitated a moment in complying with the request conveyed therein. They were, in fact, far too old chums for either to fail the other at a pinch, and though it was near the end of August, he would still have time to get back for the Isle. So he smoked his cigar and lounged out at the glancing waters of the sparkling sea, as he whirled by Dawlish and Teignmouth towards the little old fashioned town of Dartmouth, and allowed his thoughts to roam far ahead in pleasing anticipation of the delights of the coming struggle for the prize.

As the shades of evening drew on, the train ran into the neglected little station at Kingswear, and Mervyne found Hetherington waiting for him on the platform, but, to his surprise, there was a decided lack of the friskiness on his countenance, which seemed to betoken some unpleasant news in the background. It was not long in coming forward. Hardly had his friend a modest bag been carried into the hotel—for the little *Idlehurst* afforded poor accommodation for any but her owner—than the cause of his gloom came out.

'It is awfully good of you to come down, old chap,' he said, 'but I am afraid it's a wild goose chase after all, for I'm sorry to say that I can't possibly sail to-morrow. It's a dreadful nuisance,' he added, 'and a disgusting piece of roguery to boot.'

'Why, what' the matter?' asked Mervyne in surprise. 'Have they disqualified the *Idlehurst* or knocked a hole in her, or what has happened?'

'No,' said his friend, 'nothing of that sort. It's a bit of dirty underhand scheming on the part of that fellow O'Gorman, confound him! Knowing that he could not get over from Ireland himself to try conclusions with me, he has got that old Brewster, the fellow who owns the *Cockyollybird*, and made himself so notorious at Southampton—to come round and sail against me, and I hear from the Wight that he left there three or four days ago with one or two of his own set, vowing that he will show me the way round the course, and knock one hundred pounds out of me into the bargain.'

'Well, but,' said Mervyne, 'we aren't going to be frightened by Brewster's brig. Being abroad all this summer, I have not seen the *Cockyollybird*, but from her record, the *Redbreast* ought to have a very fair chance against her.'

'Yes, yes! It isn't that, though, I fancy, she's a trifle better than we are in running,' replied Hetherington. 'But after that disgraceful affair at Southampton, a lot of small yacht owners, myself among the number, put their heads together, and signed an agreement never to race against him again. One or two of those men are in the harbour now, and they won't sail if he does, neither of course can I. I'm pretty sure that O'Gorman knew that when he got him to come round; and of course he knows it too.'

'Then why should he boast so loudly about beating you?'

'Oh, that's just to carry it off with a high hand, and appear to be ignorant of the fact.'

'And the *Cockyollybird* is in?'

'Well, no, she isn't, but she's entered for the race, and she is sure to be here, for a certainty.'

'She must look pretty sharp, then,' said Mervyne, 'or she may be too late. Keep your courage up, old chap! Perhaps she won't get in, after all. Lots of things may happen between this and to-morrow morning.—But look here! Suppose she *does* come in, what shall you do? You can't race—of course, I see that, and I'm sorry for it, but I should like a bit of a sail, after coming all this way, and I want to see how the little craft behaves.'

'Oh, by all means,' replied Hetherington cordially. 'I had thought of that. I can't be in harbour and see all the craft going out to race, and I don't think I could bear to see the racing going on without being able to join in it. I vote for a fling under way early in the morning, and making tracks to the eastward. I mean to have her up with Cumper and Nicholson, and there is nothing more to keep me out now, confound it!'

'Capital! that will suit me first rate. What time do you start?'

'Oh, any time in the early morning will do. The tide will be flowing about four A.M. But I daresay you won't like to turn out so early as that.—Tell you what—you'd better choose your own time to come on board, and then you can rouse me out, if I am not already up.'

'All right! But what about Phipps?'

'Oh, he won't come with us. I've told him about Brewster, and, of course, he is very sorry, but the Commodore's girls are here in a big family schooner with an uncle of theirs, and you may be sure Phipps won't let that chance slip. So it will be just you and I, that's all. And now, let's jump into the punt, and go on board for ten minutes, just to show you the little craft.'

So the two friends paddled off to the *Redbreast*, which was lying snugly under the land in the railway with other small craft of moderate size and draught, and after the peculiar excellences of her interior fittings had been duly lauded by the owner of the little swing lamp—for it was now nearly dark—and dilated upon enthusiastically by her owner, they went once more ashore together to dine at the hotel and pass the evening over a game of billiards at the neighbouring Yacht Club. But as they landed, their attention was attracted by a smart little craft making the best of her way up the calm water of the land locked harbour in tow of a steam launch. Hetherington looked at her long and earnestly, at last he said: 'Ah, there she is! That's the *Cockyollybird*, and that's Brewster steering, confound him! It's all up now. We'll get out of this to-morrow morning.'

They dined; but their quiet game of billiards at the club was rudely broken in upon by the appearance of the objectionable Brewster himself, with a couple of friends of similar habits, who had also most unmistakably been dining, and who, in addition to their natural blustery and vulgarity, made themselves more than usually

disagreeable by half facetious and wholly offensive observations as to the victory which they intended to score on the morrow, and the humiliation which they would inflict on those who presumed that they could sail against them, while 'my friend O'Gorman' was frequently referred to by Brewster himself, evidently for Hetherington's benefit, and whispered personalities were greeted by the precious trio with loud bursts of drunken laughter.

'I'd like to punch the fell w's head' growled Hetherington to his friend, chafing inwardly at the covert insults.

'Better let him alone,' said the other. 'There's no glory to be got out of a row with a drunken sweep like that. He knows he's an infernal ass, and it is that very knowledge which makes him every one like this. Let's leave them to enjoy themselves in their own way, and we'll go and turn in, as we shall be up early to-morrow.'

So each went his way. Hetherington to his tiny yacht, the other to the hotel close by.

Mervyne was an ardent yacht man, and has been said, and perhaps it was the anticipations of the morrow which made it impossible for him to take the rest which he had himself advised. What with the reason we after tossing about for an hour in troubled and unrestful sleep, he finally found himself wide awake, and likely to remain so, and at last, jumping out of bed, he threw open his window and keenly inspected the weather. There was every prospect of a glorious day. He had set his watch—it was about four o'clock. The sun had not yet risen, but the sky was clear and luminous with stars, and as far as he could tell, there was a light breeze from the westward. He looked over the water. The riding lights of the crowded yachts were twinkling away, as if a town had sprung up in the night on the calm silent waters of the river. The hoarse hoot of a steamer caught his ear, and he could see her green eye winking at him as she made her cautious way in mid stream to the expectant coal hulk beyond. He could hear even the tinkle of her engine room bell and the hurly-gery of 'Starboard' from the pilot who was bringing her in, and as he leaned out of the window to follow her track, a man of war bang struck eight bells with a clear musical ring, an example which was followed a second or two after by her consorts in the harbour, and by some few large yachts who conformed to naval fashion in this matter. He turned from the window and glanced into the dim room. At the other end was his bed, looking tumbled and unpromising, even in the gloom. He was too wide awake to turn in again. His mind was made up. The tide would be flowing, the wind seemed fair, he would dress and rouse up Hetherington, and they would get under way at once.

His determination was quickly carried out, and he soon found himself outside the hotel in search of a waterman to take him on board. This was by no means an easy task, but by the aid of a railway porter, he managed at last to knock up an individual, who consented, with many sleepy growls at the unusual hour, to convey him on board. Arrived alongside, he stepped lightly on the dainty deck, dismissing his surly friend with a tip so largely in excess of that worthy's expectations, as to make him instantly regret not having named a sum double at least of that which he had demanded. It was getting lighter now, and he took in at a glance the delicate lines, the admirable workmanship, and the business like spirit of the little craft, and then turned towards the hatch to rouse up his chum. But as he did so, he hesitated for the first time since leaving his bed. Hetherington was probably sleeping soundly. It would be a shame to spoil his sleep simply because he himself had failed to rest. He listened for a moment. He could hear Hetherington snoring away in the little cabin. Then another idea struck him. Why not get under way himself, without bothering Hetherington at all? Capital! it would be first into port. He took all in at a bound. The yacht was made fast to some private moorings, so he would not have to get her anchor up. He could easily make sail himself. Hetherington would be delighted to wake up and find himself afloat—that he was sure of. It was an admirable idea.

No sooner was the notion entertained, than it was put into execution. His rubber soled shoes enabled him to walk over the deck with an entire absence of noise. He took off the sail covers, and with his broad shoulders and muscular arms, he found no difficulty in hoisting her mainsail, though perhaps there was a wrinkle or two which he would have preferred to get rid of. Her halyards were mere child's play, and presently, he cast off her mooring, lowered them quietly overboard, and hurried aft to the tiller. With a gentle breeze from the north west, the pretty boat yielded to the pressure of her snow white canvas, and with an almost imperceptible inclination to her mast, moved quietly out from the crowd of others among which she had been lying. Silently she glided through the placid and unruffled waters of the river, spotted with the white light of many a bright star, and with the reddening lamps of the many anchored ships, of ying every touch of her helm so readily as to send a thrill of pleasure through Mervyne's veins as he cleverly worked her into the open and pointed her head eastwards. And [illegible] d, with a lovely yacht beneath once's feet, with a fair wind, a calm sea, and a brilliant promise of dawn, the man must be sluggish indeed who does not experience a keen sense of enjoyment.

Once clear of the river and with a good fling, he turned her head eastward making a course for Portland Bill. The wind was, as he had imagined, in the north west, and it being off the land, and by no means strong, the sea was extremely smooth and in places even glassy. The little beauty sped along on her course, making no fuss whatever, peeling the bright water evenly away from the polished surface of her sharp bow, and running it aft with a gentle little hiss and only the faintest, dimmest suggestion of a shadowy wake astern. Mervyne would have liked to get her topsail up, but this he could not well attempt alone, and he feared to wake Hetherington, for, having got out of the harbour, he was now possessed with a boyish desire to see how far on his course he could reach before his chum awoke. However, the tide was in his favour, and he was making splendid way as it was, so, lighting his pipe, he gave himself up to all the exquisite enjoyment of the situation. The beautiful coast, with its brilliant colouring of vivid green and warm red, familiar to him as an oft studied book,

was itself a constantly changing object of interest and admiration, each travel, with the early sun gleaming through the shining masts of morning upon her tanned canvas was transfigured into a fairy barque, with sails of red and burnished gold. Even the lone ugly steamers, with their graduated train of smoke trailing away into the limitless leaves astern of them, betrayed no vestige of their commonplace origin, but seemed to float in mid air, shadowy and impalpable, throwing over and anon a gleam of light from off their bows, more like a flash of summer lightning than the foam of churning water, while the buoyant motion of the little craft beneath him, the noiseless speed with which she glided her way through the limpid, wavelets, the instant and intelligent response which she gave to the faintest movement of the helm, left him absolutely without a fault in the dim low sense of physical enjoyment.

He began to hope that Hetherington would sleep on for ever. So he smoked on, and noted with satisfaction that with the rising sun the breeze was freshening fast. little waves now lifted up their smiling heads and plashed playfully at the pretty craft as she cut through them; the tall mast inclined more decidedly before the eager wind, and the foot of the mainsail began its welcome chorus of flip flip, flip flip flip as the breeze passed out of it. Torry Head was long past, Torbay was closed, the Thatcher and the Ourstone were left faint and filmy in the far distance in the port quarter, and now the little vessel was getting a trifle more lively as the water deepened and the wind increased and the shore receded further and further, and still Hetherington slept. Mervyne could still hear him snoring at times. It was rather ill, he thought, to lay hollow. He moved not how long so careful not to wake him. He wondered what time it was. He took out his watch. Eight o'clock! And he was getting hungry too. He hated to wake him, so, with not leaving the helm he began thumping over his chum's head on the deck with a stick. 'Hi Hetherington! Jack! Wake up! Turn out! Get up, you lazy lob! Eight bells, do you hear?'

But not a sound did he evoke in response only, as he stopped and listened, the one loud snoring broke upon his ear. Very ill! Hetherington was not usually so late or so heavy a sleeper. Next he shifted back the hatch and shouted loudly to his chum to come up. Still no answer—still the same stertorous breathing.

'Why on earth don't he wake?' said Mervyne to himself, and, fastening the yacht to steer herself for a moment or two, he dived down the little hatchway and entered the tiny cabin. It was empty! He stared around in blank astonishment, nearly unmounting to dismay, and as he did so, a snore of almost gigantic volume assailed his ears. It came from the forecastle. This was more surprising than ever, for Hetherington, he knew, had no crew on board. An enthusiastic yachtsman, he, in true Corinthian spirit, worked his little craft himself, with the assistance of one or two good friends and fellow spirits like Phipps—no paid hands being permitted on board during a Corinthian race—and even when cruising, scrubbed decks and polished brasswork with his own hands, sleeping also on board in harbour, unlike men of more luxurious habits, who generally preferred the comforts of a hotel to the strictness accommodation of a five tonner, even when it was their own.

Where, then, was Hetherington? and who was the occupant of the forecastle? He slid aside the little door which separated the cabin from the quarter assigned to the crew, when such an individual existed, and looked in. It was very dark in the little low hole, but he could just discern a hammock slung fore and aft under the deck, and in that hammock he beared being sleeping a motionless sleep. He went up to the hammock and shook it. 'Here you, up, here! Where's your mast?' he cried.

The figure grunted, shifted its position slowly and uneasily, and seemed inclined to settle down once more into repose but the shaking, being repeated and continued with increasing violence, a weather tanned hand, and sullen countenance, set in a wild tangle of hair and beard, appeared over the edge of the hammock, and after staring stupidly with red eyes a moment or two into the light, muttered thickly and with gin saturated utterance, 'Wash up!' and then falling heavily back on its pillow instantly resumed its state of stertorous insensibility. The man was hopelessly and helplessly drunk. But who could he be?

At that moment a terrible suspicion flashed through Mervyne's mind like an electric shock. He turned, and bolted through the little cabin and up on deck like a shot. The first thing that caught his eye as he faced aft was the brass rudder head, and on it in necessarily small letters, unperceived by him before, was the one word, *Lord Jolliffe!* It was the wrong yacht!

Hetherington and Phipps both agree in asserting that they never had such a race as that in which they won the first prize at Dartmouth, but the former also adds that that fellow Ottoman gave a lot of trouble before paying up the hundred pound.

CHINA GRASS CLOTH

The well known and popular China or Chinese, with specimens of which, generally in the shape of handkerchiefs, we are at home by most travellers in the East, is now likely to become yet more popular and have a far more extensive market in Europe than was formerly the case. This China grass—*ione vegetal*, the French call it—is the fibre, not of a grass, but of a species of nettle, the *Bahmeria nivea* and other specimens of the *urtica*. These nettles are carefully cultivated in China, where they grow in great quantities, as they do in India and Ceylon. In India, hitherto, unfortunately, no marked or diligent attempt at cultivation has been made. These *urticas* are perennial herbaceous plants, having broad oval leaves, with a white down beneath. They are also free from the stinging character of ordinary nettles. In Ceylon and India, where the plants grow wild, these nettles are cut just about the time of seeding, bleached by the assistance of the heavy night dews and hot mid day suns, and the fibres

gathered together and spun into ropes or thin twine, from which coarse matting is made. This primitive way of treating the nettles is not followed in China, and indeed the employment of the fibre silk for commercial purposes seems to be a Chinese secret.

The government of India, seeing what a great benefit might be expected to arise could a practical and inexpensive method of gathering the 'vegetable silk' be found, offered some time back a reward to stimulate invention in discovering an economical method for preparing the fibre of the China grass. Such discovery has at last been made, three French gentlemen have been successful in perfecting two different inventions which would seem to completely meet the existing difficulty. Messrs Tripay and Tribun of Paris have invented a method for converting the fibres of the plants into *fibres* ready for spinning. This method, however, would not have been of much use had not a M. Favier constructed a machine for gathering these fibres by decorticating the stems of the nettles by means of steam. Thus the fibre is not only collected cheaply and easily, but the glutinous matter adhering to it, and which proved such a stumbling block to our manufacturers, is removed at the same time. It is difficult to exaggerate the importance of these inventions. The *ramie* grows in immense quantities all over India, and now that the plant and its fibres can be utilised economically, doubtless much careful attention will be given to the question of cultivation and the bleaching of these nettles.

Not only is the texture of the cloth manufactured from this fibre very beautiful—it is principally remarkable for its splendid gloss and peculiar transparency—but it is extremely strong and durable. 'Belting' for machinery has already been made with China grass fibre, and on being tested, it was found that it could bear a strain of eight thousand three hundred and twenty-six pounds to the square inch, whereas leather could only sustain a pressure of four thousand two hundred and thirty-nine pounds to the square inch. A piece of water hose made of the same fibre was subjected to the high pressure of six hundred pounds to the square inch, and it was proved that it only 'sweated' as much as a good ordinary hose does under a pressure of one hundred pounds. So much for its strength and durability, two great advantages. And, moreover, it is probable, having regard to these proved facts, that, although the texture of grass cloth is so light and transparent, it would offer a considerable and prolonged resistance to heat and flames.

As to its beauty most of our readers have had many opportunities already of forming an opinion on this head. So soon as manufacturers and customers have had a sufficient time for experimenting, we may expect to see grass cloth very generally used for dress fabrics, hangings, curtains, and in many other ways.

Should these inventions, when put to the test and tried on a large scale, be found to answer as well as the trial experiments, a little time is only wanted, when a most important and valuable industry will arise in India, and, more than probably, give work to many thousands of hands at home. At all events, if all goes right, India will be the richer in the near future by many millions of pounds sterling. And it is even likely that serious attempts at acclimatisation and careful cultivation of these useful nettles will be made in other of our semi-tropical colonies and possessions.

THE POET'S TREASURES

The babbling streams all crystal bright
How sweet their murmuring song,
As stream with blossoms and flecked with light
They joyously dance along!
They glance through the valleys like silver wave,
They twinkle, they gleam, they shine,
And while my heart in rapture sings
They whisper, they murmur!

Like a maiden's tresses so sleek, so fine,
They ripple, and wave, and curl
They blush 'neath the sunset like rosy wine,
And sing like a happy girl
When weary I sink on the emerald sod,
They dimple, and seem to say
'We are the fresh flow, from the hand of God,
Come, bathe in our fancy spray.'

The warbling birds are my minstrels all
She knows that I love them well
For I hast to earth when their songs call,
To forest or leafy dell
On fairy pinions they come and go
Cupid's bow and wild and free.
And I sing, to the children of toil and woe
The songs they sing to me.

The tiny moss and the humble flowers
That sigh and the rustling grass,
When steeped in the fragrance of summer showers,
The amorous breezes pass
When the world grows cold, and I turn in my
From sickness and I seek the grave,
They nestle around me and seem to say
'We love you, poor child of sin.'

They kiss the dust from my weary feet
They tremble, and blush, and sigh,
And the lonely dew so fresh, so sweet
A tear in her golden eye,
So meek to me in her gown of white,
More lovely than all the rest,
With the beauty of summer in her sight,
And its sunshine in her breast.

I own not one inch of the land, not I,
Not jewels nor silks I wear,
Yet, free to roam 'neath the azure sky,
I am wealthy beyond compare
To the gilding, the pomp and pride
And the treasures of earth be given,
While I rest content on the fair hillside,
Rich, rich in the gifts of heaven!

FANNY FORRESTER.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

All Rights Reserved.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL
OF
POPULAR
LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART
Fifth Series
ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832
CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)
No. 130.—Vol. III. SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1886. Price 1½d.

BLOCKADES AND BLOCKADE RUNNERS

For three quarters of a century, England differed from the other great maritime states of Europe as to the way in which blockade should be defined. To begin with it may be enough to explain that a territory is said to be blockaded when access to or egress from its seaports is prevented by the naval forces of another state. When a state, for purposes of its own, fiscal or hygienic, declares that certain of its own ports shall be closed against foreign vessels, that decree must be respected by other states to whose notice it is duly brought, provided that those ports are really under the control of the executive of that state. But that is not a blockade; it is a mere closure of ports, which any government, in virtue of its inherent sovereignty within the borders of its own territory, is quite entitled to announce. Blockade is essentially a war measure. When the President of the United States, in April 1861, proclaimed that a forcible blockade of the Southern States would be forthwith instituted, England and France immediately declared their neutrality, and although that meant that they recognised the Confederates as belligerents, and not as rebels, their action was unobjectionable, because, whenever the Northern States issued that proclamation, they by implication admitted that they were engaged in war, and not merely in the suppression of a rebellion. In recent times, however, recourse has been had to what has been termed 'pacific blockade,' thus, the coasts of Greece were blockaded in 1827 by the English, French, and Russian squadrons, although all three powers professed to be at peace with Turkey (under whose dominion Greece then was), and from 1845 to 1848, France and England prevented access to La Plata, although no war was declared. To admit such procedure as legitimate would simply mean that one state might put in force against another measures destructive of the trade of neutral countries, and yet expect those countries to view the whole operations as pacific. This objection might not apply to that pacific blockade which we have this year seen put in force against Greece, for we know that every vessel flying the flag of any other state than Greece has been unmolested. But the liberty allowed to other nations did nothing to mitigate the coercion applied to Greek trading vessels, and had the object of the blockaders been merely to divert to their own navigation the carrying trade of the Archipelago, they could scarcely have devised a measure better fitted to attain that end. Lord Palmerston at least had a decided opinion as to how far such action was in accordance with law. His own words are: 'The French and English blockade of the Plata has been from first to last illegal.' In truth, pacific blockade is a contradiction in terms. In practice, it is enforced by the same methods as blockade between belligerents, and a recent Dutch writer has well pointed out that the sole reason why it has not yet met with the unanimous disapproval of European powers is that hitherto it has been levelled against only the weakest states.

It had from time out of mind been reckoned a perfectly regular proceeding to declare a port or a territory under blockade, and to affix penalties to the violation of that declaration, although, in point of fact, not a single vessel should be present to enforce its observance. But gradually this tenet met with less toleration, and in 1780, when America and France were combined against England, the three great powers of the North, Russia, Denmark, and Sweden, entered into a league known as the 'Armed Neutrality,' with the object of evading the severe but ancient method of dealing with neutral commerce which Great Britain adopted. One of the articles which this confederacy agreed upon was 'A port is blockaded only when evident danger attends the attempt to run into it'—a principle which boldly denied the right of any power to close by a mere edict a single hostile port. But Britain doggedly persisted in the exercise of a right which had undoubtedly the sanction of custom, and the maritime powers of Europe were to wrangle and recriminate through still darker years before agreement could be reached. On the 21st of

November 1806, Napoleon promulgated the famous Berlin Decree, which announced that every port in Great Britain was blockaded, and by an Order in Council, issued a year afterwards, the British government declared France and all the states which owned her supremacy to be subject to the same embargo. However far short the English performance might fall of their announced intention, the egregious pretentiousness of the French decree will be apparent enough to any one who remembers Macaulay's saying of the Emperor: 'The narrowest stunt was to his power what it was of old believed that a running stream was to the sorceress of a witch.' Yet, both governments were only carrying, to its logical issue, the old doctrine which neither had renounced—that a valid blockade might be constituted by mere notification. It was only in 1856 that, with the express purpose of removing as far as possible the uncertainty which hung over the rules of naval war, the great powers concurred in the Declaration of Paris, which has been called 'a sort of doctrinal union' to the treaty of that year. Important as has been the operation of all the rules contained in that Declaration, the only one which concerns us here is the fourth: 'Blockades in order to be binding must be effective—that is, to say, maintained by a force sufficient really to prevent access to the coast of the enemy.' This being practically an adoption of the principle for which the neutrals of 1780 had so strenuously contended, was an unquestionable victory for them, but it was far more, it was a triumph for those thinkers who have always maintained that all law must rest upon a basis of fact, that except in so far as law declares the relation which ought to subsist between facts which a previous analysis has ascertained, it is useless, and even mischievous.

The first fifteen years of the present century were marked by all that turbulence which had characterised the closing years of that which went before, and there were not wanting in both periods instances of blockades perseveringly prosecuted and gallantly resisted. In the beginning of 1800, for example, Genoa was the only city in Italy held by the French, the Austrian troops invested it by land, and English war ships blocked the passage seaward. The beleaguered Genoese saw the usual incidents of an old-fashioned blockade. From time to time, one of the light privateers which lay behind the little island of Capraja, north east of Corsica, would succeed in eluding all the vigilance of Admiral Keith's squadron, and carry in provisions enough to prolong for a while the desperate resistance of Massena's garrison, and now the blockaders would retaliate by 'cutting out' a galley from beneath the very guns of the harbour. One day a gale might drive the jealous sentinels to sea, but on the next, they were back at their old stations, there to wait with patience until pestilence and famine should bring the city to its doom. Sixty years later, and in another hemisphere, the maritime world was to see how far the new appliances of elaborate science had altered the modes in which blockades were to be enforced and evaded.

On the 27th of April 1861, President Lincoln issued a proclamation in which the following announcement appeared: 'A competent force will be posted so as to prevent the entrance and exit of vessels from the ports' of the Southern States. 'If, therefore, with a view to violate such blockade, any vessel shall attempt to leave any of said ports, she will be duly warned, and if she shall again attempt to enter or leave a blockaded port, she will be captured.' All Europe was prepared to watch and to deride this attempt to lock up a coast line of thirty-five hundred miles against the intrusion of traders, whose appetite for gain would be whetted to the keenest by artificially raised prices. Already, indeed, the scheme had been ridiculed as a 'material impossibility' by European statesmen, who pointed to the fact that not one of all the blockades established during the preceding seventy-five years had succeeded in excluding trade even where the coast to be watched was comparatively limited. But as a set off against the long and broken stretch of coast which lay open to the operations of the blockade runners, there were difficulties in their way which were at the outset of the struggle too lightly estimated. Almost the whole extent of the seaboard was protected by a treacherous fringe of long low islands, scarcely rising above the surface of the water, the channels between and behind these were winding and intricate, and when these obstacles were passed, there still remained the crucial bar to impede the entrance to every harbour.

The conditions of the impending conflict were new, and sagacious men foresaw that under them the risk of neutral powers being entangled in disputes with the belligerents was immensely increased. The agency of steam was to be employed for the first time to enforce a blockade on a gigantic scale. It was plain that a blockading squadron was no longer liable to be blown off the port it was watching by continued gales, but it was not so easy to say how far this new motive power would alter the chances of the blockade runners. The naval strength of the Northern states was at the beginning of the war so puny that the blockade when first instituted was little better than one of those 'paper blockades' which the voice of international law had condemned at Paris seven years before, for many months, indeed, the trade of the Confederacy with Europe was but little affected. It was in view of this that the *New York Tribune* urged Lincoln's government to economise their sea force, and close entrance channels by means of sunken hulks. This plan was adopted at Charleston, and carried out under the superintendence of an officer whose aim was 'to establish a combination of artificial interruptions and irregularities resembling on a small scale those of Hell gate,' that rock which so long impeded the navigation to New York harbour, and which was removed only a few months ago.

In Europe, both military critics and Chambers of Commerce protested against this barbarous method of making good a blockade, but the stone laden whale ships sunk at Charleston did no permanent damage to the port, for before the war closed, the hulks broke up, and the harbour was filled with floating timber. But it was quickly felt that only an adequate fleet could render the blockade effective, and in

responses to the ceaseless activity of the dock yards, the northern war ships multiplied with marvellous rapidity The blockade grew strict Gradually, the pressure of diminished imports began to tell on the resources of the Southern States, iron, liquors, machinery, articles of domestic use, medicinal drugs and appliances of all kinds became scarce In Richmond, a yard of ordinary calico which was formerly sold for twelve and a half cents brought thirty dollars, a pair of French gloves was worth one hundred and fifty dollars, and the price of salt had risen to a dollar a pound The export trade, too, was being slowly strangled, immense stores of cotton and tobacco lay waiting shipment at every port A bale of cotton worth forty dollars at Charleston would have brought two hundred at New York, and some idea of the price it might have yielded at Liverpool may be obtained from a consideration of the fact that half a million of English cotton workers were subsisting only upon charity

But the war sent trade into new channels Nassau, the capital of New Providence, one of the Bahama group became one huge depot for the goods which sought a market in the forbidden ports Articles of household economy and of field equipment lay piled in heterogeneous masses on her wharfs, the cotton which had escaped the grasp of the Federals lay in her warehouses for reshipment to Europe, her coal stores overflowed with the mineral which was to feed the greedy furnaces of the blockade runners lying at anchor in the bay, and the purlieus of every seafaring people in Europe could be daily heard upon her quays Hardly less numerous and varied were the groups of sailors, merchants, adventurers, and spies, who discussed the fortunes of the war upon the white glancing terraces of Hamilton in the Bermudas

Blockade running had now become a business speculation But the great bulk of the trade was in very few hands, for the risks were great and the capital involved was large The initial cost of a blockade runner was heavy, the officers were highly paid, a pilot well acquainted with the port to be attempted often demanded one thousand pounds for his services, and besides all this, it is to be remembered that on a fair calculation not above one trip in four was successful It is computed that in three years there were built or despatched from the Clyde no less than one hundred and eleven swift steamers specially designed for the adventurous trade with the Confederate ports Almost any day in August 1864, one of these vessels might have been seen cruising about at the Tail of the Bank, preparing to try her speed against the swiftest passenger steamers of the river The *Douglas* was in those days the fastest boat on the Mersey, but one of the new blockade runners, named the *Colonel Lamb*, easily beat her, attaining on the trial a speed of sixteen and three quarter knots (or about nineteen miles) per hour A careful observer might almost have guessed the character of the enterprise for which a blockade runner was designed by a scrutiny of her build Two taper masts and a couple of short smoke stacks were all that appeared above the deck, her object was to glide in the darkness past her watchers, and the tall spars of a heavily rigged ship would have been too conspicuous a mark for eager eyes Her hull was painted white, for experience showed that on dark nights or in thick weather that colour most easily escaped observation Although she had considerable stowage-room, her draught was light, and she was propelled by paddle or side wheels, in order that she might turn readily in narrow or shallow waters To aid their war vessels in capturing and destroying light blockade cruisers such as this, the Federal government built twenty three small gunboats They, too drew but little water, and rarely exceeded five hundred tons burden For armament they carried one eleven inch pivot-gun and three howitzers—two of twenty four pounds, and one of twenty pounds—well chosen weapons for the work they had to do Their weak point was their rate of speed, which did not amount to more than nine or ten knots an hour So deficient were they in this respect, that a blockade runner has been known to run out, get damaged, and sail round a gunboat into port again

There was so much in blockade running that was attractive to the adventurous, that we are hardly surprised to learn that officers of our navy engaged in the work, wholly forgetful of the neutral position to which their country's policy bound them The remonstrances, however, which were made to our government on that subject, and the Gazette Order which they elicited, would probably prevent those who had an official status from taking their capture so phlegmatically as the youth who took his passage out in a blockade runner with the intention of enjoying a tour through the Southern States, and who, when the vessel was captured, wrote home saying that he would now exploite the Northern States, 'which would do quite as well' One can well imagine the tiptoe of expectation to which every one on board would rise as the Bermudas sank into the distance, and the time drew near which was to decide the fortune of their enterprise How warily they lie off until the evening favours their approach, and then, with every light but the engine fires extinguished, speed quietly but rapidly past the lofty looming hulks of the outer blockaders But they have yet to run the gauntlet of the inner cordon of gunboats, and now comes the real crisis of their venture Shall they steam with cunning efficiency slowly and ostentatiously close past a gunboat? The plan offers a chance of success, for some of their watchers have once been blockade runners themselves, and in the darkness the similarity of build might deceive No, they perceive what seems to be a practicable gap in the line, and driving their engines to their utmost pitch, they rest their fate upon their speed Yet they are detected there goes a heavy swivel gun, the alarm is raised, and now a perfect fusillade rages round the intruder But everything is against good practice, only one shot takes effect in her hull, that going clean through the bow, and with little other damage, the daring vessel steams into Wilmington with a valuable cargo of liquors, leather, and iron

Blockade running soon became almost as much an art as a trade, and there were some grumblers in this country who made it a ground of complaint that no English officers had been sent to

observe the new development in this branch of naval warfare. The most ingenious expedients were resorted to on both sides. A system of signalling by means of blue lights and rockets was in many cases established between the fleets and their friends in the offing. The steamer *Hansa* ran into Wilmington while Lord Dashwood was being bombarded, and prevented pursuit by boldly sailing close past the powder ship, which shortly afterwards blew up. Occasionally, a furious cannonade was begun from some adjacent fort, so as to draw off the blockading squadron, and leave the entrances free, if only for a few hours. The blockaders had their tricks too. Sometimes heavy smoke was seen rising as if a ship on fire, but when the blockade runner steered to render help she found out too late that the supposed burning vessel was a Federal cruiser, which had resorted to this device in order to bring the swifter craft within range of her guns. One dark rainy night the *Leopard* ran out of Charleston and shortly afterwards fell in with what appeared to be a large merchant vessel. Hoping to crown a successful run with the capture of a valuable prize, she gave chase, and fired a shot to bring the stranger to. The reply was a single broadside so well directed that there was no need for another. The supposed merchantman was the frigate *St Lawrence*. A few days after of the privateer *Jeff Davis* was to hoist the French flag of distress, and when a ship bore down in response to this appeal, she would under pretence of handing in a letter, send out an armed boat's crew armed to the teeth.

But all the remarkable incidents of this remarkable blockade there was none more noteworthy than the voyage of the British ship *Lady St Pair*. The story reveals the inventions of a sea commander. This vessel left Calcutta with orders to make the coast of South Carolina and see if the blockade of Charleston was still in force. Now although this was a proceeding not in any way illegal, she was nevertheless captured by a Federal warship, a prize crew of two officers and thirteen men was put on board, and her own crew, with the exception of the master, the cook, and the steward, was taken out of her. Thus manned, she was being steered for a northern port, when her deposed captain persuaded his cook and steward to assist him in making one effort to regain possession of the ship. They caught the mate asleep in his berth, roused and gagged him, the prize master they found on deck, and treated similarly, three seamen who had the watch on deck were asked to go down into the scuttle—a storeroom near the bottom—for a coil of rigging. The captain gave them this order as if he had accepted the inevitable, and was asking the captors to navigate the ship. As soon as the three leaped down, the hatch was closed, and they were prisoners. The remainder of the prize crew, who were in the forecastle, were shut down and liberated one by one, but those who would give no promise of help to their new master were confined beside the unfortunates in the scuttle. Three, indeed, consented, but only one of them was a sailor, and with this crew of five, a vessel of eight hundred and eighty four tons was brought to Liverpool through thirty days of bad weather. It is only a fitting conclusion to such a tale of daring to record that the intrepid seaman who conceived and carried out the enterprise was a native of the stewartry of Kirkcudbright, which had already numbered among her sons the renowned Paul Jones.

IN ALL SHADES

CHAPTER XXVII

'This is awkward, Tom, awfully awkward,' Mr Theodore Dupuy said to his nephew as they rode homeward. 'We must manage somehow to get rid of this man as quickly as possible. Of course, we can't keep him in the house any longer with your cousin Nora, now that we know he's really nothing more—baronet or no baronet—than a common mulatto. But at the same time, you see, we can't get rid of him anyhow by any possibility before the dinner to-morrow evening. I've asked several of the best people in Trinidad especially to meet him, and I don't want to go and stultify myself openly before the eyes of the whole island. What the dickens can we do about it?'

'If you'd taken my advice, Uncle Theodore,' Tom Dupuy answered sullenly, in spite of his triumph, 'you'd have got rid of him long ago. As it is, you'll have to keep him on now till after Tuesday, and then we must manage somehow to dismiss him politely.'

They rode on without another word till they reached the house, there they found Nora and Harry had arrived before them, and had gone in to dress for dinner. Mr Dupuy followed their example, but Tom, who had made up his mind sullenly to stop, loitered about on the lawn under the big star apple tree, waiting in the cool till the young English baronet should make his appearance.

Meanwhile Nora, in her own dressing room, attended by Rosina Fleming and Aunt Clemmy, was thinking over the afternoon's ride very much to her own satisfaction. Mr Noel was really after all a very nice fellow if he hadn't been so dreadfully dark—but there, he was really just one shade too dusky in the face ever to please a West Indian fancy. And yet, he was certainly very much in love with her! The very persistence with which he avoided reopening the subject, while he went on paying her such very marked attention, showed in itself how thoroughly in earnest he was. 'He'll propose to me again to-morrow—I'm quite sure he will,' Nora thought to herself, as Rosina fastened up her hair with a spray of plumbago and a little delicate spray of wild maiden hair. 'He was almost going to propose to me as we came along by the mountain cabbages this afternoon, only I saw him hesitating, and I turned the current of the conversation. I wonder why I turned it! I'm sure I don't know why. I wonder whether it was because I didn't know whether I should answer "Yes" or "No," if he were really to ask me! I think one ought to decide in one's own mind beforehand what one's going to say in such a case, especially when a man has asked one already. He's awfully nice. I wish he was just a shade or two lighter. I believe Tom really fancies—he's so dark—it isn't quite right with him.

Isaac Pourtales, lounging about that minute, waiting for Rosina, whom he had come to talk with, saw Nora flit for a second past the open window of the passage, in her light and gauze like evening dress, with open neck in front, and the flowers twined in her pretty hair, and he said to himself as he glanced up at her 'De word ob de Lard say sight, "Take captive de woman!"'

At the same moment, Tom Dupuy, strolling idly on the lawn in the thickening twilight, caught sight of Pourtales, and beckoned him towards him with an imperious finger 'Come here,' he said, 'I want to talk with you, you nigger there—You're Isaac Pourtales, aren't you?—I thought so Then come and tell me all you know about this confounded cousin of yours—this man Noel'

Isaac Pourtales, nothing loth, poured forth at once in Tom Dupuy's listening ear the whole story, so far as he knew it, of Lady Noel's antecedents in Barbadoes While the two men, the white and the brown, were still conversing under the shade of the star apple tree, Nora, who had come down to the drawing room meanwhile, strolled out for a minute, beguiled by the cool air, on to the smoothly kept lawn in front of the drawing room window Tom saw her, and beckoned her to him with his finger, exactly as he had beckoned the tall mulatto Nora gazed at the beckoning hand with the intensest distrust, and then turned away, as if perfectly unconscious of his uncouth gesture, to examine the tuberoses and great bell shaped hangman's of the garden border

Tom walked up to her angrily and rudely 'Didn't you see me calling you, miss?' he said in his harsh drawl, with no pretence of unnecessary politeness 'Didn't you see I wanted to speak to you?'

'I saw you making signs to somebody with your hand, as if you took me for a servant,' Nora answered coldly, 'and not having been accustomed in England to be called in that way, I thought you must have made a mistake as to whom you were dealing with'

Tom started and muttered an oath 'In England,' he repeated 'Oh, ah, in England West Indian gentlemen, it seems, aren't good enough for you, miss, since this fellow Noel has come out to make up to you I suppose you don't happen to know that he's a West Indian too, and a precious queer sort of one into the bargain? I know you mean to marry him, miss, but all I can tell you is, your father and I are not going to permit it'

'I don't wish to marry him,' Nora answered, flushing fiery red all over ('Him is pretty for true when him blush like dat,' Isaac Pourtales said to himself from the shade of the star apple tree) 'But if I did, I wouldn't listen to any thing you might choose to say against him, Tom Dupuy, so that's plain speaking enough for you'

Tom sneered 'O no,' he said, 'I always knew you'd end by marrying a woolly headed mulatto, and this man's one, I don't mind telling you He's a brown man born, his mother, though she is Lady Noel—fine sort of a Lady, indeed—is nothing better than a Barbadoes brown girl, and he's own cousin to Isaac Pourtales over yonder! He is, I swear to you—Isaac, come here, sir!'

Nora gave a little suppressed scream of surprise and horror as the tall mulatto, in his ragged shirt, leering horribly, emerged unexpectedly, like a black spectre, from the shadows opposite

'Isaac,' the young planter said with a malicious smile, 'who is this young man, I want to know, that calls himself Mister Noel?'

Isaac Pourtales touched his slouching hat awkwardly in his answer, under his breath, with an ugly scowl 'Him me own cousin, sah, an' me mudder cousin Him an' me mudder is fam'ly long ago in ole Barbadoes'

'There you are, Nora!' Tom Dupuy cried out to her triumphantly 'You see what sort of person your fine English friend has turned out to be'

'I'm Dupuy,' Nora cried in her wrath—but in her own heart she knew it wasn't true—'if you tell me this, trying to set me against Mr Noel, you've failed in your purpose, sir what you say has no effect upon me I do not care for him you are quite mistaken about that, but if I did, I don't mind telling you, your wicked scheming would only make me like him all the better I'm Dupuy, no real gentleman would ever try so to undermine another man's position'

At that moment, Harry Noel, just descending to the drawing room, strolled out to meet them on the lawn, quite unconscious of this little family altercation Nora glanced hastily from Tom Dupuy, in his planter coat and high riding boots, to Harry Noel, looking so tall and handsome in his evening dress, and couldn't help noting in her own mind which of the two was the truest gentleman 'Mr Noel,' she said, accepting his half proffered arm with a natural and instinctively gracious movement, 'will you take me in to dinner? I see it's ready'

Tom Dupuy, crest fallen and astonished, followed after, and muttered to himself with deeper conviction than ever that he always knew that girl Nora would end in the long run by marrying a confounded woolly headed mulatto

(To be continued)

THE ASCENT OF CLOUDY MOUNTAIN, NEW GUINEA.

BY CAPTAIN CYPRIAN BRIDGE, R N

The Rev James Chalmers—known all along the southern coast of New Guinea, throughout the original British protectorate in fact, as 'Tamate'—will always be held responsible for the first ascent of Cloudy Mountain Taking advantage of the presence of Commodore Erskine's squadron at South Cape, he instilled into the minds of some of the officers a desire to get to the summit With the persuasive eloquence of which his many friends know him to be a master, he expatiated on the honourable nature of the enterprise, dwelling on the fact that no white man had as yet attempted it It is not wonderful that he excited considerable enthusiasm, nor is it, perhaps, wonderful that, as the climate is a most one and as the warm tropical season was well advanced, some of the enthusiasm had greatly decreased

when the day for starting arrived It was late resting to observe how many pressing engagements happened to prevent some of the more eager aspirants for alpine honours from attempting Cloudy Mountain, when the expedition was definitely determined on One had arrears of correspondence to make up, another had promised to join a friend in a shooting excursion, whilst a third wisely took into consideration the fact of his being no longer young It would have been well for at least one of the party that afterwards made the ascent if he also had remembered that the middle age is not the best time of life at which to try climbing almost precipitous elevations through trackless forests in the atmosphere of a hothouse

On Friday, the 21st of November, the union jack had been hoisted, and the British protectorate over the southern coast of New Guinea had been proclaimed with imposing ceremonies on Stacey Island, South Cape Time, which is usually deficient when naval officers visit places from which interesting excursions can be made, did not allow of the start for the summit of the mountain being deferred till the following day It was compulsory to get away as soon as possible after the ceremony Mr Chalmers whom no exertion can tire, made arrangements for collecting a body of native carriers He advised each excursionist to take a change of clothes, a blanket and enough food for twenty four hours By about eleven a.m there were assembled at the village of Hinod, at the head of Bertha Lagoon, the following Captain C Bridge, Lieutenants R N Commaney and M Thomson, R Millist, captain's steward, of H M S *Espoir*, Commander W H Henderson, Lieutenant T C Finton, Mr Glayshei, engineer, Mr T W Stirling, midshipman, four blue jackets, and one R M artilleryman of H M S *Nelson* Lieutenant John L Maix, commanding H M S *Swinger* Sub lieutenant A Pearson, of H M S *Dart*, and Mr Stuart of Sydney, New South Wales

The tribes inhabiting the country about South Cape are of the dark race, and were cannibals, until their recent renunciation of the practice, under the influence of the missionaries They are a much mainer and more talkative people than the non cannibal light coloured race, which dwells farther to the westward The work of selecting carriers proceeded with much vociferation, the carriers themselves, their friends, and all the ladies of the village—in this part of New Guinea the influence of woman is great—considering it necessary to address lengthy speeches in a loud tone to the white strangers That not one of these understood a sentence of what was being said to them, by no means discouraged the eloquence of the villagers 'Ta ma ta' extraordinary faculty of influencing the natives in a cheery way soon introduced order into what looked very much like hopeless confusion With the aid of the teacher Biga, who could speak both the Motu and the South Cape languages, he chose a sufficient number of carriers, appointed as guide an elderly native who professed to have been to the top of the mountain, and set about distributing the loads to be carried The wages agreed upon were a small 'trade' knife and three sticks of tobacco, value in all about eightpence per man Some biscuit and a little extra tobacco were given afterwards, to keep up the spirits of the party during the journey

Though not much troubled with clothes, our new friends were, at all events relatively to the western tribes, decently clad The women wear a becoming petticoat of leaves and fibre, coming down to the knee They often put on several of these garments one above the other, the effect being much the same as that of a capacious crinoline In New Guinea, the women are tattooed from forehead to ankles, occasionally in very elaborate patterns The name Papua given to New Guinea is said to mean 'woolly headed,' and the appellation has been well bestowed The men of both races 'tease' their hair out into a prodigious mop So do the girls Married women cut theirs short The bushy wigs which many of the natives of this region seem to be wearing decidedly improve their appearance When their hair is cut short, the similarity of their features to those of African negroes becomes more obvious They are not tall, but they have well shaped limbs, and many of them are sturdy fellows The usual weight for a native carrier is twenty five pounds But, as the number of travellers likely to assail Cloudy Mountain had greatly fallen off, we found ourselves with more carriers than we could supply loads for The result was that some of all events had very light burdens One man, for instance, carried an empty tin case for specimens of plants another, a few sheets of blotting paper between two thin pieces of board provided for the same purpose

When officers land in the South Sea Islands, most of dress is not much attended to A helmet or straw hat, a shirt, a pair of flannel trousers and boots or shoes more remarkable for utility than elegance, are found quite sufficient In a most hot climate, the less clothing the better, and in countries in which there are no roads not many paths and where, as a rule, progress is only possible through thick forest and over muddy ground, the fewer garments worn, the fewer there are to be cleaned at the end of an excursion

For the first half hour after leaving the village on Bertha Lagoon, the way ran across a mangrove swamp of soft mud, interspersed with pools of black looking water, and studded with the peculiar and sprawling knobs that the roots of the mangrove build delight to form It was worth while to note the care with which most of the excursionists began to pick their way, some even evinced a desire not to wet their boots To keep the nether garments clean was clearly in general considered an object worth trying for But after a few rapid and involuntary descents from slippery logs, seductively resembling bridges, placed across the most forbidding sloughs, a determination to push on straight and discontinue efforts to circumvent puddles, became universally apparent When the swamp had been left behind some distance, our carriers, who belonged to a humorous race, kindly informed us, through the interpreters—their faces beaming with delight as the information was imparted—that they could have taken us by a route which would have avoided it altogether This statement was proved to be true on our return, as some of the party escaped traversing the swamp

a second time by taking a path which led to the westward of it, and others descended in canoes the lower part of a river that discharges itself into the lagoon When asked why they had not let us know of the existence of a more agreeable road, our native friends made the unanswerable reply, that none of our party had suggested to them any wish to avoid the mangroves

For an hour we had now to move along through a well timbered country, occasionally passing small cultivated patches, where yams, bananas, and taro were grown The path in most places was not difficult, but it lost itself from time to time in a stream of clear water, whose frequent rapids showed that we had begun to ascend Repeated wadings had at all events the advantage of removing all traces of our passage across the swamp The scenery was highly picturesque, especially at some of the reaches of the little river The pebbly banks were crowned with a rich vegetation, the number and variety of the trees and shrubs—among st which the wild plantain, palms of various kinds, and the pandanus were conspicuous—were at least as great as in most tropical lands Glimpses of lofty wooded heights were frequently obtained A few tuneful birds were heard, and we saw some azure hued kingfishers But, as a rule, particularly as the lower country was left, the music of the woods was monopolised by screeching white cockatoos The scene was greatly enlivened by the number and beauty of the butterflies which flitted among st the bushes One of our party had provided himself with a net, and, though occasional bad shots at some peculiarly nimble *lepidoptera* were made, his bag turned out a very good one On a broad stretch of gravel and pebbles by the side of the water, towards one o clock, a halt was made for luncheon The spot was fairly shady, and the heat, considering our position, was not excessive A biscuit or two was handed to the carriers, and—what delighted them still more—a few small fragments of tobacco The New Guinea fashion of smoking is peculiar The pipe is a bamboo tube about two feet long and two inches in diameter, with one end closed Near this end, a small hole like the mouth hole of a flute is made, and in it a piece of leaf, twisted into a pointed cup or 'horn' containing a little tobacco, is inserted Applying a light to the tobacco, the smoker sucks vigorously at the open end of the tube, when this is filled with smoke, he puts his lips to the small hole and takes several 'draws,' after which the tobacco has to be replenished and the pipe relighted Politeness flourishes throughout the south western Pacific Isles even the naked cannibals of New Britain exhibit to friends that trait courtesy which consists in doing as one would be done by The New Guinean who lights the pipe, when he has filled it with smoke, usually hands it to some one else to have the first whiff On the present occasion, the pipe was offered first to the white man, to whom, so long as he behaves to them becomingly, Pacific Island natives are almost invariably polite

The lateness of our start rendered any but a short halt impossible, so the repast was a hasty one The increasing steepness showed that we had begun the ascent in earnest A path there certainly was, but, as a rule, it was not easily discerned amid the thick growth of tropical shrubs. As far as the density of the forest would allow us to examine the country to any distance, we appeared to be mounting, the ridge of a spur of the main mountain mass A deep valley lay on either hand, at the bottom of which we could hear the rumbling of a stream The number of cockatoos increased as we got higher, and some were shot for culinary purposes subsequently We saw some handsome pigeons, and at least one small flight of the large beaked bird called toucan, though probably it differs from the South American bird to which that name rightly belongs Ignorance of ornithology made some of us doubt if it were the hornbill or *buceros*, one of which we heard afterwards overhead puffing like a locomotive, on our way down The profusion of ferns, palms, orchids, and flowering shrubs was striking The ascent was really a climb, as the hands had to be used nearly as much as the feet At one or two points, the face of a steep water worn rock had to be scaled Frequent short halts became absolutely necessary, and the head of our long and straggling line of white men and carriers usually resumed the work of ascending as the rear rank reached the point at which the former had rested When the afternoon had well advanced—the only watch in the company having been broken at a specially stiff bit of climbing, the exact time could not be told—we had reached a comparatively open space, which our guide declared to be the summit The impossibility of this being so was demonstrated by the appearance of the true summit, of which a temporary break in the clouds usually hiding it, now permitted a glimpse Our guide thereupon asserted that it was the only summit which he knew, that no native of the country had ever attempted to mount higher, and that, anyhow, no path was to be found farther on These assertions were probably true The correctness at least of the last was soon established beyond the chance of doubt, subsequent progress disclosed the fact that the path, which for the last hour had been scarcely visible by the naked eye, ceased altogether

When the rear of the line came up, these questions were being debated Should arrangements be made for camping for the night on the spot then occupied? or should a further attempt to reach the summit be made? Lieutenant Kenton and Mr Stirling settled the matter as far as they were concerned by pushing on with the determination of crowning the mountain by themselves, if no one else cared to follow them 'Ta ma te' reviewed the situation in a short and fitting address, which closed with a reminder that not even a native, it was now proved, had ever got to the top This was enough to prevent any flagging of the enthusiasm necessary to carry the travellers higher Even the oldest member of the party, who had already begun to doubt the wisdom of joining in such an enterprise by one who had years ago qualified as a member of the 'senior' United Service Club, unhesitatingly gave his vote for a continuance of the ascent and for the conquest of the virgin height

It had been held that the previous part of the journey had afforded instances of some rather

pretty climbing It was child's play to what followed Path there was none, the vegetation became if possible denser, and the only practicable line of advance ran along the edge of a ridge nearly as 'sharp and perilous' as the bridge leading to the Mohammedan Paradise This ridge was so steep that, thickly clothed as it was with trees, shrubs, and creeper, it was frequently impossible to advance without pulling one's self up by one's hands In selecting something to lay hold of to effect this, great care had to be exercised The 'lawyer' palm, which sends out trailing shoots admirably adapted to the purpose of tripping up the unwary, is studded with thorns in the very part where it is most natural for a climber requiring its aid to seize it In the most difficult places, there flourished an especially exasperating variety of pandanus This tree has many uses, and in this instance it seemed to have been purposely placed just where it might best help the ascending traveller The pyramid of stalks or aerial roots, which unite several feet above the surface of the soil to form the trunk, always looked so inviting to those in want of a 'lift,' that no experience was sufficient to prevent repeated recourse to its assistance Unhappily, each stalk of a diameter convenient for grasping by the hand was studded with sharp prickles, almost invariably hidden by a coating of ridiculously soft moss It was not until the weight of the body was thrown on the hand encircling one of these deceptive stalks, that the situation was fully realised In the absence of a path, it was of some advantage to keep among the rearward members of the party A few persons in front quickly made a trail, which was not very often lost, particularly when the leader had had the forethought to break branches off adjacent shrubs, so that the fractures served as guideposts to those following The great steepness of the sides of the spur on the ridge of which was the line of advance, rendered it most desirable not to stray from the path, as serious injury, if not complete destruction, would in such case have been inevitable Sometimes a climber dislodged a stone that went crashing amongst the thick growth with which the precipitous sides were covered, downwards for hundreds of feet, till the noise of its fall died away in the distance

Clouds were collecting about the mountain, and the sun was about to set, when at length the whole party stood upon the summit There was a comparatively level space, perhaps thirty feet square, thickly overgrown with trees and shrubs The most heat on the way up had been great enough to render every one's clothes dripping wet, even had not occasional thick mists drenched our scanty garments It was so late that no time was to be lost in making arrangements for spending the night on the top of the mountain Tomahawks were brought into requisition, and several trees were felled and laid one on another along two sides of a small square, thus forming a low wall, under shelter of which a bivouac might be formed Many showers had fallen on the higher parts of the mountain during the day, and so general was the humidity that it was difficult to light a fire When this was at length accomplished, a meal was prepared, and soon despatched The kindling of a fire incited the native carriers to do the same on every available spot, amongst others at a point dead to windward of the bivouac, to the grievous annoyance of the travellers' eyes, till a more suitable place was substituted

With leaves and twigs plentifully strewed under the lee of the felled logs, the white man had managed to get themselves 'littered down' for the night The small rain which had been falling nearly ever since the summit had been reached, turned into sharp showers, and showed symptoms of continuing The supply of water was found to be very short, as, trusting to the statements of the natives before it was ascertained that their knowledge of the country did not extend beyond the termination of the path, it was thought unnecessary to carry a large supply to the end of the journey, where, it was anticipated, it would be found in abundance The prospect for the night was not cheering Those who had brought a change of clothing now put it on in place of the dripping garments hitherto worn and rolling themselves in their blankets, lay down to sleep, or to try to sleep Many things conspired to prevent slumber It was soon discovered that some of the party had no blanket Mr Chalmers at once set himself to rectify this, and did so in characteristic fashion He borrowed a knife, and, cutting his own blanket in two, insisted upon its being accepted by a companion who had none It is related of one of the several Saints Martin—on board men of war, we cannot be expected to be very familiar with the hagiology, so it will be well not to attempt to specify which of them it was—that seeing a beggar in want of a cloak, he gave him his own Now, seriously, without in the least desiring to disparage the charity of the saint, it may be pointed out that beggars are usually met with in the streets of towns, and that to give away a cloak therein is at the best not more meritorious than giving to a companion half of your only blanket at the beginning of a rainy night on the summit of a distant mountain But this was not all It was decided that the best protection against rain would be the erection of some sort of tent 'Tiamati' was soon employed in helping to construct this shelter, and in spite of all opposition, persisted in contributing the remaining portion of his blanket to form the roof

Contenting himself with as much of a companion's blanket as could be spared to him, he made himself, as he protested, extremely comfortable, and that all might be as merry as possible, started a musical entertainment by favouring the company with *Auld Langsyne* His jollity was contagious There was a succession of songs When these had been concluded with a 'fore bitter' of formidable length on the death of Lord Nelson by a seaman of H M S *Nelson* gifted with a fine voice, the natives were invited to take up the singing They complied without much hesitation They sang in a low and rather plaintive tone, with a curious deep *tremolo* uttered from time to time in unison At length, as some began to grow sleepy, Mr Chalmers asked for silence, so that the teacher Biga might be able to conduct the evening devotions This he did in an extempore prayer, attentively

followed by the natives, and, if not understood, at all events reverently listened to by the white men To one at least of the latter, sleep was impossible Fatigue must be indeed overwhelming which will enable one to slumber when, in the midst of the only available sleeping place, a point of rock is so situated that it almost forces a passage between the ribs Luckily, there were no mosquitoes or other vexatious insects But there was an unpleasant many legged black slug four or five inches long which evinced an unconquerable predilection for crawling over the naked human body It was far from pleasant to find this animal just effecting a passage between the neckband of the shirt and the skin, or trying to coil itself round the ear of the side which happened to be uppermost A careful member of our party, before lying down, had stretched a line between two trees, and on it had hung his wet clothes Looking about him in the night, he discovered that the clothes had disappeared, and his announcement of this discovery elicited from a companion the intelligence that the natives were wearing them This statement, so to speak brought down the house The natives heartily joined in the hilarious applause with which it was received The same reception was extended to a cavalcade of cavalcades from other companions of the bivouac such as, 'By Jove! there's a native with my shirt on' Subsequent reflections convinced the convicts that it was fortunate that the temporary borrowing of their clothes by their native friends had been looked upon as part of the fun of the excursion Had anyone been so ill conditioned as to maltreat or scold the merry intelligent carriers they would, almost to a certainty, have stolen away in the night, and have left the white men to get themselves and their things home as best they could One native gentleman displayed so much ingenuity in the mode of wearing one of the more unmentionable garments, which he somehow or other succeeded in converting into a kind of sleeved waistcoat, that the appreciative owner made him a present of it The new possessor had a proper pride in this acquisition, and wore it in his village after the descent, indeed, he had the honour of being introduced to the commodore whilst clad in it

'Tamata,' who, with universal assent, had established a genial despotism over the bivouac, issued a decree that every one should make a joke, and that the joke adjudged the best should be sent to a new paper for publication Either this was trying the loyalty of his contented subjects too severely, or the labour of manufacturing jokes was too great for wearied mountaineers, for, after one or two feeble endeavours to comply with his edict, a general silence fell upon the company

In the morning, after a not absolutely perfect night's rest, deficiency of water rendered abstaining from even an attempt at breakfast compulsory There was little, therefore, to delay the ceremony of hoisting the union jack—providently brought for the purpose by Lieutenant Fenton—upon the newly crowned summit A suitable tree was cut down and lopped, the flag was secured to it, and a hole having been dug in which to insert it, the flagstaff was reared amidst a very good imitation of three cheers from the natives, and the real thing from the white men The descent then began, and much of it was effected by a different route from that of the ascent Orchids, ferns, and other plants were collected on the way Some hands, burked alone, added to want of sleep and a long fast, made the descent seem to some even more fatiguing than the climb of the day before The interval before water was reached appeared excessive, and before a halt could be made for breakfast interminable By two P M the travellers were back on board their ships, proud of the distinction of being the first to ascend a mountain summit in Eastern New Guinea

TREASURE TROVE

A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS—CHAPTER IV

Upon Jasper Rodley's entrance into the house, Bertha had retired to her own room, pleading that she was suffering from the excitement, the fatigue, and the exposure she had undergone, but she could hear a conversation kept up in the dining room until a late hour, and instinctively felt that Rodley had not come again without a reason To her surprise, the next morning she found that both her father and his visitor were already down town, Jasper Rodley looking out of the window and whistling to himself, the captain with evident agitation marked on his mouth and face

'Pitha' he said, without even giving her the usual morning greeting 'Mr Rodley has come here especially to say that from information he has received it will be necessary for you at once to decide what course you intend to adopt There is a chance, he says, that the great evil hanging over our heads may be averted, but it depends upon your answer'

'Mr Rodley must give me until this evening to think over the matter I am going into Saint Quintins, if possible to see Harry—that is, Mr Symonds, for even Mr Rodley will admit that plighted troths are not to be broken in this abrupt manner I shall be home before dark

'Then I will see you on your road, said Rodley, 'as I am going into the town'

'You need not trouble, said Bertha 'The road is quite familiar to me, and I have no fear of being molested' Then, without waiting to hear whether Jasper Rodley objected or not to the arrangement, she left the house

In exactly an hour's time, she walked into the town At the old gate she was confronted by rather a pretty girl, who laid a hand gently on her arm, and said 'You are Miss West, I believe?'

Bertha replied in the affirmative

'You are in an unhappy and terrible position, and you have very little time to spare, I think!' added the girl

Bertha looked at her wonderingly, for she could not recall ever having seen her before

'I mean,' explained the girl, who observed that Bertha was surprised at this acquaintance on the part of a stranger with her affairs—'I mean with regard to that man, Jasper Rodley—Yes, I know all about it, and I want, not only to be your friend, but to see that evil doing meets with its just reward'

The girl was poorly dressed, but her accent and mode of expression were those of an educated woman, and, moreover, she had such a thin, sorrow-lined face, that Bertha felt she could trust her.

'Let me be with you to-day,' continued the girl, 'and you may thank me for it some day. I have long wanted to see you, and have wished here for you often. Never mind who I am—that you shall find out later.'

'Very well,' said Bertha, who naturally clung to the friendship of one of her own sex. 'I am glad to see Mr Symonds—my betrothed.'

'The gentleman who was obliged to leave Faraday's Bank, four years ago, yes, I remember it, and I pity the girl.'

They crossed the market place together, and were soon at Harry Symonds's lodgings. The servant, in reply to Bertha's inquiries, said that the young man was so far recovered as to be able to sit up, but that the doctor had ordered him to keep perfectly quiet and to be free from all excitement. So Bertha wrote him a note detailing all that had taken place, and began for an immediate answer. In the course of twenty minutes the servant handed her a piece of paper, on which was scrawled as follows:

'My dearest Love.—This is written with my left hand, as my right is yet in a sling. I wish I could say all that I want to, but as every moment is of value to you, I will simply keep to business. Take a postchaise home, get the money out of the cellar, and send it here. John Sargent, the fisherman, is to be trusted; let him come back with it in the postchaise. I will return it to the bank, making up out of my savings whatever difference there is from the original amount stolen. Lose no time, my darling, and God bless you!—Ever your affectionate

Harry.'

Bertha and the girl hurried away, and just as they entered the *Dolphin Inn* to order the chaise, they espied Jasper Rodley enter the town watchhouse, the local headquarters of the civil force, which in those days performed, or rather was supposed to perform, the duties of our modern constabulary.

'Miss West,' said the girl, 'I had better remain in the town for the present. At what hour to-day is Jasper Rodley coming to your house?'

'I said I would be home by dark. He will be there before then, to receive my final answer.'

'Very well, then, I will be there about that time,' continued the girl.

'Will you not even tell me your name?' asked Bertha.

'Yes. My name is Patience Crowell. Till to-night, good-bye. Keep up your spirits, all will end well.'

In a few minutes the postchaise was ready, and in order to escape the notice of Jasper Rodley, was driven round to the town gate, where Bertha jumped in. She stopped at John Sargent's cottage, and mentioned her errand.

'Why, said the old fisherman, 'I'm too glad to do anythin' for Master Symonds. He saved my life once at Saint Quintans' jetty, and I've never had no chance of doin' suthin' for him in return like.—Come along, mas', if it's to the end of the world, come along.'

As Jasper Rodley might pass by at any moment, Bertha thought it best to keep the chaise out of sight, whilst she and the fisherman, provided with a large net basket, proceeded to the cliffs. In half an hour's time the bags of coin were safely stowed away in the postchaise, John Sargent jumped in, the chaise rattled off, and Bertha, with a light heart and a heightened colour, returned home.

The captain was stamping up and down the little gravelled space in his garden, which from the presence there of half a dozen old cannon and a flagstaff, he delighted to call the Battery. When he beheld Bertha, he welcomed her with a sad smile, and putting her arm in his, said: 'Bertha, lass, I've been thinking over this business ever since you went away this morning, and the more I've thought about it, the more I've called my self a mean, cowardly, selfish old fool.'

'Why, father?'

'Because, look here. I've been telling you to make yourself miserable for life by marrying a man you despise and dislike, just so that I may get off the punishment that's due to me. I'm an old man and in the ordinary course of things, I can't live many years before me. You're a girl with all your life before you, and yet I'm wicked enough to tell you to give up all your long life so that my few years shouldn't be disturbed.'

'But father ——' began Bertha.

'Let me speak,' interrupted the old man. 'I've been doing a wicked thing all these four years, but I know what's right. When this man asks you to be his wife to-night, you say "No," mind, you say "No." If you don't, I will, and you won't marry without my permission.'

'Dear father, you leave it to me. I do not promise anything, except that by no act of mine shall one hair of your head be touched.—Let us talk of other things, for Jasper Rodley will be here soon.'

So they walked up and down until the sun began to sink behind the hills inland and the air grew chilly. They had scarcely got into the house, when Jasper Rodley appeared. He bowed formally to Bertha, and offered his hand to the captain which was declined. 'Miss West,' he said, 'I think I have given you fair time for decision. I have not been so exacting as circumstances justified.'

Bertha said nothing in reply, but sat in a chair by the window, and looked out on the sea as if nothing unusual was taking place.

So Jasper Rodley continued: 'I will speak then at once, and to the point. Miss West, will you accept me for your husband?'

'No, I will not,' replied Bertha, in a low, firm voice.

Mr Rodley was evidently unprepared for this, and looked at her with open mouth. 'That is your final answer?' he asked, after a pause. 'You are prepared to see your father, whom you love so dearly, taken from here in custody to be brought up as a common felon?'

'Yes. That is, Mr Rodley, if you can prove anything against him. Of what do you accuse him?'

'I accuse him of having lived during the past four years upon money which was not his, but which was stolen from Faraday's Bank in Saint Quintins, which was taken off in a vessel called the *Fancy Lass*, the said vessel being wrecked off this coast'

'Very well,' continued Bertha 'What is your proof that he knows anything about this money?'

'One moment before I answer that You refuse to marry me if I can bring no proof You will marry me if I do?'

'Show me the proof first,' answered Bertha.

'You must follow me, then

'Not alone —Father, you must come with me

So the trio proceeded out into the dusk, and, conducted by Jasper Rodley, followed the path leading to the cliffs Bertha observed that they were followed at a little distance by a man closely enveloped in a long coat, and as they ascended the ledge of rock communicating with the shore, noticed two other figures—those of a man and a woman—watching them

'It is a very nice little hiding place,' remarked Rodley, when they arrived at the bushes—'a very nice little hiding place, and it seems almost a pity to make it public property, but a proof is demanded, and sentimental feelings must give way' He smiled as he said this, and kicked the bush aside with his foot, thus uncovering the cavern entrance They entered the hole, which was now quite dark, but Rodley had come prepared, and struck a light He then rolled away the stone, and without looking him all, gave Bertha the light and bade her satisfy her doubts

'There is nothing here' she said

'Nothing!' exclaimed Rodley, taking the light from her hand and examining the crevice 'Why! —Gracious powers! no more than so! There has been robbery! Some one has been here and has sucked the bank!' His face was positively ghastly in the weird light as he said this, and under his breath he continued a fine of horrible execrations

'Well, Mr Rodley,' said Bertha, smiling, 'and the proof?'

Rodley did not answer, but moved as if to leave the cavern, when a woman's figure confronted him at the entrance, and a ringing voice said 'Proof! No! He has no proof!'

Rodley staggered back with a cry of rage and surprise 'Patience! Why—how have you got here? I left you at Yarmouth!—Ha! I see it all now!'

'Yes,' cried the girl, 'of course you do I gave you fair warning, when I found out that you were beginning to forsake me for another, but not until after I had begged and entreated you, with tears in my eyes, to remember the solemn protestations of love you had made me, and the solemn troth which we had plighted together'

'Let me go!' roared Rodley, 'you're mad!'

'No, no—not so fast!' cried the girl She made a signal to some one without, and a man entered

'Jasper Rodley,' continued Patience, 'this constable has a warrant for your apprehension on the charge of having been concerned in the bank robbery four years ago—Yes, you may look fiercely at me. I swore that the secret in my keeping should never be divulged I loved you so much, that I was ready even to marry a thief But as you have broken your faith with me, I consider myself free of all obligations—Captain West, it was this man who planned the robbery, who had the coin conveyed to his boat, the *Fancy Lass*, and who if he was saved from the wreck'

Rodley made a desperate rush for the cave entrance, but the constable held him fast, and took him off

'There, Miss West' cried the girl, 'I have done my duty, and I have satisfied my revenge My mission is accomplished Good bye, and all happiness be with you And before Bertha could stop her, she had disappeared

Jasper Rodley was convicted on the charge of robbery, and received a heavy sentence, which he did not live to fulfil Harry Symonds paid in to the bank the entire sum stolen, the authorities of which offered him immediately the position of manager, which he declined He and Bertha were married shortly afterwards, but they could not induce the old captain to move to the house they had taken, for he could not get over the shame of the exposure, and declared that he was only fit for the hermit life he had chosen, but no one outside the little circle ever knew that he had been indirectly concerned in the robbery, and neither Harry nor Bertha alluded to it after

Of Patience Crowell, who had so opportunely appeared on the scene, nothing was ever known

THE MONTH

SCIENCE AND ARTS

Dr Gustav Jaeger, whose sanitary clothing reform made some little stir a year or two back, seeks to apply the principle involved in his theory to furniture This theory teaches that cotton, linen, and other stuffs of vegetable origin retain a power of absorbing those noxious animal exhalations which as plants they digest. Dead fibre, or wood, will, he maintains, act in the same manner, and will throw off the deleterious matter, to the prejudice of living beings, whenever there is a change of temperature This, he holds, is the reason why a room which has been shut up for some days has an unpleasant odour attaching to it, and which is very apparent in German government offices, which are fitted with innumerable shelves and pigeon holes made of plain unpainted wood For sanitary reasons, therefore, the back and unseen parts of furniture should be varnished, painted, or treated with some kind of composition, to fill the pores of the wood, hence it is that so called sanitary furniture has in Germany become an article of commerce, and is likely to find its way to this and other countries

Such large quantities of ice are now made by various artificial processes, that ice is no longer a luxury which can only be procured by the rich, but is an article of commerce which can be purchased at a very low price in all large towns in the kingdom It is not generally known that the artificial product is far purer than natural ice, but such, according to M Birchoff of Berlin,

who has made a scientific analysis of specimens, is the case.

All honest persons rejoice greatly when a notorious evil doer is run to earth, and much the same satisfaction is experienced when science points with unerring finger to the source of disease, for then the first step has been taken in its eradication. Many, therefore, will rejoice when they read the recently issued Report of Mr W H Power, the Inspector of the Local Government Board, concerning an epidemic of scarlatina which occurred in London last year. The story is most interesting, but too long to quote in full. Suffice it to say that the disease in question has, after the most painstaking inquiries, been traced to the milk given by certain cows which were affected with a skin disease showing itself in the region of the teats and udders. We know to our cost that certain diseases can be transferred from the lower animals to man. 'Woolsorters' disease' is traced to the same germ which produces splenic fever in cattle and sheep, a malady which has been so ably dealt with by M Pasteur. The terrible glanders in horses is transferable to man. Jenner was led to the splendid discovery of vaccination from observing the effects of cowpox on milkmaids, and now we have scarlatina traced directly to the cowhouse. Dr Klein, the famous pathologist, has been engaged to report upon this new revelation concerning milk, and we may reasonably hope that his researches will bear fruitful results.

A new method of etching on glass has been devised. The ink is of a waxy composition, and requires to be heated to render it fluid. It is applied to the glass with a special form of pen, which can be kept in a hot condition by a gas or electrical attachment. When the drawing is complete, the plate is etched by fluoric acid, which of course only attacks and dissolves those portions not covered by the protective ink. The result is a drawing in raised lines, which can be made to furnish an electrotype, or can, if required, be used direct as a block to print from.

Springs in mid ocean are not unknown, and, if we remember rightly, there is more than one of the kind at which ships have ventured to renew their stores of fresh water. But an ocean oil well is certainly a rarity. The captain of a British schooner reports that in March last, while bound for New Orleans, his vessel passed over a submarine spring of petroleum, which bubbled up all round the ship, and extended over the surface of the sea for some hundred yards. It seems to be a moot point whether this phenomenon is a mere freak of nature, or whether it is caused by the sunken cargo of some ill fated oil ship. In the latter case, the gradual leakage of casks would account for the strange appearance.

Inventors of gas apparatus should note that the municipal authorities of Brussels have decided upon holding a competition, with a view to ascertain the best means of using gas for heating and cooking purposes. A large sum [illegible] offered in prizes to the successful competitor. Apparatus for trial must be forwarded [illegible] than September next, and all points bearing on the matter may be obtained [illegible] engineer, M Wybauw, Rue de l'Autelle, for [illegible]

In the island of Skye, large deposits of the very useful mineral called diatomite have recently been found. Under the German name of *kieselguhr*, this absorbent earth has been extensively used in the manufacture of dynamite, which consists of nitro glycerine rendered more safe for handling by admixture with this porous body. It is also used as a non conducting compound for coating the exterior of steam pipes and boilers, as a siliceous glaze for pottery, for the manufacture of silicate paints, and for many minor purposes. In this particular deposit the variation of diatoms are singularly few, only sixteen species of these wonderful microscopic organisms being represented. The deposit is estimated to yield a total of between one and two hundred tons.

At a recent meeting of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, Dr A B Griffiths read a most interesting paper on 'The Effect of Ferrous Sulphate in destroying the Spores of Parasitic Fungi.' The value of this salt—the common 'green vitriol' of commerce—as a plant food has long ago been established, but Dr Griffiths points out the important antiseptic property it possesses in destroying certain low forms of plant life. As a preventative of potato disease, it is most effectual, although the spores of that fungus possess such vitality that they may be kept as dry dust for eight months without losing their power for mischief. Dr Griffiths also notes that in damp warm weather, the potato disease is actually encouraged by the use of potash manures. He advocates the treatment of manure with a weak solution of the iron salt before its application to the land. Wheat when treated with the sulphate is rendered proof against mildew.

A clever method of damascening metals by electricity is described in a French technical journal. The process consists of two distinct operations, and is based on the well known fact, that when two copper plates are hung in a bath of sulphate of copper and connected with the opposite poles of a battery, a transfer of metal from one to the other will take place. In the case before us, a copper plate is covered with a thin layer of insulating material, as in the etching process, and this is drawn upon with an etching needle so as to lay bare the metal beneath. This is now submitted to the action of the electric current, so that the metal is eaten away to a certain depth in the exposed parts. The plate is next washed with acid, to remove all traces of oxide of copper in the bitten in lines, and is then transferred to another bath by which metallic silver or nickel is deposited in the etched parts, with the result that the sunk lines are ultimately completely filled with the new metal. When the plate is relieved of its waxy coating and is polished, it is impossible to say whether or not the beautiful inlaid appearance has been produced by a mechanical process or by skilled handiwork.

Two remarkable finds of old coins have lately occurred—one at Milverton, a suburb of Leamington, and the other at Aberdeen. In the first case, some labourers were digging foundations, when they found a Roman amphora, which they immediately smashed to ascertain its contents. It [illegible] nearly three hundred coins in silver. These were of very early date, and

in a state of excellent preservation The Aberdeen treasure trove came to light in excavating Ross's Court, one of the oldest parts of the city Here the labourers found a bronze urn filled with a large number of silver coins These coins also are well preserved They are all English, and are mostly of the reigns of Edward I and Edward II Some of these coins are of extreme rarity, and the discovery has great antiquarian interest

The largest installation of the electric light, worked from a central point, which this country has yet seen has been recently completed at the Paddington terminus of the Great Western Railway The lights, which are equivalent to thirty thousand ordinary gas jets, are distributed between the Paddington passenger and goods stations, the 'Royal Oak,' and Westbourne Park Stations, the terminus hotel, and all the various offices, yards, and approaches to the railway Company's premises The district covers no fewer than sixty seven acres of ground, and is one mile and a half long The two Gordon dynamos which are used to generate the current weigh forty five tons each, and give sufficient power to serve four thousand one hundred and fifteen Swan glow lamps, each of twenty five candle power, ninety eight arc lamps, each of three thousand five hundred candle power, and two of twelve thousand candle power each The current is kept on day and night, except for a few hours on Sunday morning, and each individual lamp is under separate control by a switch, so that it can be turned off and on just like a gas jet Every detail has been well thought out, and the vast scheme is a success in every way We understand that the contractors, the Telegraph Maintenance and Construction Company, have undertaken to supply the light at the same price as would have been charged for gas lamps giving the same light value

From a paper read by Mr C Harding before the Royal Meteorological Society on 'The Severe Weather of the Past Winter,' we learn that the cold lately experienced has been of the most exceptional character The persistency with which frost continued for long periods was quite remarkable In south west England, there was not a single week from October to the end of March in which the temperature did not fall below the freezing point, and in one town in Hertfordshire, frost occurred on the grass on seventy three consecutive nights Since the formation of the London Skating Club, nearly sixty years ago, the past season has been the only one in which skating has been possible in each of the four months December to March We therefore must note that we have just passed through an unusually severe season

Fresh fruit from the antipodes, of which two large consignments have recently reached London, is now being daily sold to eager purchasers in the Australian fruit market at the Indian and Colonial Exhibition Grapes, apples, pears, and other fruits, in splendid condition, and with their flavour unaltered by their long separation from their parent stems, can now be conveyed by the shipload, packed in cool chambers, in the same way that meat is imported from the same distant lands The success of the enterprise opens up a wide field of promise to those in temperate lands who have been dazzled by the reports of travellers as to the luscious nature of foreign fruits, which hitherto have been quite out of reach of stay at home Britons We seem to be fast coming to the time when fairy tales will be considered tame and uninteresting, from being so far eclipsed by current events

A correspondent of the *Times* notes a most important means of escape from suffocation by smoke, a fatality by which many lives are lost annually He points out that if a handkerchief be placed beneath the pillow on retiring to rest so as to be within easy reach of the hand, it can, in case of an alarm of fire, be readily dipped in water and tied over the mouth and nostrils As an amateur fireman, he has gone through the dense smoke protected in that manner, and he alleges that such a respirator will enable its wearer to breathe freely in an otherwise irrespirable atmosphere

Professor Dewar lately exhibited at the Royal Institution, London, the apparatus he employs for the production of solid oxygen If we refer to the physical text books of only three or four years back, we find oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen described as permanent gases, for no one had ever produced either in any other form At length all three had to give way before scientific research, and they were by special appliances reduced to the liquid state Professor Dewar is the first experimenter who has taken the further step of producing one of these gases in a solid form His method consists in allowing liquid oxygen to expand into a partial vacuum, when the great absorption of heat which accompanies the operation causes the liquid to assume a solid state It is said to resemble snow in appearance, with a temperature greatly below the freezing point of water It is believed that a means of producing such a degree of cold will be of great service to experimental chemistry

Mr W Thomson, F R S E, has devised a new process for determining the calorific power of fuel by direct combustion in oxygen, which promises to superside, by reason of its greater accuracy, the methods hitherto in use The process consists in placing a gramme of the coal or fuel to be tested in a platinum crucible covered with an inverted glass vessel The whole arrangement is placed under water in a suitable receptacle, and the fuel, burnt in oxygen, burns away in a very few minutes, giving off much heated gas, which escapes through the water The temperature of the water, compared with its temperature before the operation, gives the data upon which the heating power of the coal can be calculated The question of heat value in fuel is of course one of first importance to railway Companies and other large consumers of coal It is, too, in a minor way of importance to householders, who often find, by painful experience, the little heat value of the fuel which has been shot into their cellars If coal merchants were to furnish some guarantee based on a scientific test as above described, they would find it to their own profit, as well as to the advantage of their customers

We do not hear very much in these days of mummy wheat and barley, but many people firmly believe that the seeds of both plants found with Egyptian mummies, and supposed to be three or four thousand years old, will sprout if

put in the ground. A few years ago, such wheat was commonly sold as a curiosity, and we believe that many purchasers succeeded in raising a small crop from it. Professor Bentley, who has recently commenced a series of lectures on the Physiology of Plants, asserts most emphatically that no grains which with certainty have been identified as contemporaneous with the deposit of the mummified corpse, have ever come to life. In cases where the so called mummy wheat has germinated, it has been introduced into the coffin shortly before, or at the time of discovery of the body. Professor Bentley does not name a limit to the time during which seed retain their vitality, but he says that very few will germinate after being three years old.

Dr Kosmann of Breslau has designed a safety cartridge for use in fiery mines, but it has not yet passed the ordeal of practical employment. It depends for its efficiency upon the sudden evolution of a large volume of hydrogen gas, which is brought about by the action of dilute acid upon finely divided zinc. The 'cartridge' consists of a glass cylinder pinched into a narrow tube at the centre, so that internally it is divided into two compartments. One of these contains the powdered zinc, and the other the dilute acid, the passage between them being closed by a rubber cork. The bottleful into which it is inserted is first of all made gas tight by a lining of clay, then the cartridge is put in position, with an iron rod in connection with it so placed that, when struck with a hammer from the outside of the hole, it will drive in the rubber cork, and so bring the acid into contact with the zinc. We shall be interested to hear how the method answers in practice.

JACK, THE BUSHRANGER.

AN AUSTRALIAN REMINISCENCE.

READING in your *Journal* (writes a correspondent) an article headed, 'A Bushranger Interviewed,' recalls to my memory a strange incident which occurred some years ago to my own brother, when on his way from Sydney to the gold fields, and for the accuracy of which I can vouch.

At the time of his arrival in Australia, the country was in a state of panic, a reign of terror existed, caused by the daring outrages committed on parties on the journey to and from the diggings. Robbery with violence, escorts shot down, and large consignments of gold carried off, were of daily occurrence. The bush was infested by a gang of desperate bushrangers, whose leader, under the cognomen of 'Jack,' seemed to bear a charmed life. For years he had evaded all the efforts made to capture him, though the military scoured the bush. No sooner was an outrage perpetrated, than all trace of the perpetrators was lost, as if the ground had swallowed them. He had a perfect knowledge of the most secret movements of the parties he attacked. He seemed ubiquitous, outrages occurring in such rapid succession and in spots. Such an air of mystery hung about him, that a superstitious feeling mingled with the moral terror he inspired. He was represented by some persons who had seen him, as a fine powerful looking man, with nothing forbidding in his appearance.

Even the man thirst for gold could not induce the bravest persons to undertake the journey alone. The gold seekers travelled in large cavalcades, well armed, and determined to fight for their lives and property, one of these parties my brother joined. He was a fine handsome young fellow, all fun and love of adventure, and he soon became a general favourite. The 'track'—for there were no roads at that time—ran for the greater distance through the bush, some parts of which were so dense as scarcely to admit daylight. Every man was well armed. My brother had brought with him a first class revolver, purchased in London. This he kept with other valuables carefully hidden on his person, his other belongings being stowed away in one of the wagons. When they bivouacked for the night, care was taken that it should be in an open space, where a good lookout could be kept, to make sure against a sudden surprise. The wagons were placed in the middle, sentries posted, and scouts placed so that the flight of a bird or the fall of a leaf could not pass unnoticed. All were on the qui vive. For some days all went well, nothing unusual or alarming occurring. They went then well into the bush, and consequently, if possible more vigilant, believing that even a mouse could not intrude itself amongst them.

One morning it was found that, during the night, they had been, spite of all their vigilance, mysteriously and unaccountably joined by a stranger, who stood in their midst as if one of themselves. No one could imagine how or whence he came, and utter astonishment prevailed. He was a fine portly man, from thirty-five to forty years of age, with an open, prepossessing countenance and good address—one who, under other circumstances, would have been looked upon as an acquisition to the party. Not in the least taken aback or abashed by the scant welcome he received or the undisguised surprise his presence created, he came forward boldly, and told a most plausible story, to the effect that he was a stranger making his way to the gold fields, that, notwithstanding the stories he had heard in Sydney of 'Jack,' and his comrades, he had ventured so far alone, but as he got further into the bush he lost heart, and determined to join the first party he met.

It looked strange that he had no luggage of any kind, not even provisions, or anything to indicate that he was bound for a long journey. He made no attempt to account for his mysterious appearance, entered into the arrangements of the cavalcade, and made himself quite at home. Every man amongst them, with the exception of my brother, believed that no one but 'Jack' himself could have so taken them by surprise, the general belief being, that it could only be from personal experience the terrible bushranger derived the perfect knowledge he displayed when making his raids.

The party agreed that the wisest course would be to await the progress of events, watch his every movement, and let him see that they were prepared to sell their lives dearly, if driven to do so.

The stranger seemed to have an unlimited

parlance, they became mates, chummed, walked, and smoked together. My brother found him a well informed, agreeable companion, a vast improvement on their rough associates, and he seemed thoroughly to enjoy the society of the jovial young Irish gentleman. A sincere friendship sprung up between them, notwithstanding the disparity in years.

The other members of the party became very anxious, fearing the man would take advantage of my brother's unsuspicious, trusting nature to obtain information that would be useful to him when forming his plans for the attack which was hourly expected, in fact looked upon as imminent. Nor were their fears allayed when, after a little, he would leave the beaten track and walk into the bush, remaining away for hours, and returning at the most unexpected times and places, showing a thorough knowledge of the bush and all its intricacies and short cuts, quite inconsistent with the story he had told on joining.

One thing struck my brother as strange, but without exciting any suspicion on his part. When walking together, he would suddenly stand, become quite excited, and say 'Oh, it was here such an outrage occurred. It was on the spot on which we are standing that the escort was shot down and a large consignment of gold carried off. They did fight like demons.' He seemed to take the greatest pleasure in giving minute details of the different outrages as they had occurred, and always spoke as if he had been an eye witness. But so thorough was my brother's belief in his new friend, that even this did not shake his faith.

When within a few days of the journey's end, the stranger suddenly and quite unexpectedly declared his intention of parting company. He offered no explanation as to his reason for doing so, though all through he had seemed anxious to impress it on them that he intended to go the entire way to the diggings with them. No questions were asked.

After a general and hearty leave taking, which, however, did not inspire much confidence, as they were still within range of a possible attack, he asked my brother to take a last walk with him, and led the way into the bush farther than he had ever brought him before, and a long distance from the beaten track. The first words the stranger said were 'Mate, dont you carry a revolver?'

The answer was 'Yes, and a first class one. Not such as a got out here. I brought it from home.'

'Show it to me,' said the stranger, 'I love a real good weapon,' and without the slightest hesitation, my brother handed him the revolver, which he examined carefully, and saw that the chambers were loaded. He remarked that it was the 'prettiest weapon' he had handled for a long time.

He walked a few steps in advance, and turning round suddenly, he presented the revolver at my brother's head, calling out in a commanding tone, 'Stand!' his countenance so changed as nearly to be recognised.

At last my brother felt that he stood face to face with the terrible bushranger, but did not lose his presence of mind.

For a moment there was a profound silence, first broken by the stranger saying 'Is there anything on earth to prevent my blowing out your brains with your own weapon, placed in my hands of your own free will? The wild bush round us, I know its every twist and turn. The man is not living who could track my footsteps through its depths, where I alone am lord and master. Speak, man! What is there to prevent me?'

The man's face brightened, and his voice resumed its friendly tone, and handing back the revolver, he said 'We stand now on equal footing. You hold my life in your hands, as I held yours a moment ago. Yes, boy, and your own fortune too. But I trust you, as you trusted me. I would not hurt a hair of your head, and I have spared others for your sake. How, you will never know, but they owe you a deep debt of gratitude. You are a noble-hearted fellow, and through the rest of my stormy life, I will look back with pleasure on the time we have passed together. But, mate, you are the greatest fool I ever met. I brought you here to-day to give you a lesson, which I hope you will bear in mind. You are going among a rough, lawless crew, never, as long as you live, trust any man as you have trusted me to-day. Where you are bound for, your revolver will be your only true friend, never let it out of your own keeping, to friend or foe. You are far too trusting. There was not a man but your self amongst those from whom I have just parted who did not believe from the moment I joined that I was Jack the bushranger. Well, mate, I am not going to tell you who or what I am, or how or why I came amongst you, but of this rest assured, that you have no truer friend. You will never know what I have done for your sake.—Now, mate, good bye for ever. We will never meet again in this world, and it is best for you it should be so.' Then leading him back to the track by which he could rejoin his party, he wrung my brother's hand, turned and walked quickly into the bush, leaving no doubt upon my brother's mind that the friend he had so loved and trusted was indeed the dreaded bushranger.

They never did meet again. My brother came home to die, and unless my memory deceives me, Jack was shot dead in a skirmish with the military.

THE BIRDS AT SOUTH KENSINGTON

South Kensington has of late years been so inseparably identified with Art, that it will seem natural to the readers of this article for Art to form its subject, but it will probably surprise the frequenters of these buildings to be asked to bend their steps towards the Natural History Department—which one naturally supposes devoted to scientific objects—to examine works of art quite equal in their way to any to be

found in the building devoted ostensibly to that purpose.

Many must have been struck by the artistic and natural grouping of the birds, with their nests and young, in imitation of the surroundings they frequent while living. How much more one is impressed with the beauty of the creatures, when one sees them arranged in the positions they assume in a state of nature, than when placed in the old fashioned style, mounted on boards or badly imitated stumps of trees! Justly, this admirable grouping calls forth exclamations of delight from the beholder; yet there is a fact connected with this artistic grouping that is as well worthy of the admiration of the visitor as the scientific facts here intended to be represented.

The surrounding of each of these nests is a work of art in itself, constructed, with the most painstaking regard to accuracy of detail, by a lady, whose name, though not appearing in this connection, is not unknown to fame. The sods—if the bird be a ground builder—are dug up with the moss and surroundings as they are found, and are submitted at once for the modeller to copy the various weeds and flowers exactly as they grow. The sods are then dried and cleaned, and the modeller fixes into them the flowers and weeds she has constructed, and paints up the grass to restore it to its original colour. They are then deposited in the places they are destined to occupy in the Museum.

The material employed for making these artificial flowers and weeds has been called by the inventor, who is also the modeller, the 'New Kensington Art Material.' Boughs of tree, the minutest flowers and weeds, even the hair like filaments that many flower stems possess as a protection against the ravages of insects, are copied with such scrupulous accuracy as to defy detection by ordinary means, and the union between the real wood and its artificial representation is concealed with the same regard to reality. The secret of the manufacture of the material is strictly preserved.

At the International Exhibition of 1851, Mrs Mogridge—then Miss Minton—in conjunction with others of her family, took the first prize for models of wax flowers, notably a model of 'Victoria Regia' lilies, taken from the first to bloom in England, by permission of Her Grace the Duchess of Northumberland. Of late years, Mrs Mogridge has used the new Art Material in place of wax, on account of its superior strength, and indestructibility, it being unaffected by heat, the great enemy to all work in wax. Moreover, it admits of more perfect colouring, no shade being unattainable in this composition, and permitting of the most brilliant effects of painting.

It is adaptable to all artistic decorations on account of its greater strength, and flowers made in it can be mixed with living foliage so as to be a perfect deception, when the real flowers are unattainable. It may be interesting to notice that naturalists will find a ready means of enhancing the value of their collections, not only of birds, as before noticed, but of insects. Lord Walsingham, we are told, has a large collection of butterflies and moths which are mounted in this way, surrounded by the smallest weeds and plants on which they feed.

Botanical specimens for all purposes, particularly in schools, &c., where botany is taught, may be made of this material with advantage, as the natural specimens are so easily destroyed with handling. Its value for designs for china-painting, where the choice flowers, such as orchids, &c., cannot be procured in their natural state, will be easily appreciated, and models made of it are, in fact, already used by the artists at the Royal Porcelain Works at Worcester for this purpose, as all the detail is faithfully carried out, from the flower to the common nettle to the large oak bough.

THE LINDSAYS BRIDAL

[The first marriage of Colin Earl of Lindsay and Balcarres, to Maurice de Nassau took place in extreme youth at the court of James II., and in the circumstances end with the result narrated.]

In Whitehall London Town
Never such bridal was known
As that of Earl Colin the Lindsay so gay
O'er the Boyne, in sooth
Never came lovelier youth,
And the king himself shall give the fair lady away.

The bridesmaids in and brides
Are here in their pride,
But why are the rites this long pause and delay?
'Tis for Colin they wait—
The 'Earl Lindsay' is late
The bridegroom forgetteth his own marriage day!

The envoy was meet,
And the bridegroom is fleet,
He stands at the altar in bridal array
But what looks he now?
Why this cloud on his brow?—
The ring, that should make her his countess for aye!

Oh a ring a envy found!
'Mid the guests standing round!
And a borrowed ring served on that strange marriage day
But when spoke was the oath
That united them both
She looked on the ring and she fainted away.

'Twas a ring with a tomb
And a legend of gloom,
And she was that to death she was wedded that day.
They observed her swoon,
But alas, 'twas in vain!
And she drooped and she died ere a year was away.

JEFFY VOGEL.

The Conductor of CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL begs to direct the attention of CONTRIBUTORS to the following notice:

1st All communications should be addressed to the 'Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2d For its return in case of ineligibility, postage stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3d To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.*

4th Offerings of Verse should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

If the above rules are complied with, the Editor will do his best to insure the safe return of ineligible papers.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

All Rights Reserved.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL
OF
POPULAR
LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART
Fifth Series
ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832
CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)

No. 131.—Vol. III. SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1886. PRICE 1½d.

PREHISTORIC MAN

The early history of man in every country is shrouded in considerable mystery and uncertainty. Of our own history, we have fairly full and accurate knowledge as far back as the days of the Saxon kings; but beyond that period, the light of history gradually fades into tradition. In seeking to follow the earlier history, even in the light of tradition soon fails us, and we are left in complete darkness. The history of some other countries reaches further into the gloom of the past. But even Greece and Egypt have their dim dawn of history, beyond which the voices of massive ancient Sphinx and temple ruins of the one are silent, and the beautiful myths of the other have no further record. When, however, tradition fails us, we have not by any means reached the furthest point in the history of the race. At that point, geology comes to our assistance with revelations of men of the rudest stage of life living in prehistoric ages under circumstances of great interest. It is to this early age of which geology speaks, that we here turn attention.

The peat mosses of Denmark supply important data for the early history of man in that country. In these peats are imbedded many relics of a people who dwelt in that region long before the present race had migrated thither. These relics consist chiefly of curiously formed implements and weapons in stone and bronze—hammer, arrow, and spear heads, hatchets and knives, &c. Now, peat is formed slowly. It is the result of the annual growth and decay of numerous marsh plants—each year's mass of dead rushes, reeds, and grasses being overgrown by the vegetation of the succeeding year. The formation takes place in marshy hollows, and in process of time, consolidates and sinks into the soft soil on which it rests. The growth of each year, however, adds only a very thin stratum to the formation, and when this is pressed by the strata of subsequent years, it sinks into still smaller compass. The Danish peats attain a thickness of about thirty feet, and they must therefore have been a very considerable time under formation. Imbedded in peat are often found the trunks of trees, indeed, in some instances part of a forest growing in the hollow in which peat was being formed, has been choked by the rank growth of marsh plants, and the soil becoming too moist for the favourable growth of the trees, they, robbed of their strength from these two causes, have fallen a prey to storms, and become overgrown with peat. Thus single trees or clusters of trees or even whole forests may be part of a peat moss.

In these Danish peats occur, at different depths, the remains of three kinds of trees. At or near the surface, the remains are of beech trees; farther down we find remnants of oaks, and still lower and near the bottom of the moss, are discovered remains of the Scotch fir. This gives us a provisional chronology. At the present time, fir and oaks are not found in the country, but beeches attain a perfect growth in very large numbers. During the time of the Roman empire, Denmark was famous for its growth of beeches in all probability, all through the historic period the characteristic tree growth of this locality has been beeches. It is certain that oaks have never been predominant in Denmark during any period of the historic epoch. The prehistoric period of man's life upon the globe is divided into three divisions—the Stone age, the Bronze age, and the Iron age. These distinctions are based upon the character of the tools and weapons that he used. Lucretius hit on what was in reality the divisions when he said

> Man's earliest arms were fingers, teeth and nails
> And stones and fragments from the branching woods.
> Then copper next, and last as later traced
> The tyrant iron.

Now the implements of the prehistoric age found in the upper portion of the Danish peats, and associated with the remains of beeches are made of iron. Those that occur farther from the surface, in conjunction with remains of oaks are of bronze, while those that lie nearer the bottom of the peat by the side of the ancient fire, are made of stone

Here is evidence of an early race of man existing in three stages of antique civilisation. In the first instance, when the plains of Denmark were clothed with the graceful forms of the *Fagus silvestris*, came men into the country, who were in a rude state of what can be called by no other name than barbarism. They had no notion of obtaining or working the metals but were content to make their implements of the rough flints that lay at their feet. They may have been driven westward by stronger and more powerful tribes, or may have wandered hither and settled by the mere accident of a gypsy-like life.

As time moved on, and the events in the public and private life of that antique colony came and went, a change gradually came over the land and people. The beech fire, from some cause or other, passed away, and in their place grew stalwart oaks. The people developed in many ways, so that they were now able to carry on rude mining operations, and, by alloying tin with copper, produce bronze, of which henceforth they made their implements. All the relics associated in the peats with oaks are of bronze. It is interesting to remember that the more modern ancients procured their tin chiefly from the mines of Cornwall, and it may have been that the people of this Bronze age found their way in their rude canoes to the coasts of Cornwall, or, at anyrate, obtained their tin from other tribes who had done business with the earliest of the Cornish miners.

In process of time, another change occurred. The conditions favourable to the growth of the oak ceased to exist, and in place of the defunct emblems of strength and durability, came a growth of fine beech trees, which has continued, as we have seen, to beautify the country down to the present time. The people, too, improved in their knowledge of the arts, and were now able to manufacture their various utensils out of the more refractory iron.

We have thus evidence of what, for the sake of clearness, we may term three distinct ages, though there is no real distinction, because one period glided into another as imperceptibly as our old year is followed by the new. First was a time when the land was covered with beech trees, and the people worked their implements out of flint. This period, viewed broadly, joins the historic and the prehistoric into one. Second was an age when, in place of the present beeches, stalwart oaks grew in large numbers, and the inhabitants of the country separated the softer metals from their ores, and, by mixing them, produced bronze, of which material they then made their tools. Third was a time reaching still further into the uncertainty of the prehistoric era, when the graceful form of the *Fagus silvestris* grew about the sites of the present peat-mosses, and man, with rude unadulterated notions on everything, and devoid of the broader lights that have cheered and helped him on in later days, with a kind of superior cunning instinct, shaped his early implements crudely out of the flints that came readily to his hand. It is easy to understand that a vast amount of time is necessary to bring about so great a variation in the conditions that govern the growth of vegetation as to cause three great changes in the kinds of trees that have grown in the land to occur in a given locality. Yet, long, long as the requires, man has, in Denmark and in several other countries, been co-existent with the history of these changes.

In peats of the Bronze age, scarcely any human bones have been discovered, though they occur in peats of the Iron and Stone ages, and the other relics of man are about equal in all the three epochs. Scientists seem to agree in referring this to the probability that the people of this epoch always burned their dead. It is certain that cremation is a very ancient custom, and this theory, it is to be presumed, accounts for us not finding human remains in the deposits of this period.

The *Kjøkken-mødinge*, or *Kitchen middens*, found on the shores of some of the Baltic islands, tell of the Stone age, and give evidence of the existence of man at a very remote period. The kitchen middens are large refuse heaps left by the former inhabitants of these islands, and consist chiefly of the cast-away shells of the oyster, cockle, periwinkle, and other eatable molluscs. Sir Charles Lyell says of these remains: 'No implements of metal have ever been detected. All the knives, hatchets, and other tools are of stone, horn, bone, or wood. With them are often intermixed fragments of rude pottery, charcoal, and cinders, and the bones of quadrupeds on which the rude people fed. These bones belong to wild species still living in Europe, though some of them, like the beaver, have long since been extirpated in Denmark. The only animal which they seem to have domesticated was the dog.' There is geological evidence that at the time this people were thus feasting on local molluscs, Denmark was more intersected by fjords than it is now. In some places, the land has encroached on the sea, in others, the waves have eaten their way into the old coast line. This is further evidence of the antiquity of the race that first lived in this district. It may also be mentioned that the bones of the Great Auk, which is now considered quite extinct, occur in these *mødinge* in very large numbers, also that some of the testacea that occur in the refuse heaps have since that time partially removed from these shores, while others have diminished in size.

The Stone age is the oldest prehistoric era we have any evidence of, but it is subdivided into two periods—the *Palæolithic* (ancient stone) and the *Neolithic* (new stone). The flint weapons of the Neolithic period, manufactured when man had made some *little* progress in the art of tool making, are better finished than those of the Palæolithic period. Those of the earlier period

(the Palæolithic) are so crude and ill finished that it is sometimes difficult to distinguish between them and pieces of flint worn and chipped by the forces of nature. The relics of the Danish peats are referable only to the Neolithic period. Before the earliest immigrants of the rude tribes of the Neolithic age had made their homes among the prehistoric fens of Denmark, there had roamed over vast tracts of country, not very far removed from that locality, a race of men, if possible more simple in their modes of life and workmanship—the men of the Palæolithic age. But, between this age and the Neolithic of the Danish peats a subdivision has been defined. In the caves in the south of France occur 'vast quantities of the bones and horns of the reindeer. In some caves, separate plates of molars of the mammoth, and several teeth of the great Irish deer (*Cervus megaceros*) and of the cave lion (*Felis spelæa*), and an extinct variety of *Felis leo*, have been found mixed up with cut and carved antlers of the reindeer.'

This period has been named by French geologists the Reindeer age, because the remains of that animal occur in very great profusion in these French caves. As a proof of the existence of man at a time when the reindeer and several other animals, now confined to far higher latitudes, roamed as far towards the equator as the south of France, perhaps farther, it is to be noticed that not only are his implements found side by side with the remains of the reindeer in such a manner as to show that they were deposited at the same time, but many of the antlers of that animal are cut and rudely carved, being ample evidence of the work of a more or less intelligent race of men. On one of the bones found in a cave of the Reindeer age, the outlines of the great mammoth have been rudely carved by some ingenious hand, long since laid to rest; and the long curved tusks and shaggy coat of wool are easily recognisable. M. Lartet thinks that this places beyond all doubt that the early inhabitants of these caves must have seen, at least, a few specimens of this species of elephant roaming through these regions. The presence of the mammoth, one of the mammals of the Tertiary epoch, long ages ago quite extinct, known to have been clothed with a warm coat of shaggy hair and wool, is evidence at once of the great antiquity of the age in whose broken monuments we are able to read fragments of a watching history, and of the prevalence of a far more severe climate at that period than that which the southern countries of Europe enjoy now. It is evident that in this period we approach a time when the winters of the whole of Europe were much longer and more severe, and accompanied by a short, almost imperceptible summer; in fact, that we are in the midst of lingering evidences of a severe climate that the great Glacial age left behind it for a long time after our valleys were emptied of their snow and our waters cleared of ice.

But beyond the Neolithic and the Reindeer ages lies the Palæolithic epoch, reaching back still further into prehistoric times. The tools and implements of man referable to this epoch are found chiefly in the *high level* gravels of our valleys, and are of the rudest type. They occur mixed with bones of the horse, bear, tiger, deer, hippopotamus, rhinoceros, and extinct species of the hyena, in such a manner as to leave no doubt of their coexistence with these animals. They are 'always unground, having evidently been brought to their present form simply by the chopping off of fragments by repeated blows, such as could be given by a stone hammer.' The gravels in which these relics are found flank the modern rivers, but occupy a much higher level, sometimes being as high as a hundred feet above the bed of the present river, although there is no doubt they were formed by it. In some instances there may be three series of these ancient gravels in one valley, one above the other, forming well defined terraces, and marking former levels of the river that now flows at the bottom of the valley. In such a case, the relics found in the uppermost two terraces, which would, of course, be the oldest, would probably be of the Palæolithic age—rudely formed, unpolished, and without any ornamentation. The remaining gravels of more recent date would probably contain Neolithic and bronze weapons, the flints being ground, polished, and ruddy ornamented.

It is difficult to form any approximate idea of the vast antiquity of these Palæolithic gravels. Since they were laid down, and these early prehistoric men lived in these localities, the rivers over vast tracts of country have slowly cut their way through, in some instances, over a hundred feet of hard rock, and spread the sediment around their mouths or over the bottom of the sea. What a vast amount of time it must have required to scoop out the valleys of a country to a depth of a hundred feet! And it is to be remembered that all through the historic period, to a very large extent, no change has taken place in the relative position of these rivers and valleys. We quote Sir Charles Lyell again, who says: 'Nearly all the known Pleistocene quadrupeds have now been found accompanying flint knives or hatchets in such a way as to imply their coexistence with man; and we have thus the concurrent testimony of several classes of geological facts to the vast antiquity of the human race. The disappearance of a large variety of species of wild animals from every part of a wide continent must have required a vast period of time for its accomplishment, yet this took place while man existed on the earth, and was completed before that early period when the Danish shell mounds were formed. The deepening and widening of valleys implies an amount of change of which that which has occurred during the historical period forms scarcely a perceptible part. Ages must have been required to change the climate of wide regions to such an extent as completely to alter the geographical distribution of many mammalia, as well as land and fresh water shells. The three or four thousand years of the historical period do not furnish us with any approachable measure for calculating the number of centuries which would suffice for such a series of changes, which are by no means of a local character, but have operated over a considerable part of Europe.'

In these gravels we gather all that is at present known of that earliest period on which history sheds no light. This period probably reaches back into the closing acts of the physical

drums of the great Glacial age, when the valleys and plains of the northern hemisphere, down to the fortieth parallel of latitude, were groaning beneath the burden of grinding glaciers and untold depths of snow, while the rivers were mostly covered with thick ice, and the seas were full of icebergs floating, with infinite collisions, to the southward, or covered with hummocked, snow covered ice floe, as the arctic seas are to day. Amid scenes like these, these earliest pioneers of the races of men struggled through their first experiences of the rough world. Could these scenes, through the touch of some magic wand, be reconstructed, and made to pass in dioramic form before our eyes, how interesting they would be! How closely we should listen to their stories of that far gone age, could the men who lived while these glaciers were being formed, spring to life again and tell us what they saw, and knew, and felt! What problems might thus be satisfactorily solved! But such cannot be. The past has successfully buried its dead, and what we know of its history must be through the tortuous course of induction.

But these men were most probably hunters, their business was to live. And no trapper of modern America in time could want higher or, to us, more interesting game. Across the snow clad plain roamed herds of the gigantic mammoth in search of food; wild savage bears kept covert under the brushwood of the forests, and packs of hungry wolves on the scent of prey, filled the chill frosty air with their dismal cry, as their modern representatives in Russia and other countries do to day. The magnificent Irish deer—not then extinct, and than which no deer of modern age has antlers half so large or has half so noble an appearance—galloped with bounding, graceful step across the plains of Ireland. Bears hibernated through the greater part of the season, almost endless winter, and when the climate became suitable, cunning beavers followed their lifes work by the side of broad shallow rivers that drained continents, part of which are now no more. As the climate became warmer when the age of boulder drift was past, ferocious tigers prowled around man's rude hut in search of sweet morsels—veritable ancestors of modern 'man eaters'—and in the vicinity of the rivers, the huge hippopotamus and scale covered crocodile sought their livelihood. Among this variety of animal life, and in the entirement of a hunter's existence, during the latter part of the great Glacial age, lived those Palæolithic men, clothing themselves from the bitter cold with the warm furs of the animals their superior intelligence enabled them to trap, or that came within reach of their curiously flint barbed arrows, and living almost entirely on the game they were able to 'bag'.

The question that should most concern us is not who and what were the ancestors of the human race, but what man are to say, and what they may well become. It is said that 'history repeats itself;' probably it is partially true. The chief business of man in relation to the question of evolution, which the consideration of this subject may tend to lead back to, is to see that that part of history which tells of an early crude barbarism in the ancestry of men does not repeat itself. It rests with men of to day whether Macaulay's savage from southern climes shall, or shall not, at some future time stand on London Bridge and contemplate the ruins of a fallen greatness.

IN ALL SHADES

BY GRANT ALLEN,

AUTHOR OF 'BABYLON,' 'STRANGE STORIES,' ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIII

Next day was Tuesday, and to Louis Delgado and his friends at least, the days were now well worth counting, for was not the hour of the Lord's deliverance fixed for eight o'clock on Wednesday evening?

Nora, too, had some reason to count the days for her own purposes, for on Tuesday night they were to have a big dinner party—the biggest undertaken at Orange Cottage since Nora had first returned to her father's house in the capacity of hostess. Mr Dupuy, while still uncertain about Harry Neale's precise colour, had thought it well—giving him the benefit of the doubt—to invite all the neighbouring planters to meet the distinguished member of the English aristocracy it reminded him in soul, of those bygone days when Port of Spain was crowded with carriages, and Trinidad was still one of the brightest jewels in the British crown (a period perfectly historical in every English colony all the world over, and usually placed about the date when the particular speaker for the time being was just five and twenty).

That Tuesday morning, as fate would have it, Mr Dupuy had gone with the buggy into Port of Spain for the very prosaic purpose—lest us fun confess it—of laying in provisions for the night's entertainment. In a country where the fish for your evening's dinner must all have been swimming about merrily in the depths of the sea at eight o'clock the same morning, where your leg of mutton must have been careering joyously in quickest innocence across the grassy plain, and your chicken cutlets must have found their pulse increasing the merits of the juicy caterpillar while you were still lollering over late breakfast, the question of commissariat is of course a far less simple one than in our own well supplied and market stocked England. To arrange beforehand that a particular dusky fisherman shall stake his life on the due catching and killing of a turtle for the soup on that identical morning and no other, that a particular oyster woman shall cut the bivalves for the oyster sauce from the tidal branches of the mangrove swamp not earlier than three or later than five in the afternoon, on her honour as a purveyor, and that a particular lounging negro coffee planter somewhere on the hills shall guarantee a sufficient supply of black underwaiters for not less than fourteen persons—turtle and oyster and crab being all as yet in the legitimate enjoyment of their perfect natural freedom—all this, I say, involves the possession of statistical faculties of a high order, which would render a man who has once kept house in the West Indies perfectly capable of undertaking the *res frumentaria* for an English army on one of its innumerable slaughtering picnics for the extension of the blessings of British rule among a

totally new set of black, benighted, and hitherto happy heathen. Now, Mr Dupuy was a model entertainer, of the West Indian pattern, and having schemed and devised all these his plans beforehand with prudent wisdom, he had now gone into Port of Spain with the buggy, on hospitable thoughts intent, to bring out whatever he could get, and make arrangements, by means of tinned provisions from England, for the inevitable deficiencies which always turn up under such circumstances at the last moment. So Harry and Nora were left alone quite to themselves for the whole morning.

The veranda of the house—it fronted on the back garden at Orange Grove—is always the pleasantest place in which to sit during the heat of the day in a West Indian household. The air comes so delightfully fresh through the open spaces of the creeper covered trellis work, and the humming birds buzz about so merrily among the crimson passion flowers under your very eyes, and the banana bushes whisper so gently before the delicate fanning of the cool sea breezes in the leafy courtyard, that you lie half drowsily in your folding chair, half and half below yourself for once in your life, in the poet's Paradise. On such a veranda, Harry Noel and Nora Dupuy sat together that lazy morning, Harry pretending to read a paper, which lay, however unfolded on his knees—what does one want with newspapers in Paradise? and Nora almost equally pretending to busy herself, Penelope like, with a wee square of dainty crewel work, concerning which it not only be said that she could flow upwards to take a most unmentionable and incredible time for its proper shaping. They were talking together in a long, easy, and maiden will talk to one another idly under such circumstances—catching half unconsciously round and round the object of both their thoughts, she wooing it, and he perpetually coming towards it, till at last, like a pair of silly, fluttering moths around the flame of the candle, they find themselves finally landed, by a sudden wild flight, in the very centre of it in actual declaration.

'Really,' Harry said at length, at a pause in the conversation, 'this is positively too delicious, Miss Dupuy, this sunshine and breezes. How the light glimmers on the brick green leaves on the wall over yonder! How beautiful the bougainvillea looks, as it clambers with its great purple masses over that big lime trunk there! We have a splendid bougainvillea in the green house at our place in Lincolnshire, but oh, what a difference, when one sees it clambering in its native wildness like that, from the poor little stunted things we trail and crinkly on our artificial supports over yonder in England! I shall feel inclined to take up my abode here altogether, it all looks so green and sunny and bright and beautiful!'

'And yet,' Nora said, 'Mr Hawthorn told me your father's place in Lincolnshire is so very lovely. He thinks it's the finest country seat he's ever seen anywhere in England.'

'Yes, it is pretty, certainly,' Harry Noel admitted with a deprecatory wave of his delicate right hand—'very pretty, and very well kept up, one must allow, as places go nowadays. I took Hawthorn down there one summer vac, when we two were at Cambridge together, and he was quite delighted with it, and really, it is a very nice place, too, though it is in Lincolnshire. The house is old, you know, really old—not Elizabethan, but early Tudor, Henry the Seventh, or something thereabouts, all battlements and corner turrets, and roses and portcullises on all the shields, and a fine old portico added by Inigo Jones, I believe, and out of keeping, of course, with the rest of the front, but still, very fine and dignified in its own way, for all that, in spite of what the architects (awful prigs) say to the contrary. And then there's a splendid avenue of Spanish chestnuts, considered to be the oldest in all England, you know (though, to be sure, they've got the oldest Spanish chestnuts in the whole country in every house in all Lincolnshire that I've ever been to). And the lawn's pretty, very pretty, a fine stretch of sward, with good part two of those ugly, modern, gaudy flowers, sloping down to about the best sheet of water in the whole county, with lots of swans on it—Yes,' he added reflectively, contrasting the picture in his own mind with the one than actually before him, 'the Hall's not a bad sort of place in its own way—far from it.'

'And Mr Hawthorn told me,' Nora put in, 'that you'd got such splendid conservatories and gardens too.'

'Well, we have there's no denying it. They're certainly good in their way, too, very good conservatories. You see, my dear mother's a very fond of flowers. It's a perfect passion with her. In spite of over from Barbadoes, I fancy. She was one of the very first people who went in for growing orchids on the large scale in England. Her orchid houses are really awfully beautiful. We never have anything, but orchids on the table for dinner—in the way of flowers, I mean—we don't dine off a lily, of course, as they say the soldiers do. And my mother's never so proud as when anybody praises and admires her orchid houses or her thunbergias—I'm sorry to say I don't myself know the names of half of them. She's a dear, sweet, old lady, my mother, Miss Dupuy, I'm sure you couldn't fail to like my dear mother.'

'She's a Barbadian too, you told me,' Nora said reflectively. 'How curious that she too should be a West Indian!'

Harry half sighed. He misunderstood entirely the train of thought that was pressing that moment through Nora's mind. He believed she saw in it a certain *rapprochement* between them two, a natural fitness of things to bring them together. 'Yes,' he said, with more tenderness in his tone than was often his wont, 'my mother's a Barbadian, Miss Dupuy, such a grand, noble looking, commanding woman—not old yet, she never will be old, in fact, she's too handsome for that, but so graceful and beautiful, and wonderfully winning as well, in all her pretty, dainty, old coffee coloured laces.' And he pulled from his pocket a little miniature, which he always wore next to his heart. He wore another one beside it, too, but that one he didn't show her just then. It was her own face, done on ivory by a well known artist, from a photograph which he had begged or borrowed from Marian Hawthorn's album twelve months before in London.

'She's a beautiful old lady, certainly,' Nora answered, gazing in some surprise at Lady Noel's clear cut and haughty, high born looking features. She couldn't for the moment exactly remember where she had seen some others so very like them; and then, as Harry's evil genius would unluckily have it, she suddenly recollected with a start of recognition she had seen them just the evening before on the lawn in front of her, they answered precisely, in a lighter tint, to the features and expression of Isaac Pourtales!

'How proud she must be to be the mistress of such a place as Noel Hall!' she said musingly, after a short pause, pursuing in her own mind to herself her own private line of reflection. It seemed to her as if the haughty Barbadian brown people must needs find herself immensely lifted up in the world by becoming the lady of such a splendid mansion as Harry had just half unconsciously described to her.

But Harry himself, to whom, of course, Lady Noel had been Lady Noel, and nothing else, as long as ever he could remember her, again misunderstood entirely the course of Nora's thoughts, and took her naive expression of surprise as a happy omen for his own suit. 'She thinks,' he thought to himself quietly, 'that it must be not such a very bad position after all to be mistress of the finest estate in Lincolnshire.' But I don't want her to marry me for that. O no, not for that! that would be miserable! I want her to marry me for my very self, or else for nothing.' So he merely added aloud, in an unconcerned tone, 'Yes, she's very fond of the place and of the gardens, and as she's a West Indian by birth, I'm sure you'd like her very much, Miss Dupuy, if you were ever to meet her.'

Nora coloured. 'I should like to see some of these fine English places very much,' she said, half timidly, trying, with awkward abruptness, to break the current of the conversation. 'I never had the chance, when I was last in England. My aunt, you know, knew only very quiet people in London, and we never visited at any of the great country houses.'

Harry determined that instant to throw his last die at once on this evident chance that opened up so temptingly before him, and said with fervour, bending forward towards her. 'I hope, Miss Dupuy, when you are next in England, you'll have the opportunity of seeing many, and some day of becoming the mistress of the finest in Lincolnshire. I told you at Southampton, you know, that I would follow you to Trinidad, and I've kept my promise.—Oh, Miss Dupuy, I hope you don't mean to say no to me this time again! We have each had twelve months more to make up our minds in. During all those twelve months I have only learned every day, whether in England or in Trinidad, to love you better. I have felt compelled to come out here and ask you to accept me. And you—haven't you found your heart growing any softer meanwhile towards me? Will you unsay now the refusal you gave me a year ago over in England?'

He spoke in a soft persuasive voice, which thrilled through Nora's very inmost being, and as she looked at him, so handsome, so finest, so well born, so noble looking, she could hardly refrain from whispering low a timid 'Yes,' on the impulse of the moment. But something that was to her almost as the prick of conscience arose at once irresistibly within her, and she motioned away quickly, with a little gesture of positive horror, the hand with which Harry strove half forcibly to take her own. The image of scowling Isaac Pourtales as he emerged, all unexpectedly, from the shadow the night before, rose up now in strange vividness before her eyes and blinded her vision; next moment, for the first time in her life, she perceived hurriedly that Isaac not only resembled Lady Noel, but quite as closely resembled in face and feature Harry also. That unhappy resemblance was absolutely fatal to poor Harry's doubtful chances of final acceptance. Nora shrank back, half frightened and wholly disconcerted, as far as she could go, in her own chair, and answered in a suddenly altered voice, 'Oh, Mr Noel, I didn't know you were going to begin that subject again; I thought we met on neutral ground, merely as friends now.—I gave you my answer definitely long ago at Southampton. There has been nothing,—nothing of any sort—to make me alter it since I spoke to you then. I like you—I like you very much indeed, and I'm so grateful to you for standing up as you have stood up for Mr Hawthorn and for poor dear Marian—but I can never, never, never—never marry you!'

Harry drew back hastily with sudden surprise and great astonishment. He had felt almost sure she was going this time really to accept him, everything she said had sounded so exactly as if she meant at last to take him. The disappointment took away his power of fluent speech. He could only ask, in a suddenly checked undertone, 'Why, Miss Dupuy? You will at least tell me, before you dismiss me for ever, why your answer is so absolutely final!'

Nora took up the little pitch of crewel work she had momentarily dropped, and pretended, with rapid, trembling fingers, to be stitching away at it most industriously. 'I cannot tell you,' she answered very slowly, after a moment's long hesitation. 'Don't ask me. I can never tell you.'

Harry rose and gazed at her anxiously. 'You cannot mean to say,' he whispered, bending down towards her till their two faces almost touched one another, 'that you are going willingly to marry your cousin, for whom your father intends you?' Miss Dupuy, that would be most unworthy of you! You do not love him! You cannot love him!'

'I hate him!' Nora answered with sudden vehemence, and at the words, the blood rushed hot again into Harry's cheek, and he whispered once more, 'Then, why do you say—why do you say, Nora, you will never marry me?'

At the sound of her name, so uttered by Harry Noel's lips, Nora rose and stood confronting him with crimson face and trembling fingers. 'Because, Mr Noel,' she answered slowly and with emphasis, 'an impassable barrier stands for ever fixed and immovable between us!'

'Can she mean,' Harry thought to himself hastily, 'that she considers my position in life too far above her own to allow of her marrying

me!—O no, impossible, impossible! A lady's a lady wherever she may be, and nobody could ever be more of a lady, in every action and every movement, than Nora, my Nora. She *shall* be my Nora. I must win her over. But I can't say it to her, I can't answer her little doubt as to her perfect equality with me, it would be far too great presumption even to suggest it.'

Well it was, indeed, for Harry Noel that he didn't hint aloud in the mildest form this unlucky thought, that flashed for one indivisible second of time across the mirror of his inner consciousness, if he had, heaven only knows whether Nora would have darted away angrily like a wounded tigress from the polluted veranda, or would have stood there petrified and chained to the spot, like a Gorgon struck Greek figure in pure white marble, at the bare idea that any creature upon God's earth should even for a passing moment appear to consider himself superior in position to a single daughter of the fighting Dupuys of Orange Grove, Trinidad!

'Then you dismiss me for ever?' Harry asked quivering.

Nora cast her eyes resolutely down upon the ground and faltered for a second, then, with a sudden burst of firmness, she answered tremulously 'Yes, for ever.'

At the word, Harry bounded away like a wounded man from her side, and rushed wildly with tempestuous heart into his own bedroom. As for Nora, she walked quietly back, white but erect, to her little hut; and when she reached it, astonished Aunt Chammy by flinging herself with passionate force down at full length upon the big old sofa, and bursting at once into an uncontrollable floods of silent, hot, and burning tears.

POPULAR LEGAL FALLACIES*

BY AN EXPERIENCED PRACTITIONER

LOTTERIES AND ART UNIONS.

The laws of England relating to lotteries may conveniently be divided into three classes, according to the objects which are sought to be attained thereby (1) The imposition of penalties. (2) The punishment of offenders as rogues and vagabonds. (3) The legalisation of art unions. The inconsistent provisions of the Act of Parliament relating to the third class, with the tone of legislation within the first and second classes, have led to some curious misconceptions. For example, in Wales, especially in South Wales, and to a smaller extent in some counties of England, it is generally believed that a common raffle can be made quite legal by advertising it as being conducted upon art union principles, although—as we shall presently show—there is no connection between the two, and therefore no ground for the supposition that the pretence implied in the words quoted has any real existence.

The pernicious effects of lotteries appear to have early been a subject of careful attention on the part of the legislature. To go no farther back than the year 1698, we find it recited that 'several evil disposed persons for divers years last passed have set up many mischievous and unlawful games called lotteries, not only in the cities of London and Westminster and in the suburbs thereof and places adjoining, but in most of the eminent towns and places in England and in the dominion of Wales, and have thereby most unjustly and fraudulently got to themselves great sums of money from the children and servants of several gentlemen, traders, and merchants, and from other unwary persons, to the utter ruin and impoverishment of many families, and to the reproach of the English laws and government, by colour of several patents or grants under the Great Seal of England for the said lotteries or some of them, which said grants or patents are against the common good, trade, welfare, and peace of His Majesty's kingdoms.' It was accordingly enacted that any person keeping any lottery either by dice, lots, cards, ball, or any other numbers or figures, should be liable to a penalty of five hundred pounds, one third part thereof for the use of His Majesty, his heirs and successors, one other third part thereof to the use of the poor of the parish where such offence should have been committed, and the other third part thereof with double costs to the use of the informer suing for the same. In the year 1806, the latter part of the preceding enactment was altered to this extent—the whole of the penalty was to go to the Crown, and no proceedings were to be taken for recovery of penalties inflicted by any of the laws concerning lotteries except in the name and by the authority of the Attorney-general for the time being. Since the last mentioned date, the proceedings for recovery of penalties under the former Act have been very rare, although the law stands thus to the present day.

It is somewhat remarkable that many of the enactments against lotteries have been contained in Acts of Parliament by which government lotteries were authorised, thus leading to the inference that the raising of money for the service of the state, which must necessarily lead to the same evils of gambling, &c., as the lotteries set up by the 'evil disposed persons' against whom the former legislation was aimed, was of more importance than the cause of morality which had been sought to be served by the imposition of penalties so heavy. The persons who availed themselves of the advantages offered by the keepers of unauthorised lotteries were not allowed to go free from the danger of being proceeded against for penalties, but these penalties were much more moderate, being only twenty pounds for each offence.

The second branch of our subject—the punishment of keepers of lotteries as common rogues and vagabonds—had its origin in the year first mentioned, and has now become an ordinary part of the law applicable to the punishment of vagrancy, although it must be noted that there is no necessary connection between vagrancy as universally understood and this statutory definition. A man who is convicted of an offence against a certain law is held to be a rogue and vagabond, and is thereby rendered liable to imprisonment with hard labour for three calendar months, and if he should commit the offence specified, he is what the law calls him, although

* It should be understood that this series of articles deals mainly with English as apart from Scotch law.

he should be a respectable tradesman, a clergyman, or a justice of the peace. There is nothing practically obsolete about this branch of the law, seeing that Christmas allowed to pass over without some prosecutions under the Vagrants' Act for raffles or some other forms of lotteries in some part of the kingdom or other, and the effect of this has been to render almost unknown in some towns and cities the drawings which were so numerous in the days of our youth. One form of petty lottery which has engaged the attention of the police at all times of the year is the insertion of small sums of money in packets of sweets and other articles principally sold to children, for which there have been several convictions within the last few years. If the principle be admitted that the moral effects of lotteries are pernicious, then it follows that this mode of instilling the gambling spirit into the tender minds of children is its most injurious manifestation on account of its tendency to train up the children in the way in which they should not go, and the probability that the spirit thus implanted in their minds will be more fully developed as they grow up.

Besides the penalties and punishments provided for the conductors of and participants in lotteries, there is a distinct set of enactments which aim at the prevention of advertising lotteries, whether English or foreign, so far as the latter class is concerned, the law has no power to interfere with the persons implicated therein so long as they are without the jurisdiction of our courts. But if any person in the United Kingdom should endeavour to spread the knowledge of such schemes by allowing advertisements to be inserted in his newspaper or other periodical, or by printing and distributing notices relating thereto, then the law provides that he shall become liable to a penalty of fifty pounds besides full costs, and the same penalty applies to private lotteries which may have been established in this country.

In the year 1846, an Act of Parliament was passed for legalizing art unions. The following are the requisites for enabling an Association of individuals interested in the promotion of art to take advantage of the protection thus afforded. The Association must be purely voluntary, and must not be established for the acquisition of pecuniary profit, the subscriptions—beyond the necessary expenses—being entirely expended in the purchase of drawings, paintings, and other works of art for distribution among the subscribers. The art-union which is to be protected by the Act must either have been incorporated by royal charter, or a license must be obtained from the Board of Trade, after the deed of settlement, or the rules and regulations of the Association—as the case may be—have been submitted to that honourable body for approval. Whenever the Association is so conducted as to become perverted from the purposes contemplated by the Act, power is reserved to revoke the charter, &c., previously granted to such Association. It will be observed that the provisions respecting art unions are not of an elastic nature, but that the protection intended to be afforded by the Act is strictly limited to Associations for artistic purposes, established under government sanction and supervision. Hence, it should be noted that the advertising of an intended lottery which has not been so sanctioned, as being on art union principles, would be of no avail to protect the managers of such a lottery from prosecution under the vagrancy laws, or from an action for penalties at the suit of the Attorney-general for the time being.

It is not our present purpose to attempt to criticise or to vindicate the laws in question, we simply explain how the law stands, and leave to others to reconcile the principles of legislation in the interests of morality, which appear to place art upon a pedestal outside the sphere of moral considerations.

WHERE THE TRACKS LED TO

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

I HAVE been often much inclined to write down the particulars of a remarkable business I was once engaged in, which was not only quaint and full of unexpected turns in itself, but was of unusual interest to me personally. The account will also be curious, as showing how much, or how little, of the qualities the public always will assign to us is required. I had been in the metropolitan police, and, when my story begins, had just retired on a decent superannuation. While in the force, I think I had as much experience as many of the men who have been talked about, but I never before met with anything in the least like the incident I am going to describe.

I was pensioned off late in the year, in November, so, as Christmas drew near, I had not yet grown tired of the pleasure of being my own master, and would sit, after the gas was lighted, by the hour at a time alone with my pipe, pondering how I would enjoy myself in the holidays, when some of my friends would be coming up to London, for I had not much of a family party at home, as I lived with my daughter, the only one left with me out of four. She was now nineteen years old, and just like her mother, as I remembered her, some thirty years before. Winifred—called so after a favourite sister of my wife, who died young—was a very pretty girl, as many others besides me thought, and wonderfully steady too. She was a dressmaker, none of your day workers or needlewomen, but really an artist—I believe that is now the correct name, and at the West End would have commanded a high salary. She could have gone to the West End easily enough, but she would not do this, nor would she live in the house where she was employed, and where she might have had, young as she was, full charge of a department. She would not leave her father, who, she knew, if she went away, would be dull and mopish in the house without her.

Well, as you see, I was comfortable enough, and fully thankful that I had for ever done with station houses, police courts, prison vans, and the like, of which I had grown heartily tired. I had bought a couple of fowls, with oysters, for our Christmas dinner, and I am not at all ashamed to say that I stoned the plums, chopped the suet, cut up the peel, and did a lot more towards getting the pudding ready; Winny of course finishing everything, polishing off my

rough work, so to speak. Everything of this kind being done, my time hung a little heavy on my hands. It was only one dull day from Christmas, so the shops would be gay and busy, and I should have enjoyed a stroll through the streets; but in the morning a cold drizzle had set in, which made the pavements greasy and everything around sloppy, forbidding all chance of a saunter. Luckily, the omnibus which passed Winifred's shop also passed our door, so she could ride every yard of the way.

I made up my mind to do the best I could with the newspaper, and a nap in my easy chair—this had already grown into a habit—and was turning away from the window, when I saw a shabby looking man run up the three steps which led to our front door. I am a pretty good judge of a man by his looks, and I at once decided that this was not only a shabby man, but that he was in the law, he seemed the sort of man who would be 'put in possession,' and I was not far wrong. The man knocked. I heard him ask for me, then the servant—not mine, I had none, but the servant of the house—said a gentleman wanted to see me. I already knew what kind of gentleman this was, and had a vague prophetic feeling that he was coming, on no very pleasant errand, however. I told the girl to show him in.

He entered, and at once said, 'Mr Holdey, I know you, of course, and I dare say you know me.' 'At my trade, I am a clerk in Mr Browley's office, and I have come from him.'

I recognised the man now. I knew him and his master well enough. Dicky Brown, we used to call the lawyer. He had a good deal of business, but all of the lowest kind, and was, in fact, so mixed up with the worst of the class who got into 'trouble,' that I often wondered how it was that he escaped getting into trouble himself, for many was the felony he had been the means of 'squaring' or compounding. One or two of these cases I knew of to an absolute certainty, but the knowledge never came to me at a time or in a manner so that I could use it. As just said, I expected him to get into trouble some day, and thought, on hearing the messenger, that the day had come.

'Well,' I answered shortly, 'what do you want of me?'

'Mr Browle wishes you to go up to the Central Criminal at once, if you please, Mr Holdey,' returned the man. 'You know Sam Bracebridge, I believe—Long-necked Sam, they call him—he is in trouble, and wants you as a witness.'

'I know Long-necked Sam.' I should think I did! There were few old officers in the force who did not know him.

'What is he in trouble about? and what does he want me for?' I naturally asked. 'I have heard nothing of this.'

'No. The governor did not know that you could say anything until this morning,' replied the clerk. 'Sam is up for burglary. He has been in trouble so often, that a very little will send him for life.'

He went on to say that Sam declared that I, and no one else, could save him, and so, almost before I had made up my mind on the subject, I found I had pulled on my coat and was in a 'bus with the clerk.

He apologised for not calling a cab by saying that it 'was dead low water with Sam,' and the governor did not care about laying out more money than could be helped. This, however, did not explain why I was wanted, and the inside of a bus not being a good place for talking secrets, we said little more until we got down at the corner of the Old Bailey, and then there was too much hurry to think of talking.

Sam's trial had begun, the facts were so simple that it was not likely to last long. A robbery had been committed somewhat early in the night—eleven or twelve o'clock—at a house in Camberwell. Two of the residents in the next house saw a man leap from a back window into the garden, and give the alarm. This man the witnesses believed to be Sam. They had even described the burglar as having a remarkably long neck, and the accused being notoriously a bad character, the court was likely to be against him. Mr Browle turned to me the moment I entered the court, leaving the than witness to go without cross-examination—and thanked me for coming. 'We have had a good, you know,' continued the legal gentleman, 'as you had not been subpœnaed, and I know you do not think much of Bracebridge. But the man is innocent this time, he is, indeed, Mr Holdey.'

I naturally asked about my expenses and so forth—I did this as a matter of business before I entered on what I was expected to prove.

'Don't be that over that, that's a good fellow,' said Browle. 'Sam will pay you, you know he will for he is honest enough in private life, even if he is not so professionally. I don't think you are the man to scratch a poor wretch for the sake of your fees, but if you must—why, I will guarantee them myself, and it is no business of mine to do that, as you know.'

I was fairly surprised at this, and liked the old fellow for being so much in earnest. I felt that I could not let him entreat in, and said so.

Two minutes told me what I was expected to say, and the case for the prosecution being closed, I was at once called on. I was the only witness for the defence. Long-necked Sam was not likely to call one of his friends as to character, and indeed all his 'pals' were shy of showing their faces in the Old Bailey when the trials were on and the police about. Bracebridge had recollected on the very morning of the trial, that the day on which the burglary took place was the St Leger day, and that I had met him late in the evening, and expressed my wonder that he was not down at the races. Had he not been able to fix the day by this incident, it would have gone hard with him, but I was able to prove beyond all sort of doubt that I was in his company, fully five miles from the scene of the burglary, at the very moment the robber, whoever he was, was leaving the house. So it was impossible that Sam could have been the burglar, and the case virtually broke down at once.

The prosecuting counsel and, for the matter of that, the judge also, or I fancied so, looked anything but pleased at my interference, and some of my old comrades rallied me a little on my new friends—but that was all in good temper.

Sam met me outside the court, and rough as he was, the tears stood in his eyes as he thanked me. 'I want ask you to have a glass with me, Mr Holdrey,' he said, 'because I know I am not in your line. I daresay you will have to see me in the dock again and to hear of my getting a lifter. But if, afore that comes on, I can do any thing to show you what I think of you to day, I will do it, and if I send that pretty daughter of yours a present—and I have watched him bright face many a day, when she did not know I was looking at her—if I send her a present, it shall be something as I have come by honestly, and that she needn't be afraid of taking from my hands.'

Having got rid of him, I went home, all the more disposed to enjoy my daughter's company—and she had always plenty to tell me of her little adventures during the day—and all the more inclined to enjoy my unused newspaper, from the long and disagreeable business I had gone through.

Winny came in soon after me, her place had closed a little earlier, being so near Christmas. I was glad I had got home first, as she might have been anxious about me and my going off so suddenly. I told her my adventures, and when I said it was almost a pity that I had been able to clear such a bad lot as Sam undoubtedly was, and had always been, as he would be sure to do some harm soon, she put her hand over my mouth, to prevent my saying anything so wicked. The poor creature had one more chance, she said, and perhaps he would make good use of it—there was hope for everybody. I knew, better perhaps than she did, how much hope there was for Sam, but Winny was always soft hearted, and took the most favourable view of everything. I gave way to her, and somehow, she seemed to be more affectionate than ever that night, and I felt pleased at the idea of a quiet evening with her. Then she got her needlework, and I my pipe, while the beating of the rain against the window—for the wind had risen at nightfall—made everything seem brighter and cosier than before. I had scarcely taken a single whiff, when I heard a vehicle stop opposite the house, then a double knock followed. 'Some one for the landlord,' I thought. But no, it was for me, and for the second time that day I told the servant to show a strange gentleman in.

This second was a very different looking man from the shabby clerk from Browle the lawyer, but his errand was much the same in effect. It was to take me out, indeed, a cab had been brought so that no time should be lost, and the stranger was directed to take me to the private house of Mr Thurles—Mr Thurles of Cornhill, the man explained.

I knew who Mr Thurles was—knew where he lived, and knew his house of business as well as I knew St Paul's, but I had never spoken to him, and what he wanted me for, I could not guess. And what was stranger, the messenger knew little more than I did. He was valet, or butler, or something, but all he had been told was to ask Mr Holdrey to accompany him, and to say, if any objection should be made, that money was no object. He believed it was about a robbery—that was all he knew.

This sounded stranger still, and I turned to my daughter to say something about it, when I was horrified at her pale, almost ghastly looks. All the bloom had gone from her face, and she held one hand on her breast as if to stop her heart from beating too violently.

'Why, Winny, what are you frightened at?' I exclaimed. 'There is no harm in my being sent for by Mr Thurles, who is a highly respectable gentleman. You should not let yourself be excited.'

'O father!' she said, 'it was so unexpected, so sudden—I thought—I do not know what I thought.' She faltered as she spoke, and the tears were in her eyes.

This was so different from her usual cheerful manner, that I would not go out until she had recovered herself. Perhaps I should not have gone then, but that a young friend of her own happened to call in, and so I was more satisfied to leave her.

My companion scarcely spoke during the ride, and when we arrived at the square where Mr Thurles lived, I was at once shown up into the library, where the gentleman was waiting for me. I never saw a harsher or starner looking man than the merchant. He was, I supposed, about sixty years old, with thin iron grey hair, gray bushy whiskers, and huge heavy eyebrows, which, when he frowned, gave an expression to his face which was anything but pleasant.

He came to business directly, and spoke in just the tone one would have expected from such a man. 'You are, or were, Sergeant Holdrey, of the — division, I believe?'

I replied that he was right.

'I have sent for you' he went on, 'because our house was interested in a case managed by you, and I then made up my mind that if ever I wanted a detective, you should be the man.'

I began to say something about my feeling flattered by being thus distinguished, but he continued, without taking notice of it.

'You will be paid well, and the quicker you act, the better. I shall pay you. I am inclined to think that you will not find your work specially difficult. I believe I know who is wanted, but I must have better information. My counting house has been robbed, the safe opened with false keys, and ransacked.'

'It has been kept very quiet,' I said, as he paused, 'for I have never heard a word of it. I hope you did not lose much?'

'It has been kept quiet,' answered Mr Thurles, 'no one out of my establishment knows of it, and very few of our own people have more than a dim idea of the right story. We did not lose much, only the outer safe was opened. The thieves had not the keys of the inner one, which contained a large amount in money, but perhaps they did not want to open that.'

'Not want to——' I began, in some astonishment, for such an idea was enough to astonish anybody, when he again snapped me up sharply.

'If you will listen to me, and not interrupt,' was his pleasant remark, 'you may understand your instructions the sooner. The person who stole, or caused to be stolen, what really was taken, wanted only a couple of bills, accepted by Waterman & Co.—Do you know the firm?'

'No, I can't say I do I know most of the City houses, but I never came across them'

'And you are not likely to do so,' he returned, 'for there is no such firm in existence The bills were forgeries They were never intended to get into my hands, and no doubt would have been taken up by the drawer But the holders were pressed for money, and gave them to another firm not much better off, who handed them to us I did not believe that a large house, as I hear I Winterman & Co were, would have anything to do with such small matters, and some other things, trivial enough in themselves, adding to my suspicions, I caused inquiries to be made, with the result I expected—that is, of finding they were forgeries The next thing was to trace them, and as I was already pretty certain of the forger, I should easily have done that, when the office was entered, the safe unlocked, not forced, so it must have been done by some one who had access to the keys These bills were stolen, so all proof is lost But if I cannot trace the forger, I may the burglar, and that is what I want you for—and for this I will pay five hundred pounds'

He went on to explain that he was not upon good terms with his wife But I could have told him all about that, every one in the City knew that he had married a widow of great wealth, who had an only son, and that he had almost broken the poor woman's heart by his coldness and neglect There had been no open outbreak or scandal, but they were separated, the son, who was now some four or five and twenty years old, being a sort of link between the pair, by remaining in his step father's counting house

All this, with a very different meaning, the merchant told me now I could have saved him the trouble, but you should always let such persons have as much talking as they like When he had finished this part, he told me something which surprised me He had reason to believe he said, that this step son, Godfrey Harleston, was the person who forged these bills and who robbed the office There were marks on the counting house window frames and sills which showed that the burglar had entered and left by that way, indeed, it would have been almost impossible for any one to leave by the front of the house without attracting attention All this was clear enough, but then he went on to say that he would cheerfully spend a thousand pounds, besides the reward, to bring the crime home to his step son, who, he explained, was a thoroughly bad character, and had been a thorn in his side for a long time

'If he is as bad as you are, old gentleman,' I thought to myself, 'he must be a bad one indeed'

I took a great dislike to Mr Thurles for showing such bitter animosity to the young fellow, but I could see that the chief aim of the merchant was to wound his mother through him, and although, after seven and twenty years in the police, it took more than a little to upset me, I could hardly stand this However, some one else would have the job if I did not, so I agreed to undertake the business

I was to do what I liked, spend what I pleased, and have whatever help I wanted, but I do not care much about help In some things, of course, you must have people with you, but, as a rule, a single man can do all there is to be done, and when he works, he is sure to be always working on the same line, which is more than you can be certain of when there are two or three of you in it Nor did I see that laying out much money would help us I told him so, and before I left him, had given him a sketch of what I thought would be a good beginning

He rang for a bottle of port and some cigars After a time, I went home in capital temper with myself, and talked my last night out with Winny, who was sitting up for me, and still, I thought, looking anything but her usual self

---

MUSICAL SAND

Most persons have heard of stones which on being struck give out musical notes, and many may have seen the arrangement of such stones known as the Lithic Harmonicon, which is capable of discoursing eloquent music But the existence of musical or sonorous sand is not so well known, although such sand appears to occur in localities widely distributed over the earth's surface A paper giving some interesting particulars respecting this phenomenon was communicated to the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science at Philadelphia in 1884, by Professor Bolton of Hartford, Connecticut, and Dr Alexis Julien of New York The authors begin their paper by stating that at the Minneapolis meeting of the Association they had given some account of the so called 'singing beach' at Manchester by the Sea, Massachusetts, and of the occurrence of sonorous sand at Eigg, in the Hebrides, and other localities During the twelve months that had elapsed, they had continued their researches, and by means of extensive correspondence, they had established the fact, that sonorous sand, instead of being a rarity, is of very common occurrence Circulars were sent to all keepers of life saving stations throughout the United States, and from the replies received to date, a list of seventy four localities in America had been obtained

Through the Smithsonian Institution, specimens of sonorous sand had been received from the island of Bornholm, Denmark, Colberg, Prussia, and Kauai, Hawaii Islands Experiments had been conducted both at Manchester by the Sea and at Far Rockaway, Long Island, to determine accurately the properties of sonorous sand, with the object of explaining the cause of its singular characteristics It was found that the loudest sound of which a given sand is capable was most conveniently produced by confining a quart or more in a bag and strongly striking together the contents Sounds thus produced were heard distinctly at both the Manchester and Rockaway beaches at a distance of one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet, the distance varying according to the strength and direction of the wind and the interference of the surf noise At Rockaway, a careful experiment was made in fields removed from the beach The sound produced by striking the bag was heard at a distance of four hundred and fifty feet, measured by a tape-

line. The sound has a hoot like tone, easily recognised.

The character of the sounds obtained by friction on the beach is decidedly musical, and the experimenters were able to indicate the exact notes on a musical staff. The shrillness and lowness of note depend chiefly on the quantity of sand disturbed. By plunging both hands into the sand and bringing them together quickly, a tone is heard of which the lowest note is

B below the treble stave By stroking

the sand nearer the surface and with less force, very high notes were heard confused. They ranged from L, fourth space treble clef, to B above the stave. By rubbing firmly and briskly a double handful of the sand, several notes on a running scale were heard. The ear received an impression something like that found by sliding a finger up and down a string at the same time that the bow is drawn. These results were obtained at Manchester. The Rockaway beach gave somewhat different tones—the D below the treble line was not heard at all, but the note L, first space treble, B, C, and G above the stave, were heard at different times according to the manner of the friction. The notes were determined by comparison with those made on a violin, concert pitch.

The evanescent character of the sonorous quality of the sand is strongly marked. Sand which has been recently wet requires thorough drying before it resumes its acoustic powers, consequently, sandy beaches do not always possess the sonorous power in equal measure, and the seeker sometimes fails to discover musical sand in the locality reputed. Meteorological conditions decidedly affect the sonorousness.

Musical sand is easily deprived of its acoustic qualities. Besides wetting it, friction between the dry hands also accomplishes the result. The quickest way of 'killing' the sand—except by water—is to shake a small quantity in a tin box. When first agitated, a peculiar sound is heard, which entirely ceases after twenty to twenty-five slow up and down movements of the box. Attempts to restore to 'killed' sand its sonorous properties have met with indifferent success. Sonorous and mute sand occur in the beach locally adjoining, but they cannot be distinguished by the eye, friction alone determines the difference. In sand of strongly marked acoustic properties, a tingling sensation is perceived in the finger and also in the toe, even through the boots.

Careful search in literature shows that allusions to sonorous sand are scattered sparingly through writings of a thousand years. An obscure allusion to the phenomenon occurs in one of the stories of the *Arabian Nights*. Old Chinese chronicles mention sonorous sand as occurring in the desert of Lob nor. Marco Polo narrates superstitions concerning it. The Emperor Babur refers to a locality in Afghanistan, and many travellers in the East describe hills of moving sand whence issue mysterious noises. The famous Jebel Nakous, situated on the east coast of the Gulf of Suez, has been visited by at least six European and American travellers, including Ehrenberg, who was there in 1823. By comparing their descriptions, it has been discovered that they describe not one locality, but two, or possibly three, in the same region. The dry sand rests on a steep incline, and when agitated, slides down the slope with a gradually increasing noise, variously described, but the loudest tones of which are universally compared to distant thunder. In 1850, Hugh Miller discovered musical sand at Eigg, in the Hebrides. In 1882, Professor Bolton visited the same locality and began a monograph.

Microscopical examination of the samples of musical sand showed that the great majority were remarkable for a certain degree of uniformity of size, usually about 0·3, 0·4, 0·5 millimetres in diameter, general round form, polished superfices, and freedom from fine dust or minute fragments, consequently, they often present a characteristic colour or rose like appearance, light colour, and mobile condition. At certain localities, the sonorous sand has been found to present the decided features of a quicksand, and a general connection between the two facts is suspected to prevail, whereas the conformation of coasts and ocean currents permit the concentration of the sonorous sand below the high tide mark.

The information on this curious subject collected by the two American savants may perhaps set some of our readers to seek for 'singing beaches' on these islands. The phenomenon is well worthy of investigation, and no light seems as yet to have been thrown on its cause, nor any progress made towards the solution of the mystery of the difference between mute and musical sand.

NOSES

A POPULAR lecturer in one of his discourses had occasion to speak on noses, and he himself 'delivered only in his Roman nose,' declared, but he the choice of noses, his face should be ornamented by a 'regular weather cutter.' The desire was commendable and worthy attention, for strangers are instinctively judged by their noses. The nose indeed proclaims the man, and is the outward and visible symbol of mental calibre and intellectual character. Men of note almost invariably possess decided and prominent 'leading articles,' whilst an insufficient nasal accompaniment not unfrequently denotes vanity, lack of moral vigour, and at one negatives qualities which would otherwise give respect and credit. Of course, there are exceptions and exceptions, but generally, it is, that the more prolonged the proboscis the more striking is the countenance, and the more original the force of character.

An extreme case is recorded of a Lancashire man, whose prodigious feature became a centre of attraction in the busiest thoroughfares of Manchester, whilst he was on a visit there. Becoming at length either tired or confused by the inquisitive attention and wonderment of a crowd of admirers, he seized his nose with both hands and gave it a sudden impatient twist, as though removing an obstruction from the footway, and said sharply 'There—be quick, and get past as soon as you can!'

A Yorkshire manufacturer whose good living had given him 'a nose as red as a comet,' was

told by a wealthy friend very bluntly, 'I couldn't afford to keep that nose of thine' Another friend assured him he had no cause for fear of not living comfortably, for should all other means of subsistence fail, he could easily hire himself out as a railway danger signal

Amongst the South Sea islanders, the nose is made to be a medium of expression of affection and amity Tribes swearing everlasting peace, seal the compact with a promiscuous rubbing of noses against noses, by the same fractional process, maidens declaim their woes at parting, and joys on reunion with other maidens, the action being attended by—so said an eye witness—'the shedding of a power of tears' Lovers make their amatory declarations through their noses, their courtship being a protracted series of rub rub rubbing of nose to nose

We recall an interruption Dr Barney had whilst he was preaching on one occasion He saw opposite to him in the gallery a country man making elaborate preparations for putting his handkerchief to the common usage appointed to it The doctor became interested, and stayed expectant in his discourse just before the crisis The countryman blew a terrible blast, awakening the echoes, and almost perceptibly shaking the building to its foundations The doctor, having

> Met with many a breeze before
> But never such a blow,

waited for the funeral, echoes to die, and then said with impressive gravity 'Let us now resume'

Charles Lamb's rebuke to a man who by self assertion pronounced himself devoid of any peculiarity, could not be omitted 'Which which hand do you blow your nose with?' inquired Lamb

'With my right hand, to be sure'

'Ah!' said Lamb pensively, 'that's your peculiarity peculiarity I blow mine with my left handkerchief'

The nose is quite a proverbial topic, for example, 'To turn up the nose,' 'Put his nose out of joint,' 'Pud through his nose,' and 'Putting his nose to the grindstone,' 'Led by the nose,' with many others equally felicitous 'Driving hogs over Swarston Bridge' is a Derbyshire polite way of expressing snoring, and several stories are told respecting pig drivers A small boy was once asked 'Is your elder brother musical?'

'Yes, sir, 'e is that'

'Can he play?'

'O yes, sir, 'e plays beautiful'

'On what instrument does he perform?'

'Why, sir, 'e plays on his nose'

A celebrated divine was preaching before the king and court in Stuart times, when the monarch and several noblemen 'nodded, gentle assents to all he said, for 'they slumbered and slept' The divine, wishful to reprove, but fearful to offend, at last summoned courage to shout to one of the somnolent nobles 'My lord, my lord, don't snore so loud, or you'll waken His Majesty!'

The subject has not commended itself generally to poets, yet there are few who would be inclined to say that there is nothing poetical about the nose Here and there, we do find pointed references in poetry to the homely feature more or less poetical in expression We can easily fancy Cowper's picture of 'the shivering victim, with dewdrop at his nose,' whilst our poet laureate indulges in a higher flight over a maiden's nose 'tip tilted like the petal of a flower,' which sounds very refined indeed Henry, Lord Brougham, whose nose was somewhat of this latter order, did not feel flattered by a similar reference to it In conducting a case in Yorkshire, he was bothered in cross examining a witness by a constant repetition of the word 'humbug' 'Humbug,' said Lord Brougham—'humbug, what do you mean by humbug?'—'Why, returned the Yorkshireman, 'if I were to tell ye it yed gotten a nice nose, I should be humbugging ye.

Punch frequently alludes to the subject, and in its pages is to be found a description of what some suppose to be a masonic sign under the terms of 'taking a sight' and 'taking a double sight' 'In taking a sight the thumb of one hand is placed to the extreme tip of the nose with the fingers extended to their straightest utmost capacity, whilst 'taking a double sight' involves the addition of the second hand to the first, the thumb to the little finger, and action as before The action is more varied and considered more expressive when a slight undulatory movement is observed by the fingers The London newsboy appreciates the practice of taking a sight, especially favouring it when he has managed to sell, under the cry of Third edition, a day but one before a contrary paper to a passenger upon an omnibus

Nursery rhymes are not complete without a nose or two, and these are constantly being quoted, for instance

> Say Moses to Aaron
> 'Thy nose is a rare one!'
> Says Aaron to Moses
> 'Let us swap noses'

And we cannot forget

> The servant in the garden hangs, put there of course
> By some a dickey bird and popped off her nose

'I am satisfied on every point but one, said a gentleman to an applicant for service—'I cannot get over your nose'

'That is not to be wondered at sir,' replied the applicant, 'for the bridge is broken

This last incident gives us a moral whereunto to adorn our paper, that, out of all noses collective, defective, conceptive, or reflective, it is better to have an ill shaped nose than no nose at all

SMOKING AND SNUFFING IN CHURCH

Among the 'things not generally known' to the present generation is that smoking has been indulged in in the churches of Great Britain, in various parts of the continent—particularly in the Netherlands—and in South America It is nevertheless true It must not, however, be inferred from this statement that the practice was so general amongst the male portion of the congregation as it is in the 'smoking concerts' of our day, or that the fairer sex participated in the 'weed' during the performance of divine worship The practice prevailed, let us hope, to only a very limited extent, but that it had been carried on in church during the delivery

of the sermon, in the church immediately after service, and in the vestry during the holding of service, and at other times, there is reliable evidence to prove. In England and Scotland, smoking in religious edifices was practised more or less during the greater portion of last century, if not the whole of it, and down into the present century. In Dutch and South American churches, smoking has been indulged in down to a very recent period. Snuff taking in churches is a practice which is common throughout the European continent. It has also prevailed in the churches of both England and Scotland for a long period, but the snuff takers in places of worship of to-day are not so demonstrative as were those of 'the good old times,' of which we read and hear about, but fail to realise.

Readers of Sir Walter Scott may remember that mention is made in *The Heart of Midlothian* of a smoker of considerable local importance, named Duncan of Knockdunder. Of him it is written: 'As soon as the congregation were settled after prayers, and the clergyman had read his text, the gracious Duncan, after rummaging the leathern purse which hung in front of his petticoat, produced a short tobacco pipe made of iron, and observed almost aloud, "I have forgotten my spleuchan [tobacco pouch], Lachlan, gang down to the clachan and bring me up a pennyworth of twast." Sae weans, the nearest within reach, presented, with an obedient start, as many tobacco pouches to the man of office. He made choice of one with a nod of acknowledgment, filled his pipe, kindled it with the assistance of his pistol flint, and smoked with infinite composure during the whole time of the sermon. At the end of the discourse, he knocked the ashes out of his pipe, replaced it in his sporran, returned the tobacco pouch to its owner, and joined in the prayer with decency and attention.'

In a volume of letters written by the Rev John Disney of Swinderby, Lincolnshire, to James Granger, is a communication bearing the date December 13, 1773, in which this passage occurs: 'The affair happened in St Mary's Church in Nottingham, when Archbishop Drummond (of York) was there on a visitation. The archbishop had ordered some of the apparitors, or other attendants, to bring him pipes and tobacco and some liquor into the vestry, for his refreshment after the fatigue of confirmation. And this coming to Mr Disney's ears, he forbade their bringing thither, and with a becoming spirit remonstrated with the archbishop upon the impropriety of his conduct, at the same time telling His Grace that his vestry should not be converted into a smoking room.' Mr Disney was grandfather to the writer of the letter above quoted, and was the vicar of Nottingham, local writers, however, who refer to this matter attribute the desire to drink and smoke in St Mary's to the Rev Dr Richard Reynolds, who was consecrated to the bishopric of Lincoln in 1723, and died in 1744.

The Rev. S. Parr, LL.D, was an everlasting smoker 'Morning, noon, and night,' might he have been seen enveloped in clouds of tobacco smoke. Neither time nor place seemed to him to be inappropriate for the indulgence. When he was perpetual curate of Hatton, in Warwickshire (1783-90), he regularly smoked in the vestry whilst the congregation were singing, immediately before the delivery of his sermon. For this purpose, the hymns selected were lengthy. The doctor frequently remarked 'My people like long hymns, but I prefer a long pipe!' In all probability, his pipes on such occasions (to be somewhat in character with the place) were of the kind known as 'churchwardens.' The Rev Robert Hall, the distinguished Baptist preacher, indulged in profuse smoking in the intervals of public worship.

A well known writer to periodical literature tells us that early last autumn he spent a few hours at Edam, one of the so called 'Dead Cities of the Zuyder Zee,' though a quietly active and bustling little place, and a great centre of the Dutch cheese trade. The minister, in pointing out and explaining the various matters of interest about the interior, smoked a cigar and offered our informant one.

Respecting the practice of smoking in churches in South America, Mr J. M. Cowper of Canterbury writes: 'I remember three instances of smoking in church in Lima, Peru. In the church of La Merced, I saw a Dominican surreptitiously enjoying his cigar while service was going on. In the vestry of the same church I saw a full-robed bishop smoking before going into the pulpit to preach. In his case, a friendly Dominican put a handkerchief under the episcopal chin, to keep the ashes from falling on the smoker's robes. In the cathedral vestry, I saw the "Master of the Ceremonies" (in English sense) smoking a cigar. A spittoon is placed in the stall of each cathedral dignitary.'

The Vice chancellor of Cambridge issued some regulations previous to the visit of King James I. in 1614, in which it was enjoined 'That noe graduats, scholler, or student of this univer sitie presume to take tobacco in St Marie's Church upon paine of imprisonment, or the universitie.' This most probably referred to snuffing rather than smoking. It is hardly possible that a prejudice in any degree abated, against smoking in church could have been defied so openly at such early stage in the introduction of tobacco. On the other hand, a pinch of snuff is easily conveyed to the nostrils with a fair degree of security. It must be remembered that at this period snuffing was in great favour with the faculty, who recommended it as the best preventative as well as cure for cold in the head.

A late rector of Hackney, the Rev Mr Goodchild, used to refresh himself in the middle of his sermon with a tremendous pinch of snuff, which he conveyed, from his chamois leather lined waistcoat pocket, to his nose. A Free Church minister in Glasgow, one Sunday morning gave out as the morning lesson the fourth section of the hundred and nineteenth psalm. While his congregation were looking out the 'portion of scripture' in their Bibles, the Doctor of Divinity (or of Laws, we know not which) took out his snuff, and sniffed, a lusty pinch with finger and thumb, regaled his nose with the snuff. He then began the lesson—'My soul cleaveth unto the dust!' The titter that ran round the church, and the confusion of the minister, showed that both the congregation and he felt the Psalmist's 'punch.'

An English lady, on a visit to Scotland, attended public worship in a parish church at no great distance from Crathie. In the same pew were about a dozen persons—farmers, their wives, and herdsmen. Shortly before the beginning of the sermon, a large snuff mull was passed to the occupants of the pew. Upon the lady visitor declining to take a pinch, an old man, who was evidently a shepherd, whispered, in a very significant manner, 'Tak' the sneeshin', mem—tak' the sneeshin'. Ye dinna ken our meenister, ye'll need it afore he's dune!'

ABOUT DEATH'S-HEADS

PROBABLY, at some time or other, the reader has found feeding upon the leaves of potatoes a large green, yellowish green, or brown creature, about the thickness of his finger, with seven dark purple and yellow marginal streaks upon the sides, and the dorsal portion decorated with black dots, the tail end, moreover, being adorned with a 'caudal appendage' somewhat resembling a lamb's tail in miniature, save that it is rigid, and not woolly, or it may be that in digging up the crop, if the owner of a garden, he has turned up a reddish brown 'grub,' which, beyond a jerk or two with the pointed tail segments, seemed incapable of motion. The fate of these creatures is generally a sad and sudden one, if the finder happen to be the rustic unharmed in insect life. 'Here be a locust, dang the beast!' and down comes the merciless iron heel, and behold, a shapeless mass! Yet the poor things were harmless enough, and known to the entomologist as, in the one case, the larva or caterpillar, and in the other, the pupa, of the Death's head Moth (*Acherontia atropos*).

Most years seem remarkable for the prevalence of some particular forms of insect life. For instance, in 1877, clover fields teemed with golden butterflies, which soon spread into high road, and even town gardens. These were the Clouded Yellow (*Colias edusa*), since which only sparingly has the butterfly been seen. Then, in 1879, came swarms of Silver Y Moths (*Plusia gamma*), the caterpillars of which played sad havoc with the farmer's peas, completely stripping them of leaves—to plants, both in lungs and stomach—so that the peas never ripened in the pod. But nature, as we speak, had provided a remedy in the form of flocks of thrushes, which 'fared sumptuously every day' upon the larvæ, and yet so ignorant was the farmer of the help his little feathered friends were rendering him, that he attributed the mischief to 'them rascally birds, and was for 'shooting them all off.'

Some seasons, the beans in our gardens are thickly covered with insects (*Aphis rumicis*), and ants may be watched busily plying their antennæ, and milking their aphis cows, and sipping up the exuded nectar like fluid with a gusto an epicure might envy. Or, it may be the pendulous racemes of the sycamore (*Acer pseudo platanus*) look as if dipped in ink from the swarms of a sable dipteron, or fly (*Dilophus febrilis*), thickly aggregated thereon. And last year we had clouds of green flies—another species of aphis—migrating, in some places even almost stopping traffic, and, in one little town in the south of England, extinguishing the lights in the post office, and filling eyes, ears, noses, and mouths of the officials to the serious impediment of their duties. So, too, the season of 1885 proved a good one, as the lepidopterist would say, for the larvæ of the Death's head Moth, in fact, it is doubtful if it had ever been so abundant. It is a grand species—the largest of our native *Sphingidæ*, or Hawk Moths, and interesting in all stages of its existence. It is the only lepidopteron that we possess capable of making any cry, but the caterpillar, pupa, and moth of *this* can all squeak. In putting the moths into a quiescent state, prior to consigning them to the ammonia bottle—when needing to kill them for the cabinet—I have applied a camel hair brush dipped in chloroform to the proboscis, holding them by finger and thumb by the under side of the wings, so as not to disfigure their beauty, I have been surprised at the muscular power exhibited, it being all I could do to prevent their escaping, the insect the while squeaking as loudly as a poor mouse whilst suffering from the tender mercies of Puss.

The caterpillars are not easy to find. We may go over ridge by ridge of the potatoes and not see one, so well hidden are they by protective resemblance to the plants upon which they feed, the colours of the leaves and flowers of the potato, for example, the dark violet petals, and yellow anthers, all being reproduced in the caterpillar. The best and quickest way to discover them is to seek for the traces of their repasts, which are collected in little heaps at the bottom of the plant, and if these be fresh, we may be confident that a little scrutiny will speedily reveal in chase, soft larvæ tightly clasping the stem. The larvæ are found throughout August, and about the beginning of September are full fed, when they bury beneath the soil, forming a cell in which they turn to pupæ. Sometimes the moth emerges in October or November, but such specimens are generally barren females, and the insect usually remains in pupa condition throughout the winter, coming out about midsummer of the following year.

The moth or imago of *Acherontia atropos* is very handsome, the upper wings have a velvety appearance, the colours being an extremely rich mixture of browns and black and gray, thickly powdered with white dots. The lower wings are orange, with two dusky bands crossing from the inner to the hind margin. In the centre of the dark plush-like thorax is a mark curiously resembling a skull, from which the moth takes its name. The body is very thick, with six or seven black transverse bands, on a broad bluish-gray one down the middle. They have a strong penchant for honey, to secure which, they will enter beehives, putting the bees to flight by their bold front, although perfectly defenceless

themselves There is a superstition still lingering in some parts of the New Forest that the Death's head Moth was not seen in England till after the execution of Charles I

THE PIG PIN

THE question of pig breeding is one that should force itself on the attention of the farmer, and the many lessons which the situation forces upon the country impressed on his mind At our agricultural census last year, we found not only that our stock of swine should a decrease of something like two hundred thousand head since 1881, and of over three hundred thousand head since 1883, but also that the country was understocked in a branch of our agriculture that even in these times leaves a profit We believe that a corn mill and a few extra pigs would prove a far better market for inferior corn than any other that can be named An American writer has told us that 'Chicago owes its wealth to the discovery of a method of putting fifteen bushels of corn into a three bushel barrel and transporting it to distant markets This has been accomplished by means of the pig He converts seven bushels of corn into one hundred pounds of pork' This is a lesson that the English farmer might well lay to heart, and if this were the case, we are sure that we should not find the pig stock of the country declining at a time when prices for corn have just been at the lowest ebb in the memory of man

That we can find a market for an increased production of pork and bacon is certain Last year, we paid the foreigner—and chiefly the Yankee—some three millions sterling for dead pig meat, sent to us in the shape of hams, bacon, and pork There is no reason why we should not this season increase our breeding herds of swine and make some attempt to wrest from the foreigner this market It has at our doors, and the pig himself is perhaps the most profitable of all the meat making machinery of the farm The fecundity of the pig is such that the breeding stock may be increased almost at will At one of the pure farms of the Royal Agricultural Society, last year, the judges report that from nine to ten sows are kept every year, and that from these from fifty to sixty pigs are sold, every year Their prolificness is a source of profit, but not the only one Mr J C Morton points out some other reasons why, in fattening pigs, more profit might be expected than in fattening oxen or sheep One is, that the carcase of the pig includes the head—so much additional weight—which in the case of the ox or sheep is part of the offal Another is, that the pig is a feeder on all manner of vegetable and animal refuse, extracting nourishment from matter which other animals refuse, and it is useful, therefore, as a scavenger and maker of waste food

There can be only one answer—and it is one often given in times past to amateurs, who have been so struck with the fecundity of the pig, that they have wondered how it is not more largely bred—that can be given to those claims of the pig to greater attention 'Oh,' it may be retorted, 'you forget that with the pig, like all other farm stock, it is a question of how much the land will carry For his feeding, crops of mangolds, cabbage, carrots, and such like are required, and in summer, out clover is wanted'

That may oftentimes be a good answer, but not in a season when all kinds of corn can be bought cheap, and when farmers oftentimes are unable to sell their cereals except at a figure at which it is far more profitable to manufacture it into pork, and send it in that form—fifteen bushels in a three bushel measure—to market This is a matter well worthy the attention of farmers at the present moment, and a thought that ought to lead to a large increase in the pig stock of the country

THE MINSTRELS

The minstrels in the gallery,
The lords in the hall
And the princes of the earth
The singers voices fall
But in the land of earth
They have no skill at all

They sing of battle and of joust
Of deeds of high emprise
They sing of honours bravely won
Of lovers happy sighs
Of banquet when the light is over,
And light of ladies eyes

They stirring thoughts, the tender words
Float down on raven's wing
Aloft the joys, the gallant deeds
Wherewith their verses ring
They know not They who hear the song,
Have known, but cannot sing

Thus every day in every age
There is on the world's stage
In passion heat of joy or grief
At banquet fight, or mart,
But there the minstrel has no place—
He must must stand apart

Too soft his flesh to bear life's storms,
Too keen his sensitive brain,
His heart too ready to perceive
Joy's inmost heart of pain,
But the lone sorrow of his lot
Makes sad his merriest strain

And in his darker hours, the wish
Consumes him like a fire
To cast away for evermore
The burden of the lyre,
To share the life of other men,
Its failures, its desire

In vain! The gladness of the loved,
The conquest of the strong,
Life's heavy tasks and fair rewards,
Not unto him belong
He sighs, and as it leaves his lips,
The sigh becomes a song

CATHERINE GRANT FURLEY.

Printed and Published by W & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, London, and 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

All Rights Reserved.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL
OF
POPULAR
LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART
Fifth Series
ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832
CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)
No. 132.—Vol. III. SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1886. Price 1½d.

'CHOP WITH KING JA JA.

Rumours of war came floating down the Bonny river to the traders at its mouth. The oil canoes which came sluggishly alongside the towering black hulks brought whispers of solemn palavers and Egbo meetings in the recesses of the far river reaches, and the long black war canoes of the Bonny chiefs, with their forty or fifty little black slave boy rowers, were manœuvring every day with an amount of shrieking and yelling out of all proportion to the result attained. Will Braid and Yellow, two mighty black chiefs, were understood to be in open rebellion against their lawful sovereign, King Amachree of New Calabar. Forts of mud and wattles had been thrown up on the New Calabar river, and Gatling guns and other gruesome instruments had been mounted thereon, and the two recalcitrant minors were having a high good time of it challenging the universe at large to mortal combat, and, what was of much more importance, stopping the all dominating palm oil trade on the New Calabar river. The puissant kingdom of Bonny too, next door, was supposed to be mixed up in the quarrel, and was lending more or less overt assistance to the rebellious chiefs and things were tending generally to one of those lingering, little, all round wars which so delight the West African mind, and so sorely afflict the unfortunate white or rather yellow traders who wear out their few years of life on hulks at the mouths of the fever breeding oil rivers.

At this juncture, the great king maker, righter of wrongs, and arbitrator in chief, Her Majesty's Consul general at Fernando Po, was invoked, and the result was the convocation of the greatest 'palaver' that had taken place for years, on board the big hulk *Adriatic* in the Bonny river. One by one the long war canoes shot alongside, the glistening brown backs of the long line of rowers bending like one great machine to the rhythm of their shrill song, and the swish and dig of their paddles in the green water. One by one the gorgeous beings who sat on a raised platform in the centre of each canoe emerged from under the great umbrellas that covered them, and took their places on the quarter deck of the hulk. They were a motley lot to look upon, those owners of thousands of their fellow men, many of them decked up for the occasion with gaudy, ill fitting European garments, but mostly wearing bright plush waistcoats, high hats, and what is called a fathom of cloth round their loins, this fathom of cloth being two large sized, brilliant patterned cotton handkerchiefs joined together.

A table covered with the union jack was placed upon the quarter deck, under the penthouse roof of the hulk at which sat the British consul in his war paint, surely the best of good fellows and finest of officers and fellow. He never wore his war paint again as the sequel will show. On each side of the consul sat a wandering M.P. and myself as visitors, and next to us, again sat Captain Barrow, the secretary of the governor of the Gold Coast who was down here to prepare for a Niger recruiting expedition, and Captain Von Donop of Her Majesty's ship *Decoy*, whose orders would not allow him to bring his ship into the pestilent river, but who came in himself, accompanied by two black House troops. In a semicircle in front of us sat the Bonny chiefs, and similarly behind us were ranged the New Calabar chiefs, most of whom carried a large portion of their wealth round their necks in the form of enormous coral beads, of almost fabulous value, and some of whom had their arms literally covered with beautiful ivory bangles. In advance of the Bonny men sat King George, a fine, tall, well educated young negro, well known in London, and a very favourable specimen of his race, but an utter cipher in his so called kingdom, a well dressed and well behaved enough young oil merchant, but, from a regal point of view, a decided fraud, as his father was before him.

It had been proposed that the neighbouring King Ja Ja of Opobo should act as arbitrator in the dispute, which was really between Bonny and New Calabar, the insurgent Will Braid and

Yellow being quite powerless to resist their sovereign without the Bonny men's assistance, and across the thick yellow haze and sheets of falling rain, which blurred the endless vista of mangrove swamps, we all stretched our eyes to watch for the arrival of King Ja Ja. But Ja Ja had once, and not so long ago, been a Bonny chief himself, and after many years of fierce warfare with his great rival, the mighty Oko Jumbo, had slipped away one night in the dark with all his people, his wives, and his riches, and founded a kingdom for himself a few miles away on the Opobo river where he had waxed rich and powerful, so the wily old Ja Ja thought it wisest to avoid the reaches of the Bonny, even with the king making a canal in his friend, for who could tell whether the far reaching vengeance of the dread Oko might extend? So Ja Ja sent a very diplomatic message, saying he had mistaken the day, and hoped to see the consul next week to talk over the matter at Opobo.

The canal began by stating the case—that he could not allow trade to be stopped by this war, and secretly took the Bonny men to task for helping the rebels to withstand King Amachree, their lawful sovereign—and a great deal more to the same effect, which, being interpreted by the king of Bonny, produced a very depressing effect on gentlemen in front of us, and a most liberal display of scowls and broad smiles from the potentates in our rear. The Bonny men were ill at ease, and many and many a time their opal eyeballs strained across the yellow mist and falling torrents as their king began, sadly and apologetically, albeit in good English, to reply to the consul's scolding, for the gentest of all Bonny men, before whom King George is but a puppet—the overpowering Oko Jumbo—had not arrived, and the Bonny men saw how hopeless was their case with the great white consul against them and their own champion absent.

But suddenly, as the king was speaking, came faintly at first, through the wet sickly air, the shrill song of the paddlers, and a cry went up from the Bonny men, and many a dusky finger pointed to where Okoro canoe, with its sixty rowers and its ostrich feathers at the prow, came swiftly gliding over the waters. The king ceased speaking with a sigh of relief, and soon the master of Bonny stepped on the hulks deck. A grand old pagan of the bygone school is Oko Jumbo, tall and strong, with a fine handsome face and powerful head, with very little attempt at European dress, on indeed dress of any sort, although his two sons, who reside mostly in England, are civilised gentlemen.* Oko, in a few trenchant words, closed the business for the day. He would undertake to produce the two rebel chiefs on board the hulk on the next Thursday, if the white consul would guarantee the attendance of King Ja Ja the arbitrator, all things in the meantime to remain in *statu quo*. Of course everybody knew that one promise was as improbable of fulfilment as the other, but a palaver which comes to a definite conclusion at first, second, or even third sitting would be against all precedent, so both sides were satisfied, and the high contending parties adjourned for refreshment, amidst much friendly snapping of fingers and other strange rites.

Early next morning, the little steam launch *Lucifer* started from Bonny to convey the consul, his secretary, and myself to visit the domains of Ja Ja. A broad river stretches on either side of us, the waters of which are thick and green with the rotting slime of myriads of fallen leaves. The banks are not of land but a dense jungle of trees growing down into the water, and dropping long roots from their outstretched arms to form fresh trees. The roots of this jungle intercept as in a net the mud and slime and vegetable debris brought down by the river, and in course of time the outer parts of the jungle become sufficiently solid to afford footing for crocodiles and hippopotami, but quite impossible to human beings, the outskirts of the jungle being always comparatively new trees, growing dense and rank in the water itself, and interlaced thickly with great, strong, green hanging creepers, upon which swing and chatter the mangrove monkeys. As we steam up the river and across it numerous branches, no sound but the shrill chirp of these monkeys breaks the oppressive stillness. Now and again the black snout of a hippopotamus shows out of the thick cover on the banks or a motionless crocodile is seen basking in the sun. Occasionally, a long, low canoe, piles noiselessly by, the black rower, and paddles all naked, and hardly visible against the dark green background of impenetrable jungle. The air is soft and sickly, with a whiff now and then of unutterable pestilence. The great fierce sun exists yellow, all pervading, hazy glare on the thick water, which is covered with a festering, cream of nauseous bubbles.

After some more hours of the unvarying prospect, with a rare glimpse of the far away sea through some of the mouths of creek, we suddenly stumble into the mouth of Opobo. Oh, those three hours! Our noble crew of fine stalwart Kroobys up to their waists in water pushing, and tugging, the row of the launch, stirring up the horrors at the bottom, and the blistering sun on the fetid water, made up an ensemble I shall never forget. And so we dined on all the weary day, raw sticking fish, now going on a few miles, the consul secretary already down with fever, past several hulks of Gatling guns mounted upon canoes moored across the mouths of creeks, and past the river and town of Andony, with its little mud battery and six pounder Krupp guns, until, turning sharply the corner of an island of jungle, we find ourselves in the Opobo river, with the distant sea and the white men's hulks on the horizon. Soon we come to an inlet in the dense mass of verdure, and, passing the mournful wrecks of two hulks half submerged in the muddy cove, we land, carried on the stalwart shoulders of our Kroobys to a little sandy gully, and are received by about three quarters of the population of Ja Ja's kingdom, with perhaps a dozen yards of clothing amongst the lot. Some

* One of these sons died since this was written, and left an English wife and family.

old muzzle loading guns, nine and eighteen pounders, of obsolete pattern, were scattered about, half buried in the deep white sand, unused and unusable. Inward, following the course of the gully, was what may be called the main street of the town, although no attempt was made at uniformity, the houses, such as they were, merely mud and palm leaf huts, being scattered at random under and amidst the great palms and india rubber trees. Followed at a respectful distance by the male portion of the crowd, the females being generally rather shy of white men, and apparently desirous of hiding behind the trunks and peeping round at us from afar, we advanced up the gully to the interior of the town.

Ja Ja is a most fanatical fetishman, and signs of his paganism were to be seen at every few steps in the numerous juju-posts on our way. These juju-posts may, and do, assume any shape, and the most unlikely objects may be made sacred by their dedication, although no information is obtainable with regard to the exact rites practised or the supposed uses of the juju. Idols in the usually accepted sense of the word they certainly are not, but rather things set apart for the worship of unseen spirits, or dedicated to the honour of certain supposed gods. A very common juju, and, as it happened, the first one that met our eyes in Opobo, is a white hen cruelly nailed up alive to the top of a pole and left to starve and flutter to death. Then, in succession, we saw a grotesque human figure of yellow clay surmounted by an ox skull, and covered with a penthouse roof of thatch; a miscellaneous collection of bones in a suspended grass cradle; a conical mound of yellow clay daubed and decorated with colour, and stuck all over with cock's feathers; a Bass's beer bottle on the top of a white pole, and so on *ad infinitum*. The great juju house itself is much smaller than the celebrated building of human skulls at Bonny, and is a conical mud building with a high thatch roof, surmounted by an ox skull, and hard with human skulls in the usual artistic West African fashion.

Wading up to our ankles in mud through the rank dense vegetation, and passing a primitive forge, where four swart negroes were making nails on a stone anvil with a stone hammer, their forge bellows being two sheepskins worked alternately by a man with two short sticks, as if he were playing on a pair of kettledrums—such a bellows and forge, in fact, as you may see any day on the Egyptian hieroglyphics—we caught sight of King Ja Ja coming to meet us. A brilliant coloured umbrella was held over his head by an attendant, and, as usual with African chiefs, he was followed by quite a crowd of evil looking rapscallions of all ages and in all states of undress, carrying a perfect museum of obsolete arms, the staff of state, like a beadle's mace, and other paraphernalia. Ja Ja is a fine looking old savage, as black as polished ebony, with hair like silver, and was in full dress to receive us—a red flannel shirt, worn as usual with the tails loose, embroidered most elaborately with the imperial French arms, and plentifully besprinkled with *Ns* and *Js*, the Napoleonic bees, and other emblems of a bygone dynasty in France. This was the king's only garment, except the usual bandana loincloth of two uncut handkerchiefs.

Ja Ja received his great patron the consul with much finger snapping and other signs of friendship, and led the way to his house. The outer wall of his compound, which encloses some three acres of ground, is formed by the huts of his slaves and people, the whole place reeking with filth beyond all European imagination. In the centre of the compound stands a fetish india rubber tree, with a juju hut under it, and near it is built the house inhabited by some of Ja Ja's favourite wives, the palace itself being at the end of the compound, and overlooking all. It is a gaudily painted wooden building, raised on piles some eight feet high, and surrounded by a veranda. The house, a new one, is the pride of old Ja Ja's heart, and was constructed by negro workmen from the British settlement at Accra. It is furnished with a desperate attempt at European style, but the whole effect is absurdly incongruous with the nude or semi-nude male and female servitors, and the evident uneasiness of Ja Ja himself amongst his civilised surroundings. In the corner of the principal parlour, which leads straight from the veranda, is a most gorgeous red and gold throne, with a liberal allowance of crowns, coronets, orbs, and 'King Ja Ja's' scattered on every couch of vantage, and on its topmost pinnacle is stuck jauntily an absurd conical hat like a fool's cap, with enormous feather like ears on each side of it, with which hard dress the king volunteered the statement that he had been making juju—whatever that might mean.

I was trying hard, but unsuccessfully, to make out Ja Ja's extraordinary attempts at patois English, when from the adjoining room came a female voice, which partly explained the attempts I had noticed at European furnishing.

'O yas, sah, sah' the voice, with the connect affectation and bombastic intonation of the civilised nigger—'O yas, sah, I'se berry ready, sah, I'se unsalkarlated de day, sah!' and thereupon Miss Sally Johnson—'a Bubachan lady, sah!'—sailed into the room, positively dressed in a flowing cotton gown of most approved fashion, evidently a very superior person, looking down upon poor Ja Ja and his people with much commiseration, and not a little contempt. This lady is prime minister, secretary of state, and Ja Ja's guide, philosopher, and friend in all that relates to the ways of the white man, and her experience and knowledge of all civilised matters are too great to be questioned within the realms of Opobo. Her imitative with regard to the gown, however, was not followed, for she was the only person dressed in the place, unless we so consider the eccentric harlequin suits of dye upon the children of all ages, and even upon Ja Ja's marriageable daughters, who were plentifully scattered about the compound. The patterns stamped upon the bright sleek brown skins are in some cases very elaborate and brilliant, and had really a pleasing effect.

Ja Ja was rather overcome with the responsibility of entertaining the consul and his friend at so short a notice, and seemed so distressed that he had no civilised 'chop' to offer us, that we proposed to go on to the mouth of the river and dine with the white traders in

the hulks, and return on the morrow to a grand 'chop' or banquet at Ja Ja's. So the old king brought out some calabashes of cassada or palm wine—which tastes like soap suds and gin—and, what was more acceptable, a bottle of very drinkable Rudesheimer, and saw us down to our boat, followed by all his ribbon coat of subjects.

The next morning, in a tropical downpour, we were received at Opob with due honour. One of the rusty old guns had been turned right side uppermost, and was being banged away at a great rate, to the imminent risk of everybody within a hundred yards of it. Ja Ja, with a largely reinforced guard of more truculent looking ragamuffins than ever, assisted us on the beach. Tom toms and horns rang in their ears with the shrieks, yells, and howls with which the untutored subjects of Ja Ja honoured their monarch's guests. In the principal room of the palace we found the table laid for our repast, and Miss Johnson was continually changing from the languid superfine importance of the reception room to the fierce invective and stern command of the kitchen, or back room, as circumstances required. It required several applications of severe corporal punishment to the wretched slaves—to judge from the howls we heard when any hitch occurred—before what is termed the 'chop' was served. Neither beef nor mutton can be reared on this pestilent coast, so the choice of viands is not large, but what was wanting in variety was made up in quantity. Kids stewed and roasted whole, great fish, and fowls enough for a ship's company, were served up, all in great clay bowls, and all made into 'palm oil chop,' the prevailing dish of the coast. This is a sort of greasy curry, made with many spices and the finer parts of the palm oil, very trying to European stomachs unaccustomed to such delicacies. Mimbo, rum, was the principal drink, and Ja Ja pledged us all in mimbo many a time and oft, but although I can stand palm oil or mimbo, I cannot stand palm oil and mimbo, so contented myself with a beverage at once less soap suddy and less intoxicating. Ancient steel knives and forks were produced with an air of proud superiority by Miss Johnson for our use, but Ja Ja, although he made a timid attempt to use them too, soon gave it up as a dangerous experiment, and took to his fingers with a sigh of relief, handing us out the tidbits, moreover, by the same medium.

The redoubtable guard flocked round the veranda, and scrambled to every point where a view of our extraordinary proceedings could be gained, and an aggregate of acres of ivories saluted each movement of the wonderful white men who can do everything. Doors and windows were darkened by gaping happy brown faces, and the crowd of servitors within the room were envied mortals indeed. Ja Ja himself was served by the heir apparent or heir presumptive of his swampy kingdom, but it is wonderful how little difference there is between heirs apparent and common clay when there is no tailor to accentuate it. The consul acting the king in so good a temper, broached the subject of a mission school to be established at Opobo, which Ja Ja had always refused, but on this occasion he not only promised to allow it, with effusion, but offered to build the house at his own expense. All being arranged about the next palaver at Bonny, which Ja Ja promised to attend personally or by proxy, we took our leave with many presents and words of good will.

Of our tedious, sickly journey back to Bonny, I say nothing here, only that in it our brave, great hearted consul, as true an Englishman as ever breathed, caught the deadly fever he had defied so long. The next morning, I found him yellow and delirious, and in three days he died, one more sacrifice of England's brightest and best to the insatiable fever fiend of the West Coast.

IN ALL SHADES

CHAPTER XXIII

That same afternoon, Rosina Fleming met Isaac Pourtales, hanging about idly below the shrubbery, and waiting to talk with her, by appointment, about some important business she had to discuss with him of urgent necessity.

'Isaac, ma fren,' Rosina began in her dawdling tone, as soon as they had interchanged the first endearments of negro lovers, 'I send for you to day to ax you what all dis talk mean about de nayger rain? I want to know when dem gwine to rise, an' what dem gwine to do when dem done rise an'!'

Isaac smiled a sardonic smile of superior intelligence. 'Missy Rosie, sweetheart, he answered evasively, 'lady doant understand dem ting same as man does. Dis is political business, I tell you. Lady doant nebber hab no call to go an' mix himself up along wit politic an' political business.'

'But I tellin you, I me, what I want for to know is about de missy. Mistah Delgado, him tell me de odder evenin, when de great an' terrible day come, de missy an all gwine to be murdered. So I come for to ax you, mo fren, what for dem want to go an' kill de poor little missy? Him doan tu nubber do no harm to nobody. Him is good little lo ady, kind little le ady. Why for you doant can kep him alive an let him go wiout hurtin him, Isaac?'

Pourtales smiled again this time a more diabolical and sinister smile, as though he were concealing something from Rosina. 'We doant gwine to kill her,' he answered hastily, with that horrid light illuminating once more his cold gray eyes. 'We gwine to keep de women alive, accordin' to de word ob de holy prophet. "Have dey not divided de prey? To obbery man a damsel or two to tisert, a prey ob divers colours." What dat mean, de divers colours, Rosie? Dat no mean you an' de missy? Ha, ha, ha! you an' de missy!'

Rosina started back a little surprised at this naive personal effort of exegetical research. 'How dat, Isaac? she screamed out angrily. 'You lub de missy? You doan't satisfied wit your fien' Rosie?'

Isaac laughed again. 'Ho, ho!' he said, 'dat make you jealous, Missy Rosie? Ha, ha, dat good now! Pretty little gal for true, de missy! You tink me gwine to kill him when him is so pretty?'

Rosina gazed at him open eyed in blank astonishment. 'You doan't must kill him,' she answered stoutly. 'I lub de missy well myself

for true, Isaac If you kill de massy, I doan't nebber gwine to speak wit you no more I gwine to tell de massy all about dis ting ob Delgado's, I tink, to morrow'

Isaac stared her hard in the face 'You doan't dare, Rosa,' he said doggedly

The girl trembled and shuddered slightly before his steady gaze A negro, like an animal, can never bear to be stared at straight in the eyes After a moment's restless shrinking, she withdrew her glances uneasily from his, but still muttered to herself slowly 'I tell de massy—I tell de massy!'

'If you tell de massy,' Pourial answered with rough emphasis, seizing her by the shoulder with his savage grasp, 'you know what happen to you? Delgado send evil one an dippy to creep ober you in de dead ob night, an' chatter obeah to you, an tear de heart out ob you when you lyin sleepin' If you tell de massy, you know what happen to me? Dem will take me down to de big court house in Westmoreland village, sit on me so try me for robbery, cut me up into little pieces, burn me dead, an trow de ashes for rubbish into de harbour Den I come, when I is duppy, sit at de head ob your pillow ebbery chennin', grin at you, make you a scream an' cry an wish yourself dead, till you dribben to trow yourself down de well, or poison yourself for fright wit berry ob manchineel bu h'

This short recital of penalties to come was simple and hideous enough in its own matter, but duly enforced by Isaac's horrid shrugs and hideous grimaces, as well as by the iron clutch with which his dusky hand gripped fingers, nails and all, deep into her flesh, to emphasise his prediction, it affected the superstitious negro girl a thousand times more than the most deliberately awful civilised imprecation could possibly have done 'You doan't would do dat, Isaac,' she cried all breathless, struggling in vain to free her arm from the fierce grip that held it resistlessly—'you doan't would do dat me fren You doan't would come when you is duppy to haunt me an' to frighten me'

'I would!' Isaac answered firmly, with close pressed lips, inhuman mulatto fashion (for when there is a demon in the mulatto nature, it is a demon more utterly diabolical than any known to either white men or black men it combines the dispassionate intellectual power of the one with the low cunning and savage moral code of the other) 'I would hound you to deat', Rosa, an' kill you witout pity For if you tell de massy about dis, dam will cut you fren all up into little pieces, I tellin' you, le ly'

'Doan't call me lady, Rosa' said, melting at the formal address and seizing his hand pensively 'call me Rosa, call me Rosie O Isaac, I doan't will tell de massy, if you doan't like, but you promise me for true you nebber gwine to take massy an' kill him

Isaac smiled again the sinister smile 'I promise,' he said, with a curious emphasis, 'I doan't gwine to *kill* him, Rosa' When I take him, I no will *kill* him!'

Rosa hesitated a moment, then she asked shortly 'What day you tink Delgado gwine at last to hab him ram?'

The mulatto laughed a scornful little laugh of supreme mockery 'Delgado's ram!' he cried, with a sneer—'Delgado's ram!' You tink, den, Rosa, dis is Delgado's time?' You tink we gwine to risk our own life, black men an' brown men, so make Delgado de king ob Trinidad! Ha, ha, ha! dat is too good, now No, no, me fren', dis doan't it all Delgado's ram!' You tink we gwine to hand ober de whole island to a pack ob common contemptful nayger fellow! Ha, ha, ha! Le ady doan't nebber understand politic an' political business *He*, Rosie, I tell you de trut', when we kill de Indians clean out ob de island, I gwine myself to be de chief man in all Trinidad' And as he spoke, he drew himself up proudly to his full height, and put one hand behind his back in his most distinguished and magnificent attitude

Rosina looked up at him with profound admiration 'You is clebber gentleman for certain, Isaac, she cried in unfeigned reverence for his mental superiority 'You let Delgado make de nayger rise, den, when dem done gone ram, you gwine to cat de chestnut yourself him pull out ob de fire witout burn your fingers!'

Isaac nodded sagaciously 'Le ady begin to understand politic a little, he said condescendingly 'But what fa dem begin to on dis time for de female suffrage'

Grotesque, all of it, if you forget that each of these childish creatures is the possessor of a sharp cutlass and a pair of stout sinewy arms, as hard as iron, wherewith to wield it terrible and horrible beyond belief if only you remember that one awful element of possible tragedy indwelled within it The recklessness, the folly, the infantile misapprehension of mere children, incongruously combined with the strength, the passions, the firm purpose of fierce and powerful full grown men An infant Hercules, with superadded malevolence—the mere lies of a gorilla with the brain of a cruel schoolboy—that is what the uneducated negro is in his worst and ugliest moments of vindictive anger

'You doan't tell me yet, Rosa' said again, pouting, after a short pause, 'what day you gwine to begin your war ob de debbil rance

Rosa pondered If he told her the whole truth, she would probably reveal it On the other hand, if he didn't mention Wednesday at all, she would probably hear some vague buzzing rumour about some Wednesday outbreak, from the other conspirators So he temporised and equivocated 'Well, Rosa, he said in a hesitating voice, 'if I tell you de trut, you will not betray me?'—Rosa nodded—'Den de great an' terrible day is comin' true on Wednesday week, Rosie!'

'Wednesday week,' Rosina echoed 'Den, on Wednesday week, I gwine to make de massy go across to Mistah Hawtorn's!'

Isaac smiled His precautions, then, had clearly not been unneeded You can't trust lady with high political secrets He smiled again, and muttered complacently 'Quite right, quite right, Rosie'

'When can I see you again, me darlin?' Rosa inquired anxiously

Isaac bethought him in haste of a capital scheme for removing Rosina to morrow evening from the scene of operations 'You can get away to morrow?' he asked with a cunning leer 'About eight o'clock at me house, Rosie?'

Rosa reflected a moment, and then nodded

'Aunt Clemmy will do de missy hair,' she answered slowly 'I come down at de time, Isaac'

Isaac laughed again 'Perhaps, he said, 'I dont can get away so early, me fren, from de political meetin—dat is political meetin' to morrow evenin' down at Delgados, but anyhow, you wait till ten o'clock because or later, I is sure to come dar'

Rosina gave him her hand reluctantly, and glided away back to the house in a stealthy fashion As soon as she was gone, Fountain flung his head back in a wild paroxysm of savage laughter 'Ho, ho, ho!' he cried 'De missy, de missy! Ha, ha, I get Rosina out ob de road anyhow Him dont guine to kill nuffin now, m' him clean off de scent ob de fun dat guddes to morrow evenin'!'

STATION No 4

STANDING at the corner of two unimportant streets, in Philadelphia, U S, and having no external features to distinguish it from the numberless stables and coach houses in its vicinity, except the words 'Station No 4' painted in large black letters on its gray door, its unpretentious exterior gives no hint of the marvels to be found within Yet, for all its modesty and seeming indifference to appearance, Station No 4 is no whit behind its more elaborate fellow stations in matters of organization and interior economy, down to the minutest details of drill and machinery, and the fine stalwart lads, whose acquaintance we are about to make, have shown their pluck and training in many of the most destructive fires which from time to time have ravaged the Quaker City

As is usual in America, no order or official introduction is requisite to insure sightseers a welcome and the fullest explanation of everything of interest, not as the application of the 'silver key' expected, while the mere fact that the visitor is a foreigner, and more especially if he proves to be an Englishman, is sufficient to secure him a hospitable reception and a more than ordinarily courteous escort Our trip on the door panel is instantly followed by the appearance of a sturdy, good looking young fellow in a plain uniform of dark blue cloth, under whose guidance we are soon deep in the mysteries of electric signalling, self adjusting harness, and all the thousand and one ingenious contrivances for time saving, which have long since made the American fire brigades the most efficient in the world

We find ourselves in a long narrow building, some forty or fifty feet in length, and ten or twelve in width On one side is a staircase leading to the upper floors, on the other, a narrow gangway, kept clear of encumbrances, runs from end to end of the building A wide doorway, like that of a coach house, opens upon the main street; and at the farther end, facing the doorway, are three stalls, in each of which stands a horse, wearing a blind halter, but otherwise unencumbered, and not attached in any way to the stall A single line of rails is laid in the floor from end to end, on which rest the wheels of the engine and hosecart, for, unlike our English machines, the engine does not carry either the hose itself or the men who work it, a separate two wheeled vehicle, something of the build of a small wagonette, being employed for this purpose This hosecart stands in front of the engine, and carries, besides the long coil of tube, all the appliances, such as axes, ropes, &c, which are likely to be needed at a fire, and a couple of the portable chemical engines, known as *Extinctors*, packed away in boxes beneath the seats Both engine and hosecart are furnished with large clear toned bells, and it is the duty of one of the men to keep these bells ringing during the whole journey to a fire, as a warning to all other traffic to leave the car tracks in the centre of the street clear for the passage of the engine The clamour of these bells, as, in the dead of night, engine after engine rushes at full gallop through the streets, is one of the most impressive accompaniments of a great fire, and is a far more effectual means of clearing a crowded thoroughfare than the shouts of the firemen, so familiar to a Londoner's ear

Having exhausted the hosecart, and shown how carefully all its equipments are packed so as to combine the minimum of space with the maximum of availability, our guide passes on to the engine itself, for which he seems to entertain as much affectionate pride as if it were a living pet It stands immediately behind the hosecart, allowing a space of about three feet between the end of its pole and the back of the cart The driving seat is very high, and gives room for one man beside the driver, all the rest of the force having their allotted seats in the cart The engine itself, a powerful steamer, is as handsome an object as bright paint and brilliantly polished metal can make it, and no one, judging from its spick and span appearance, would credit it with the yeoman service it has done in many a conflagration Beneath the boiler, the fire is already laid, with wood soaked in coal oil and a substratum of highly inflammable 'kindling,' ready to spring into a blaze on the smallest conceivable provocation The boiler is connected by a tube with a large stationary boiler in the cellar beneath, and a constant supply of hot water passes from the latter to the former This tube being automatically severed from the engine the instant an alarm is sounded, and the engine fire kindled at the same moment, a sufficient pressure of steam for the pumps is generated long before the scene of the fire is reached, and so again valuable time is saved

Our attention is next drawn to the harness, which is suspended from the ceiling exactly over the places occupied by the horses when attached to the engine and cart Great ingenuity is displayed both in the construction of each part of the trappings and in the mathematical accuracy with which it adjusts itself to the exact spot of the horse's anatomy which it is intended to occupy. The collars are of iron, hinged at the topmost point, and having a clasp like that of a lady's bracelet to close them beneath the horse's neck. When hanging, they are open to

their full extent, and as they descend upon the horse, they close and snap by their own weight. The policemen are attached by spring snaps to the collars, and this is the only part of the harnessing which has to be done by hand after the alarm sounds. The entire harness for each vehicle is suspended by a single cord, which merely requires a touch of the driver's hand, when he reaches his seat, to adjust and liberate the whole.

Against the wall, close by the door, and will in view from the foot of the staircase, are a large gong, a clock, and a glass-covered dial, the last bearing the numbers which indicate all the sections into which the city is divided for the purposes of the brigade. At the further end of the building, as already mentioned, are the horses, clever, well trained, serviceable-looking animals, of which our guide has much to say, his anecdotes and manner of speaking of them showing that they are as great favourites with the brigade as their engine itself. The big, sturdy fellow on our right, as we stand facing them in their stalls, does duty between the shafts of the hose-cart, the others, a well-matched pair so far as size and strength go, belong, to the engine.

As yet, our cicerone is the only member of the force whom we have seen, the rest being 'off duty,' and spending their leisure hours in the comfortable reading room on the first floor. But now our guide disappears for a moment, and presently returns with an older man, whom he introduces as the superintendent of the station. The latter, after a few minutes' chat, in the course of which we manage to pay one or two well-merited compliments to the American system, volunteers to indulge us with a private view of the working of the station. Placing us so as to insure fair play to the men and horses, and assuring us that no one in the building but ourselves is in the secret of his intention, he approaches the gong, and touches a spring which sets the electric current working. The transformation is instantaneous. The gong sounds sharply, the doors of the stalls fly open, a whip-lash, suspended like the sword of Damocles over the hose-cart horse's flanks, descends sharply, and sends him off down the narrow gangway at a swinging trot. His companions follow, and range themselves in place on either side of the engine pole. The harness falls into place obedient to the touch of the driver, who, with the rest of the men, has glided from the floor above, and has already swung himself to his seat. Two others clasp the chains to the collars, and in another instant each stands ready to mount to his place in the cart the moment the word is given to start. Glancing at our watches, we see that the whole time since the first stroke of the gong is exactly eight seconds—an almost incredible illustration of what can be done by perfect organisation and careful drilling.

The private rehearsal being now at an end, the reverse process follows, with scarcely less despatch and mechanical regularity, and almost before we have realised the completeness of the preparations, the horses are once more in their stalls, the men have returned to their occupations above-stairs, and the usual orderly aspect of things is restored, unless one excepts from the sounding of the alarm. The superintendent is well pleased with the admiration and applause his little performance elicits, and now proceeds to point out one or two minor details which had escaped our notice. He shows that the clock has stopped—regulating the exact moment at which the call sounded—explains the machinery by which the electric current throws open the doors of the building and of the horses' stalls—points out how the precise locality of the fire is shown by the number of beats on the gong and by the numbered dial, how the tube which supplies hot water to the boilers has been closed and disconnected, and finally, conducting us up stairs to the dormitory, how the gas in the chandelier is turned on and ignited by an electric spark, so as to avoid delay in case of a night alarm.

And so at length, rather exhausted by thus having exhausted the wonders of the place, we bid our friendly guide 'good day,' and once more find ourselves in the street. Station No. 4 has resumed its unpretentious aspect, and as we turn away, we can hardly credit that commonplace exterior with such marvellous contents. It is as if we had been admitted for a brief space to the Palace of Enchantments of some fairy tale or Arabian Nights' story, and it is difficult to realise that we have only been behind the scenes of one of the hardest worked departments of a nineteenth century police.

Each Company is responsible only for attendance upon calls within certain fixed limits, except in the case of a general call. But as every summons rings in every station, the organisation is kept in perfect order by the frequency of the alarms. In connection with the fire brigade there is also a Patrol or Salvage Corps, whose quarters are similarly equipped in all respects, while the arrangements for the comfort and recreation of the staff are rather better, and the number of hands employed considerably larger than in the individual stations. The importance of efficiency in both departments may be judged from the fact that as our guide informed us, the calls to attend fires, upon Station No. 4, average about twenty per month during the long winter season.

WHERE THE TRACKS LED TO.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAP. II.

The very next day the office porter at Thurles & Company—I never heard who the 'Company' was—received orders to go to Bristol on some errand for the firm, and wait for a packet, which he was to bring back with him. Thurles & Company had two out-of-door porters or messengers, but this was the man who attended to the head-clerk's room, to the counting house, and, of course, on Mr. Thurles. He went, and I suppose his employers had written to the Bristol people asking them to keep the man down there for a while, as he was gone a very long time. In his absence, another person had to be appointed to perform his duties, and I may as well say at once that I was the temporary porter, and that the regular party had been purposely sent away to make room for me. Dressed in plain

brown livery, with brass buttons, wearing a false pair of whiskers—I shaved quite close in those days—with collar and tie as much unlike my usual style as could be, without anything like a caricature, I was not easily to be recognised, even if—as was hardly probable—some of the clerks had ever seen and known Sergeant Holdrey of the metropolitan police There were not many clerks at Thurles & Company's, so on the first day of my taking office I know them all

My inexperience in my duties occasioned me, and others too, some inconvenience at first, and would have been much worse but for a little circumstance I derived from a clerk who observed it—a young fellow named Picknell I had noticed him when I first went in, and did not like his looks He was short and thin, very dark complexioned like a gipsy, with eyes that you couldn't fix, and could not say whether they were watching you or not, and I never could make up my mind from first to last as to whether he had or had not a cast in his eye However, he took compassion on me, and told me several things which were useful, and from the first seemed to take an interest in me Well, on this day I could do but little I kept my eyes open, noticed the manner and style of the clerks, and of the porters as well These latter had not been suspected, but they were none the less likely to have been in the job, and of course I noticed thoroughly the window and its position as regarded the safe

Mr Thurles had said the robbery must have been committed by some one whose appearance was familiar to the people in the neighbourhood, as he would certainly be noticed, but after seeing the premises, I did not agree with him The entry was made in just the way a regular 'tradesman' would have done it, but this was no guide, if the place had been prepared for him

I went home to think over the matter and to decide what my first move should be I was going round a crescent which lay in my road home, when I was startled by seeing two figures cross the further end, and, as they passed under the light of a lamp, I could have sworn that one was my Winny, the other was a man I could not recognise I laughed at the fancy, however, as it was impossible that my girl should be there, and I had turned down a street which led to my place, when, by a sudden change of mind, I turned sharply round and went in the direction where I had seen these persons But just there the crescent joined a large and busy thoroughfare, in which it was easy to lose any one, at anyrate, I could see nothing of them, although I walked first on one side and then the other for several minutes Once I thought I saw a couple resembling them enter a shop, and I hurried up, only to find, when close to them, that these were not in the least like the persons I thought I had seen

This incident disturbed me more than I could account for, and do what I would, I could not help thinking of it all the way home, and as I put my key in the door, my heart fluttered in such a way as it had never done with more serious business It was an immense relief to me to find Winny there and my tea waiting for me as usual.

'What has been troubling you, father?' she said, as I took off my hat and coat. 'You look harassed'

'Well, I am a little harassed, Winny I don't like being taken from home again' I had determined to say nothing about the crescent incident, of which I began to feel a trifle ashamed

I made up my mind to have a nice enjoyable Christmas, for the business of Thurles & Company was not of the kind to demand my running about without rest, and, in honest truth, I did not see how I was to begin anywhere, so a day's consideration would not hurt it

We had a quiet day enough My wife's brother and his wife came to tea and supper, as also did Dick Berry, an old comrade—pensioned off like myself—and his wife We had a cosy evening, but Winny and I had our dinner alone When it was over and I got my pipe, I could not help thinking, of very different times—when my poor wife was alive—always so cheerful!—when the two boys, who died with the scarlet fever, were still with us, and when Tom, my other boy, had not gone to Australia While I was thinking like this, I caught Winny's eye fixed on my own, and I supposed something of the same train of fancy was in her mind, for she rose from her chair, threw her arms round my neck, and—to my alarm, as well as my surprise, for she was not a girl to give way—burst out sobbing

I was upset for the moment, but rallying, I said 'Come, Winny, my dear' We must keep up a better heart than this I know you are thinking of the past, but I would rather you, with all your life before you, thought of the future'

For the moment she was worse instead of better for this cheering up, and I really thought was going to be hysterical, but she rallied herself with a great effort, and after kissing me again and again, dried her eyes, and laughed at herself for being so foolish

We had no fresh outbreak, but, for all that, I was glad when my friends dropped in and things became more generally cheerful We had our usual chat, our game at cards, although Winny was a woman grown, she always looked for the 'speculation at Christmas, just as she had done when a child We had our songs too, but over these, I gave my old friend Dick, who was a beautiful singer—had been better, I know, but was capital still—a hint not to make the ballads too sentimental, consequently he left out *Isle of Beauty*, which was his great favourite, and worth walking a mile to listen to So the evening passed off pretty well

On the next day I was at Mr Thurles' office again Being Boxing Day, there was only one clerk there It was necessary, it appeared, to keep the office open, but no particular business was expected to be done The clerk on duty was the young man Picknell He was as pleasant as before, and quite disposed to make the time pass agreeably, so that the loss of my holiday should not be so bad after all He went out for a bottle of wine, as on such a day, he said, no one ever came after the morning, and being, it seemed, of an abstemious turn, he meant it all, or nearly all, for me Now, that was kind of him, but, as it happens, I am abstemious also, and do not care for anything in that way until the evening However, to show that I

appreciated his kindness, I drank a glass or two Also—it was a waste of good liquor, I own—I threw a little under the grate while he was out of the room I wanted to please him, and at the same time to keep my head clear

To keep up the idea that I was enjoying myself, I allowed my tongue to run somewhat more than usual He was by no means displeased at this, but rather encouraged it I was at a loss how to introduce the robbery I wanted to get at the gossip and opinion of the office on the subject, but it was a ticklish matter to begin upon, when the difficulty was solved by Mr Picknell mentioning it Mr Thurles had told me that only a few of his people knew all the facts of the burglary, but if he thought such a thing was possible, I did not, and would have betted that every man in the concern knew quite as much about it as did his master

'Through the window under which you are sitting, David,' said Mr Picknell—I was 'David' as the new porter—'some thieves broke into the office a little time back We had a most mysterious robbery here'

'Then that must have been what I heard two of the gentlemen talking about the other day,' I answered 'Did you lose much, sir?

'I believe not a great deal, continued the clerk 'and why such expert burglars as these must have been, should not have arranged for a greater haul, no one can guess' He went on to tell me, very clearly, how all was supposed to have been done, and in telling me this, he mentioned Mr Godfrey's name He showed me where the young man sat, and explained his duties He touched only slightly upon these things yet it was quite clear from what he said that no one had such facilities for knowing what was in the safe as Mr Harleston, and no one could so easily have taken a cast of the keys He did not say this right out, yet he contrived to impress it all upon me as clearly as though he had put it down in writing

I was easily led, you may suppose, to talk upon this subject, and he led me on accordingly But, of course, if you hold a man anywhere, you have to go first along the same path, hence, naturally, he had to dwell upon the matter just as much as I did Having learned so much, I wanted to hear more about Mr Godfrey

'Why does not the young gentleman come here now?' I asked 'I understood he was engaged in the office'

'So he was,' returned the clerk with a queer smile, 'but things are not pleasant just now'

'I should have thought Mr Thurles would have liked some confidential person in his establishment,' I continued, 'it would be very convenient'

'Perhaps he would,' said Picknell, with another smile, 'but sometimes confidential persons know too much, and then, you see'—— He broke off here, but of course I understood his hint

Well, the day wore away pleasantly, after a fashion, and I strove to see something like the ghost of a clue in what little I had already gathered It certainly looked rather suspicious as against Mr Godfrey, and I resolved to pay some attention to him and his associates And then there were other things to be thought of, because I am not one of those men who, having taken up an idea, try to make everything fit in with that, instead of making my ideas fit the facts

The first thing now to be done was to ascertain what expenses young Mr Godfrey was running into and what companions he mixed with It was certain that it was not he who had paid in the forged bills, and as those were lost, a good deal of the regular way of proceeding was of no avail Here, too, a hint or two from Mr Picknell came in useful It appeared that the young fellow had a great taste for horseracing—or for betting on horseracing, which is not altogether the same thing This was important, and so were several other scraps of information I picked up from the clerk

In the little time that I was at home, I was sorry to see that Winny was not yet her old self, and I determined that as soon as this business was over, winter time though it might be, she should take a holiday, and we would go to some sheltered place on the south coast for a fortnight, as I feared she was working too hard

I now learned that Mr Harleston was supposed to be entangled with some disreputable female acquaintance Mr Picknell let this fall as though by accident I did not greatly believe in the accidental character of the information, for I had soon decided that the clerk did not like Mr Harleston, nevertheless, such information was valuable, as my experience had long taught me that such an entanglement was enough to account for anything

I had not seen Mr Godfrey This was indispensable, so I resolved on a bold stroke, and determined to call at the house of Mrs Thurles with some excuse, to ask for him Well dressed up, I thought I was safe, and luck befriended me I had got up a plausible story it was to the effect that I heard they were taking on people at Thurles & Company, and I had been recommended to apply to him It was absurd enough, I know, to go to a gentleman in the evening, on such an errand but in my case it did not matter, as the stroke of luck I referred to saved me all trouble I was opposite the house, at the foot of the steps, turning over the beginning of the story in my mind for the last time, when the door opened and a servant looked out Seeing me, by the light of the street lamp, he beckoned and said 'Do you want to earn a shilling, my man?' I said 'Yes' promptly enough, and went up the steps, while the man, turning to a gentleman whom I now saw in the hall, said 'Here is one who will go, Mr Godfrey' The very chance! A tall, fine, handsome young fellow, but without that air of resolution I like to see in a man's eyes and mouth 'A good enough fellow you are,' I thought, 'but could easily be made a tool of by man or woman either'

It appeared he had an appointment with a gentleman, but being detained at home, would be an hour behind time, and to send word to this effect was why he wanted a messenger Mr Godfrey was man of business sufficient to make sure of my doing my errand properly, by adding a line to say I was to have a shilling on my giving the note in He told me this with a smile As nothing particular came of

the message, I will merely say that I delivered it promptly and got my money.

Now I had seen Mr Godfrey, I should not forget him easily. But what struck me as strange was the feeling that I had seen him before. Of course one may meet anybody casually passing him in the street, and so forth, retaining a vague recollection of his features, but this was not altogether like that. I seemed to have some recent knowledge of him but where, or how, I racked my brains in vain to find out.

My plan was to watch Mr Godfrey. I had learned, I considered, all I could at the office, the only thing to do now was to find out more concerning his habits and associates, thereby to give up the papers lively next day. To do this was not difficult as out of the call-boy men was and had to take my duty until the return of the young office-boy.

I felt in duty bound to return Mr Pickwick's liberality and to ask him to have a glass with me at my expense, but I would not do this but to the other clerks, in the young man might not like it consequently, I waited until the men had left, and then, hanging outside for Mr Pickwick, I intended to speak to him when a little way from the office. As I knew where he lived, I took up a position accordingly, but he turned in in unexpected direction, and went quickly away from me. This might easily happen from his having a special engagement, but there was a method in the manner of his crossing the road, and then hurrying down a by-street, which looked like a man endeavouring to escape notice, and I made up my mind to follow and watch, in lieu of speaking to him. It was not easy to keep him in sight, so quickly did he go, and so suddenly did he turn down unexpected streets, but I managed pretty well, until I found much to my astonishment, that we were driving near the neighbourhood in which I had earned my shilling on the previous evening, and, in fact, were close to the house of Mr Godfrey Hurleston.

It was surely impossible that he could be going *there* but he kept on until we were almost in the street, when he entered a low-looking public-house which stood in a mews close by. I waited, hidden in a neighbouring doorway, to see him come out. A long time passed, and as he did not appear, I began to grow uneasy. At last I went into the house, and found, to my disgust that it opened on the other side into a by-street near the mews, and by this way, no doubt, Mr Pickwick had gone. This was surprise enough, but, to add to my astonishment, I saw, leaning against the bar, smoking, and with a half-emptied tumbler before him, Sam Brawsby, the Long-necked fellow whom I had saved at the Old Bailey. I knew him at once, and the recognition was mutual. Sam had nothing to fear from me now, but I could tell that he was rather staggered by seeing me. Of course I could not consider him as being after any good, see him where I might, and he knew that as well as I did. He touched his cap, and asked to be allowed the pleasure of standing a glass. When I declined this, he said he had been to the West End on a profitable but of business—indeed, he thought he was going to take a snug little beerhouse there, which a friend had promised to put him into. I looked at him steadily while he said this, and smiled when he had finished. In spite of himself, Sam could not help smiling also, although he tried to disguise it by drinking some gin and water.

AN ANCIENT SPINNER

In the 'good old days' before the invention of the spinning jenny and the steam engine, when working men were slaves, and the rich had not the luxuries they have now, spinning was the work of the mistress of the house. Many good stories begin with an account of a fair maiden at a spinning wheel, and a very ancient rhyme refers to the days 'when Adam delved and Eve span.' When a young lady was growing of a marriageable age, in the days of the spinning wheel, she made preparation for her nuptials by spinning the material for sheets, tablecloths, napkins, and all manner of household necessaries, hence she was called a 'spinster.'

Words change in their meanings with the changing fashions of a changeful world. There is one class of spinners, however, to which the wheel of the loom and the steam engine has made but little difference. 'Men may come, and men may go, but *they* go on for ever.' All the changes of our complex civilisation make but little difference to the little spinner. They live in their dark little houses, spin their threads, live their lives, die in peace, or else get eaten up, and pass off the scene, making no fuss, seeking no honour. Some people call them mere bits, scientific naturalists call them *Mytilus edulis*. They deserve a good name, for they are an ancient and honourable family, that have fought a good fight in the fierce battle of life, and have endured through long ages, while many others have perished.

Every one who has visited the seashore must have noticed at times a little mussel floating the centre of a tangled mass of threads, shells, stones and all sorts of fragments. These are bound together by the labour of the black-shelled spinster. Instead of anchoring to a rock, as a well-behaved little mussel ought to have done, this one has gone off and gathered to all sorts of rubbish, and been driven and tossed by the waves of the sea in all directions, until it has formed the centre of the tangled mass we find on the beach. In the natural way, a mussel settles between high and low water mark. When covered by the tide, he opens his doors, and angles for a living with his wonderful fishing apparatus, for the spinsters of the sea are all born fishermen. When the tide is going out, the little angler closes the valves of his house as tight as a steel safe, and keeps his mouth shut, with a lot of water inside, until the tide covers him again.

How the Frenchmen have learned the habits of this well-known little spinner, and cultivated him, and made of him a cheap and nutritious article of diet for the French nation, is fairly well known. How the little fellow builds his house and weaves his ropes, is not quite so well known. The house itself, with its black outside, and the beautiful sky blue, pearly inside, is a work of the greatest skill, while the mechanism by which it is opened and closed forms a chapter

in the world's wonder lore The little spinner lives in a soft, fleshy 'mantle,' inside of his stony house On the edge of this mantle are tiny fingers (*palpi*) and little pigment cells with which he builds The material—carbonate of lime—is extracted from the clear sea water by a simple process in the life of the animal Just as our food goes to form blood and bone, muscle and sinew, so does the food of the little spinner go to form his delicate tissues and his hard shelly house The mussel house is as much a part of the mussel's life as our homes are part of our lives, and the processes of building are not so very different either, both are simple, both are mysterious

To watch this little spinner make his thread is very interesting From one side of his house protrudes a curious little pad of flesh, a quaint, pointed sort of a rib This is called his 'foot,' though it might just as well have been called his hand He touches the rock, or whatever he desires to attach himself to, with this foot, then withdraws it, leaving a tiny thread, which he has made by some mystic process in his own body, just as a spider makes her silken cord The foot comes out again and again, always leaving a thread, until a strong rope is woven, which he binds him securely to his chosen home He can shorten or lengthen this cable by a simple contractile motion, which allows him a little play, but he may be said to be fixed for life, once he settles down After a severe storm, some of them will generally be found on the shore, driven from their moorings, helpless and homeless on the strand, but they can stand the storm as well as the ships of more skilful people, and their disasters at sea are probably less numerous in proportion than ours are

I had one little fellow in an aquarium, who had been gathered from a spot where the tide left him for a long period every day He did not care to be under water all the time, so, by the aid of his foot and his wonderful home made thread, he climbed up the glass to the surface of the water There he attached some threads above water to the glass, leaving some below When the little spinner felt like having a breath of fresh air, he 'hauled in' on his upper guys, and rose above the surface When tired of that, he 'slacked off,' and took a turn underneath, thus making something like his accustomed tidal habit

Watching these little animals in their daily movements, one grows to have a fellow feeling for them Some of their actions seem almost human, and they form a part of the household, just as the cat, the dog, or the canary One day a conscienceless sea pirate known as a dog whelk settled on this little spinner, and began to bore through his shell with murderous intent The whelk was taken off, and removed to another part of the aquarium On the morrow, he had found his way back and settled down again on the innocent little victim, so he was sentenced to death as a murderer, and paid the penalty with his life

This mussel has inherited the spinning business from a long line of ancestors, for when the coal forests bloomed where the iron furnaces now roar, in the 'Black Country' of England, the forefathers of our little spinner were inhabitants of the fresh water pools in the carboniferous forests Ages have come and gone since then, the stony remainders of the ancient spinners are dug from out the deepest coal mines, but the clever little fellows still spin their simple threads along our shores as of old We sometimes weave their threads into gloves and hose, as a matter of curiosity, but few ever seem to have time to listen to the wonderful story that can be told to listening ears by this Ancient Spinner

---

AN ESCORT ADVENTURE

'SIR LANE, you have been detailed to proceed on escort with the prisoner Sale I would advise you to keep a sharp eye upon him He is a desperate character, and if he gets half a chance, will mutiny' remarked our adjutant to me

'Very good, sir,' I replied

'Here is your paper,' said the officer, as he handed me the warrant which bound me, under severe penalties for non fulfilment of its provisions, to take private Jeremiah Seales 'dead or alive' to the district military prison

I saluted the adjutant, and was turning to leave, when the colonel entered the orderly room

'Good morning, colonel,' said the adjutant 'This sergeant is going on duty escort, and I was just warning him to take great care of the prisoner'

'Confound the fellow' grumbled the colonel 'After all, it seems the scoundrel is coming back to me The court martial that tried him—very properly, considering his antecedents—sentenced him to be hanged on the expiry of his term of imprisonment and now the general, presumably acting on superior instructions, remits the only part of the punishment that is likely to benefit the service During my twenty years experience, I have always found it the same in the army Last spring, for instance, during the wholesale reduction that took place, we had, perforce, to send away a number of good men, infinitely better than this blackguard Now, the Prince Prussian business comes on the heels, and the authorities at the Horse Guards are moving heaven to obtain recruits in order to get the regiments up to full strength Every broken down scare row in the kingdom is being enlisted, at least if I may judge from the precious specimens sent up to me Besides, the recommendations of court martial with regard to the discharge with ignominy of the scum of the army are not being given effect to, and the rascals are allowed to remain in the service—Yes, sergeant,' resumed the commanding officer, addressing me, 'you've got a cut throat incorrigible blackguard to deal with, and if you don't look out, he'll give you some trouble'

I then saluted the officers, and leaving the orderly room, retired to my quarters to make a few preparations for my journey, which was a tramp of about eight miles along the seacoast These finished, I proceeded to the room of the private who was detailed to accompany me, in order to have a consultation with him on the subject. This man, a Welshman, named Williams, was a veteran whose period of service had almost expired. He was, speaking literally, the 'hero

of a hundred fights,' his experience of active service beginning while a boy in the second Sikh war. He subsequently was engaged in Kaffir land, the Crimea, and in India during the suppression of the Mutiny, finishing with the Abyssinian expedition, which took place two years prior to the time of which I write.

I narrated to Williams the remarks of the colonel and the adjutant regarding our prisoner, but the veteran affected to treat the matter very lightly. 'I've had tougher jobs than this in my time, sergeant,' he said, and then added significantly, pointing to his holster, 'Just let him try to bolt, and my word, he won't get very far!'

The prisoner, Scales, was a repulsive looking fellow of about twenty-five. He was more a lithe and active than a powerful man, but was nevertheless, by reason of his brutal and vindictive disposition, the terror of all the peaceably disposed men of the corps. He had served in the army for about three years, during which time he was always in trouble. On the return of the regiment from abroad, he came to us from the depôt with an extremely bad character, and this evil reputation he afterwards consistently maintained. At the reduction of the army, referred to in the colonel's remarks, the services of Mr Scales would to a certainty have been dispensed with had he not at the time been a deserter. Being apprehended and brought back to the corps at the beginning of the scare occasioned by the disturbed relations of Prussia and France, he received two months' imprisonment, and was sent to his duty. Three days after his release, an officer's room was broken into and all his valuables abstracted, and in this business it was supposed Scales was implicated conjointly with a comrade of equally bad repute. This private deserted with the booty, and Scales was apprehended on suspicion and handed over to the civil authorities, but he was liberated owing to no sufficient evidence being forthcoming to warrant his being sent to trial on the charge. His next feat was striking a non-commissioned officer, and for this offence he was now sentenced to nine months' imprisonment, the further recommendation by the court-martial for his dismissal from the service with ignominy being remitted by the general commanding the district.

No wonder that our worthy colonel was indignant at the prospect of having such a character sent back to the regiment! Blackguards of his description in regard to the relations of soldiers with civilians, invariably bring the regiments which have the misfortune to own them into general discredit. The great majority of soldiers are respectable and well conducted men, and to such it is very galling and annoying to be subjected to a social ostracism so rigid, in some cases, as that experienced by a time-expired convict, because of the excesses committed by a disreputable minority of their number, the civil community being addicted to the belief that all who wear the red coat are bad alike. It is to be regretted that the commanding officer of a regiment has not the power of summarily dispensing with the services of an incorrigible ruffian by having him kicked out of the barrack gate.

In the afternoon, Williams and I, equipped in marching order, and provided each with ten rounds of ammunition and a day's rations, made our appearance at the regimental guardroom. The sergeant of the guard gave me a word of caution, and informed me that Scales had been boasting to the men that he meant to make his escape.

Our man received us with a stolid look, and mechanically held out his wrists for the reception of the handcuffs, and after a word of farewell to the other prisoners, he took his place beside the private, who had his bayonet fixed. I then marched them out of barracks into the principal street of the town. Perceiving a man of my own regiment who was engaged on garrison police duty, I asked him to accompany us to the outskirts, in case the prisoner took a fancy to bolt down one of the numerous tortuous alleys that led to the wharfs near the pier. Having reached the limits of his beat, the private returned, and I was congratulating myself on having nearly reached the open country, in which Scales would run a poor chance of escaping from our custody, when we were met by a large drove of oxen. In spite of the exertions of the drovers, the cattle passed on either side of us, and Scales, handcuffed though he was, watching his opportunity, suddenly sprang aside, and dodging among the animals gained the footpath, and ran townward as with the fleetness of a hare. Disengaging ourselves as quickly as possible from the cattle, we started in pursuit, but as we were encumbered with our rifles and knapsacks, we made but little headway, only managing to keep the fugitive in sight. We shouted to a few rustics to intercept him, but the yokels perceiving that it was only a soldier running away from an escort, greeted him instead with cries of encouragement. Suddenly, to my delight, a policeman appeared ahead, who spread out his arms and tried to catch the runaway, but Scales dropping his head, butted him like a ram, and knocking over the guardian of the peace, turned to his right, and disappeared down a lane a little distance ahead. This lane led into a yard, which was situated at the back of a row of warehouses, and which was a *cul de sac*. Reinforced by the policeman, we followed close on the heels of the fugitive, feeling certain that as there were no means of exit, we would speedily capture him. Meeting at the entrance to the yard a drayman with his vehicle loaded with barrels, we eagerly asked him if he had seen a soldier.

'Yes the fellow replied with a grin, 'I guess you will find him in the farthest cellar.'

We hastened in the direction indicated, but found, to our dismay, that the cellar door was securely padlocked, while the rusty condition of the hasp showed that it could not recently have been opened. The high wall that bounded the other side of the yard precluded the idea of the prisoner being able to scale it, so we stood for a moment, out of breath with excitement and our recent chase, perfectly perplexed with Scales's unaccountable disappearance. Williams at this juncture began ominously to untie his packet of cartridges, and placed them loose in his ball bag ready for use, in the eventuality of the fugitive, should we come across him, declining to surrender when ordered. Knowing the determined character of my comrade, I knew that Scales's life,

if he proved obdurate, would not be worth a pan's fee (In the days of the muzzle loader, it was customary, I may mention, to carry loaded rifles while escorting prisoners, but since the introduction of the breech loader, the practice has been discontinued)

We searched the yard thoroughly, but found no signs of our man All the cellar doors, like the first we examined, were closed The warehouses referred to were principally used for the storage of grain, but owing to the war in progress, trade was interrupted with the Prussian towns in the Baltic, and little business being transacted, the buildings had in consequence been shut up At last a light seemed to break upon the policeman, who exclaimed 'I'm blessed, sergeant, if I don't think the cove wasn't stowed in one of the dryman's barrels'

This idea seemed to explain beyond a mysterious disappearance, so we started in the direction of the main road, and turning towards the town, found the dryman unloading barrels at the door of a public house The man, with volleys of the choicest Billingsgate, stoutly denied that he had afforded shelter to the fugitive, so, perceiving that it was useless wasting words on him, we again pursued our search, scarcely knowing in which direction to turn Pursuant to my request, the constable proceeded to the police office to report the matter, in order to have the other members of the force put on the alert

I was now in a terrible quandary Trial by court martial and reduction to the ranks, together with a possible sentence of imprisonment, for allowing the man to escape, stared me in the face, while imprisonment for Williams was a certainty My chances of advancement in the service would be absolutely ruined, I reflected, if I did not recapture the man, so I resolved, when I had so much at stake, to continue the search although I looked for him all night It was no use hunting for Scales in the principal streets of the town, as these were patrolled by military police, intent on apprehending soldiers who showed the slightest symptom of having had an extra allowance of liquor besides being ruthlessly down on delinquents who had a tunic button undone, or the chin strap not adjusted in the regulation position

While I was mentally shaping out a course of action, my companion stopped and excitedly exclaimed 'I have it now, sergeant! I'll bet ten to one he's gone to old Nathan's!'

'I'm not sure of that,' I remarked dubiously, 'but at all events we'll go and see'

Nathan was a rascally old Jew, who, though he was rigorously kept out of barracks, carried on with the soldiers a brisk business in the sale of coarse, rank, contraband tobacco He had 'agents' in the different regiments to further this branch of commerce, and one of his accredited representatives in ours was private Scales Besides, the old rascal, although it had never been brought home to him, was suspected of purchasing articles of 'kit' from near do wells, and supplying ragged plain clothes to deserters in exchange for their uniforms We lost no time in making our way to the squalid alley in the slums near the harbour where the Lucrezia establishment of Mr Nathan was located, and when we reached the Jew's dirty little huckster's shop, we found him weighing out a small quantity of a condiment resembling toffee to a couple of grimy children Pausing until the juvenile customers had left the shop, I asked Nathan whether that afternoon he had received a visit from Mr Scales

'No, sergeant, no soldier has been here,' replied the Jew, who then continued in an undertone 'Can I do business wit you in some good tobacco?'

I paid no heed to the old Israelite's statement, and decided to inspect the premises myself, without any scruples as to the legality of that course of action Placing Williams at the door with instructions to allow no one to pass in or out, I proceeded, in spite of the expostulations of Nathan and his threats to call the police, to carefully search the little back room behind the shop No one was there, so I ascended a rickety staircase, and finding the door at the top locked, I kicked it open, but the foul smelling apartment into which the door had been plunged in utter darkness Returning to the shop, I helped myself *sans cérémonie* to one of a bunch of candles, and lighting it, returned to the upper room, which, on examination, proved to be a storehouse for the rags and bones in which the Jew dealt largely I opened the shutters of the dirt incrusted diamond paned window, and probed with my gun barrel every heap of rags, but, to my disappointment, the fugitive was not concealed in them Suddenly, I perceived some glittering particles on the floor, which, on stooping to examine, I found to be bright iron filings' I was now filled with a feeling of exultation Scales had apparently been to the Jew's, and thus relieved of his handcuffs

I once more examined the room The window was apparently a fixture, and no one could make his exit without removing the sash I next surveyed the roof, and perceived a trap-door giving access to the attics just large enough to allow a man to enter it 'My man is there right enough,' I exclaimed to myself in great glee I then shouted through the aperture 'I know you are there, Scales, it will be better for you if you come down at once There was no response, so I decided to have the region explored I called to Williams to keep a lookout for a policeman, and almost immediately my comrade shouted to me that he had secured the services of a constable I thereupon summoned Williams to my assistance, leaving the Jew in charge of the policeman Placing the rickety table under the trap, Williams speedily crawled through and gained the attic Knowing the desperate character we had to deal with, I considered it expedient that my comrade should be prepared for an encounter, so I unfixed his bayonet, and handed it to him together with the lighted candle Crawling over the creaking joists in the direction of the gable in which the window was fixed, Williams made a careful examination of the interior, while in the room below I waited with breathless excitement

'Anybody there?' I cried

'One moment, I haven't had time to see,' Williams replied, and then began to search the opposite end 'Come out of that, you rascal!' he at length indignantly shouted 'I've got him sergeant, he's stowed in a corner!'

I then heard the fellow hiss out 'I've got a knife, and if you come near me, I'll cut you throat, if I have to swing for it!'

Fearful of exposing my comrade to the peril of a hand to hand tussle with such a ruffian in the circumscribed area of the attic, I called Williams to the trap door, and placing a candle in my Sunder, I handed it to him. Then mounting the table, I thrust my head through the trap and held the candle. My fellow was now up, and I determined to call the rascal to be shot if he refused to obey my commands.

'Surrender, in the Queen's name!' I shouted.

There was no response, but the click of the lock of Williams's rifle as he placed the hammer at full cock, must have been distinctly audible to the runaway.

'If you don't come out before I count five, you scoundrel man—One, two—three!'

'Stop! I'm coming—don't give me a chance!' now pleaded the wretch in a hoarse whisper.

'Fire! throw your knife this way, and then come out.'

The villain tossed his knife to Williams, who threw it behind him to the other extremity of the attic, then leaving his retreat, he crawled towards us, and I was surprised to see by the dim light of the candle that he was attired in plain clothes. When he got near us, we were astonished beyond measure to find that he was not the man of whom we had been searching but Scales's companion the deserter, who had been suspected of rifling the officer's room!

'I own I took the thing, confessed the man dejectedly, seemingly anxious to make a clean breast of it, 'but Scales helped me, and old Nathan put us both on the job!'—

'Scales has been here,' I interrupted. 'You may as well tell me what you know about him, it will be the better for you!'

'Yes, replied the deserter, when he had dropped through the trap on the floor. 'I got off his handcuffs, and here they are,' scattering a heap of bones and displaying the 'bracelets,' each receptacle for the wrists being filed in two.

'Now,' I continued, 'if you can give me any information that will enable me to catch Scales, I'll report in your favour at headquarter. Perhaps it will save you something when you are tried.—Where is he now?'

'Well, sergeant, Nathan gave him a suit of clothes, and he went out. I don't know where he has gone. But I don't mind "coming" on him, and I'll tell you this—he's to be back here to-night at twelve. Nathan's to let him in by the little window that looks into the yard!'

We then descended the stair with our prisoner, and the man perceiving the Jew broke away from us, exclaiming, 'You old villain! if it hadn't been for you, I wouldn't have got into this!' and before we could prevent him, struck the miserable Israelite a terrible blow. This act of castigation, under the circumstances, however, rather pleased me than otherwise.

Two additional policemen having been summoned, the deserter and Nathan were taken away in custody. When they had gone, I was rather amused when Williams informed me that, despite the Jew's extreme trepidation, while I was examining his upper storey, his commercial proclivities did not for a moment desert him, as he attempted to open negotiations with the private regarding the purchase of his war medals.

Two detectives now arrived to search the premises, but of course this investigation did not lie within my province. No article of a criminating nature was found, however, except Scales's uniform, which was concealed beneath the Jew's filthy mattress. I lost no time in despatching my companion to an adjacent blacksmiths shop, in order to have the divided parts of the handcuffs welded together, and this operation was completed within an hour.

It was now dusk, the Jew's house had been locked up by the police, so my companion and I turned into the back yard, in order to await the expected return of Scales. We first made sure that he was not concealed about the dilapidated outhouses which consisted of a disused coal cellar and shed. In the latter place we set a couple of boxes, and seating ourselves upon them, with our loaded rifles within reach, patiently awaited the return of the runaway—prepared, if need be, to give him a very warm reception. As the night wore on, the sky became clouded, while the oppressive heat was apparently the precursor of a thunderstorm. Suddenly, we were startled by a loud clap followed almost immediately by a blinding flash of lightning, which, as we could see from our place of vantage, vividly lighted up the towering chalk cliffs that overhung the town. Then rain began to fall in torrents, and the decayed roof of the shed proving most indifferent shelter, we were compelled to put on our greatcoats. To add to our misery, the floor became a regular pool, covered by the overflow of a large water butt.

After a while the storm ceased as suddenly as it had begun, and being perfectly overpowered with fatigue and the days excitement, I fell fast asleep, and slumbered until Williams shook me up and informed me that the town clock had struck twelve. Being stiff and chilled with the drenching, I had returned, I got on my feet and took a turn about the shed, keeping at the same time a wary eye on the wall, every minute expecting to see the form of the fugitive in the act of scaling it. The monotony of our vigil was now a little relieved by the appearance of the Jew's cat, a large brindled animal, which came purring and rubbing against us. Williams took Puss in his arms and caressed her for some time, and when he got tired of this amusement, he stepped over to the water butt and, acting on a sudden mischievous impulse, tossed the animal inside. To our surprise, a howl of pain proceeded from the interior of the cask, and upon investigation there stood our prisoner up to the neck in water! Williams had thrown the frightened cat with outstretched claws plump on his face. The poor wretch was stiff and numb with cramp, and was perfectly unable to get out of the butt. We then, with a heavy plank, stove it in near the bottom, and when it was empty, assisted Scales to the shed, where I made him at once strip off his wet clothes—with which Nathan had provided him—and assume his uniform. When the shivering wretch was able to speak, he informed us, that having returned

sooner than arranged, and perceiving the arrest of the Jew and the deserter, he was so overcome with fright, that he took refuge in the water butt, as no other place of concealment was available. At dusk, he was thinking of quitting out of his uncomfortable hiding place, when he was deterred by seeing us take up a position in the yard. He had, he asserted, been nearly drowned by the volumes of water that poured on his head during the thunderstorm, and confessed to having been terribly scared by the lightning—a circumstance, considering his situation, perhaps not to be wondered at. Also, he admitted, he had actually been concealed in an empty barrel on the drayman's cart, and that the driver had further facilitated his escape by arranging with a fellow wagoner to have him transferred to his vehicle and driven to the alley in which the Jew's shop was situated.

In consideration of the trouble Scales had given us, I had but little sympathy with his sufferings, and put slender faith in his profuse promises to go with us quietly. Having replaced on his wrists the repaired handcuffs, of which the previous day he had managed to get relieved so cleverly, I decided also, by way of making assurance doubly sure, to strap his arm to that of William.

We then set out in the direction of our destination, but Scales, even supposing he intended mischief, was too much played out to give my further trouble. At last, to my intense relief, we reached the prison at daybreak, and I handed Mr Scales over to the custody of a warder.

My comrade and I, after partaking of much needed refreshment kindly offered us by one of the prison officials, returned to headquarters, where I lost no time in reporting the whole circumstances of the case to the adjutant.

That officer ordered the private and myself to appear before the commanding officer, a command which at 'orderly hour' we obeyed. The colonel administered to us—to speak plain dorsically—a commendatory reprimand, alternately admonishing us for the enormity of our offence in allowing the man to escape, and praising the qualities of courage and perseverance we had displayed in tracking and capturing him, together with the missing thief—'Conduct,' as the commanding officer was pleased to put it, 'which is creditable to the British army in general, and the —th Regiment in particular.'

The Jew was committed for trial on a charge of receiving stolen property, but a day or two before the assizes, he committed suicide by stringing himself in his cell.

The deserter was handed over to the civil authorities, and received a long term of imprisonment and a similar fate awaited Scales when his term in the military prison had expired. The case of the latter individual was further considered by the general, who cancelled his remission of Scales's discharge with ignominy, so that Her Majesty's —th Regiment of foot was happily enabled to get rid of a knave.

I may now relate my final experience with regard to the foregoing adventure. The sergeant of the barrack guard reported the roughly repaired handcuffs to the orderly officer, who mentioned the matter in the return he sent to the orderly room. The case was then remitted to the quartermaster, who had the handcuffs examined by the armourer, and that functionary having reported them unfit for service, I was mulcted in the sum required for a new pair. I paid the charge without grumbling, as, everything considered, I was humbly glad to get off so cheap.

MONEY LENT.

Young Sixty per Cent flourishes in the off streets of the Haymarket and Regent Street. From his babyhood, money has been the chief joy of his existence; his infant rattle jingled with silver coin, and at school he amassed a small fortune by lending shillings at frightfully usurious rates till 'after the holidays.' His chief study was arithmetic, and the supreme moment of his early life was when his father playfully gave him the complicated account of an earl of rising and thirteen tailors to make out, and he succeeded beyond all expectation, making such a beautifully innocent mistake of forty or fifty pounds on the side of the firm, that it was felt that such talent should no longer be wasted at the seminary of Dr Birchington. He became a regular attendant at 'the office,' and at the age of twenty, knew as well as any one with twice his years the worth of any given name on stamped paper. He succeeded to the general control of the business, being vested in the ornamental duties of the partnership by an elder brother, who had gone to the bad through the usual channels, but had always plenty of gossip and good stories for clients.

The office is a plain room, without picture or ornament, but covered with a rich soft carpet, and 'upholstered' in the very best taste. The desk is a very solid piece of mahogany, with different keys for every drawer, and with numerous secret recesses. Should the straits of fortune at any time drive you to seek the assistance of Sixty per Cent, it is into this room you will be ushered by the long legged boy in the anteroom, who appears to divide his time between cracking nuts and casting up the figures in a dirtied ledger, but he has other uses, and if anybody should be foolish enough to cut up 'rumbustious' with the usurer, the youth has his orders. You will find Sixty per Cent clean, well attired, and agreeable, seated at the desk, and your business proving satisfactory, you will be turned over to 'my brother,' who will regale you with some spicy anecdotes, an excellent glass of sherry, and a cigar, and such gossip of the town as may seem to be to your taste.

Meantime, the boy has been despatched to Berners Street to obtain information from certain lists in the possession of that mysterious body known as the T. P. S., which are open to the privileged in that thoroughfare, and Sixty per Cent occupies himself with consulting the rack of books on his desk, containing Burke, Debrett, the Army List, the University Calendars, the Clergy List, &c., according to what may be your requirements, and when the boy has returned with satisfactory accounts of yourself or your securities, your signature on some neatly written

slips of blue paper produces the cheque that relieves your necessities 'Not half a bad fellow,' you tell your friends, and you are convinced he is the victim of prejudice But woe betide you, should the time ever come when, the end of your tether reached, you plead delay or ask abatement of your bond! There is no mercy in that hawk face, pleasantly though it can smile, and the soft, well kept hands can strike like a hawk's talons when the occasion arises There are times—usually early, before the ordinary hours of business—when Sixty per Cent may be found in conversation at his office with a shady looking individual who has 'mission of the law' stamped legibly on his countenance, and the tone in which the usurer utters such sentences as 'Broke at Doncaster last week.'—'The writs are out already'—'Sell him up, stock, lock, and barrel'—'Going to bolt, I believe'—'Hang his wife and family!' &c, is rather different from the suave accents in which he usually addresses his clients

He is fond of music, and is a pretty regular frequenter of the opera on Saturday nights during the season, and in the lobby, often manages to combine a little business with his pleasure, especially in the Epsom, Ascot, and Newmarket July weeks, when backers have had what is termed a fever He sports a smart mail phaeton with a pair of high stepping bays, and as he drives round the park of an afternoon, he can impart a pretty considerable amount of information to any friend who happens to be with him regarding the occupants of the drags and victorias that they meet He has his 'bad times,' like everybody else, and when, as occasionally happens, he has an enforced interview with one of Her Majesty's judges, he is obliged to listen to some remarkably plain speaking in respect of his little transactions, and should a vaulting ambition induce him to seek membership in any more respectable Club than the third rate 'proprietary pothouse,' his *amour propre* is liable to be considerably wounded by the extent of the 'piling' he is subjected to As a rule, however, he is early taught to 'keep his place,' and 'recreates' himself with gambling in stocks, buying old china, or breeding poultry, jingles the sovereigns in his pocket, and snaps his fingers at the world and its opinion

PROFESSOR SHELDON ON BUTTERINE

Professor Sheldon, who delivered an exhaustive paper on the 'Butterine Question' at a meeting of the Farmers' Alliance, said that the quantity of butterine produced in Great Britain was not known, but was understood to be considerable, nor was the volume of imported butterine known before the beginning of 1885, because, up to the end of 1884, it was entered in the Board of Trade Returns under the heading of 'butter' The weight of butterine imported in the four months ending April 1885 was 308,543 cwt, and in the corresponding months of the current year the volume of it had risen to 324,275 cwt. The quantity of butterine imported, at the rate of the past four months, amounts to one hundred and thirty tons a day, day in and day out, Sunday and Monday alike, or getting on towards fifty thousand tons a year, and this over and above what is produced in the United Kingdom The effect of the enormous trade on the dairy farming of this country may be easily imagined, and foreign dairy farmers are also feeling the competition quite as keenly The Professor admitted that butterine, when made in a proper way and from good materials, is a wholesome and useful article of food. He considered it beyond dispute that butter would have been outside the reach of a vast number of poor people, had not butterine come in as a substitute and lowered the price. He admitted that well made butterine is a very tolerable substitute, though it is not butter in another form, as some would have us believe The utilisation of surplus fat in the form of butterine was about the best possible way in which it could be used at all as an article of food and in a systematic manner The clause relating to the penalties to be imposed upon retailers who sold butterine as butter, in the Butter Substitutes Bill before parliament, he considered the most important clause in the bill, as it concerned the men who had hitherto been the chief offenders

YOUTH AND AGE

Youth

When I am old these hills that bound
My life within their narrow round,
Will be the thresholds of the door
That leads to Freedom and to Fame,
And the wide world beyond me more
An idle dream, an empty name,
But I from care and troubles free,
Its glories and its joys shall see

The summer isles of southern seas,
Great battles glorious victories,
The boundless prairies of the West,
Where red men hunt the buffalo,
Whatever fairest gifts and best
The gods have given to men below—
These heart of mine, these shall we see
In the brave days that are to be

Age

When I was young this narrow round
Of hills a glorious world did bound,
Here, on the quiet valley floor,
I dreamed of Freedom and of Fame,
Ere yet I learned they were no more
Thus a vain dream, an empty name,
In that glad careless long ago,
The happy hours moved all too slow

I have been wrecked in stormy seas,
Not mine life's glorious victories,
Gone the bright spell on boyhood cast;
No more along the primrose way
I wander, for my paths have passed
To this sad world of everyday
Ah, heart of mine, no more we know
The days and dreams of long ago!

Printed and Published by W & R Chambers, 47 Paternoster Row, London, and 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

All Rights Reserved.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL
OF
POPULAR
LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART
Fifth Series
ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832
CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)
No. 133.—Vol. III. SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1886. Price 1½d.

MODERN SLAVERY.

A WORD FOR OUR SHOP-ASSISTANTS.

That we, as a nation, are not lovers of change for the sake of change, can hardly be disputed; indeed, our conservatism in minor matters may justify the reflection cast upon us by our neighbours. But although we may be willing to continue patronizing forms and institutions that may justly be considered antiquated and effete, yet it is nevertheless a fact that once get the public ear, and the cry of the oppressed will never be raised in vain, even though redress involves uprooting of old-established customs. Opposition to sudden and violent changes there may be; but the familiar instance of our factory laws shows that there is help for the poorest and weakest, let the need for help once be made known. But, unhappily, those who most need assistance are just those least able to plead their own cause, either from ignorance or from fear of the consequences of complaint. Such was the case with the children, who needed an outsider's voice to raise their 'cry;' and with those women-labourers, the story of whose underground toils and miseries needed but to be heard, to awake indignant protest against the whole system which could produce such results. In the latter case, so sweeping was the reform, that the recurrence of the evil is impossible; and though the working of the Factory and Workshop Act may not be altogether perfect, it affords a considerable measure of protection to the helpless, and stands as a wholesome check between oppressor and oppressed.

By the Factory Act, not only are factories proper placed under government inspection, but all proprietors of workshops or workrooms are liable to the salutary visit of the inspector, whose duty it is to see that the terms of the Act are complied with; that is, that the 'hands' work only a certain specified number of hours; and that due regard is paid to ventilation and sanitary precautions. But the inspector's boundary is the workshop or workroom, and beyond this he is powerless to interfere; although on his way to his department he frequently passes by large numbers of those who need supervision and protection fully as much as those on whose behalf his visit is paid, yet who, as the law now stands, are utterly and hopelessly in the power of employers, who are free if they will to work their victims to death with impunity.

Not, of course, that all employers are deaf to the claims of humanity and think only of their own gain; on the contrary, many large establishments are remarkable for the attention given to the comfort of employees, who work only a fair number of hours, are well housed, and treated generally with consideration. But even in such cases, the restrictions and regulations are purely voluntary, and it is quite conceivable that a change of proprietorship might involve a complete reversion of the order of things; and as a fact, the vastly larger part of retail business is carried on in a manner that makes the position of the shop-assistant practically one of cruel slavery. Not that the work is in itself laborious; though, as it involves of necessity an unusual amount of standing, it is not suited to the naturally feeble or delicate. The assistant's chief hardships centre round the abnormal length of his working-day, a day so protracted that none but the strongest can bear the strain. The standing itself becomes very much a matter of habit to the robust, provided the hours are reasonable, and that sufficient time is allowed for meals to enable the worker to get a real rest at least twice during a day of twelve hours, in addition to a regular weekly half-holiday. The assistant's working hours should number about sixty per week, certainly not a low percentage; but, as matters now stand, it is no exaggeration to say that a very large majority of shop-assistants work from eighty to ninety hours a week, out of which, in many cases, no regular meal-times are allowed, food being hastily eaten, and work resumed as soon as the too hasty meal is finished. Normally, indeed, there are

stated times for meals in most establishments, in the better classes of which the assistants enjoy the meal in comfort, but in too many cases the unfortunate assistant has to accommodate his appetite to suit the tide of customers

Thirteen or fourteen hours daily, with scarcely a break, would be considered hard work, were it carried on under the invigorating influence of fresh air, or were the work of a wholly or partly sedentary nature, but when, in addition to the length of hours, there is the weary monotony of standing, the pain of which increases with every hour of violence to nature, and the fact that, in the large majority of cases, the air breathed is vitiated and impure, it needs but a little foresight to predict that a few years of such slavery will put an end to the working power of its victims

Let any impartial observer take note of the ages of shop assistants—especially in poor, crowded neighbourhoods—and he can hardly fail to be struck by the fact that the very large majority are young, and that the apprentice age predominates Indeed, it is not the least sad part of the picture that the crushing influence of habitual overwork is brought to bear most heavily upon the young man or woman, hardly more than boy or girl, who begins the new career full of the illusions of youth, and finds, long before the years of apprenticeship are over, that the capital of health and strength is either entirely gone or fast declining Cases have come within our own experience in which the rosy cheeks and exuberant spirits of fifteen or sixteen have at nineteen or twenty given way to the pale face and languid, artificial smile habitual to the overworked, who in spite of pain and weariness, are forced to keep up the semblance of cheerfulness In one instance, the gradual lowering of tone caused such a susceptibility to disease, that an ordinary cold was sufficient to extinguish the feeble flame of life, and in other cases, tendencies to special ailments have arisen, distinctly traceable to the over taxing of immature strength

This personal experience is fully corroborated by many who have taken sufficient interest in the question to study the causes and effects of a system involving such a large amount of avoidable suffering to an important section of society To take but one instance The Rev J S Webber, chaplain of University College Hospital, writing to the President of the Shop Hours Labour League, says 'I have noticed the result of long hours amongst the assistants employed at the smaller houses of business—have met with many a young girl, broken down in health, with the brain weakened Instead of getting a walk after business, or enjoying some other healthy recreation, they have resorted to stimulants in the shape of intoxicating drinks, to keep up, as they fancy, the poor fragile frame We find in our Sunday schools that the poor teachers who are assistants in shops cannot get to school on Sunday morning This also applies to church The shop assistant is at a terrible disadvantage compared with the mechanic Many of the former cannot leave business until nine or ten every evening, and twelve o'clock on Saturday, with body and mind so exhausted, whatever educational advantages might offer, they are too exhausted to do anything but rest' This testimony from a man of large experience touches upon two or three of the incidental but by no means slight effects of overwork Sunday, to the aching body and weary brain of the shop assistant, whose Saturday, instead of being a half holiday, is the crowning point to a week of toil, may bring with it something of physical refreshment, it certainly has little chance of affording that quiet time for reflection and spiritual exercise essential to the development of noble life

Again, as to innocent recreation—the health giving walk, stimulating game, and harmless musical entertainment, are as entirely beyond the reach of the shop assistant as are the educational advantages offered by public lecture, picture gallery, or library His, or her, life is, in fact, an example of the 'all work and no play' which in the nature of things produces 'a dull boy'—or girl And with whatever ability or education the shop career is begun, it is a pretty sure thing that the mind will become so stupified with the burden of physical weariness, that the inclination towards self culture will quickly vanish, and the overworked assistant sinks into a state of apathy, which, especially in the case of the male assistant, reduces him to the dead level of hopeless existence, and not only is his present life a burden, but the ordinary castle building of the young man has very limited play in his case, for every dream of future bliss is checked by the reflection that should he dare to face poverty and found for himself a home, his services will very probably be at a discount, the married assistant standing a worse chance of employment than the single

Who shall wonder if, under such circumstances, the young man or woman is not always proof against the temptations of those more than doubtful pleasures which present the only substitute for natural and rational enjoyments?

What is the medical voice on this question of overwork, need hardly be said Whenever a doctor writes or speaks on the subject, he is sure to give unequivocal testimony as to the premature failure of health amongst shop assistants in general, and especially amongst growing boys and girls, whose immature frames cannot, without injury, be made to habitually violate every physiological law And yet, in face of all this, the market is so overstocked with volunteers for slavery, that the master has matters completely in his own hands, and is perfectly safe in defying rebellion, sure that were the whole of his assistants to leave to day, their places could with ease be filled to morrow

Much of this over supply is due to ignorance on the part of parents and guardians, who, finding a 'genteel' employment for the boy or girl, do not stop to inquire what goes on behind the curtain of genility And by the time his apprenticeship is over, the assistant is not at an age to mark out for himself a new career, and is bound to make the best of a bad bargain Not only so, but one of the special drawbacks to shop labour is the fact that if the employer offends his employer in any way, even in such matters as attending a meeting or taking in a paper that is disapproved of, he is liable to dismissal without a

reason and without a character, so that virtually the shop assistant gives into his employer's hands the absolute control of his time, his health, and his character, and whatever may be the results of that surrender, escape or redress is equally unattainable

Again, we repeat that many employers refrain from taking advantage of their power, but never the less the fact remains that a master who, through thoughtlessness or greed, overworks, underpays, badly houses and badly feeds his employees, or dismisses them without a character, is at perfect liberty to do so, and is in no danger of being called to account for his actions!

The Early Closing Association has done something towards procuring at least an amelioration of the shop assistant's condition, by seeking to establish a universal half holiday It works on the persuasive line, and in some parts of London and in many provincial towns has succeeded in securing this boon of half a day's rest, but persuasion alone will never be able to treat with an evil so widespread, for, as long as the early closing is purely voluntary, so long it will be in the power of any one man to compel a whole neighbourhood to refuse or abolish the half holiday If his shop is open when others are closed, he will be certainly obtain customers, and this is an advantage his neighbours dare not allow him, therefore they must follow suit and keep open at his pleasure

In this one man power lies the secret of the present abnormal length of hours, for it is a matter of experience that as long as shops are open, so long customers will continue to come, and hence competition has suggested lengthening of hours with a view to checkmating neighbours Yet no method of doing business ever brought with it more disadvantage, for less gain The public is certainly no better off than if shopping had to be got through in reasonable time, and beyond dispute, the shopkeeping class is not only no better, but very much worse off for this tyranny of custom, which compels even the unwilling employer to keep his assistants at work far beyond the ordinary limits of labour And so deep seated and established has the slavery become, that there remains nothing for it but an appeal to the State to interfere with an extension of the Factory and Workshop Act and although we are by no means of those who believe in 'grandmotherly legislation,' this is a case, if ever there was one, in which the strong hand of the law alone can lift a whole section of society out of the misery in which it now lies, and from which, unaided, it can never escape An extension of the Factory Act, although it would of necessity leave the shop assistants hours longer than those of most workers, would at least protect him from unlimited labour, and would insure his work being carried on under fairly healthy conditions.

The grumbling section of the public would doubtless raise many objections to a shopping day of only twelve hours, but we confidently prophesy that a year's probation would show the new order of things to be no hardship to the purchaser, and as regards employers, although, doubtless, many will make great capital out of the grievance of coercion, the more sensible and far-sighted will recognise the fact that on this question at least the interests of employer and employed are identical Once insure that *all* shops shall be limited to the same number of hours, and there need be no anxiety as to loss of business The consumer's wants must be met, and if he has only a limited (and reasonable) number of hours in which to do his shopping, he will have no choice but to adapt his habits to the new order of things

Hardship, of course, it would be if the law were limited to certain neighbourhoods, or if clashing trades were not all under the same restriction but as long as there was one uniform code for all, the only difference to the shopkeeper would be greater personal leisure without loss of business To those heads of large establishments to whom reference has already been made, this may seem a trifling matter, but many and many a small shopkeeper will rejoice, fully as much as his assistants, in freedom from the excessive toil which makes his life as much a slavery as theirs, and from which he is equally powerless to escape

Under the name of the 'Shop Hours Labour League,' a scheme has been set on foot having for its object the presentation to parliament of such a bill as has been suggested, and the interest of every individual member of society is earnestly invited, in the hope of creating a public consciousness on a question affecting thousands of workers, whose services are essential to the comfort of the community The President of the League, Thomas Sutherst, Esq, barrister at law, has compiled a shilling volume on the subject, which, under the somewhat sensational title of *Death and Disease behind the Counter*, contains a large amount of sober fact, and can scarcely fail to awaken strong feeling in the breast of every reader who takes an interest in the welfare of his fellows The League needs help, not in money, but in personal effort and influence, and Mr Sutherst (3 Dr Johnson's Buildings, London), whose work is purely a labour of love, is ready to give information, or to suggest methods by which help may be rendered to a cause which thoroughly deserves the heartiest support.

IN ALL SHADES

CHAPTER XXXI

At the dinner that evening, Macfarlane, the Scotch doctor, took in Nora, while Harry Noel had handed over to his care a dowager planteress from a neighbouring estate, so Harry had no need to talk any further to his pretty little hostess during that memorable Tuesday On Wednesday morning he had made up his mind he would find some excuse to get away from this awkward position in Mr Dupuy's household, for it was clearly impossible for him to remain there any longer, after he had again asked Nora and been rejected, but of course he couldn't go so suddenly before the dinner to be given in his honour, and he *waited on, impatiently* and sullenly

Tom Dupuy was there too and even Mr Theodore Dupuy himself, who knew the whole secret of Harry's black blood, and therefore regarded him now as almost beyond the pale of human sympathy, couldn't help noticing the

himself that his nephew Tom really seemed quite unnecessarily anxious to drag this unfortunate young man Noel into some sort of open rupture 'Very ill advised of Tom,' Mr Dupuy thought to himself, 'and very bad manners too, for a Dupuy of Trinidad He ought to know well enough that whatever the young man's uncle's amiable antecedents may happen to be, as long as he's here in the position of a guest, he ought at least to be treated with common decency and common politeness To-morrow, we shall manage to hunt up some excuse, or give him some effectual hint, which will have the result of clearing him bodily off the premises Till then, Tom ought to endeavour to treat him, as far as possible, in every way like a perfect equal'

Even during the time while the ladies still remained in the dining room, Tom Dupuy couldn't avoid making several severe hits, as he considered them, at Harry Noel from the opposite side of the hospitable table Harry had happened once to venture on some fairly sympathetic commonplace remark to his dowager plantress about the planters having been quite ruined by emancipation, when Tom Dupuy fell upon him bodily, and called out with an unconcealed sneer 'Ruined by emancipation!—ruined by emancipation! That just shows how much you know about the matter, to talk of the planters being ruined by emancipation! If you knew anything at all of what you're talking about, you'd know that it wasn't emancipation in the least that ruined us, but your plaguy parliament doing away with the differential duties'

Harry bit his lip, and glanced across the table at the young planter with a quiet smile of superiority, but the only word he permitted himself to utter was the one harmless and neutral word 'Indeed!'

'O yes, you may say "Indeed" if you like,' Tom Dupuy retorted warmly 'That's just the way of all you conceited English people You think you know such a precious lot about the whole subject, and you really and truly know in the end just less than absolutely nothing'

'Pardon me,' Harry answered carelessly, with his wine glass poised for a moment half lifted in his hand 'I admit most unreservedly that you know a great deal more than I do about the differential duties, whatever they may be, for I never so much as heard their very name in all my life until the present moment'

Tom Dupuy smiled a satisfied smile of complete triumph 'I thought as much,' he said exultantly, 'I knew you hadn't That's just the way of all English people They know nothing at all about the most important and essential matters, and yet they venture to talk about them for all the world as if they knew as much as we do about the whole subject'

'Really,' Harry answered with a good humoured smile, 'I fancied a man might be fairly well informed about things in general, and yet never have heard in his pristine innocence of the differential duties I haven't the very faintest idea myself, to tell you the truth, what they are Perhaps you will be good enough to lighten my darkness'

'What they are!' Tom Dupuy ejaculated in pious horror 'They aren't anything They're done away with They've ceased to exist long ago You and the other plaguy English people took them off, and ruined the colonies, and now you don't as much as know what you've done, or whether they're existing still or done away with!'

'Tom, my boy,' Mr Theodore Dupuy interposed blandly, 'you really mustn't hold Mr Noel personally responsible for all the undoubted shortcomings of the English nation! You must remember that his father is, like ourselves, a West Indian proprietor, and that the iniquitous proceedings with reference to the differential duties—which nobody can for a moment pretend to justify—injured him every bit as much as they injured ourselves'

'But what are the differential duties?' Harry whispered to his next neighbour but one, the Scotch doctor 'I never heard of them in my life, I assure you, till this very minute'

'Well, you know,' Dr Macfarlane responded slowly, 'there was a time when sugar from the British colonies was admitted into Britain at a less duty than sugar from Cuba or other foreign possessions, and at last the British consumer took the tax off the foreign sugar, and cheapened them all alike in the British market Very good, of course, for the British consumer, but destruction and nothing else for the Trinidad planter'

For the moment, the conversation changed, but not the smouldering war between the two belligerents Whatever subject Harry Noel happened to start during that unlucky dinner, Tom Dupuy, watching him closely, pounced down upon him at once, like an owl on the lover, and tore him to pieces with prompt activity Harry bore it all as good naturedly as he could, though his temper was by no means naturally a forbearing one, but he didn't wish to come to an open rupture with Tom Dupuy at his uncle's table, especially after that morning's occurrence

As soon as the ladies had left the room, however, Tom Dupuy drew up his chair so as exactly to face Harry, and began to pour out for himself in quick succession glass after glass of his uncle's fiery sherry, which he toned off with noisy hilarity The more he drank, the louder his voice became and the hotter his pursuit of Harry Noel At last, when Mr Theodore Dupuy, now really alarmed as to what his nephew was going to say next, ordered in the coffee prematurely, to prevent an open outbreak by rejoining the ladies, Tom walked deliberately over to the sideboard and took out a large square decanter, from which he poured a good moderate liquor glassful of some pale liquid for himself and another for Harry

'There!' he cried boisterously 'Just you try that, Noel, will you There's liquor for you! That's the real old Paraguay Valley rum, the best in the island, double distilled, and thirty years in bottle You don't taste any kogo about that, Mr Englishman, eh, do you?'

'Any what?' Harry inquired politely, lifting up the glass and sipping a little of the contents out of pure courtesy, for neat rum is not in itself a very enticing beverage to any other than West Indian palates

'Any kogo,' Tom Dupuy repeated loudly and insolently—'kogo, kogo I suppose, now, you mean to say you don't even know what kogo is,

do you!—Never heard of *hogo*? Precious affectation! Don't understand plain language! Yah, rubbish!

'Why, no, certainly,' Harry assented as calmly as he was able, 'I never before did hear of *hogo*, I assure you. I haven't the slightest idea what it is, or whether I ought rather to admire or to deplore its supposed absence in this very excellent old rum of yours.'

'*Hogo*'s French,' Tom Dupuy asserted doggedly, '*Hogo*'s French, and I should have thought you ought to have known it. Everybody in Trim dad knows what *hogo* is. It's French, I tell you. Didn't you ever learn any French at the school you went to, Noel?'

'Excuse me,' Harry said, flushing up a little, for Tom Dupuy had asked the question very offensively. 'It is not French. I know enough of French at least to say that such a word as *hogo*, whatever it may mean, couldn't possibly be French for anything.'

'As my nephew pronounces it,' Mr Dupuy put in diplomatically, 'you may perhaps have some difficulty in recognising its meaning, but it is our common West Indian corruption, Mr Noel, of *haut goût*—*haut goût*, you understand me—precisely so, *haut goût*, or *hogo*, being the strong and somewhat offensive molasses like flavour of new rum, before it has been mellowed, as this of ours has been, by being kept for years in the wood and in bottle.'

'Oh, ah, that's all very well!' 'I suppose you're going to turn against me now, Uncle Theodore,' Tom Dupuy exclaimed angrily—he was reaching the incipient stage of quarrelsome drunkenness. 'I suppose you must go and make fun of me, too, for my French pronunciation as well as this fine spoken Mr Noel here. But I don't care a pin about it, or about either of you, either. Who's Mr Noel, I should like to know, that he should come here, with his fine new fangled English ways, setting himself up to be better than we are, and teaching us to improve our French pronunciation?—O yes, it's all very fine, but what does he want to go stopping in our houses for, with our own ladies, and all that, and then going and treating with coloured rubbish that I wouldn't touch with a pair of tongs—the woolly-headed niggers!—that's what I want to know, Uncle Theodore?'

Mr Dupuy and Harry rose together. 'Tom, Tom!' Mr Dupuy cried warningly, 'you are quite forgetting yourself. Remember that this gentleman is my guest, and is here to day by my invitation. How dare you say such things as that to my own guest, sir, at my own table? You insult me, sir, you insult me!'

'I think,' Harry interrupted, white with anger, 'I had better withdraw at once, Mr Dupuy, before things go any further, from a room where I am evidently, quite without any intention on my own part, a cause of turmoil and disagreement.'

He moved hastily towards the open window which gave upon the lawn, where the ladies were strolling, after the fashion of the country, in the silvery moonlight, among the tropical shrubbery. But Tom Dupuy jumped up before him and stood in his way, now drunk with wine and rum and insolence and temper, and blocked his road to the open window.

'No, no!' he cried, 'you shan't go yet!—I'll tell you all the reason why, gentlemen. He shall hear the truth. I'll take the vanity and nonsense out of him! He's a brown man himself, nothing but a brown man!—Do you know, you fine fellow, you, that you're only, after all, a confounded woolly headed brown mulatto? You are, sir! you are, I tell you! Look at your hands, you nigger, look at your hands, I say, if ever you doubt it.'

Harry Noel's proud lip curled contemptuously as he pushed the half tipsy planter aside with his elbow, and began to stride angrily away towards the moonlit shrubbery. 'I daresay I am,' he answered coolly, for he was always truthful, and it flashed across his mind in the space of a second that Tom Dupuy was very possibly right enough. 'But if I am, my good fellow, I will no longer inflict my company, I tell you, upon persons who, I see, are evidently so little desirous of sharing it any further.'

'Yes, yes,' Tom Dupuy exclaimed madly, planting himself once more like a fool in front of the angry and retreating Englishman, 'he's a brown man, a mulatto, a coloured fellow, gentlemen, own cousin of that precious nigger scamp, Isaac Pourtales, whose woolly head I'd like to knock this minute against his own woolly head, the insolent upstart! Why, gentlemen, do you know who his mother was? Do you know who this fine Lady Noel was that he wants to come over us with? She was nothing better, I swear to you solemnly, than a common brown wench over in Barbadoes!'

Harry Noel's face grew livid purple with that foul insult, as he leapt like a wild beast at the reeling West Indian, and with one fierce blow sent him reeling backward upon the floor at his feet like a senseless lump of dead matter. 'Hound and cur! how dare you?' he hissed out hoarsely, planting his foot contemptuously on the fallen planter's crumpled shirt front. 'How dare you?—how dare you? Say what you will of me, myself, you miserable blackguard—but my mother! my mother!' And then, suddenly recollecting himself, with a profound bow to the astonished company, he hurried out, hatless and hot, on to the darkling shrubbery, casting the dust of Orange Grove off his feet half instinctively behind him as he went.

Next moment a soft voice sounded low beside him, to his intense astonishment. As he strode alone across the dark lawn, Nora Dupuy, who had seen the whole incident from the neighbouring shrubbery, glided out to his side from the shadow of the star apple trees and whispered a few words earnestly in his ear. Harry Noel, still white with passion and trembling in every muscle like a hunted animal, could not but stop and listen to them eagerly even in that supreme moment of righteous indignation. 'Thank you, Mr Noel,' she said simply—'thank you, thank you!'

CHAPTER XXXVI

The gentlemen in the dining room stood looking at one another in blank dismay for a few seconds, and then Dr Macfarlane broke the breathless silence by saying out loud, with his broad Scotch bluntness, 'Ye're a fool, Tom Dupuy—a very fine fool, ye are, and I'm not sorry the young

Englishman knocked you down and gave you a lesson, for speaking ill against his own mother'

'Where has he gone?' Dick Castello, the governor's aide de camp, asked quickly, as Tom picked himself up with a sheepish, awkward, drunken look 'He can't sleep here to night now, you know, and he'll have to sleep somewhere or other, Macfarlane, won't he?'

'Run after him,' the doctor said, 'and take him to your own house Not one of these precious Trinidad folk ll stir hand or foot to befriend him anyhow, now they ve been told he's a brown man'

Castello took up his hat and ran as fast as he could go after Noel He caught him up, breathless, half way down to the gate of the estate, for Harry, though he had gone off hurriedly without his hat or coat, was walking alone down the main road coolly enough now, trying to look and feel within himself as though nothing at all unusual in any way had happened 'Where are you going to, Noel?' Castello asked, in a friendly voice—'by Jove! I'm jolly glad you knocked that fellow down, and tried to teach him a little manners, though he is old Dupuy's nephew But of course you can't stop there to night What do you mean now to do with yourself?'

'I shall go to Hawthorne,' Harry answered quietly

'Better not go there,' Dick Castello urged, taking him gently by the shoulder 'If you do, you know, it ll look as if you wanted to give a handle to Tom Dupuy and break openly with the whole lot of them Tom Dupuy insulted you abominably, and you couldn't have done anything else but knock him down, of course, my dear fellow, and he needed it jolly well, too, we all know perfectly But don't let it seem as if you were going to quarrel with the whole lot of us Come home to my house now at Savannah Garden I'll walk straight over there with you and have a room got ready for you at once, and then I ll go back to Orange Grove for Mrs Castello, and bring across as much of your luggage as I can in my carriage, at least as much as you'll need for the present'

'Very well, Captain Castello,' answered Noel submissively 'It's very kind of you to take me in I'll go with you, you know best about it But hang it all, you know, upon my word I expect the fellow may have been telling the truth after all, and I daresay I really am what these fools of Trinidad people call a brown man. Did ever you hear such absurd nonsense? Calling me a brown man! As if it ever mattered twopence to any sensible person whether a man was black, brown, white, or yellow, as long as he ' not such a confounded cad and boor as that roaring tipsy lout of a young Dupuy fellow!'

So Harry Noel went that Tuesday night to Captain Castello's at Savannah Garden, and slept, or rather lay awake, there till Wednesday morning—the morning of the day set aside by Louis Delgado and Isaac Pourtalis for their great rising and general massacre

As for Nora, she went up to her own boudoir as soon as the guests had gone—they didn't stay long after this awkward occurrence—and threw herself down once more on the big sofa, and cried as if her heart would burst for very anguish and humiliation

He had knocked down Tom Dupuy That was a good thing as far as it went! For that at least, if for nothing else, Nora was duly grateful to him But had she gone too far in thanking him? Would he accept it as a proof that she meant him to reopen the closed question between them? Nora hoped not, for that—that at anyrate was now finally settled She could never, never, never marry a brown man! And yet, how much nicer and bolder he was than all the other men she saw around her! Nora liked him even for his faults That proud, frank, passionate Noel temperament of his, which many girls would have regarded with some fear and no little misgiving, exactly suited her West Indian prejudices and her West Indian ideal His faults were the faults of a proud aristocracy and it was entirely as a member of a proud aristocracy herself that Nora Dupuy lived and moved and had her being A man like Edward Hawthorne she could like and respect, but a man like Harry Noel she could admire and love—if, ah if, he were only not a brown man! What a terrible cross arrangement of fate that the one man who seemed otherwise exactly to suit her girlish ideal, should happen to belong remotely to the one race between which and her own there existed in her mind for ever and ever an absolutely fixed and irremovable barrier!

So Nora, too, lay awake all night, and all night long not thought but of one thing, and one person—the solitary man she could never, never, never conceivably marry

And Harry, for his part, thinking to himself, on his terrible pillow, at Savannah Garden, said to his own heart over and over and over again 'I shall love her for ever, I can never while I live leave off loving her But after what occurred yesterday and last night, I mustn't dream for worlds of asking her a third time I know now what it was she meant when she spoke about the barrier between us Poor girl! how very wild of her! How strange that she should think in her own soul a Dupuy of Trinidad superior in position to one of the ancient Lincolnshire Noels!'

For pride always sees everything from its own point of view alone, and never for a moment succeeds in admitting to itself the pride of others as being equally reasonable and natural with its own.

SOME PET LIZARDS.

BY CATHERINE C HOPLEY

Those who live near commons and furzy heaths may in the spring time espy the lizards peeping cautiously out from among the weeds to court the sunshine after their winter's sleep, or, on a warm day, boldly flitting across the grass, but hiding again on the slightest alarm. Much may the amateur naturalist find to interest and amuse him in these tiny lizards, to admire also, for their colours are often very beautiful, their eyes bright and watchful, their form and actions anything but ungraceful. Among these native lizards, the Slow worm (*Anguis fragilis*)

is included—the 'deaf adder' or 'blindworm,' as it is commonly but wrongly called. As a pet, *Anguis fragilis* has many recommendations. Small, clean, unobtrusive, inoffensive, and easily fed, are more than can be said of most pets. domestic qualifications which, indeed, may be extended to its little four legged cousins, the British lizards, often found in the same habitat, and all of which can be caught and transferred to a large glass bowl with ease and satisfaction. One of the bell shaped glasses with a perforated knob at the top answers capitally. Reversed and furnished with moss, turf, and sand, the hole serves for drainage, because water is indispensable for the lizards, and the moss and turf should be sprinkled occasionally. A stand into which the reversed glass fits can be purchased with it, and a large china plate completes the arrangement, which, with its pretty occupants, is an ornament for any window or conservatory.

By an accident, I soon discovered that a slow worm—my first and then only pet reptile—requires water. Knowing that it fed on slugs, I was hunting in the garden, and at length found some small ones under a flower pot saucer, and conveyed them undisturbed to a place in the cage. The slow worm soon discovered the addition, but instead of selecting a slug for supper, began to lick the cold, damp saucer, putting out its tongue repeatedly, as if refreshed, and forthwith the saucer was reversed and filled with the beverage, which the little reptile soon lapped eagerly, continuing to do so for some minutes. After this discovery, fresh water was supplied daily. That little creature became quickly tamed, a fact which her history will easily explain.

'Do you want a live viper?' a friend in the Reading Room of the British Museum asked me, one day.

'A viper! Here?'

'Yes, a deaf viper. It was caught in Surrey last week. We had a field day!'

My friend was a member of a Natural History Society, as was also the gentleman who had found the so called 'viper.' His hobby being geology rather than zoology, he had been breaking and turning over fragments of rock in a sort of dell, when he had discovered the harmless little creature, which he—a scholarly man, by the way—would have immediately put to death, as a dangerous viper, had not my friend—also a learned man, though not versed in snakes—reserved it for me, and with much caution transferred it to a tin box. It was subsequently consigned to a bottle, and tightly corked until I could see it. My friend now promised me he would not put the 'deaf viper' to death, as his lady relatives were daily entreating him to do, and a few days afterwards, he shook out of its narrow prison on to my table—not a viper, but a feeble slow-worm, the poor little thing having had no food during those eight or ten days of captivity. No wonder, then, that the half famished reptile grew easily reconciled to an improved home with fresh grass and moss and other luxuries, and soon learned to recognise its preserver. Soon a companion was brought for it, one freshly caught and full of health and vigour. This one was not so easily reconciled to a glass house, and only by slow degrees would it allow itself to be taken up and handled.

Another year, my saurian family increased to nine, including all the three British species, and all living amicably together in one large bell-glass. I will not trouble my readers with the nine names by which the nine lizards were known in the domestic circle. Scientifically, they were *Anguis fragilis*, *Lacerta agilis*, and *Zootoca vivipara*—the last so called from its giving birth to live young. *Anguis fragilis* also produces its young alive, or, as in the case of one of my own, in a membranous case or 'shell,' quite entire, but easily ruptured. The specific name *agilis* has been applied to the larger lacertine, but a more agile, swift, and flashing little creature than *Zootoca vivipara* can scarcely exist, so that the true names of these three species of lizard are not, after all, so truly descriptive. *Zootoca* is much smaller, and must have acquired its astonishing celerity protectively, the wee animal having no other safeguard than in flight. And its suppleness equals its activity. Caught and held in the closed hand so tightly that one almost feared to crush it, it would nevertheless turn itself round, or rather double itself completely back and escape the other way, where no outlet seemed possible, or between the fingers, where you least expected. It is extremely restless and timid, and less easily tamed than *Lacerta*. One of my *zootocas* had a peculiar dread of being handled, and was so ever on the alert, watching my slightest approach, and looking up sideways out of one eye, and with its head on one side in such a bird like manner, that it acquired the name of 'Birdie.' Birdie seemed guided by intellect more than any of the family, and the devices she practised in order to escape me, when she anticipated my intentions to get hold of her, were truly intelligent. She vanished somewhere, but presently you caught sight of one bright eye peeping up from the depths of the moss, as if saying 'Ah, I know what you're up to!' Perhaps I did try to circumvent Birdie somewhat heartlessly, just to observe her manœuvres. She would peep at me and watch me through the glass, when I was sitting far away and had no intention of going near, but at last she learned to stay in my open hand, and I sometimes suspected there was as much play as fear in her hiding.

The lizards were also thirsty little creatures, and eagerly refreshed their tongues by lapping the wet moss, until they learned to lap out of a saucer. The male *Lacerta* is of a handsome iridescent green, pale and delicate on the throat and belly, and a rich dark colour on the back. *Lacerta* is easily tamed. It soon learns to settle itself comfortably in a warm hand, and is quite appreciative of caresses in the form of a gentle stroking with the finger. In intelligence, both species certainly rank above *Anguis fragilis*, they more easily recognise the voice and the owner of the voice, looking up when addressed in the peculiar tone which was reserved for lizard training.

A large and handsome female *lacerta* that lived in a smaller glass by itself, escaped one day, and fell out of the window near which it was placed. It must have sustained some internal injury, and had, no doubt, suffered from cold and terror during the two days and nights it was lost, until found on a neighbour's balcony. I had reason to suspect she would soon deposit eggs, but she grew gradually thin and feeble, refusing food, and was evidently suffering, though showing no outward appearance of injury. It exhibited a strong desire to climb against the side of its cage, or whatever upright surface it was near, and remain in a perpendicular position, or if it could find no such leaning place, it threw up its head and thus held it, as if to relieve itself of some pain. Then, more and more it kept its eyes closed or opened them only to seek some object against which it could rest in that perpendicular position. As winter approached, I allowed the little sufferer to lie on a table near the fire, and covered it over for warmth, but it never remained contented on the *level*. Though its eyes were usually closed, whenever I spoke to it in the peculiar tone with which it was familiar, it invariably opened them and came towards me. If it could not reach me, it would even jump from the table to my lap in order to gain its favourite perpendicular position on my dress, where it remained quiet until removed. It grew more and more feeble, until one could scarcely detect life in it, except in the effort to open its eyes and try to approach when I spoke to it, and this to the very last.

These little lizards are easily procured, and I trust the perusal of these memoirs may induce some kind and patient individual to try them as pets, when it will be found that their sense of hearing and intelligence is in no way exaggerated.

Lizards cast their skins at uncertain intervals during the summer, being greatly influenced by temperature. One very warm season, when they were much in the sunshine, mine changed their dress on an average once in three weeks. Some of the sloughs came off entire, even to the tips of the tiny, delicate fingers, like a perfect glove. Sometimes they were shed in fragments. The head shields are not regularly renewed with the skin, which was always reversed. *Angues fragilis* on one occasion cast its skin entire and uninverted, a very unusual occurrence. All begin at the mouth, as snakes do, and you will see when the process is about to commence by the little creatures rubbing their mouths and their heads against whatever they are near, the loosening cuticle no doubt causing irritation. To watch the process is exceedingly interesting, especially when the lacertines free their limbs of the old garment, sliding off and dragging them selves out of it as you get off a tight sleeve.

A word about the voice of lizards, on which so much has been written. That these do utter a sound is certain, but it is very feeble, though, perhaps, in comparison with their size, not more feeble than the hiss of a snake. And only when much disturbed and annoyed do they ejaculate even this little sound, which is as if you half pronounced and whispered the letter *s* or *th*. Sometimes it resembles *ts*, only audible when quiet prevails. Both the lizards and the slow worms expressed their displeasure by the same little expulsion of breath, scarcely to be called a hiss. But once when a slow worm fell from a high stand to the floor, there was a singular sort of loud chirp or chuckle, as if the breath were forced suddenly from the lungs by the fall. It was wholly unlike its regular 'voice,' and was so remarkable, that if it had not been ejaculated simultaneously with the 'flop' on the carpet that announced 'Lazarus' fall, I might have thought a young bird or a frog was in the room. The slow worms often got out of their cage and fell to the floor, seeming to be none the worse, but only on this one occasion did I hear the breath escape so audibly.

Recommending them as pets, it is important to say that they all like a change of diet, and herein lies the chief difficulty of keeping them, except to those who have gardens or who live in the country. *Angues fragilis* will content itself for a long period on worms, but these must be fresh, and it enjoys a slug or a small smooth caterpillar for a change. But the lizards are more fastidious, as is perhaps natural, for in their wild state they catch such insects as are in season, and have a choice of these. In the suburbs of London, I found them glad of such varieties as could be procured from the shrubs in a garden, or by digging, and small worms, caterpillars, spiders, or insects were in turn eagerly pounced upon. 'Birdie' was particularly quick in detecting a vanity and in being first to seize it. These are liked by the lizards, but not by the slow worms, the latter preferring less dry food. Centipedes were rejected by common consent.

The difficulty of meeting the dietetic requirements of certain pets reminds me of another pair of lizards that in turn inhabited the bell glass. These were brought from Brazil, and introduced to me by the name of *Tarquaus Smith*. As a pair two should perhaps terminate and dignify the latter name, to commemorate the particular Smith who bestowed it on *Tarquaus*, but *Smith* is simple and practical, and the Tarquaus Smiths was the name of my two little Brazilian lizards. The smaller one measured about eight inches from the snout to the tip of his slender tail, the larger one was ten or more inches in length. They are, however, less agreeable to handle than the previous pets, their tails being armed with very finely-pointed sharp scales in whorls. The lizards seem to know how to use this long tail protectively, having acquired a habit of retrogression, and when held, of backing out of the hand, as if with the intention of pricking or inconveniencing you with these sharp spines, which are thus converted into weapons of defence. When persistently held or detained, the pricking effect caused by this backward motion is by no means agreeable. For food, they were provided with a supply of a peculiar kind of cockroach, which infested the reptile house at the Zoological Gardens of London, near which I happened to reside, but my two little foreigners persistently declined them and any other equally tempting food. Indeed, the poor little *Smiths* were in such a feeble condition from exposure to cold during their transfer from the ship to their glass home, that the smaller one soon died.

On the voyage, they had been kept in a warm temperature, and at the Reptilium they have been preserved by artificial heat It was December when mine arrived, and though in the daytime they could be made comfortable near the fire, during the night a regular heat could not be maintained, notwithstanding, at the risk of suffocating them, warm woollen wraps were folded round and over the glass, to keep the frosty air from them

When the smaller *Teraquira* died, redoubled care was bestowed on the survivor, but unfortunately, we could not transfer the Brazilian climate to a London residence, and my *Teraquira Smith* only lived long enough to display that peculiar and yet not vicious instinct of letting you know that its tail was armed throughout its entire length with those sharp prickly scales

One more lizard pet deserves an obituary notice

'I have a horned toad from Texas down at my office,' said an Ohio editor to me, when I was visiting in that State 'Will you like to call in and see it, when you pass that way?'

The reader will surmise that a very short time elapsed ere I did 'pass that way,' and my friend the editor bade me welcome by beginning an immediate search for the 'horned toad,' which apparently was allowed the free run of the office Has the reader ever been introduced into the office of a Western newspaper editor? A chaos of 'exchanges' is its principal characteristic You wonder how one man in a lifetime, much less a week—this was the office of a weekly paper—could look over and 'scissors and clip' from that astounding miscellany However, the object now was to hunt up the toad, not news Exchanges in compact piles and loose piles were moved from shelf to table and table to shelf, exchanges half opened and unopened, exchanges already clipped and thrown under the spacious table, papers filed and papers not filed books and magazines in vast piles to be reviewed, ink of all colours in bottles of all sizes, some full, some empty, penholders and pencils enough to kindle a fire, paper knives, scissors, rulers, and clips anywhere but in their natural places, and as for manuscripts, advertisements, and advertising books—from the size of a bath towel down to the daintiest card—not to mention samples and offerings presented to the influential man in order to win a good word in his paper (here is the office boy with another armful by the mail just in), and 'copy enough for six months' use scattered about' All these things were moved, lifted, separated, swept on one side and swept back again, turned over again and again, but no toad rewarded that amiable editor's search 'Toads like damp,' I suggested, while offering my small aid in picking up a shower of literature which my friend scattered in his haste 'The poor thing can scarcely feel comfortable among this wealth of information and so near the stove'

'Well, it is an improvement on a boy's pocket, anyhow,' returned the studious man. 'I rescued it from a boy who had been carrying it about in his pocket for a whole fortnight His uncle, just from Texas, brought it for him to play with It was here half an hour ago, for I saw it,' continued the editor, rummaging a shelf of exchanges for the fourth time 'It's half dead anyhow, for horned toads won't eat when they're caught. Do, pray, take a seat—Why, there he is!' and down on the floor, in a dusty corner behind a chair which the editor drew out for me, was a poor, pretty little saurian, with a pointed tail, and a coronet of spikes round its head, which gave it a quaint and decorated appearance

'It is not a toad after all' I ventured to explain, but belief in vernaculars is strong

'Maybe it's a frog, then, there are horned frogs, too, in Texas'

On a first glance, the reptile has somewhat the appearance of a frog or a toad (with the addition of a tail) Its body was broader for its length than is usual in lizards, and its head was short and flat, looking all the more so for the horny spines, which stood out like a frill The poor little half dead thing was too feeble to struggle, and too thickly coated with dust to display any other than mud colour from its long fast, it was merely skin and skeleton, painfully concave beneath I gladly accepted it from the editor, and on reaching home gave it a bath, letting it remain in the water, and doughing it thoroughly, which seemed to invigorate it, as it tried to crawl out of the basin, and opened a pair of bright black eyes Gradually, its markings and true colour appeared, and it turned out to be an exceedingly pretty iguanian lizard but, as my friend the editor had with reason said, it is generally known in Texas as 'the horned frog,' or 'the horned toad,' or scientifically, *Phrynosoma cornutum*

It now already gave signs of recovery, and when placed on its back, could right itself, and even crawl, and was a quaint, pretty little creature, worth preserving But a tremendous obstacle here arose There were young ladies in the house, and had they known I had surreptitiously brought home a toad to 'sting them with its poisonous horn,' the consequences are too appalling to conjecture! Such a terrific creature of four and a half inches long, tail inclusive, to be introduced into the family circle! So Iguana and I kept our secret, and I slyly smuggled a large, empty flower pot into my room, and lined it with fresh grass and a clump of turf from the garden, and had the pleasure of seeing the poor little stranger nestle in it with evident satisfaction I got its mouth open and gave it water which it swallowed readily, and by and by administered a few flies, one at a time, which it also swallowed, and at night it crept under the turf Next day, it meekly swallowed more food and drank, similarly administered, and was so greatly strengthened as to try to climb up the side of the flower pot, then standing in the sunshine This great flower pot and its inmate caused me continuous alarm When any one was expected in my room, it was hidden in all manner of places, but when there was no danger of interruption, it could stand on the window ledge, fortunately hidden from outside view by a veranda beneath And in this way Iguana lived for many days, during which it rapidly improved It is not surprising that such reptiles do not eat in captivity Their habit is to pursue insects, and swiftly too, or to pounce upon one that takes its fancy, and no half-dead fly or amputated spider thrown into its cage

would excite its natural instincts But this queer little animal submitted to be fed in a ludicrous manner Without much difficulty I got its mouth open, and after suspiciously swallowing the first mouthful, it took the second and third as perseveringly as a baby fed with a spoon In this way it ate four or six insects a day, varied by a few drops of water or the soft pulp of a grape

When my visit in Ohio was terminated, Iguana was securely packed in moss in a little flat box and put in my bag, and the huge empty flower pot was left outside the window, to excite the wonder of the curious The friends I next visited knew nothing of 'horned toads' and their venomous spines, and all alarms were forestalled by my saying 'I have such a pretty little animal up stairs—a tame lizard which was given me at B —' 'Oh, do let us see it' was the unanimous reply, and when duly presented in my palm, whatever natural thinking the ladies might have felt, was overruled by the 'queer things' evident harmlessness and its undeniably pretty coat And now it was made happy in a large birdcage with a carpet of turf and moss, and when placed in the sunshine, was—in unexaggerated language—'wild with delight' My hopes were to feed and strengthen it for another week or two, by which time it might be safely consigned to a box and to hibernation But—and it is sad to end this little history with a 'but'—there came at the beginning of November some very warm days, and the sun had so much power, that when the cage was placed in the window, *Iguanoma* must have imagined itself back in Texas Only twenty minutes elapsed, and when I looked again, it was gone! How it could have squeezed itself and its long spikes between the wires, surpasses comprehension, but gone it was!

Gone it was the commotion throughout the house The square of grass plot which separated the house from the pavement, and the neighbours front gardens, and the flights of steps leading to the street, and all the gratings, possible and impossible, were hunted over by the united family, neighbours included Pavement, road, and cellars were carefully searched by my good natured cousins, after, of course, every inch of the room itself had been well examined We felt sure that the sunshine would have enticed it outwards, and we began to think poor little Iguana must have fallen a victim to some dog or cat, when one of the family, who had been out walking, came hurrying home exclaiming 'Why, here's your lizard!' I found it on the pavement away up the street, with its mouth all bleeding!'

Strange that, in a public thoroughfare, it had escaped at all. Several of its horns were broken, and its mouth was wounded internally, giving evidence of a violent struggle against the wires of the cage. It must have partly pushed its head between them, and found difficulty in extricating itself, going sideways, and then falling from the window on to some iron bars beneath The jaw and teeth on one side were much injured, for when, after this, I attempted to feed it, it struggled violently and swallowed nothing more

It never regained sufficient energy to attempt another escape, but always held its head sideways, as if stiff or in pain, and after four or five days, poor little *Phrynosoma cornutum* died, and was buried

WHERE THE TRACKS LED TO.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS—CHAP III

I DON'T know that I ever thought more closely or continually over any event in my life than I did over this queer meeting with Sam Bracebey There was too much of a coincidence about this matter, and my experience has been that coincidences do not happen unless there is something to bring them about I could make nothing of it, however, and so set seriously to work in watching Mr Godfrey But in this affair it seemed as though I was never to keep steadily on in any course, for on the very evening I was to begin my observations, I received a letter from Mr Thurlos, asking me to call on him

I found the merchant as harsh as before, and, in addition, a little inclined to be offensive, at anyrate, his banter on my want of success was particularly annoying to me He did not seem able to say anything pleasantly, and his speech ended in his throwing down a number of letters and papers, and telling me that the utterer of the forged bills had been discovered, the man himself had escaped by the merest chance, but upon his lodgings being searched, there was found among his papers correspondence which proved that he was a friend of Mr Godfrey, from whom several letters all on business matters—that is, relating to the borrowing of money—were found

'It was not to be expected,' continued the merchant, 'that these letters would state in so many words that they meant to forge bills or break into houses, but there is quite enough to show the footing they were on, and to convince us, if any more conviction were needed, that they were both in the forgery—Look over the papers, and see if you can get a hint from them'

I saw the name of the man to whom the letters were addressed, and knew it as that of a young fellow who had borne a doubtful reputation, although he had never been in actual 'trouble' He was certainly a dangerous companion for Godfrey Harleston. I took the papers, and left Mr Thurlos with the belief that the step son was in an awkward position. Hitherto, I had by no means been a believer in his guilt, but I was obliged to own that things were now looking much blacker against him Knowing as much as I did, I determined on a different course of action I resolved to make some inquiries, and, if necessary, spend some money among the associates of this newly discovered accomplice, some of whom I knew pretty well

But again I was destined to be balked in my plans—in fact, it was the continual drifting about, which seemed to be our luck just now, which made this undertaking so different from any other on which I had ever been engaged This time the interruption came from Long necked Sam, who had never been out of my waking thoughts for any one quarter of an hour since

I had seen him in the public house. I found that Sam was remanded on a serious charge, which, if proved, would probably secure him, in his own phrase, 'a lifer,' and I wished to see me at once. It was [illegible] sharp work, as only a few days had elapsed since I saw him, and now he had been apprehended, had his first hearing, and been remanded. But I knew that the police were constantly looking after him, and that he was always doing something which required him to keep out of their way as much as possible.

He would be a very fresh detective who would slight such a summons, meaningless as it might appear, for in such a business you can never tell what is going to turn up. I went, and saw him, who looked serious enough. Just as a matter of form and civility, I began to say that I was sorry to see him there, and so on.

'Never mind that, Mr Holdrey,' said Sam, 'you may be sure I did not send for you to cry over spilt milk. I was sure to be "shopped" some time or another, although I must own I thought I should have had a little longer run. No, it isn't that, it's about that business of old Thurles.—You are working with the old fellow, are you not?'

This was a staggerer! If I had ever tried to keep a business quiet, this was the one. If I had been asked to name the job which had been completely kept from coming out, I should have named this; and yet here was a notorious thief, a man who had nothing whatever to do with Thurles & Company, speaking confidently and correctly as to my share in the affair!

'Well,' I said, 'what then?' It was of no use denying it, as it was plain that Sam knew.

'The old man,' he continued, 'is employing you to find out who broke into his office, but not so much for that as to find out about some forged bills. Well, I know all about the burglary, and pretty near all about the bills. The breaking in was more in my way, as you know, but I could not do that without learning a good deal about the other.—Mr Holdrey, I have been badly used; the man who so despoil in the job has treated me shabbily, and means to act worse, I can see; so I must tell some one whom I can trust, and who will be honest with me. You know what my pals are, and that I cannot ask them, though some of them would be as true as the day; so I sent for you. Besides, you spoke up for me and helped me when you could get nothing by it. I would trust you for that good turn alone, and without it I would have trusted you, knowing your character. But I say again and again, there are not many who would have acted as you did. There's a reward out, on the quiet, for this robbery; you can get it through me.—You know my wife, don't you?'

I had seen her once or twice, and so I told him.

'Well, she has been badly used in this affair; so have I, but I meant the money for her.—I did honestly, to take her away where she was not known, and no one could bring her convict husband up against her, after he was sent off to Portland. Now, all I ask is, will you see to her and the young one, and share the reward with them? I don't ask you to do anything which may seem in the least wrong, but so far as you can, consistent with your character as a man, very different from me, help her—will you do it? And will you share what reward you get?'

I did not see that there could be much harm in promising this, and on my saying so, Sam was at once satisfied.

'Then here goes,' he said. 'These bills were forged by a friend of young Harleston—stepson to old Thurles, you know—but I am inclined to think the young fellow never got any of the money. He does not say so himself, but I have heard a little from others.'

He went on to tell me, in detail, what I had heard from Mr Thurles, but all this, he owned, was at second hand, his own share did not begin till later. Mr Godfrey had found him out—how, Sam had no idea—and proposed an easy job to him, which was, of course, to enter the office and spoil the safe. The young man made no secret of his wish to get the bills into his possession—all the rest of the property found, Sam might keep for himself. 'And there was precious little worth having, I can tell you,' said the prisoner—'only a matter of seven or eight pounds. I fancied I should have a rare haul, and, if you will believe me, I took a big bag tied round me, on purpose to hold the money. However, I gave him the papers he wanted, honourable, and in course expected him to act likewise in regard of my share. His game was to save himself in the first case, and then to get money from Mrs Thurles to buy off the people who, he pretended to her, had got the bills, and were threatening to give them up to the police.'

'Mrs Thurles! Why, that is the young fellow's own mother!' I exclaimed. 'You surely don't mean to say that he was going to play such a fraud on his mother?'

'It was not very nice, was it?' returned Sam. 'I don't pretend to any fine feelings, but when I heard his plan, I had half a mind to knock him down. But there was my wife and child to be thought of, so I simply let the matter go. Well, I know for a certainty he has had some money from her, and expects a good deal more directly. All he ever gave me was two pounds. Two pounds out of five, he said, when I knew from Bill, the potman at the *Royal Oak*, that he asked the landlord if he could cash him a cheque for a hundred that very night. The landlord could not do it, so I did not learn much more, but he saw the cheque was in a lady's writing. But without all that, where could he get a cheque for a hundred, except from Mrs Thurles? He's always worrying her. Why, he was on the business that night you met me at the public house in the mews. He had not gone on there above five minutes, when you came in.'

Recollecting on what errand it was I found myself at the public house in question, this bit of information seemed queerer than all that had gone before. It would have been so strange if I could have seen him and Sam together.

'He deceived me then,' continued Sam, 'and as I am boxed up here and can't help myself, he will deceive me again, and do me out of my lawful rights in respect of that money. So I mean to spoil him. What I have told you is the truth. I don't know whether you can do anything about the bills, as he neither forged them

not passed them; but that he arranged the cracking of his governor's crib'—everybody knows the speaker meant the breaking into the step-father's office—'and had the best of what was got, is a fact, as you can call me as a witness upon. And I will tell you this, Mr Holdrey: I am a bad one, I own, and nearly all my 'sociates are bad uns too—they have all been in quod, and will all go there again; but none of us is worse than that young Harleston, and, in fact, very few of us are so bad.'

I was disposed to agree with him, and to think the worst of a young man who could cheat a fond mother so heartlessly. I felt that I would never believe in faces again; for if ever I saw a man who looked incapable of such conduct, young Godfrey Harleston was that person.

We had a long conversation after this, in which Sam arranged that his wife should meet me the next day; I was to write and tell her when and where—which I did directly after leaving the prison.—then we were to go before a magistrate; the rest would be plain sailing.

Here, then, at last, I should be able to satisfy my employer; he would be proved to be right, and the business he had given me would be brought to a successful conclusion. I should make a handsome profit, and, as is always the case in such things, get credit for an immense amount of ability I had never shown. Yet I never felt so dissatisfied with anything in my life, and though all was now as clear as crystal, there was something in it which, like a wrong figure in a sum, would not fit.

I don't know what induced me to do it, but before going home, I went round by Thurles & Company's office, where I waited to see Mr Picknell come out. I thought as he came towards me, alone and thoughtful, under the shade of a big black wall which was there, I had never seen a more disagreeable-looking fellow. I was in his way, so that he almost ran against me. What a start he gave, to be sure! As I could see by the light of a lamp, he staggered and turned ghastly pale for an instant; but he rallied quickly, and exclaimed, with something like a laugh: 'Ah!—David!'—he paused a moment before he uttered the name—'is that you? I declare you almost startled me.'

'Yes,' I said; 'you looked as if you had seen a ghost.'

'Ghost! It would take a good many ghosts to startle me,' he began; then at once changing his tone, continued: 'Well, have you found a fresh job, David? It is just now a bad time to be out of work.'

I made some answer, and could not help keeping my eyes closely on him. He noticed this; I was sure enough of that, although he said nothing about it.

'Look in next week, David,' he went on. 'I will ask among my friends, and perhaps I may have something for you. Do not forget; this day week. Good-night.'

In a friendly manner, he went away, nodding and smiling, as much as to say he would bear me in mind; and I felt as strongly as I had ever felt anything in my life that he knew I was no messenger—that he knew I was a detective. From the first moment I had spoken to him, I had never felt confident as to his motives for being so friendly, and now I was as certain of them as if he had told me plainly. Well, after all, that need not interfere with my making use of various hints he had given me, especially as they fitted in with what I now found to be the real state of the case. But I did not like him.

The end of my engagement was now, I considered, fairly in sight. In the morning, I should go with Sam's wife to the Mansion House; young Godfrey would be arrested; I should get my two hundred and fifty of the reward; Sam's wife would have the same; and there would be an end of it all. This was a great deal of money for me to clear; but I could not feel pleased over it. I don't mean to say that I had any idea of giving up the job, now I had gone so far with it, or of refusing the reward; I was too old a bird for that; yet I could not wake up, as we may say, in the matter.

I was so absorbed in thinking of the change in my life I would make, and thinking, too, of the pleasure it would give Winny as well as myself, that I hardly noticed anybody or anything as I went along, and was so deep in thought, indeed, that I almost ran against two persons, as I turned into a quiet street which was a short cut towards my home. These persons were as interested in their conversation as I was in my reverie, for they seemed as startled as I felt myself to be. I began an apology with a smile; but the words and the smile at once died on my lips; and so with them. The girl was my Winny! my daughter, who had turned ghostly white when she recognised me; but it was her companion who had, I may say, petrified me. Little as I thought to see my Winny in company with a stranger, you may guess what I felt when I saw that stranger was—of all men in the world—Godfrey Harleston!

For the moment I could not believe my eyes; yet, as if by some magical vision, I recalled the night when I thought I had seen Winny in the crescent. I now knew I had seen her; and I recognised her companion as clearly as though I had seen him a hundred times over. Brief as was the glance I had had on that night of him, I knew him as being the same man to an absolute certainty.

Winny was the first to recover herself, although, by her colour coming and going as it did, I could see how unnerved she was. Turning to her companion, she said: 'This is my father, Godfrey.—It is very strange we should have met him at this moment, is it not?—Father, this is'——

'Silence, Winny!' I exclaimed. My voice had somehow turned so hoarse and harsh that it was not like my voice at all. 'I want no introduction here. You will come home with me, and I shall then be glad to hear an explanation of what'—— I could not very well finish the sentence.

Winny turned pale; she had never been spoken to by me in such a manner in all her life.

'I trust, Mr Holdrey,' said the young man—and his tone was very pleasant—'you are not in any way displeased with—with your daughter; indeed, we were just agreeing to wait on you to-morrow morning'——

'Do not come, then!' I interrupted. I could

not help glancing at Winny, who looked as much astonished as frightened at hearing me speak like this, for I am not a rude man in general

'I am sorry to hear you say so,' continued Mr Harleston 'It is my fault, not Winny's, that we have not called on you long before I have only wanted to see some serious business settled which has troubled me a great deal. Yet now I think I was wrong Let me walk home with you now'

'No!' I said sternly—'no, sir! I shall take my daughter home, and as I wish to have no further argument in the street, I shall bid you good night'

The tears, which had been standing in Winny's eyes, had now overflowed, and were trickling down her cheeks My heart ached as I saw this, but I grew angry, too, at seeing her, instead of at once joining me, turn her pale face to him with an inquiring look, as though asking permission—asking permission of *him* to obey her father'

'Yes, Winny dear,' he said gently, 'you had better go Your father does not understand all, and is naturally hurt, but I will see him to morrow Keep up a good heart, dearest!' And with that he bent his head and kissed her, she lifting her face without the least shyness or shame

I took her arm, and without another word, led her away I hailed an omnibus, and we got in I did this on purpose that there might be no opportunity for argument or pleading until we reached home When we did so, I quickly lit the gas, drew down the blinds, and so forth while Winny, having taken off her bonnet and pelisse, stood as pale and motionless as a statue, leaning on the table in the middle of the room

I never felt a greater difficulty in speaking than I did then, not only was my voice hoarse, but my throat seemed blocked, however, it had to be done 'Winifred,' I said, 'I could not have believed it possible that you would have had an acquaintance unknown to me—and such an acquaintance! A man who —— I could not help hesitating here—what I had to say was so dreadfully unpleasant

'Father!' cried Winny—her voice was low but distinct, it was firmer than mine—'Mr Godfrey Harleston is at least a friend of whom I need not be ashamed I am not ashamed of him!'

'Poor silly girl!' I exclaimed, 'you will be only too soon'—

'Never!' she interrupted, in the same low firm tone

'You little know what is before you,' I continued, 'and I only wish I had been aware of this intimacy earlier, to have saved you, perhaps, from some suffering That young man is a suspected forger, and certainly an accomplice of burglars!—Hear me out, Winny! It will be best. I have been on his track for weeks, and at last all is brought home I fear it will shock you to learn it, but he is a lost man, and in the morning I am under an engagement to apply at the Mansion House for a warrant for his arrest! There is no hope or chance for him, he will sleep in prison to morrow night!'

I saw that Winny repressed a shriek by a great effort. For a moment a spasm convulsed her features, which quite frightened me, and then, in a strange, gasping voice, which had nothing in it like my Winifred's gentle tones, she cried, again clasping her hands tightly upon her breast 'He a criminal! He to be thrown in prison by you—by you, father! Never! You know not what you are saying Father, you are talking of my husband!'

A TALE OF NASEBY FIELD

About four miles from Market Harborough lies a little village, which we will call Bullenham It is one of the most peaceful spots in all the peaceful Midlands The houses are scattered here and there, divided from each other by orchards and farm closes, one or two quiet shops supply the modest wants of the people, and several large farms provide the rude fathers of the village with labour The old church, square towered and gray, stands amidst the cottages The curfew bell is still rung every night, and many another quaint custom survives the displacement of old world life made all over England by modern manufactures and railways The only disturbances to which the village is now liable is the invasion of its wide street and spacious green by foxhounds and scarlet coated hunters, who, during the season, often meet there But two centuries ago the village was invaded by the Cavalier army on its way from Harborough to Naseby, there to meet defeat at the hands of Fairfax and Cromwell and their unclaunted Roundheads The military events of that time, and the momentous national changes they effected, are familiar to every one and as they form no part of our story, we shall not dwell on them, for on the edge of the splendid blazonry of history there are often homely incidents which the historian and philosopher reject, and it is such an event, full of domestic and human interest, that we propose to narrate

A few days before the battle, a troop of Rupert's horse was holding the village of Bullenham, and, with wild riot and plunder, terrifying the hearts of the farmers and their wives The post was of some importance, for it lay just half way between Harborough, where King Charles was staying, and that wide moorland on which the Parliamentary army was manœuvring Nearly the whole of the Royalist soldiers passed through Bullenham, so that the villagers saw enough and to spare of the pomp and circumstance of war The young officer who commanded the cavalry troop quartered in the village was named Henry Melford, and he had established himself in a small farm house The household consisted of the farmer and his wife and one daughter, their only child Captain Melford was not a rough soldier, but a refined man, accustomed to good society At the same time, he had a delightfully frank manner, quick sympathies, and a homely naturalness and power of adaptation which went far to reconcile Dame Dimbell to the invasion of

her household privacies and the subversion of all her established hours and methods. Her husband's talk was of oven, and he took little interest in the questions that were then rising society to its centre. A stolid, characterless man, he rose with the dawn to go through his placid routine of occupations, and smoked his pipe in the chimney in the evening. The outdoor work of his small farm he managed almost entirely himself, while his wife and neat handed daughter remained inside the threshold. Barbara was a bright, plump, merry creature, who sang old ballads from morning till night, save when a snatch of some favourite church anthem broke in graver notes from her lips. She had lived in unwonted excitement since the soldiers had entered the village, and what mischief might have come about had she been allowed to yield to her own coquettish impulses is hard to say. But Captain Melford had none of the licentiousness which characterised many of the Royalist soldiers. He had indeed something of the chivalrous purity of an olden knight, and he had not only warned Barbara against possible danger, but had made it well understood that the maiden was not to be approached by the soldiers. Consequently, the pretty damsel was comparatively safe, and honest John Sprayby, who for a year or two had been hovering about her, was not likely to be distarded for some bolder and lighter wooer.

One evening, after Captain Melford had received the reports of his sergeant, and had given orders for the various watches to be kept during the night, he began to take his ease in the spacious farm kitchen. The table was spread for supper, and he sat down to do hearty justice to the homely old English fare.

'Come, lass,' he cried, 'give me a draught of your home brewed. 'Tis the best drink I have tasted since Prince Rupert gave me a stirrup-cup a week ago.—And what's this? By all this good, a stuffed chine! Ah! this is better than all your cut lickshaws, and I will stay my stomach well if there should be any fighting to-morrow,' and so saying, he laid at one a pound or so upon his plate and applied himself vigorously to its consumption. 'And where is your pretty daughter, Mistress Dimbell?' he asked after a time. 'Is she with her sweetheart? Ah, if you'll only wait until we've beaten those confounded Round heads, I'll set that they let married. There's a certain fair lady bradin, her heart over me now, and so I can feel for pretty Barbara in these wild times.'

'I am sure your honour is very good,' said the farmer's dame, 'and I wish you were safe out of all this fighting, for I should be sorry to see you come by any hurt.'

Just then a loud knock shook the door, and going to it, Mrs Dimbell saw a trooper leading his horse. Both man and beast were covered with dust and sweat from hard riding. 'Is Captain Melford in?' he asked in a loud tone. Melford could not avoid hearing the question, for the kitchen opened directly on the road, and so he jumped up and hurried to the door.

'These for you, sir,' said the trooper respectfully on seeing the captain, and handed him a large packet of papers. 'There are stirring times at hand, and we're going to have at Old Noll.'

'Ah!' said the captain, 'is that so? Well, come in, Radbourne, and eat something while I read these letters. You can tie your horse up to yonder tree, there is a sentinel will have an eye on him.'

'Thank your honour,' said the soldier. 'I shall be none the worse for a comfortable meal. We've been on the march since sunrise this morning, and I've tasted nothing but a pot of small beer since monday.' Having fastened his horse briddle to the tree, he soon seated himself at the table, where he made a mighty attack on the stuffed chine, and emptied almost at a draught the brown jug of ale.

While he was thus engaged, the captain was busy reading his despatches and writing a reply to one of them. When he was ready, he called the soldier, and said: 'Here, Radbourne, you must hurry back with all speed. Give this letter to the Prince, and say that all shall be done as he orders. You had better take your horse to the stable and rub him down and feed him, for it won't do to break down to-night. But don't delay starting, and keep your pistols loose.'

'All right, captain,' said Radbourne, as he prepared to carry out these directions, at the same time casting a fond look at the empty ale jug.

The captain saw his glance, and said laughingly: 'Come, good Mistress Dimbell, get this thirsty soul another draught, and he shall drink it to your health when he's ready to start.'

When the trooper was gone, Captain Melford went to the door and whistled loudly, whereupon the sergeant of his troop came from a neighbouring cottage, and to him the captain gave certain orders, and then turned back to his interrupted supper. On entering the kitchen again, he found pretty Barbara Dimbell there, and seated in a corner was a rustic youth, who evidently, even in those stirring times, found in Barbara's smiles an attraction of the most potent kind. Melford greeted him with a friendly smile, for he had found considerable amusement in watching the unsophisticated courtship of these two blushing lovers.

Mrs Dimbell said to him: 'Come, sir, it's a shame you can't have a meal in peace; now, do sit down and finish.'

He looked graver than usual as he resumed his place at the table, and after a while said, almost as if he were speaking to himself: 'This may be my last meal, who knows? I and my men are to set off by cockcrow, and I fear we shan't all come back. Perhaps it's my turn this time.'

'Well, sir,' said the farmer's wife, 'every bullet has its billet, as the saying is, but don't be cast down. I hope we shall see you come riding back all right. But, God help us! these are bad times, when a man can't be sure of his own life, let alone the beasts as he has brought up and the crops he has reaped. There's our corn-stack has been carried half away this very week as ever was, and if it hadn't been for your honour speaking up, we should not have had a cow left, and as for Barbara and John coming together, why, it's my opinion as they'll have

to wait years before we can turn ourselves again'

The lovers looked up at this new view of things, and stared with undisguised dismay at each other.

But Captain Melford burst into a hearty laugh, and cried out 'Nay, things are not so bad as that—Cheer up, my little apple blossom, and see if you don't get married before the year is out, and if I can't come and dance at your wedding, I'll send you something to remember me by—But where is your husband, mistress, for I want to see him before I go to bed!'

The farmer, being called by his wife, made his appearance from one of the outhouses, where he had been attending to the wants of his cattle He saluted the captain respectfully, and waited to hear what he had to say

Beckoning them both into another room, the captain said 'Dimbell, I've got orders to march early in the morning, as a big fight is expected to morrow Now, I want you and your good wife to take care of this money for me There's nearly four hundred pounds in this bag, and it's too much to carry about, especially when a man may get an ugly knock that will settle him entirely So do you put it in some safe corner, and if I come out of the fight all right, you shall give it me again, and I'll pay you well for what I've had here But if I should be killed, you may keep the money for yourselves, and buy a bigger farm with it'

'Well, sir,' said the farmer, 'I'm sure I'll do my best to keep it safe, and I hope as how you'll come back to claim it; for your honour has been a civil gentleman to us, and has kept us from being eaten up by them soldiers, and I'm sure we all wish you might come back safe'

'Thanks, my good friends,' was the reply 'And now I'll go to bed and get a few hours sleep'

The next morning he was up and away almost before the proverbial cockcrow After his departure, Dimbell and his wife spent some time in searching for a secure hiding place for the money intrusted to their care. That day, little work was done in the village, for the wild sounds of war came fitfully on the air as the incidents of the epoch making battle of Naseby succeeded one another through the day Some adventurous youths, who had followed the Royalist troops on their march, brought back fragmentary tidings of fierce strife and strange confusions, and of how they had seen the King's carriage, and the King himself sitting in it As the afternoon wore away, tumultuous bands of men came hurrying through the village and made with all speed for Market Harborough Their numbers increased, until it became evident that the Royalist army was in full retreat At last, when the main bodies of both horse and foot had passed, and only wounded stragglers were to be seen, there came riding into the village a compact body of stern horsemen, who speedily occupied every point of vantage, and took prisoners all the Royalist soldiers they found. The post was now in the hands of the Parliamentary army, and it was not long before trembling and terrified Mistress Dimbell was bidden to prepare accommodation for two officers in her house. The next day, fresh dispositions were made, and the village was left in comparative quiet, only a dozen soldiers remaining to prevent communications with the Royalist army

The third day after, as John Sprayby was returning home from some rustic occupation in the dusk of the evening, he saw a strange figure crawling along under the shadow of the hedge At first, it seemed like some beast, but as he drew nearer, he heard human groans proceeding from it Evidently some wounded soldier was dragging himself painfully along, and John went towards him to see if he could render any help He then saw that the poor man was crawling on his hands and one foot, the other foot being broken and crushed Approaching still closer, he felt a shock of surprise and grief as he recognised Captain Melford

'Why, Master Melford,' said he, 'is that you, sir? Oh! what a pity! Here, lean on me, sir,' and the good hearted John blubbered lustily as he knelt down and strove to ease the poor man's pain

The captain was so exhausted that he could hardly speak, but he held John's hand tightly as he said faintly 'How far is it to Mistress Dimbell's? Are there any soldiers in the village?'

'Well, sir,' replied John, 'there's a few of 'em left, but there's none at Dimbell's now, so, if you would stop here a bit, I'll go and fetch somebody, and we'll make shift to get you there. Perhaps, if we take you the back way over the fields, none o' the soldiers'll see us'

'Do, John,' said the wounded man, 'and I'll lie down here and stop quiet But, for God's sake, don't be long, for I'm almost done'

Upon this away went John, and soon returned with help enough to carry the wounded man to his old quarters in the farmhouse The good dame and her daughter, who had prepared a bed immediately upon John's report, hastened to wash and roughly dress the wound, and to feed the famished and half dead man All night they watched and tended him, but in the morning he was evidently worse, and seemed sinking down to death There was no surgical aid near, and they dare not let his plight be known, for fear of the soldiery All day he lay in a kind of stupor, hardly noticing the presence of any one, but in the evening he revived a little, and could speak He called the farmer to him, and said brokenly to him and his wife 'My good friends, you've been very kind to me I know I'm dying, you must be my heirs Keep that money—the money I left with you Let pretty Barbara get married Tell John I think him for bringing me here I hope you'll prosper I shall be gone soon May God have mercy on my King, and on my country! I die willingly for them'

After this, he conversed no more, but lay breathing heavily, with his eyes fixed, and acknowledging only by a touch the kind offices that were done him. About ten o'clock at night, the farmhouse door was flung ruddy open, and a loud voice called for the master of the house. Hurrying forward, Dimbell found himself confronted by a Parliamentary officer, and saw that the house was surrounded by soldiers. The officer said, 'Whom have you got up stairs? I

shall require you to answer for harbouring traitors Come, show me the way'

The farmer, with a sinking heart, showed the officer the room, and he entered noisily, crying 'Come, come, who are you?'

The dying man, somewhat aroused, turned his glazing eyes towards the sound, but took no further notice

'O sir,' said the farmer's wife, weeping and wringing her hands, 'I'm afeared as he's dying Look at him, and you'll see as he can't be moved O dear, O dear! Good gentleman, don't you touch him'

The officer, like most men of his class, though stern and uncompromising in duty, was far from unkindly, and was a deeply religious man In the presence of death, all differences were dwarfed, and common humanity asserted itself He turned to the dying man with a subdued manner and grave inquiries 'Ah! brother,' said he, 'this is an hour to prove the vanity of earthly things I would fain ask if you have made your peace on high, and laid down your weapons of rebellion against the Divine Majesty? Bethink you that He is a God pardoning iniquity, transgression, and sin, and showing mercy unto all truly penitent souls Look to the man and glorified Mediator, for I am not one of those who would bid men in their thoughts on Calvary, as if what was done there were still in course of being accomplished But rest ye on a completed Atonement whereby thy peace is purchased for ever Then thou shalt have no fear even in the gloomy valley'

The dying man had recognised the officer as an opponent, and at first there had been a faint thrill of resistance to his words But the tone was so sincerely kind, and there was such evident human interest and religious earnestness, that he accepted with a grateful look the exhortation addressed to him No word passed his lips, but his eyes glanced upwards as if in silent prayer The officer knelt down, and poured out with Puritan quaintness and fervour strong intercessions for the sufferer, praying that he might not fail of eternal glory The awed farmer and his wife listened as to a strange tongue, and when the voice ceased Captain Melford was heard to say 'Amen' They then saw one convulsive shudder pass through his frame, and all was over—Death had claimed his own

What remains can be narrated briefly The officer gave orders that the funeral should be conducted reverently, and on learning the name and rank of Captain Melford, undertook to communicate with his friends After a time, the soldiers withdrew from the village, and its quiet life once more flowed into its former channels John Sprayby and Barbara Dimbell were then married, and the old folks cautiously brought forward Captain Melford's legacy, and set up the young ones on a farm It was the beginning of assured prosperity to them, and to this day their descendants, still bearing the name of Sprayby, are found on the same farm The little village of Bullenham bears no trace of the rough edge of war which once descended upon it, nor do many even of the neighbours know how from the red wall of battle sprang the large and peaceful prosperity of the Sprayby family.

THE GORSE

As I lingered at the window,
Weary of the summer haze,
Looking out upon the shadows
Of the now deserted street,
Came with gleam of yellow blossoms
Scattered memories faintly glad,
Wakened by the furze and heather
In the cap of country lad

Ah! the rover horizon bounded,
With its wealth of blossom gold,
Ah! the reach of swelling upland,
Boulder dotted, bare and cold,
Ah! the sweep across the heather
Of the breezes, wild and free,
Bringing from the land of summer
Distant murmurs of the sea.

In the grayness of the dawning
Ere the sun had tinged the deep
With the glory of his coming,
And the hills were yet asleep,
Merrily we pressed the heather
As we went towards the sea,
For the world was all before us,
And the day was yet to be

There we planned a noble future,
As the heralds of the light
Bearing messages of success
To the children of the night
We would face the world together,
Fight the evil hand in hand,
As the knights in ancient legend
Slew the tyrants of the land

Thus we dreamed, and thus we purposed
With the eager hearts of youth,
And we gathered yellow blossoms
As the emblems of our truth,
For the ridicule and scoffing
Would be thorns upon our way,
But the gold of love would sweeten
All the labours of the day

But our dreaming never deepened
Into deeds of here and night,
For the black law Angel beckoned
At the coming of the night
One obeyed the silent summons,
And the waking comrade wept,
While the darkening mists of sorrow
O'er the plains of morning crept

Through the summer and the winter,
Through the sunshine and the cold,
Evermore the gorse is blooming,
Crowning all the heath with gold,
And a toiler in the city
Dreams of moments grave and glad
As he sees the spoil of heather
In the cap of country lad

C. A. Dawson.

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, 47 Paternoster Row, London, and 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

All Rights Reserved.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL
OF
POPULAR
LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART
Fifth Series
ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832
CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)

No. 134.—Vol. III. SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1886 Price 1½d.

THE GERMANISATION OF AMERICA.

Those who know any part of America, or have even a small acquaintance with Americans, will not have been surprised at the list of names published in the daily papers of the persons who were arrested as the authors of the late disturbance at Chicago. With perhaps one exception, there is not an English name among them; they are all foreign, and to the true American public, must bring home in full force the certain operation of a process hitherto only half apparent—that their country is fast passing through a period of incubation, which, if allowed to continue, will end in the development of a new Germanism, destroying the individuality of the Anglo-Saxon, and flooding the land with theories for the relief of an Old World discontent.

Before steamships and railways had made travel a matter of comparative ease, it was customary to laugh at the peculiarities of our American cousins, in the belief they were the result of the natural growth of transatlantic life, but a wider knowledge of the continent has brought to light the indisputable fact that they are to a very considerable extent the habits and customs of the lower middle class of Germany. The true American, taking into consideration difference of thought, is as much a gentleman, from the English point of view, as the Englishman himself. If there is anything which characterises an Englishman, as distinct from the rest of his species, it is his sensitiveness on the point of similarity to his kind, and his willingness in carrying this out, to submit himself to personal inconvenience, rather than allow any singularity to appear. Where this comes in, the American does not bow to the same strict conventional rule, his constant activity and the disembitude of life having of necessity forced him to take circumstances into account. Laying aside the distinction, however, and it is one which does not always intrude itself, making allowance also for a greater conservatism which has retained old English customs and expressions, where is the line to be drawn in cultivated circles between an Englishman and an American? If, also, we look into the great upper middle classes of the two countries, who will grant that the dead level of uniformity in England is more attractive in its outward than its inward form, and who will doubt that for the pleasure of intercourse, the advantage is wholly on the side of America both as regards originality of thought and freedom from restraint?

The juvenile republican of Europe, panting on the outskirts of exclusivism, makes a great mistake when he imagines America is free from 'class' prejudice. Let him emigrate to a house on the wrong side of Boston, and we can promise he will have leisure during the remainder of his life to calculate the difference in degree between the descendants of those whose patent of nobility bears the date of the *Mayflower* and the representatives in the Old World of Norman blood. In the present day, we take it for granted the society of every country is willing to welcome the man of genius or money who is, besides, a gentleman, and does not run his head against established facts. Be that as it may, there is one thing certain—the old idea of Americans, considered typical of the race, and still lingering in some quarters, is entirely an error.

Let us look at a few of the supposed characteristics of our 'cousins'—one and all taken from the travelling citizen of other days, but who latterly has faded into the background before the true American, and is only now to be seen in second class hotels or lodgings. Does he ask interminable questions with the curiosity of an inquisitor, till nothing remains but a point blank demand to know the amount of your income? If so, engage rooms in a German *pension*, and relate your experiences after a three days' stay. Does he worry you to death with a skilful display of the knife trick? Go to a German pastry cook's and watch the same performance at four o'clock in the afternoon by a well dressed young lady on a solid pie. Does he smoke everywhere

and spit freely? Enter a Paris tramway car or a second class German railway carriage, and you will learn that Uncle Sam has not the monopoly of expectorating power. Does his square cut coat hang upon him like a sack? Does he wear shirt fronts and glazed cuffs, long boots with high heels, and a hat whose style has originated in his inner bosom? If you have observed these things, go to any small German town and see their prototypes. Does he destroy his digestion by drinking iced water as he sits down to dinner? Does he eat a heavy meal in the middle of the day and hurry off as if the table were hot? Does he brag like a schoolboy and believe that existence centres in himself? If he does, make the acquaintance of the first German at the nearest western place. Does he, in his native town, when aspiring to a higher place in the respect of the citizens, turn himself quite inside out in the effort to be agreeable? Does he take his hat off to the man of distinction with a wide wave, forgetful of his own dignity, eyeing him with suppressed jealousy, and when he dares, endeavouring to patronise, as a means of recommending himself to notice, the realisation of ich eingebildet ich which is shot out occasionally more especially in Austria? If so, study the German character in the lower middle class. Is this class, however, making all allowance for humanity morally sound and is it the same in the United States? We answer unhesitatingly, 'Yes' though perhaps in Europe it ought to be limited to Northern Germany. We would also affirm that the men in both countries are intellectually decidedly above their customs or their manners, while the women ripen early, and have a natural vivacity added to good appearance, which supplies the want of a corresponding culture.

It would be easy to multiply questions proving the origin of supposed American anisms, and indeed, the better classes are more tinged with continental ways than they might care to admit, as, for instance, the 'Papa' and 'Mamma' of well born babies, or the Mrs Colonel and Mrs Dr so and so, like the Frau Pastor or Frau Doctor of Germany, but we have only dared to show how the foundation has been almost unconsciously laid for the naturalisation of European customs, and, as a consequence, of thought also, so that what is called American is really German. These ideas have been carried to America, of course, by the tide of emigration, and as the population grew out of the emigrants of all nations, native manners were partially lost by the lower orders.

That America should be more Germanised than Irishised or Frenchified is a tribute to the higher qualities of the Teuton, and that a certain class of Americans could become so transformed from its original type, only tells how completely it has been absorbed, and how far away it already is from the Anglo Saxon race. That this is a matter of grief to all true Americans, is well known, and it is always said, whenever a case comes up, the man in question is a 'German American.' The tenacity of the Teuton has preserved his individuality under foreign conditions, and he now forms a distinctly powerful element in the country, lives the same way as if he were in Germany, thinks the same thoughts, and clings to his language. The American, true to trade instincts, has studied his wants and ministered to them, as, for example, in the consumption of Rio coffee, so that in a way he is responsible for the fostering of nationalities. Societies, too, representing these, formed on philanthropic grounds, everywhere exist, and though the man may call himself American, he is in reality partly Irish, Swiss, or Dutch.

There is, therefore, a hard task before the American people—the necessity to weld into an harmonious whole European elements with long histories of animosity to each other, at all times more or less active, possessing Old World grievances that are inoperative in the United States, and bent upon maintaining their own ideas under the shelter of a common home. That measures will be taken to suppress the disturbances of divers nationalities whenever they occur against the American people, there is no doubt, but it is rather hard upon a new country to have to submit up to fighting point to the airing of doctrines which do not affect it, and that might create artificial grievances causing endless trouble. In the attempt to banish national distinctions, to develop the Anglo Saxon race, America has a firm friend here and just as her truest sons, when desirous of looking beyond themselves, turn for their inspirations to the genius of the British people so do we in return take a leaf from that chapter of events in the progress of humanity which it seems to be the mission of Americans to arrange.

IN ALL SHADES

CHAPTER XXXVII

TWILIGHT, the beautiful serene tropical twilight, was just gathering on Wednesday evening, when the negroes of all the surrounding country, fresh from their daily work in the cane pieces, with cutlasses and sticks and cudgels in their hands, began to assemble silently around Louis Dalgado's hut, in the bend of the mountains beside the great clump of feathery cabbage palms. A terrible and motley crowd they looked, bareheaded and bare of foot, many of them with their powerful black arms wholly naked, and thrust loosely through the wide sleeve holes of the coarse sack like shirt which, with a pair of ragged trousers, formed their sole bodily covering. Most of the malcontents were men, young and old, sturdy and feeble, but among them there were not a few fierce looking girls and women, plantation hands of the wildest and most unkempt sort, carelessly dressed in short ragged filthy kirtles, that reached only to the knee, and with their woolly hair tangled and matted with dust and dirt, instead of being covered with the comely and becoming bandana turban of the more civilised and decent household negresses. Those women carried cutlasses too, the ordinary agricultural implement of all sugar growing tropical countries, and one had but to glance at their stalwart black arms or their powerful naked legs and feet, as well as at their cruel laughing faces, to see in a moment that if need were, they could

wield their blunt but heavy weapons fully as effectively and as ruthlessly in their own way as the resolute, vengeful men themselves So wholly unnerved were they, indeed, by brutal field labour and brutal affections, that it was hard to look upon them closely for a minute and believe them to be really and truly women

The conspirators assembled silently, it is true, so far as silence under such circumstances is ever possible to the noisy demonstrative negro nature, but in spite of the evident effort which every man made at self restraint, there was a low under current of whispered talk, accompanied by the usual running commentary of grimaces and gesticulations, which made a buzz or murmur hum constantly through the whole crowd of five or six hundred armed semi savages Now and again the women especially, looking down with delightful anticipation at their newly whetted cutlasses, would break out into hoarse ungovernable laughter, as they thought to themselves of the proud white throats they were going to cut that memorable evening, and the dying cries of the little white pickaninnies they were going to massacre in their embroidered lace bassinettes

'It warm me heart, Mistah Delgado, sah,' one white haired, tottering, venerable old negro mumbled out slowly with a pleasant smile, 'to see so many good neighbour all come togedder again for kill de buckra It long since I see fine gadering like dis I mind de time, sah, in slavery day, when I was young man, just begin for to make lub to de le adies, how we rose all togedder under John Trelawney down at Star Apple Bottom, go hunt de white folk in de great insurrection Ha, dem was times, sah—dem was times, I tellin' you de trut', me fren', in de great insurrection We beat de goomba drum, we go up to Mistah Pourtalès—same what flog me mudder so unmerciful dat de buckra judge even fine him—an we catch de massa himself, an' we beat him dead wit stick an' cutlass Ha, ha, dem was times, sah Den we catch de young le adies, an' we hack dem all to pieces, an' we burn de bodies Den we go on to odder house, take all de buckra we find, shoot some, roast some same we roast pig, an' burn some in dem own houses Dem was times, sah—dem was times I doan't spose naygur now will do like we do when I is young man But dis is good meeting, fine meeting we cry "Colour for colour," "Buckra country for us," an' de Lard prosper us in de work we hab in hand! Hallelujah!'

One of the women stood listening eagerly to this thrilling recital of early exploits, and asked in a hushed voice of the intensest interest 'An' what de end ob it all, Mistah Corella? What come ob it? How you no get buckra house, den, for youself lib in?'

The old man shook his head mournfully, as he answered with a meditative sigh 'Ah, buckra too strong for us—too strong for us altogedder, come upon us too many Colonel Macgregor, him come wit plenty big army, gun an' bayonet, an' shoot us down, an' charge us ridin', so we all frightened, an' run away hide in de bush right up in de mountains Den dem bring Cuban bloodhound, hunt us out, an dem hab court-martial, an' dem sut on Trelawney, an' dem hang him, hang him dead, de buckra. An' dem hang plenty We kill twenty—twenty two—twenty four buckra, an' buckra kill hundred an' eighty poor naygur, to make tings even For one buckra, dem kill ten, fifteen, twenty naygur But my master hide me till martial law blow ober, because I is strong, hearty young naygur, an' can work well for him down in cane piece Him say "Doan't must kill valuable property!" An' I get off dat way So dat de end ob John Trelawney him rebellion'

If the poor soul could only have known it, he might have added with perfect truth that it was the end of every other negro rebellion too, the white man is always too strong for them But hope springs eternal in the black breast as in all others, and it was with a placid smile of utter oblivion that he added next minute 'But we doan't gwine to be beaten dis time We too strong ourselbes now for de soldier an' de buckra Delgado make tings all snug, buy pistol, drill naygur, plan battle, till we sure ob de victory De Lard wit us, an' Delgado him serbant'

At that moment, Louis Delgado himself stepped forward, erect and firm, with the unmistakable air of a born commander, and said a few words in a clear low earnest voice to the eager mob of armed rioters 'Me frens,' he said, 'you must obey orders Go quiet, an' make no noise till you get to de buckra house Doan't turn aside for de rum or de trash houses, we get plenty rum for ourselbes, I tellin' you, when we done killed all de buckra Doan't set fire to de house anywhere, only kill de male white folk, we want house to lib in ourselbes, when de war ober Doan't burn de factories, we want factory for make sugar ourselves when de buckra dribben altogedder clean out ob de country Doan't light fire at all, if you light fire, de soldiers in Port ob Spain see de blaze directly, an' come up an fight us hard, before we get togedder enough black man to make sure ob de glorious victory Nebber mind de buckra lady, we can get dem when we want dem kill, kill, kill! dat is de watchword Kill, kill, kill de buckra, an' de Lard delibber de rest into de hands ob his chosen people' As he spoke, he raised his two black hands, palm upwards, in the attitude of earnest supplication, towards the darkening heaven, and flung his head fervently backward, with the whites of his big eyes rolling horribly, in his unspoken prayer to the God of battles

The negroes around, caught with the contagious enthusiasm of Delgado's voice and mutely eloquent gesture, flung up their own dusky hands, cutlasses and all, with the self same wild and expressive pantomime, and cried aloud, in a scarcely stifled undertone 'De Lard delibber dem, de Lard delibber dem to Louis Delgado'

The old African gazed around him complacently for a second at the goodly muster of armed followers, to the picked men among whom Isaac Pourtalès was already busily distributing the pistols and the cartridges 'Are von ready, me fren's?' he asked again, after a short pause And, like a deep murmur, the answer rang unanimously from that great tumultuous black mass 'Praise de Lard, sah, we ready, we ready!'

'Den march!' Delgado cried, in the loud tone of a commanding officer, and suiting the action to the word, the whole mob turned after him

silently, along the winding path that led down by tortuous twists from the clump of cabbage palms to the big barn-like Orange Grove trash houses.

With their naked feet and their cat-like tread, the negroes marched along far more silently than white men could ever have done, toward the faint lights that gleamed fitfully beyond the gully. If possible, Delgado would have preferred to lead them straight to Orange Grove house, for his resentment burnt fiercest of all against the Dupuy family, and he wished at least, whatever else happened, to make sure of massacring that one single obnoxious household. But it was absolutely necessary to turn first to the trash houses and the factory, for rumours of some impending trouble had already vaguely reached the local authorities. The two constables of the district stood there on guard, and the few faithful and trustworthy plantation hands were with them there, in spite of Mr Dupuy's undiguised reluctance, half expecting an insurgent attack that very evening. It would never do to leave the enemy thus in the rear, ready either to attack them from behind, or to tear down the mills and seek for aid at Port of Spain. Delgado's plan was therefore to carry each plantation entire as he went, without allowing time to the well-affected negroes to give the alarm to the whites in the next one. But he was greatly the perils and temptations to which he exposed for his unruly army. 'Whatever dat the factory me frens, the constables, rubber dat you do, once, turn sarcer.' African muttered more than blackra[illegible] ing round beseechingly to his ragged followers, 'doun't drink de new rum, in doun't set fire to de buckra trash houses.'

At the foot of the little knoll under whose base the trash houses lay, they came suddenly upon one of the faithful field hands, Napoleon Floreal, whose fidelity Delgado had already in vain attempted with his rude persuasions. The negroes singled him out at once for their first vengeance. Before the man could raise so much as a sharp shout, Irwe Pourtal's hill stood him from behind and gagged his mouth with a loose bandana. Two of the other men, quick as lightning, snatched his arms, and held them bent back in a very painful attitude behind his shoulders. 'If you a wit us,' Delgado said, in a hoarse whisper, 'lift your right foot, kill dis Floreal kept both feet pressed doggedly down with negro courage upon the ground. 'Him is traitor, traitor!' Pourtal muttered, between his clenched teeth. 'Him hab black skin, but white heart. Kill him, kill him!'

In a second, a dozen angry negroes had dashed forward, with their savage cutlasses brandished doit in the air, ready to hack their offending fellow-countryman into a thousand pieces. But Delgado, his black hands held up with a warning in before them, thundered out in a tone of bitter indignation 'Doun't kill him!—doun't kill him! My children, kill in good order. Dar is plenty buckra for you to kill, without went to kill your own brudder. Tie de hankercher around him mout', bind rope around him arm an' leg, an' throw him down de gully yonder among de cactus jungle!'

As he spoke, one of the men produced a piece of stout rope from his pocket, brought for the very purpose of tying the 'prisoner,' and proceeded to wind it tightly around Floreal's body. They fastened it well round arms and legs, stuffed the bandana firmly in his mouth so as to check all his futile attempts at shouting, and rolled him over the slight bank of earth, down among the thick scrub of prickly cactus. Then, as the blood spurted out of the small wounds made by the sharp thorns, they gave a sudden low yell, and burst in a body upon the guardians of the trash houses.

Before the two black policemen had time to know what was actually happening, they found themselves similarly gagged and bound, and tossed down beside Napoleon Floreal on the prickly cactus bed. In a minute, the insurgents had surrounded the trash houses, cut down and captured the few faithful negroes, and marched them along unwillingly in their own body, as hostages for the better behaviour of the Orange Grove house servants.

'Now, me frens,' Delgado shouted, with fierce energy, 'down wit de Dupuys! We gwine to humble de proud white man! We must hab blood! De Lord is wit us! He hat' put down de mighty from dair seats, an' hat' exalted de lowly in much!'

But as he spoke, one or two of the heaviest-hearted among the rioters began to cast their longing eyes upon the untouched hogsheads. 'De rum, de rum!' one of them cried hoarsely. 'We want sumfin for keep our courage up. Little drop o' rum help nayger man well to humble de buckra!'

Delgado rushed forward and placed himself resolutely, pistol in hand, before the seductive hogsheads. 'Whoebber dink a drop ob dis rum dis blessed dream,' he hissed out angrily, 'before all de Dupuys is lyin' cold in dair own houses, I shoot him dead here wit dis very pistol!'

But the foremost rioters only laughed louder than before, and one of them even when had the pistol suddenly from his leader's grasp with an unexpected side movement. 'Look hyar, Mistah Delgado,' the man said quietly, 'dis man is all our risin', an' we has got to hab voice ourselves in de partikler way we gwine to manage him. We doun't gwine away witout de rum, an' we gwine to break just one little puckaine hogshead.' At the word, he raised his cutlass above his head, and lunging forward with it like a sword, with all his force, stove in one of the thick cross pieces at the top of the barrel, and let the liquor dribble out slowly from the chink in a small but continuous trickling stream. Next moment, a dozen black hands were held down to the silent rill like little cups, and a dozen dusky mouths were drinking down the hot new rum, neat and unalloyed, with fierce grimaces of the highest gusto. 'Ha, dat good!' ran round the chorus in thirsty approbation. 'dat warm de nayger's heart. Us gwine now to kill de buckra in true earnes.'

Delgado stood by, mad with rage and disappointment, as he saw his followers, one after another, scrambling for handful after handful of the fiery liquor, and watched some of them, the women especially, reeling about foolishly almost at once from the poisonous fumes of the unrefined spirit. He felt in his heart that his chances were slipping rapidly from him, even before the

insurrection was well begun, and that it would be impossible for a crowd of half drunken negroes to preserve the order and discipline which alone would enable them to cope with the all powerful and regularly drilled white men But the more he stormed and swore and raved at them, the more did the greedy and uncontrolled negroes, now revelling in the unstanted supply, hold their hands to the undiminished stream, and drink it off by palmfuls with still deeper grunts and groans of internal satisfaction 'If it doan't no hope ob conquer de island,' the African muttered at last with a wild Guinea oath to Isaac Pourtales, 'at anyrate we has time to kill de Dupuys—in' dat always some satisfaction'

The men were now thoroughly inflamed with the hot new rum, and more than one of them began to say aloud 'It time to get to de regular business' But a few still lingered lovingly around the dripping hogshead, sitting double handfuls of the fresh spirit in their capacious palms Presently, one of the women, mad with drink, drew out a short pipe from her filthy pocket and began to fill it to the top with raw tobacco As she did so, she turned tipsily to a man by her side and asked him for a light The fellow took a match in his unsteady fingers and struck it on a wooden post, flinging it away when done with among a few small scraps of dry trash that lay by accident upon the ground close by Trash is the desiccated refuse of cane from which the juice has been already extracted, and it is ordinarily used as a convenient fuel to feed the crushing mills and boil the molasses Dry tinder, it lighted up with a flare instantaneously, and raised a crackling blaze, whose ruddy glow pleased and delighted the childish minds of the half drunken negroes 'How him burn!' the woman with the pipe cried excitedly 'Spoain' we set fire to de trash house! My heart, how him blaze den! Him light up all de mountains! Burn de trash house! Burn de trash house! Dat pretty for true! Burn de trash house!'

Quick as lightning, the tipsiest rioters had idly kicked the burning ends of loose trash among the great stacked heaps of dry cane under the big sheds, and in one second, before Delgado could even strive in vain to exert his feeble authority, the whole mass had flashed into a single huge sheet of flame, rising fiercely into the evening sky, and reddening with its glow the peaks around, like the lurid glare of a huge volcano As the flames darted higher and ever higher, licking up the leaves and stalks as they went, the negroes, now fully loosed from all restraint, leaped and shrieked wildly around them—some of them half drunk, others absolutely reeling, and all laughing loud with hideous, wild, unearthly laughter, in their murderous merriment Delgado alone saw with horror that his great scheme of liberation was being fast rendered ultimately hopeless, and could only now concentrate his attention upon his minor plan of personal vengeance against the Dupuy family Port of Spain would be fairly roused by the blaze in half an hour, but at least there was time to murder outright the one offending Orange Grove household

For a few minutes, helpless and resourceless, he allowed the half tipsy excited creatures to dance madly around the flaring fire, and to leap and gesticulate with African ferocity in the red glare of the rapidly burning trash house 'Let dem wear out de rum,' he cried bitterly to Pourtales 'But in a minute, de Dupuys gwine to be down upon us wit de constables an' de soldiers, if dem doant make haste to kill dem beforehand'

Soon the drunken rioters themselves began to remember that burning trash houses and stealing rum were not the only form of amusement they had proposed to themselves for that evening's entertainment 'Kill de buckra'—kill de buckra!' more than one of them now yelled out fiercely at the top of his voice, brandishing his cutlass 'Buckra country for us! Colour for colour! Kill dem all! Kill de buckra!'

Delgado seized at once upon the slender opportunity 'Me friends,' he shrieked aloud, raising his palms once more imploringly to heaven, 'kill dem, kill dem! Follow me! Hallelujah! I gwine to lead you to kill de buckra!'

Most of the negroes, recalled to duty by the old African's angry voice, now fell once more into their rude marching order, but one or two of them, and those the tipsiest, began to turn back wistfully in the direction of the little pool of new rum that lay sparkling in the glare like molten gold in front of the still running hogshead Louis Delgado looked at them with the fierce contempt of a strong mind for such incomprehensible vacillating weakness Wrenching his pistol once more from the tipsy grasp of the man who had first seized it, he pointed it in a threatening attitude at the head of the foremost negro among the recalcitrant drunkards 'Dis time I tellin' you true,' he cried fiercely, in a tone of unmistakable wrath and firmness 'De first man dat take a single step nearer dat liquor, I blow his brains out!'

Reckless with drink, and unable to believe in his leaders firmness, the foremost man took a step or two, laughing a drunken laugh meanwhile, in the forbidden direction, and then turned round again, grinning like a baboon, toward Louis Delgado

He had better have trifled with an angry tiger The fierce old African did not hesitate or falter for a single second, pulling the trigger, he fired straight at the grinning face of the drunken renegade, killing him instantaneously He fell like a log in the pool of new rum, and reddened the stream even as they looked with the quick crimson flow

Delgado himself hardly paused a second to glance contemptuously at the fallen recalcitrant 'Now, me friends,' he cried firmly, kicking the corpse in his wrath, and with his eye twitching in a terrible fashion, 'whoebber else dis boys orders, I gwine to shoot him dead dat very minute, same as I shoot dat good for nuffin dis obedient naygur dar! We has got to kill de buckra to night, an' dobery man ob you must follow me now to kill dem mediately De Lord dehibber dem into our hand! Follow me, an' colour for colour!'

At the word, the last recalcitrants, awed into sobriety for the moment by the sudden and ghastly death of their companion, turned trembling to their place in the rude ranks, and began once more to march on in serried order after

Louis Delgado And with one voice, the tumultuous rabble, putting itself again in rapid motion towards Orange Grove, shrieked aloud once more the terrible watchwords 'Colour for colour! kill de buckra!'

VISITS TO THE ZOO

THE LION HOUSE

We are glad to observe that in spite of the general depression in trade and agriculture, and the many counter attractions for pleasure seekers which have sprung up in and around London in recent years, the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, still maintain their popularity with the British public On Easter Monday, no fewer than thirty one thousand visitors paid at the gates, thus clearly proving that the love of natural history is not dying out among us An expedition to the Zoo is always the more pleasant when we are accompanied by the young, eager to compare the Jumbos and tigers of their Noah's Ark and picture book with the living realities to be seen in the Society's collection But there are others besides our children who may gain a useful knowledge in natural history by a stroll through the Zoological Gardens, and one hopes for a still more profitable effect in the ideas of many, for when studying the structure, the form, and the habits of even the meanest of creatures, it is hardly possible for the reflective mind to resist feeling a sense of the power and wisdom of the Creator

Before speaking individually of the many interesting animals to be seen in the Zoological Gardens, it is right to point out, for the benefit of the uninitiated, or to those who have never visited a foreign land, and consequently have not had the opportunity of seeing wild creatures in a state of nature, that though the great majority of the prisoners we see there doubtless give a true idea of their habits when roaming in their native jungles, yet many of the quadrupeds, more especially those bred in the Gardens, cannot altogether be relied upon in this respect, for instance, many of the bears from the Himalaya Mountains, or other cold climes, which, we know, hibernate during the depth of winter, are unable to indulge in their lengthened sleep from force of circumstances There are no hollow trees or snug caves wherein to curl up comfortably and pass the winter in a state of somnolence Again, it is often most difficult, if not impossible, to provide the natural food for some of the creatures from tropical countries, and these animals have of necessity to subsist upon whatever their keeper places before them, and that sometimes of a kind which they would hesitate or even refuse to devour in a state of freedom

Perhaps the most interesting spot in the Zoo to the general visitor is the well known Lion house, though children almost invariably show a predilection for the monkeys The Lion house was erected some few years ago, and is a great improvement upon the former structure, now used for the bears, wolves, and hyenas, but though fairly roomy and comfortable for the larger felidæ inhabiting it, yet, considering their ever increasing number, and the importance which these carnivora hold in the animal kingdom, it is unfortunate that a still larger space and more commodious building could not have been spared for the purpose The Lion house contains not only several fine specimens of African lions, but also almost every known species of the larger Cat tribe, the snow leopard of the Himalayas (*Felis uncia*) alone excepted

In our changeable climate, more especially during the long dreary winter months, when the ground is often covered with snow and hard frosts prevail, animals like the lion, the tiger, and the leopard, accustomed to tropical climates and a more equable temperature than ours, necessarily require their dens to be artificially heated, and great care taken to guard against their suffering from the extreme cold In spite of every precaution having been taken, several valuable animals succumbed to the rigours of our late almost arctic winter But ample space and outdoor exercise are also great desiderata, and in this respect it must be confessed that the Lion house of our own Zoological Gardens does not compare favourably with buildings intended for a like purpose to be seen at Berlin and other continental collections At the Thiergarten, Berlin—where may be seen a magnificent troop of seven or eight lions all in one large enclosure—there is a rocky hill—made secure, so far as the public are concerned, by a circle of high iron railings, and connected by doorways with the ordinary winter dens So soon as summer appears and the weather becomes warm, the lions are permitted to roam about at will over this hill, and it is a pleasing sight to observe the creatures really enjoying themselves, and for a time forgetful of their present captivity Here may be seen a shaggy veteran with his wife and cubs lying together in a group upon some slabs of rock, and basking in the rays of the mid day sun, there, an old lioness asleep under the shade of an overhanging boulder, while her two half grown sons, full of health and spirits, are busily engaged in a romp of hide and seek

But to return The row of elevated seats provided for visitors to the Lion house, and facing the long line of fourteen cages, affords an excellent view of the inhabitants of the different dens On the left we see two fine male lions in separate cages, and close to them several lionesses, one with a pair of handsome cubs To the extreme right are three tigers—two from continental India, and a third, a young, very quiet, and peculiarly dark fulvous-marked animal, recently obtained from Turkestan It must be confessed, however, as every old Indian shikary will testify, that no one of the three before us conveys a true idea of the enormous size, strength, and muscular power which

the royal tiger attains to in a wild state It would be no exaggeration to say, that a well fed specimen from the Bengal Sunderbunds or Central India would reach nearly twice the weight, and measure twice the thickness round the shoulders, of any one of the three narrow chested, hollow flanked creatures before us Next in importance and size comes the jaguar from America—a single specimen, but a remarkably fine, powerful animal, and, to all appearance, quite a match for any one of the three under sized tigers from the Old World The puma or cougar of South America—a pair of beautiful grayish red cats, but wanting in the brawny limbs and muscular neck and chest of the jaguar Three beautiful leopards in one den Many good naturalists would pronounce one of them to be a panther, and a distinct variety from the remaining two, but this is an undecided point among zoologists, so we will not touch upon it, merely remarking upon the extraordinary dissimilarity in the colour and marking of the skins of the three specimens before us, and which fully accounts for the difficulty so many naturalists have found in classifying these felids. Lastly, we notice the cheetah, or Indian hunting leopard, said to be the 'pard of the ancients, common to various countries in Asia, and also throughout Africa, but not found in Ceylon, where the common leopard has erroneously gained the title of cheetah This interesting animal has been rightly placed as a separate subgenus from the true cats, on account of the claws being only partially retractile, with the tips always visible It is a high standing, slender creature, thin across the loins like a greyhound, and carrying the tail more after the manner of the dog than the true cat.

As being the largest of the group before us, the lion and the tiger naturally attract our chief attention These champions of the Old World have many a time in the days of ancient Rome been pitted the one against the other in mortal combat, but there is still a difference of opinion which of the two is the more formidable animal Probably the tiger, on account of his more multitudinous quarters, would have most friends, but many experienced travellers and sportsmen who have witnessed the extraordinary strength and ferocity of the lion, hold the contrary opinion In parts of Central India, as also in Kutch and Guzerat in the Bombay Presidency, the Asiatic lion and tiger are still found in the same jungles, but we never hear of the two animals quarrelling and coming to blows Formerly, the lion of India, on account of the male having a shorter mane, was considered to be of a different species from his African brother, but more recently, our scientific naturalists have rightly come to the conclusion that the two are identical It must be allowed, however, that the Asiatic lion is altogether a less courageous and dangerous beast than the animal inhabiting the African continent, and our experienced Indian hunters assert that the former, even when fired at, wounded, and driven to bay, seldom turns on his pursuers and fights to the death after the manner of the royal tiger

It is somewhat extraordinary that neither lion nor tiger has the power of climbing trees They can make prodigious springs and bounds, but cannot clamber up a tree 'hand over hand,' so to speak, like the bear, and this is the more surprising when we remember that the jaguar, the puma, and the leopard, like all the smaller cats, are active, expert climbers True, both lion and tiger are for larger and heavier than any other of the felids, and undoubtedly their great strength lies in the massive proportions of the shoulder and forepart of the body, as compared with the hind quarters, yet, when we consider the general symmetry and graceful movements of these two gigantic wild cats, we cannot help feeling disappointed that they are wanting in one of the chief characteristics of the tribe

Most of us probably who are in the habit of constantly visiting the Zoological Gardens have heard the roar of the lion—that grand, deep toned, terrible voice, which seems to make the very air in close proximity to the king of beasts vibrate and quiver We also frequently read and hear tales of the roar of the tiger, but the writer ventures to say that this impression is erroneous The Bengal tiger, when going his nightly rounds, often makes a low yawning kind of whine or sigh, ending with a subdued grunt sounding like distant thunder, and a highly unpleasant cry it is to the belated traveller on foot as he hurries along the jungle path But this night moan of a prowling tiger has no resemblance whatever to the deep, grand, resounding roar of the lion Again, every tiger shooter who has witnessed the scene can readily recall to mind that never to be forgotten moment when a royal tiger worthy of the name—perhaps wounded and goaded to fury and desperation by his eager pursuers—at length turns to try conclusions with them, and with open jaws, ears laid back, flashing eye, and tail on end, a truly terrible object, bounds towards his enemies At such times he makes the jungle resound with a succession of deep drawn coughing growls, evidently delivered with the intention of striking terror into the hearts of his foes But again we say, these murderous snarls of an enraged tiger are altogether dissimilar in character to the roar of the king of beasts

The wild tribes of Central India have often told the writer that at certain seasons of the year they are made aware of tigers being in the neighbourhood by horrible 'caterwauling' sounds emanating from the jungle, and doubtless this is correct, for we all know the agony of mind we often labour under when a conclave of our domestic cats are holding a palaver on the garden wall

There is an almost universal belief that the lion roars when he is hungry, and in a wild state when in search of prey, but the writer ventures to say that, like the bear's hug and other almost proverbial expressions of the kind, the idea is altogether erroneous Probably certain verses in the Bible, more especially in the Psalms, such as 'The lions roaring after their prey, &c,' and passages of a similar nature, have given rise to this impression But, let it be asked, would so cunning an animal as the lion, when hungry and in search of his dinner, betray his approach and put every living creature within miles of the spot thoroughly on the qui vive, by making the forest echo again with his roaring? Assuredly not, for a more certain method of scaring his

prey he could not possibly adopt. All quadrupeds, more especially the deer tribe, well know and dread the voice of their natural enemy. Even domestic animals instinctively recognise and show fear on hearing the cry of a wild beast.

In India, the sportsman when out in camp during the hot weather months, often finds himself far away from towns and villages, in some wild spot in the depths of the jungle. Here, the stillness of the night is constantly broken by the calls of various creatures inhabiting the neighbouring forest—the deep solemn hoot of the hornet owl, the sharp call of the spotted deer, or the louder bell of the sambur. But these familiar sounds attract no notice from the domestic animals included in the camp circle. But should a panther on the opposite hill call his mate, or a prowling tiger passing along the river bank mutter his complaining night moan, they one and all immediately show by their demeanour that they recognise the cry of a beast of prey. The old elephant chained up beneath the tamarind tree stays for a moment swaying his great body backwards and forwards, and listens attentively. His neighbour, a gray Arab horse, with pricked up ears, gazes uneasily in the direction the sound appeared to come from; while the dogs, just before lying panting and motionless in the moonlight, spring to their feet with bristling back and lowered tail, and with growls of fear disappear under the tent fly.

Some few years ago, one of the dens allotted to the tigers was tenanted by a fine specimen named 'Plassey.' The writer first made the acquaintance of this animal many years ago when quartered with his regiment at Lucknow, and there in a story connected with Plassey's history, the account of which should read a good lesson, and yet another warning, to too eager sportsmen when tiger shooting on foot. Two officers of the Irish Lancers, then stationed at Lucknow, were out shooting in the Oude jungles. Captain T—— fired at and mortally wounded a tigress with two cubs. She dropped apparently dead, but with just sufficient life left in her to strike a last blow, and becoming aware of the near approach of her enemy, she suddenly recovered her legs, and in a moment sprang upon him and inflicted the most terrible injuries on the unfortunate sportsman. The tigress was speedily despatched, and the wounded man carried into the nearest station, where everything that could be done for him was done, but in vain, for after lingering several weeks, he succumbed.

Plassey and his brother cub were taken to Lucknow and reared in the lancer messhouse, where they became great favourites. But time passed, the small harmless cubs grew into large powerful animals—and, as is usually the case, on attaining to a full size they speedily became troublesome and dangerous, to were first chained up, and later on confined in cages. Eventually, Plassey was brought home and presented to the Regent's Park Gardens, where he died somewhat suddenly in the prime of life. Many valuable and rare animals brought from foreign countries, at great expense and trouble, to our shores, though at first, to all appearance, in the best of health, yet before even reaching middle age, gradually pine away and die. Nor is this to be wondered at when we remember how unnatural it is for them to be cooped up in cages, in place of a wild, unrestrained life, with liberty to wander where they will.

J. H. B.

WHERE THE TRACKS LED TO.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CONCLUSION.

It was indeed as Winny had said. I was as stunned by her words as though a heavy blow had actually fallen upon me, and for a few seconds could scarcely think, much less speak, but recovering a little from this confusion, I asked her for some explanation. I called it 'explanation,' when I spoke to her, but I felt her statement was true; their manner, their looks at parting, were sufficient to tell me all.

Godfrey Harleston had seen Winny going to and from business, and had contrived an introduction to her—this preliminary acquaintance was but slightly glanced at in her story—then, to show that his views were honourable, he had early proposed marriage, but had explained that he wished it kept a secret until some unpleasant matters which were troubling him were settled. This referred at first to the quarrels between his mother and himself, with Mr Thurlos, and afterwards, to the affair of the forged bills, respecting which, to my surprise, he had spoken freely to Winny and given a tolerably correct account. Of the burglary he had said nothing, and until my speech, Winny knew nothing of it. She was startled at finding I was sent for by Mr Thurlos, but when she learned it was not for the forgery—the messenger saying nothing about that—she was reassured. On that very evening, Godfrey had told her that his difficulty was now settled, and, as naturally following upon this he proposed now making their marriage known. They were talking on this subject when they met me.

All this Winny told—every word stung to my heart—in a rapid, excited manner, which increased in force as she went on, until she finished with a wild declaration that she would go to Godfrey and warn him of the traps which were being set for him, of the danger which awaited him on the morrow. He was her husband—her honourable, guiltless, noble husband! she almost shrieked. It was her duty to warn him, and, if needful, to be with him.

I had a dreadful job to pacify her, and I was obliged to hold out hopes which I knew to be false, and to explain away all that I had said. That all I told her now would be proved false the very next day, I well knew, and perhaps it was cruel to deceive her, but what was I to do? I was nearly mad. I did not show it so much as Winny, but I believe I was as bad.

Never was man in a more painful position on this earth. It was impossible for me to draw back; I could not and would not do so, yet the consequences of going on were frightful. Ruin to my daughter—a blight on her life which could never be removed—this I should bring about, and to do it would kill me.

I never closed my eyes all night, and by the haggard looks of Winny in the morning I was sure it had been the same with her. I tried to talk as though I was not thinking of the horrible

position we were in, but of course it was a dead failure. I said that as she did not seem very well, she had perhaps better not go to business that morning. If I had known what her answer would be, I should probably have held my tongue.

'Do you think, father,' she exclaimed, 'that I can attend to business or to any duty to day? I shall wait your return here. Remember, it was by your advice that I did not, as I know I ought to have done, go to my husband last night and warn him. You said it would be all for the best if I did not do so. I shall wait here until you bring me the news which proves I was right in taking, and you in giving such advice.'

I went out to keep my appointment, as miserable and wretched a man as any who that day crawled through the streets of London. How I blamed myself for meddling in painful and disagreeable business which I ought to have been done with for ever, and how I vowed to keep clear of everything of the kind, if I could only get out of this scrape. I met Sam's wife, a pale, care worn, thinly clad little woman, without a trace, I was sure, of the habitual criminal in her spare features, although I dare say she knew more of Sam's doings than the law would have looked favourably on.

'O Mr Holdrey!' she said—she knew me, it seemed, better than I knew her—'I am so glad you have come.—But, lor! how bad you look, sir!'

I did not answer her, I could not.

'He's going to make a bolt of it,' she went on, 'he means sailing for America in a day or two. He got the money from the old lady last night, and I have seen him since. I have been here this morning.'

'Seen him!—such ——' I began. I knew very well whom she meant, but I was obliged to say something. Yet, it was impossible, I thought, when I recalled the previous night and many other incidents of the case, that young Hurleston could be thinking of going abroad.

'Why, that precious Mr Godfrey,' she answered. 'We are only just in time. A pal—a friend, I mean, of poor Sam's knows him, and has kept an eye on him, to oblige Sam, so he learnt enough to tell me this.'

'Where did you see him?' Goodness knows why I asked it, but it did as well as anything else I could think of.

'He went into a house in that street,' said Mrs Sam, pointing down a turning at the corner of which we stood. We had met in Gracechurch street, as being half way, she living over the water, and because I thought it just possible I might have to see Mr Thurles, after hearing what she had to say.

It was a shipping office, it appeared, into which he had gone. This might easily have been on business for Thurles & Company, yet it agreed so far with what the woman had said, although the place was not an American agency. I dreaded my visit to the Mansion House. I felt that anything would be welcome which might, even for a short time, postpone the awful business I had before me, so I proposed that we should watch until he came out, stationing ourselves in a court where we were not likely to be seen.

She readily agreed, and indeed had said much which I cannot stay to put down, which showed the bitterness animosity against the young man, whom she had seen several times, and who had evidently offended her. This, although of no great consequence, was to me a little strange, as, although I had only seen Godfrey Hurleston twice, yet I should have said he was the last man in the world to deserve such hatred. Whatever his faults may have been, there was something open and pleasant in his manner at anyrate. However, Mrs Sam was very decided in her opinion, and while we waited at our post, gave utterance to a good many unflattering speeches regarding Mr Godfrey.

I had in my time been on the watch for six or eight hours at a stretch, and had never felt so uneasy as I did in the twenty minutes I passed in that entry in —— Street. My eyes now fairly ached with watching the never ceasing streams of figures which came and went in the busy thoroughfare. More than one person came out of the house we were interested in, but I took no more notice of them than of the other strangers. I was looking only for one figure—a figure which I dreaded to see appear, as then I could make no further excuse for delay. Intently as I was watching the office, I thought I must for an instant have dozed, or lost consciousness in some way, for, suddenly, Mrs Sam pulled me sharply by the sleeve, and said 'There he is!' He has just come out.—Don't you see him?' she added hurriedly, seeing no look consciously from side to side. 'You say you know him. Don't you see him?—There there!' She pointed with her finger, as she almost angrily uttered these words.

'No, I do not!' I exclaimed, with equal sharpness. 'Mr Hurleston is not in sight, I am certain.'

'Why, what do you mean?' she cried, and again pointed across the road. 'Don't you see him just passing the public house? He carries a small black bag.'

'Ah! that—*that* man!' I exclaimed. 'Is that Mr Godfrey Hurleston?'

'Of course it is,' she retorted. 'I know him as well as I do you.'

Then she started back in alarm, and no wonder, for I burst out laughing, and ended by wringing the little woman's hand with a force that brought tears to her eyes.

'It's all right!' I exclaimed. 'If that is Godfrey Hurleston, I can understand every—Hi!—this way to a passing cab—'My House, my good fellow!—Now, jump in Sam, and we will settle the business time.'

We rattled away. What a load was off my mind! How deep and cunning the trick, and yet how easy to understand, when once the clue was supplied! The man she identified as Godfrey Hurleston was no other than Mr George Picknell, my friendly clerk, who had taken so much interest in me, and who had so constantly, although without any scoundrel intention, directed suspicion to the step son of Mr Thurles, and if Sam had not been 'shopped,' or if Picknell had had the honesty to behave fairly to Sam's wife, his scheme might have been successful—so far as he was concerned.

We told our story at the Mansion House, and the case being one of importance, Mr Picknell was arrested that very afternoon, as he sat at his desk in the office If he had not been taken then, we should not have had him at all, for he had a ticket in his pocket for his passage to the Cape, by a vessel sailing the next day

But before all these things had been done and found out, you may be sure I had hurried off home in a cab I dashed up the steps, opened the door with my key, and then into the parlour, where Winny was sitting, half distracted with suspense and anxiety But there must have been something in my face which told a tale, for before I had spoken a word, she rose, and with a laugh, which was a sob before it was finished, threw her arms round my neck and exclaimed 'My dear father! Thank heaven!' She could say no more just then for sobbing and tears, but she knew somehow that all was well We should have made a pretty picture, if any one could have seen us, for I was as bad as Winny but we were both brimming over with happiness

Yet there was a great deal to be accounted for, which at another time would have checked anything like pleasure, but I had got over the worst, the most fatal difficulty had been mastered, and I did not care about anything else

Mr Godfrey—the real Godfrey—called upon me that afternoon, and much was explained then, while the examination in Picknell's case supplied most of the rest What was still obscure was cleared by Godfrey's mother and by the confession of the unlucky young fellow who had forged the bills and was apprehended about this time The poor creature was at death's door, and never lived to take his trial

I dare say, however, that every one can see pretty nearly what had happened, so I will be very brief Godfrey Harleston had really taken a fancy for betting on horseraces Picknell had told the truth in saying this Most of what he said was true, but so mixed up and coloured that it was worse than a lie This, of course, is common enough, all mischief makers resort to this trick

Well, young Godfrey had bad luck from the first, and Smithers—I forget whether I mentioned his name before, but this was the party who discovered—being his chief adviser, Harleston applied to him to obtain the money to meet some heavy losses Smithers was as bad off as himself, and had no one to look to for help, while Godfrey, if he chose to make any emergency known, could always get assistance He trusted to his luck to bring him round, however, without applying to his mother—most novices would have felt the same—so was ready to agree, when Smithers suggested bills at two months, which he could get discounted on his own signature—so Godfrey understood

Harleston drew up the bills, and Smithers, being unable to get a shilling on his own name, put in a fictitious firm, depending on Godfrey getting the money to meet the bills in time But, by an awful stroke of luck, the bills were rediscounted, and afterwards paid to Thurles & Company, where some accidental circumstance caused the recognition of Godfrey's writing, and then inquiry soon proved that the accepting firm was a sham

Old Thurles was delighted at this, and spoke too freely as to what he would do Picknell was either in the room at the time when the merchant uttered his threats, or—as I should say was more likely—he listened and skulked till he found out enough to give him his cue He saw at once how, if the young man had committed forgery, the documents proving his guilt would be a valuable property, and he determined to get them into his possession But it was not easy to do this and keep suspicion from himself If stolen from the safe in any ordinary manner and during the day, a clerk must have been suspected Some little time before, Mr Godfrey had a more serious quarrel than usual with his stepfather, and had left the office It was not until after this that he knew forgery had been committed, but he was aware that the bills had come into the possession of Thurles & Company His absence suggested a brilliant idea to Picknell, who had a rather large circle of acquaintance of the shrewdest character, and was himself, indeed, under a very demure aspect, about as bad a fellow as the Newgate calendar could show He found out Sam, who was quite willing to undertake so profitable and easy a piece of work as Picknell represented the breaking into the office to be

The clerk had secured impressions in wax of the keys of the outer safe—he could not get at those which opened the interior one—and Sam had no difficulty in finding an artisan who would make duplicate keys from those patterns While dealing with his 'professional friend, a splendid piece of strategy suggested itself to the clerk He saw how to screen himself and throw suspicion on the quarter where it was already only too likely to fall, so he assumed the name of Godfrey Harleston A tolerably correct account of what had occurred as regarded the forgery, fully satisfied Sam of the expediency of his new friend's proceedings, and convinced him that he 'had got hold of a good thing'

The burglary came off successfully, but with much less immediate profit than Sam had hoped for, however, he anticipated a harvest from the bills Of course Picknell had to tell his confederate much of his plan in regard to these documents, because they were in the burglars possession, and he was not likely to give them up without some inducement

Without loss of time—for he knew how dangerous a path he was treading—the clerk waited on Mrs Thurles, and claiming to represent those who had discounted bills forged by her son—the lady knew nothing of the burglary—so wrought upon her fears, that she paid him a handsome sum on account, and promised a great deal more when the bills should be given to her Had the poor lady had the courage to speak openly to her son, she would have found how little he had to do with the forgery He was uneasy about it, and had been trying to raise money elsewhere to pay the firm who had originally discounted the bills This he had succeeded in doing, which led him to tell Winny he had at last got over the difficulty he had spoken of. The young dog had more to think about than even the bills at the time, for he had just been

married to my Winny, at anyrate, his mother could see he was in trouble, and naturally feared the worst.

So the way was clear for Picknell, but he was so covetous and so thoroughly dishonourable, that he could not act fairly to anybody. He gave Sam the paltry two pounds, which aggravated the burglar more than if he had received nothing. This first sum from Mrs Thurlks was obtained on the night when I tracked Picknell to the public house in the mews, so you may guess how my appearance startled Sam. Picknell had meant to abscond the moment he got the money, and till then, he thought he could put Sam off with excuses, especially as the latter supposed he was dealing with Godfrey Harleston, and the name of Picknell had never been mentioned.

Sam found out that his accomplice was cheating him, then, being arrested, and fearing that his wife and child would be left destitute, he sent for me. Mrs Thurlks got nearly all her money back, while Sam and Picknell were each tried at the same sessions of the Central Criminal Court, and were each sentenced to penal servitude, Sam's time being much the longer.

Mr Thurlks paid the reward, and I shared it with Mrs Sam, who went away, soon after, to some relatives in the north of England. I never heard any more of her. But before she went, she brought me a queer, old fashioned silver jug, as a present to Winny—at the wish of Sam, she said. I did not want to take this, but the little woman declared, most earnestly, that it was her grandmother's or great grandmother's, and honestly come by. She said, too, that Sam had talked so much about his gratitude to me for speaking up for him at the trial, that he would be disappointed if his gift was refused. I recollected Sam's promise then, and accepted the present, which Winny has on her sideboard, and a gentleman who knows about such things has told her that the jug is very curious and valuable.

Poor Mrs Thurlks was so delighted to find her son free, that she would have welcomed his wife if she had been an Eskimo. She took kindly to Winny, and I am proud to say that there is not a happier wife in London than my daughter.

AN OLD LAMMAS REVEL.

The festival of the *Gule* of August, or Lammas Day, was one of the four great pagan festivals of Britain. This *Gwyl* (or festival) probably originated in the desire to celebrate the ingathering of the first fruits of the earth, particularly that of the grain. Upon the introduction of Christianity into this country the festival continued to be observed on that account. The usual offering at church at this season of the year was a loaf (*hlaf*) of bread, hence the day became known as 'Hlaf mass,' which became shortened into 'Lammas.'

Several customs have been observed in various portions of the United Kingdom at Lammas. A very curious custom was practised in Scotland until about the middle of last century. This appears to be a relic of the ancient pagan festival of the *Gule* of August, and was practised in some parts of the Lothians. We are informed that near the beginning of summer the herdsmen within a certain district associated themselves into bands, which in some instances numbered one hundred members, and occasionally more. It was agreed by each of these communities to build a tower (generally of sods) in some conspicuous place near the centre of their respective districts, to serve as their place of rendezvous on Lammas Day. The base of the erection was usually about four feet square. The tower, seven or eight feet high, was made to slope up to a point, above which floated the colours of the party who had erected it. From the commencement of its being built, the tower became an object of care to the whole community, for it was deemed a disgrace to suffer it to be defaced. Any attempt made to demolish it, either by fraud or force, was resolutely resisted. Each party endeavoured to circumvent the other, and laid plans to steal out unperceived in the night time and to level the tower to the ground. A successful exploit brought great honour to the undertakers of the expedition. Although the tower was easily rebuilt, yet the news was quickly spread throughout the whole district by the successful adventurers, who filled it with shouts of joy and exultation, while their unfortunate neighbours were covered with shame. To ward off this disgrace, guard was kept at night at each tower, which was made stronger and stronger as the building advanced. Numerous petty skirmishes ensued, but the assailants seldom made an attack in force, preferring rather to succeed by surprise. As soon, therefore, as they saw they were discovered, they made off as best they could.

Dr James Ferguson—to whom we are indebted for the facts concerning the Lothian Lammas tower builders—states that in order to give the alarm on these and other occasions, every person was armed with a 'tooting horn,' that is, a horn perforated in the small end, through which wind can be forcibly blown from the mouth so as to occasion a loud noise. As every one wished to acquire dexterity in the use of this instrument, the herdsmen practised upon it during the summer while tending their flocks or herds. Towards Lammas, they were incessantly employed answering to and vying with each other, so that the whole country rang continually with the sounds.

Before the day of the ceremony came round, each community elected a captain, and a stand of colours was prepared for the great event. This consisted of a fine table cloth of the largest size, decorated with ribbons. All things being ready, the band of herdsmen sallied forth on the morning of the first of August, attired in their best apparel, and armed with stout cudgels. Reparing to the neighbouring tower, the colours were displayed in triumph, then the assembly indulged in horn blowing and in making merry until about nine o'clock, when they partook of breakfast as they sat upon the green sward. Scouts were despatched to every quarter to watch the approach of any hostile party.

It frequently happened that on Lammas Day the herdsmen of one district proceeded to attack those of another locality, to bring them under subjection by force. On the approach of a hostile party the horns sounded to arms, the band immediately arranged itself in the best order that could be devised—the boldest

and strongest in front, and those of inferior prowess behind. They seldom remained on the defensive, but generally rushed forward bravely to meet the enemy. The captains carried the colours and led the van. When both parties met, they mutually desired each other to lower their colours, in sign of subjection. When there appeared a great disproportion in the strength of the bands, the weakest usually submitted to this ceremony without difficulty, believing their honour was saved by the evident disproportion of the match. If the bands were nearly equal in strength, neither of them yielded, blows ensued, and sometimes bloodshed. It is said that on one occasion four herdsmen were killed and many disabled. If no opponents appeared, or if they themselves had no intention of making an attack, the bands took down their colours about mid day from their towers, and marched, blowing their horns, to the largest village in the neighbourhood. Here they were met by the lasses and the people generally, who participated in the diversions of the day. Foundations were marked out, and proclamation made that all who intended to compete in the foot races should appear. Prizes were offered. The first prize, usually a bonnet ornamented with ribbons, was displayed upon a pole. Sometimes half a dozen competitors started, and ran with as great eagerness as if the prize had been a kingdom. A pair of gaiters was awarded to the victor of the second race, and the winner of the third gained a knife. After the races were over, the people amused themselves in such rural sports as suited their taste, and before sunset dispersed quietly to their respective homes.

In the case where two parties met and one of them yielded to the other, they marched together for some time in two separate bodies, the subjected body behind the other, and then they parted good friends, each holding their games at their own appointed place. Next day, the ribbons and tablecloth that formed the colours were returned to their respective owners, the tower was no longer a matter of consequence, and the country returned to its usual state of tranquillity.

THE LOTTERY OF DEATH

AN episode in guerrilla warfare.

While on a trip to Europe last summer, I noticed in the smoking room of the good steamer *Seres* a rather portly, middle aged gentleman, with a mild expression of countenance, and certainly no trace of the soldier in his bearing, and yet he was the hero of a thrilling adventure. I was introduced to him by one of the officers of the steamer, and found him to be an insurance agent in a large way, going abroad for needed rest—*Mr Balcom by name. In the course of a* conversation on personal topics, one evening, over our after dinner cigars, my new found friend related the following interesting adventure.

You know, in the late war between the North and South, nearly all our able bodied men on both sides of the line were more or less soldiers of some sort. I was myself a Captain and 'Commissary of Subsistence' in the United States Volunteers, and was attached to a cavalry brigade in the army of the Potomac. In the Fall of 1864, my brigade was located in camp for the winter about four or five miles to the south of Winchester, Virginia. As a 'commissary,' I had constantly to pass with my train of wagons from the town to camp, but so confident was I that no danger could possibly befall me on that short jaunt, actually all within our own lines, that I carried neither sword nor pistol. Well, one pleasant afternoon in the latter part of November, as I was riding with my orderly, a good soldier, by the name of Leonard, at the head of the wagon train, wearying of the slow progress made by the mule teams, I placed the train in charge of the commissary sergeant, and rode on ahead, followed by my orderly only. I had gone little more than half way to camp—the road we followed became wooded by young timber and underbrush—when, as I turned a bend in the road, I saw four or five mounted men about a quarter of a mile in advance of us. Calling my orderly to my side, I asked him what he thought of them.

'I guess they are some of our boys, sir. They have our uniform on, and are too far inside of our lines to be "Johnnies" (a term applied to the Southerners).'

This was my own idea, but still, I seemed intuitively to feel that all was not right. These men evidently saw or heard us, for, turning their horses' heads toward camp, they marched slowly onward. This at once disarmed me of all doubt, for I knew camp was near, and if they were not 'all right, they would hardly venture that way, so I resumed my canter, and soon overtook my fellow travellers. When I approached, they filed to each side of the road, as if to let me pass, and I kept on. But no sooner was my orderly and myself past their last file of men, than in an instant we found ourselves confronted by half a dozen pistols and the sharp command, 'Halt!' (A sixth man had come out of the bush.)

'Now, you Yanks want to keep your mouths shut, and do as you are told, or it will be all up with you, and the commander. 'Forward—trot—march!' and away we swept at a swinging trot, Leonard and I completely surrounded by this unwelcome body-guard, and well covered by their pistols.

About a thousand yards we trotted on, and then swept into a narrow road, more bridle path than road, along which we kept for a mile or so, when the command 'Halt!' was again given. Leonard and I were ordered to dismount and give up our arms. I had none, but my orderly was soon deprived of his. We were again put upon our horses and strapped to the saddles in not too gentle a manner. I ventured to ask where we were going to and who my captors were, and was told we were being taken to Mosby's camp by some of his men, and furthermore, I was ordered to keep absolute silence on pain of death. From this I inferred that we had to pass very near some portion of our own camp or pickets, and for a moment I hoped some chance might yet arise for escape. But during the march we saw no soldier, or even camp fire, and the road seemed specially devised to allow free passage from the front to the rear of our

hose by any person who knew it In about an hour or so we came once more upon the high way Night had fallen, but a young moon partially illuminated the road

The commander, a lieutenant of these free riders, reined his horse to my side, and said we had passed the Yankee lines, and I could now speak if I chose I merely said the strips hurt me which bound me to the saddle We halted, and I cleared and I were untied, with a caution that any attempt to escape would only end in our death Two of the guerrillas still led our horses, and the commander gave the order to gallop We moved rapidly, until about eight P M For some time we had been ascending, and then slackening our pace a little And duly, before on I below us, upon a plain of no great extent, I saw a camp of from five to six hundred men 'Here we are,' said the lieutenant, and in a very short time I cleared and I found ourselves under strong guard in the headquarters of Colonel Mosby at Rectortown Under the same guard were some score more of 'Yankee' prisoners Supper being over, we were given a little cold 'hoe' cake and the run of a pail of water for our share

I found that some of these my fellow prisoners were infantry men, and one lad of about fourteen was a drummer of infantry The majority, however, were cavalry men caught wandering too far from their commands Apparently, I was the only commissioned officer, but as I wore a private overcoat, my rank was not known to my fellow prisoners for some time

The sentinels about us paced their beats, some of the men were asleep, and I was sitting on a log smoking, when, by the dim light of the fire, I saw a mounted figure approach The figure halted at the guard, and presently the sergeant in charge called out 'Fall in—fall in, you Yankees Hurry up Get into line there' Finally, all being awake and placed to suit him, he turned, and saluting the horseman, said 'The prisoners are paraded, sir'

How many have you? asked the rider—'Twenty two in all, sir' And then I felt we were in the presence of that terror of the valley, Colonel John S Mosby, the best provost marshal Sheridan had in the Shenandoah

As Mosby advanced nearer to the camp fire, I was struck with the lack of daring in his face and manner, but I knew he had it, from his past career His manner was not ferocious or tyrannical, and he quietly turned upon us his eye, which seemed to see the whole of us at a glance He spoke as follows 'Men, your commander has seen fit to refuse all quarter to my soldiers when captured, and hangs or shoots them on the spot I do not approve of this kind of warfare, but I must retaliate, and as I capture two of your army to every one you get of my command, that is not difficult Just now, the balance is against you, and five of you twenty two prisoners must die'

You may imagine all were wide awake at this announcement

'It is not for me to order out any five of you to execution, so the fairest way will be for you to draw for your lives' Turning to the sergeant, he continued 'Get twenty two pieces of paper prepared—five numbered from one to five Let the other seventeen be blank, and have each man draw a ticket, and you supervise the drawing'

The sergeant hastened away for the paper and a lantern Hitherto, I had said nothing to any one of my rank, but now, throwing aside my overcoat, I stepped forward, and addressing the mounted officer, asked him if he was Colonel Mosby The reply came 'That is my name, sir'

I was boiling over with indignation at this bloody action of the guerrilla, and I said 'I am an officer and a gentleman, these men are regularly enlisted soldiers of the United States army, surely you are not going to treat them as spies or dogs, because they have fallen into your hands through the fortune of war What you propose, sir, is not justice, it is assassination'

I shall never forget the look on Mosby's face as he turned toward me, and said 'What justice would I get if I fell into the hands of your soldiers? I tell you, sir, I value the life of the poorest of my comrades far more than that of twenty Yankees But I shall only retaliate in kind—man for man, and that I will have I was not asked, sir that you were an officer, but surely you can ask no better treatment from me than I give your men!'

I said I wanted nothing more than he would grant to all, and stepped back into my place in the ranks

The sergeant returned just then, and the awful 'Lottery of Death, as I have ever since called it, began When my turn came, I drew from the hat a piece of paper but I could not look at it—my heart stood still, my knees trembled, my hand faltered, but suddenly, as from a horrible dream, I was awakened by the word 'Blank!—Fall back sir'

I was not to die by rope or bullet, at anyrate for a time I cannot describe to you my terror, my abject fear, nor do I know how I appeared to others, but I do know I shall never suffer the fear of death again so keenly

The drawing was completed, the five victims separated from us, when, suddenly, a boy's voice was heard piteously asking for pardon, mercy, anything but death Colonel Mosby looked toward the little drummer boy, for he it was, and said 'Sergeant, is that boy one of the condemned?'

'Yes, colonel,' replied the sergeant

'Send him back in the ranks again, he is too young to die yet—*And, 'Captain,' turning to me,* 'since you are so much afraid to die, we will give you another chance—Sergeant, place two papers—one numbered, the other blank—in your hat, and let the captain and the man next him draw again'

At this second drawing, although I had only one chance in two of escaping, I did not feel that abject fear that first once and me, and I stepped forward when ordered and drew another blank piece of paper My feeling was one of intense pity for the poor fellow who drew the fatal number and I hardly heard Mosby say, 'Well, you are a lucky fellow, captain'

We were removed from the condemned that night After two or three days, with the aid of some friendly negroes and some burnt cork,

I made my escape, reaching our own lines in nine days

Of the five condemned, two escaped, one by feigning death after being shot, and the other was rescued by a friendly negro before death ensued These two men reached our army later on, and corroborated my strange story of the 'Lottery of Death' I think you will agree with me that I had cause for showing fear at least once in my life

ABOUT WEEDS

SOMEBODY once characterised 'dirt' as matter in a wrong place Now, a weed is a plant in the wrong place It has a place in the economy of nature, no doubt, unprofitable or even noxious as it may appear to the farmer or gardener It must not be forgotten, moreover, that even the humblest weed is worthy of patient examination, and is a marvel of physiological structure Then, again, some of our hedgerow wildings vie in beauty of form and elegance of habit with the cherished garden plants What have we more charming, for instance, than traveller's joy (*Clematis vitalba*), bryony, dogrose, or the large white bindweed? And is to some other weeds, which of our garden plants figure so largely in pictures as the foxglove, purple loosestrife (*Lythrum salicaria*), the teasel, or the dock? Nevertheless, they are weeds, and as such, are entirely out of place on the garden or farm Robbers and usurpers are they, to be unceremoniously decapitated or uprooted, and consigned to the rubbish heap or the flames

Nature, it must be remembered, never sleeps, she either rewards the hand of the diligent with abundant harvests, or she scatters broadcast her thorns and thistles, as a punishment for man's neglect The seeds of many species of plants have wonderful vitality We are not about to quote the 'mummy wheat' as an example, but well authenticated instances are recorded of seeds that have preserved their vitality for upwards of half a century The seeds of the charlock and others of the Cruciferous tribe are of an oily nature, and therefore capable of withstanding the effects of moisture, and will germinate after being buried for years But the process of 'soiling' the banks of new railways affords evidence of the long continued vitality of seeds The surface soil which has been laid aside in heaps for the purpose, is thrown back and spread upon the banks, and among the multitude of grasses and weeds which spring up and form a dense emerald carpet, there are invariably species seldom if ever found in the immediate neighbourhood In the case of forest fires in the Far West, almost an entire new vegetation succeeds Occasionally, the extensive moorlands in the neighbourhood of Lyndhurst, Hants, take fire, and burn for days The heather is dotted over with seedlings of Scotch fir, which is indigenous in the locality Many of these trees are consumed with the heather, and with them some inches in depth of the dried surface Seeds from the fir cones, dropped years ago, are partially relieved from the superincumbent pressure, germinate, and in a few years supply the places of those that are destroyed But every summer breeze wafts the winged seeds of the thistle, dandelion, the coltsfoot, groundsel, and many others, far and wide Borne aloft on their tiny parachutes, they sail along until a summer shower bears them down to a moist, warm, resting place in the field or wild

The great weed army which infests farms and gardens in the British Islands numbers about one hundred and thirty species, and consists mainly of two great classes, namely, annuals (fruitful only once) and perennials (capable of producing flowers and fruit time after time) About a dozen, however, are biennials, four of these are thistles, and the most familiar of the remainder are the foxglove and the hemlock Some of the most troublesome farm and garden pests are perennials, and among these, the most mischievous in their rapidity of growth and tenacity of life are the greater and lesser bindweeds (*Convolvulaceæ*) and the couch grass (*Triticum repens*) Unless the soil be well dug and pulverised and thoroughly sifted, the attempt to eradicate either of these will be useless, every half inch of the white knobbed roots of the bindweed or bit of couch grass to which roots are attached will grow The greater bindweed, perhaps, is the most difficult to get rid of, and is especially troublesome among evergreens The tender, semi transparent shoots stand quite erect under evergreens until they touch the lower branches, they then make rapid growth, and quickly cover the whole head of a laurel, bay, laurustinus, or rhododendron with a thick mantle of light green leaves, twisted stems, and snow-white trumpet shaped flowers Beautiful in its way, no doubt, but what of the handsome shrubs it has stifled in its fatal caresses, and what of the weeks of hard labour that must be expended in the attempt to eradicate the pest?

In Italy, however, the white, underground stems of couch grass are carefully gathered by the peasantry, taken to market in bundles, and sold as food for cattle and horses They contain a considerable amount of starch A variety of couch called matt grass is extensively used in Holland for binding together the sandy dunes and flats by the sea Coltsfoot is a very troublesome weed, a variegated form of it, with handsome, bold, cream edged leaf, is wonderfully persistent in forcing its way to other feeding grounds In one case under our own observation, its roots, which are tender and brittle, found their way from a bed, beneath a four feet margin of turf and an eight feet wide gravel path The only place where one is not likely to find the root is where it was planted! In the case of the weeds hitherto particularised, it is useless to remove the part appearing above ground, and it is also so with several of the thistles, unless cut beneath the crown or collar, the result is simply to force the plant to make a fresh effort by throwing out numerous side shoots

A year or two ago, we were reminded by the Prime Minister, in one of his thoughtful and suggestive speeches at Hawarden, that 'one year's seeding is seven years' weeding' One can appreciate the repetition of the adage when reflecting on the enormous increase of the common groundsel, or the still more extraordinary multiplication of the common poppy All the year round, even when the temperature is below the

freezing-point, the small yellow blossoms of the groundsel may be noticed, each with its bundle of winged seeds, while round the parent plant are a host of young seedlings. But such is the prodigious fertility of the common poppy, that a single plant will during its year of life produce forty thousand seeds! a rate of increase that would, it is computed, in the course of seven years cover the area of Great Britain, and furnish, we may further reckon, enough opium to lull the whole population into a last long sleep. The small seed escapes when ripe through the apertures at the base of the capsule.

Next to the poppy and groundsel we may place the charlock, chickweed, and corn marigold, all annuals, and to be easily got rid of before flowering by hoeing. Some years ago, I was told by an intelligent head gardener in the island of Colonsay, in the west of Scotland, that seeds of the oxeye daisy arrived in some packages from London. In the course of a few years, oxeye had taken entire possession of the island. It is a perennial, and also seeds plentifully, and is therefore more difficult to destroy. Both the latter and the yellow corn marigold (*Chrysanthemum segetum*) are now affected by the rathetic world, and are assuming importance as articles of commerce, thousands of bunches being disposed of on market days at Covent Garden.

Americans inform us that about two hundred and twenty species of weeds have been imported into their country, mostly from the British Islands. In 1837, there were said to be only one hundred and thirty seven. The common plantain is known among the Indians as the 'Englishman's foot, as though following the steps of the white settlers. The common yellow trefoil was, it is said, introduced by a Mr Ranstead as a garden flower, and is now known as the Ranstead weed. In 1788 it had overrun the pastures in the inhabited parts of Pennsylvania, and was the cause of bitter complaints. Chickweed is said to have been introduced as bird seed, and the Scotch thistle arrived in a bale-tick filled with thistle down. Feathers being in an, the bed of down was replaced by feathers, and the former thrown by the wayside. The seed soon found a congenial home. There is a troublesome American water weed, however (*Anacharis alsinastrum*), which has avenged our transatlantic cousins threefold by choking our pools, rivers, and canals. Another little intruder from the Cape (*Azolla pennata*) may be troublesome. It is a charming little aquatic, and most interesting under the microscope. Some one had thrown a handful of it on a pond we wot of, where the common duckweed (*Lemna*) flourished, but azolla quickly monopolised the whole surface and crowded out the duckweed.

With regard to weeds generally, it must always be borne in mind by the farmer and gardener that they not only deprive the growing crops of the food intended for *them* only, but their presence robs the young plant of the air, light, moisture, and heat essential for its healthy development. It is quite possible, however, that some of the plants we now condemn as weeds will some day be utilised as green crops and ploughed in. The entire constituents of the crop are in such case returned to the soil. It is unnecessary to allude here to another aspect of the weed question further than to remark, that a garden owes much of its charm and neatness to its order, cleanliness, and entire absence of weeds.

TECHNICAL EDUCATION AT GORDON'S COLLEGE, ABERDEEN

A little over two years ago (March 22, 1884), under the title of 'A Practical Science and Art School,' we gave an account of the transformation that had taken place at Gordon's College, Aberdeen, the old 'hospital' having been converted into a day and evening school, both possessing sections specially devoted to technical instruction. The first independent examination of the College (day school) has just been made, the examiners being Professor Burnell of St Andrews, and Professor Kennedy of University College, London, who report highly on the appearances made and the work done by the pupils, and on the general condition of the College. They mention that the College has so prospered under its new constitution, that whereas the pupils in attendance previous to 1881 at no time exceeded two hundred, the number on the register for this session (1885-86) exceeds eight hundred. Of these, one hundred and twenty are foundationers, who are entitled to free education, books, and an allowance of £15, 12s per annum for maintenance and clothing, &c., and this is all that remains of the 'hospital' system. We excerpt the portion of the Report bearing on 'Handicraft,' as being of general interest.

'A certain number of the most promising boys in the third division are allowed to receive workshop instruction for from one and a half to two hours a week, while in the fourth and fifth divisions of the Commercial School it forms a regular subject of instruction, to which about four hours a week are allotted. Some boys have only one year of this work, some (occasionally) over two years. A year and a half seems to be about the average. The work done by individual pupils depends upon their ability and probable future employment, each having free choice so far as it is practicable. All boys occupy themselves with simple wood work for about a year after entering. Later on, they obtain practice in fitter's work (filing, chipping, scraping, &c.), and in work at simple machine tools (simple and screw cutting lathes and planing machines), also in forging and green sand moulding. Those who require it are also taught something of tinplate and plumber's work. From twenty to twenty-five lads work in the workshop at one time—there is not room for more. At present, about eighty lads in all are receiving practical instruction in four detachments. Earlier in the session (a large number of the more advanced boys having left for situations in the early spring), the total number was about one hundred and twenty-five, receiving instruction in five divisions.

'For the purposes of inspection, we requested that boys at all the different stages might be put in the workshop simultaneously, in order that both elementary and advanced work might be examined. The younger boys were making

wooden joints, half lap, scarf, dovetail, &c., and from this, various grades of work were represented up to the different parts of a slide rest lathe which was in process of construction. There seemed no tendency to take the work as play, it was carried on as seriously and in the same spirit as every other part of the educational course. The results were correspondingly satisfactory. It is not intended or supposed that work of this kind will supersede the necessity of apprenticeship in practical work, but it is believed that it will send the boys to their apprenticeship much better prepared than they would otherwise be to take advantage of the opportunities they then have of learning, and much more likely to be soon useful to their employers. Carried on in the spirit in which the workshop at Gordons College is carried on, these results are certainly achieved, and can only be spoken of in terms of thorough commendation. The work turned out by the boys was not of course equal to that of journeymen, but judged from its own point of view, as the work of boys having had at most very little training, it was as satisfactory in execution as in intention.'

It may not be out of place to mention that Mr J. Grant Ogilvie, the Science teacher at Gordons College, has recently been appointed Principal of the Heriot Watt College, Edinburgh, which Mr P. A. Clark, Superintendent of the workshop at Gordons College, has been appointed to the corresponding post at Heriots Hospital School.

AN EXPERIMENT IN CO-OPERATIVE FARMING

We learn from a contemporary that the experiment in co-operative farming now being made by the Duke of Portland on his Grimsby estate is exciting considerable attention in the country amongst all classes. The farm referred to, consisting of about four hundred and eighty five acres, has been let, together with all the stock, horses, and implements upon it, and with all the rights of the tenant, to an association of six agricultural labourers. It is chiefly arable, there being only thirty six acres of grass, and the soil is a deep peat, growing good wheat, and also oats, but not barley. The terms upon which the farm is let or leased are, it is said, a fixed rent, payable half yearly. The tenant right has been valued by parties mutually chosen, and three per cent is to be charged on the amount, to be paid half yearly with the rent. The horses, stock, and implements left upon the farm have also been valued by the same valuers, and three per cent is to be charged thereon. The tenant right, the stock, and implements are at all times to be kept up after a style of good husbandry, and the landlord, his agent, or servants are to have every facility shown them to ascertain that the capital is being in no way deteriorated. The shooting is not let with the farm. The agreement is the one usually in force on the Duke's estate, but it has been found necessary, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, to enter into a subsidiary agreement giving power to resume possession at any time, and this document will necessarily come under the Bills of Sale Act. The amount of the valuation is said to be £2431, 10s. The farm buildings are in good order, and sufficient for the requirements of the farm. The live stock on the farm has been valued, as also the farming implements and general stock, including sufficient seed corn. There are four houses on the farm, but in order to meet the requirements of the six men and their families, two of the houses have been divided, and other alterations may also be made. A deed of partnership is being drawn up amongst the men, which shall be in force for seven years. Each man is to receive a wage of four pounds a month, accounts are to be balanced yearly, and after the rent, interest, and all other charges are deducted, the remainder is to be paid over towards reducing the amount of the valuation.

THE CONSUMPTION OF TEA

The Australian colonies and New Zealand, according to one of the Indian journals, drink far more tea per head of population than the British Islands. The Australians come first, with 7·66 pounds per head; the New Zealanders next, with 7·23 pounds per head; while the people of Great Britain, though appearing third in the list, consume only 4·00 pounds each. Newfoundland and Canada come next, while in the United States the consumption is only 1·30 pound per head, and in Russia, which is always regarded as a great tea drinking country, the consumption is only 0·61 pound per head. Belgium, Sweden, Austria Hungary, and Spain consume less than the other European nations, but there is not one nation on the continent, with the exception of Holland, in which the annual consumption exceeds one pound per head. But in certain parts of the countries named tea drinking is much more common than in others. In certain Russian districts, especially, tea is drunk constantly and copiously, and it is this fact which has given rise to the notion that Russia is the most tributaries of all tea drinking countries.

TO A CHERRY BLOSSOM.

O cherry blossom, have you loved?
I have loved
A maiden sweet as summer skies,
With tender lights in hazel eyes,
I have loved.

O cherry blossom, you are fair?
She was fair
Her thoughts were whiter than your face,
She were no proud pretending grace,
All so fair.

O cherry blossom! can you weep?
I can weep
Her frail white form is buried now,
And over it the lilies blow —
Blow, and weep.

O cherry blossom! you will die
All things die
The sweetest things that we receive,
Ah, these of us take soonest leave —
You will die.

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, 47 Paternoster Row, London, and 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

All Rights Reserved.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL
OF
POPULAR
LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART
Fifth Series
ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832
CONDUCTED BY R CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)

No 135 —Vol III. SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1886 Price 1½d

HYGEIA IN THE DOG-DAYS

Hygeia, the Goddess of Health, receives many rebuffs. She has numbers of followers, who pretend to listen to her teachings, but who do not quite understand her She is a very simple and sweet goddess, and it would do us all good to put ourselves under her gentle training for a few of the hot weeks of summer She would be pleased with our patronage, although she is a reputed Pagan goddess She is no worse for that, as long as she is practical and poetical and teaches us how to make ourselves comfortable Oh, these reeking hot days of July! I fear we break the commandments of the goddess by feeding too largely upon them I am ashamed to own that I have been regaling myself not wisely but too well upon some of the hottest foods within reach, merely because I liked them I have dined, and am growing hotter and hotter, in consequence of the dishes which appetite and not reason selected

Whilst ruminating over a pipe on the evening of one of the dog days, the thermometer being above eighty degrees in the shade, I have wondered what the goddess Hygeia would have done, and what she would have recommended, under the circumstances, for purposes of health and comfort She wouldn't have eaten roast duck, I know; but how would she have combated the fierce heat, by way of keeping herself cool? Would she have swallowed haggis and cockaleekie in North Britain, ham and beef in Yorkshire, and tripe and onions in London? Not a bit of it Hygeia had too much respect for herself as a goddess to indulge in such plebeian and delusive dainties in hot weather

I can just see her in a scornful attitude, on the top of a marble column such as Alma Tadema loves to paint—she waves her hand over the smoking viands our good cooks are sending up for our delectation She preaches abstention in a way that makes one feel creepy, as her words seem to come down from the cold marble She is commanding her followers to keep cool with milk and water, and grapes and strawberries, and to leave all the alcohol and wine and beer for other occasions I beg Hygeia's pardon, and shall renounce heat producers on hot days in future, although they are very good, and like everything else, unfortunately, what dyspeptics like best

What a dinner for a broiling day!—hot roast ducks and fowls, hot vegetables, a pint of heating stout, hot fish and roast beef and soups and plumpuddings, hot omelets, and a dozen more hot things, all washed down with port wine and whisky toddy, as a nightcap, with hot tea at intervals between! What would Hygeia say? She would say Abandon all hope of keeping cool, if you put such things into your receptacles There is only one thing unmentioned—a hot poker—and probably your punch has been stirred up with it Such is an average Englishmen's food on the sweltering days of July and August And yet the French say we can't cook! Only imagine the plethora producing power of an ordinary dog days dinner

As I know something about Hygeia, I may state that she will always hold aloof from people who feed on hot meats and beverages such as I have described As for herself, she has (or had) an internal Limited Liability Company, which contents itself with rice puddings and other innocent sustenance free from fats and sugars She is, or was, a very plain and wholesome and abstemious feeder, seldom aspiring to anything beyond the regulation cup of tea, or a drink from the pump or pail, or now and then a seltzer, potass or soda, varied with a dash of claret or sherry or champagne There is some use in these goddesses after all Hygeia promises (we are getting somewhat mixed with past and present) that she will befriend any one in the dog days who follows her rôle, lives simply, eats the fruits of the season, and gives up a portion of carbonaceous food, which adds fuel to the internal fire. She will even bring Morpheus in her train, and tuck up a fellow who obeys her, and give him happy rest and sweet dreams,

without a headache in the morning In the night-watches, she will keep him cool as a frog or a cucumber, without the fires of Vesuvius to make him kick against unknown quantities, and wrestle with demons and dragons and other enemies of sleep

But if, like humble children, we would benefit by the goddess to the full, there are other things to attend to besides food and drink to make us comfortable in the dog days We are nearly all astray in the kind of raiment we wear, both in weight and colour and quality and substance We draw down the divine caloric by dark, heat producing clothes in a way which shocks Hygeia Why not take to nankeen and cotton, and please the dear soul, and comfort ourselves as well? She never wore funereal black in hot summers She never had a hot chimney pot on her head, she was never seen in ebony coloured trousers or a villainous hot mantle She believes in white apparel, as angels ought to do—white window blinds and knickerbockers, white wide awakes and sun shades, white fish, white bread, white pulpy fruit, or as near that colour as possible, and white curtains and covers

And Hygeia is right Why should we keep such big fires and jets of lambent gas in the dog days, consuming the life giving oxygen, and yet complain of being overheated? He would be a plucky man who dare ride through public streets with white unmentionables, coat and vest and white umbrella, on a white horse He would look cool, however, and feel so, and if we could prevail upon ourselves to be a little lighter and whiter on saddle or rail or steamboat, Hygeia says we should derive great joy thereby in July and August At all events, we might make some approach to it in our dishabille We need not be mere blocks for tailors and milliners to hang dresses upon, obliging us to be tight and uncomfortable because Fashion wills it We require loose, lightly fitting garments, if we would keep cool

Moreover, now that we are hobnobbing with goddesses and know their ways and philosophies, let us inquire why we open our windows and let in the broiling summer heat, and having let it in, why we do not allow it to go out again by the chimney or the roof Lump, flabby girls, familiar to us all through Du Maurier's pencil, spend much time in stuffing our grates with lilies and peacocks' feathers and sunflowers They fill the chimney with sacking and make the outside very pretty, thus no air makes its exit by the chimney flue Hygeia says the young ladies are all wrong, and she doesn't care a fig for sunflowers, if they prevent the operations of nature. Hot air should ascend, and cool air come into a house 'Dear girls, says Hygeia, 'let these fads alone, pull out all the stuffing, and be natural You are hot, cool yourselves Why do you cram chimneys with flowers? It is not a festival. Make room for the king—for air, light, and comfort Perish the peacock plumes, down with the gaudy flowers, and away with the ferinary in front of them! Out with the sooty sacking Give air, and plenty of it, in the dog days'

Hygeia says we don't make ourselves comfortable by the windows We ought to have more green and white sun blinds We open our morning sashes and let in the bright heat all day, to make our bedrooms unbearable at night. Nevertheless, everybody does it Cottagers in the country open their lattices amongst honeysuckles, roses, and stocks, palaces are open amongst vines and trellises of wisteria and orange Never mind, says our authority Let me teach you to close all windows as closely as if they were glued, and let them remain so till the sun begins to wester in the heavens We might do much by way of cooling our houses, if we attended to such sensible arrangements as closing in a southerly aspect, and opening in a northern one, always opening opposite the sun, and also by having free ventilation through the attics

Directly the sun begins to decline, let every maiden and housewife, and man and woman and child, with an eye for the picturesque, and a feeling for health and beauty, throw up the Venetian or Parisian blinds Open your rooms to the glories of the evening throw up, and pull down the sashes open wide all your doors. Let cool breezes enter into corridor and cellar and garret and room, let the 'caller' air circulate through every inch of the house hour after hour, whilst you are getting your evening meal, whilst you say your prayers, whilst you think of others after the toils of the day If it be your priceless lot to dwell apart from city life, and have outside your cottage or villa or mansion, flowers, those lovely gifts of Dame Nature, let scents of rose and thyme come in at every gap in the hedge, at every rift of the wall, at every crannny of the house—scents of rosemary and mignonette, and lavender and bergamot, and lily and elderberry Welcome the delicate perfume on its coolness, refreshing, healthy musion It is Hygeia's gift—a superlative boon for the dog days

Strawberries are waiting to be plucked in all the hot months If we have the possibility of enjoying a holiday, what can be better than a strawberry garden and plenty of cream? whilst larks aloft, and cuckoos in the shade, are singing in the plenitude of their full hearts, and whilst nimble fingers are spreading the white tablecloth on the grass to receive the dainty fruit

Talk of lotos eaters—we prefer strawberry gatherers An old divine said he believed the joys of paradise would consist of eating strawberries to the sounds of a trumpet We refuse to think that we can have this transcendental pastime nearer home We have the strawberries in full force, and there is generally a brass band round the corner to supply, for a small gratuity,

the trumpet Unluckily, doctors have decided that many of us derive no advantage from the strawberry, and alas! and alack a day! even claret cup and champagne and iced cream are occasionally prescribed! When boys, we ate more ices than we could afford, in maturity, we have the pocket money—without the digestion A lady in France thought that if strawberry ices were only *sinful*, no pleasure could exceed that which is to be enjoyed in the consumption of the pleasant fruit In the eyes of some people, eating strawberries *has* become almost sinful, so the French lady will be able to satisfy her conscience, perhaps, on that score Nevertheless, the old parson that Izaak Walton speaks of was right 'Certainly, God might have made a better berry than the strawberry, but certainly, God never did' So let us enjoy this heaven sent fruit in the dog days

Not that we are at a loss for juicy fruits as long as we have our pine apples and melons and tomatoes, our peaches and jargonelles, grapes and nectarines, and plums and apricots, a very pare dissical melange, born of our glorious summer, all which indicates that providence nurtured them for the dog days that we may eat and be satisfied We may be sure that the sugar in fruits is modified by other elements, wisely elaborated by a Beneficent chemistry

After the dog days comes 'St Luke's little summer,' beginning on the 18th of October and lasting for an octave Horses and cows feel the heat, dogs whine, and cats show distress, birds sip the morning dew on the leaves for refreshment, even our trees and flowers hang their branches languidly The Italians twit us by saying that only dogs and Englishmen walk in the sun Well, it is so little of it we get, that we may be excused if we make the best of it, although we know we may suffer for our imprudence, and go home with colds or neuralgia from too free exposure and rapid cooling Young dancing and gambolling Sylphs and Cupids in gauze, like so many butterflies in the sunbeams, had better be aware that they may get too much of it, although not often, and we must have an administrative check upon them, so that they do not fly into the heat and scorch their wings

We are not an eminently sunny people, our fruit has not the rich orange tints of sunnier climes, where warmth is perennial and perpetual, and then dog days come at last, and we go out to bask like lizards amongst the sand of our shores, or to splash amongst salt water at our bathing resorts Our hot days ought to be an enjoyment, which they would be if we prepared ourselves for them and attended to the changes of temperature We are not to throw off all our wraps in one grand effort to be free, still less to court chills by foolishly hanging about damp places merely to get cool, and losing our animal heat quicker than we can replace it Hygeia is the last person in the world to tolerate such errors She requires us to use common sense, and not to use an erroneous dietary, and if we obeyed her implicitly, our summers would leave us not so relaxed and overdone and dull and full of languor as they often do If we will have heating food and heavy raiment, we resist the precepts of Hygeia, and we shall fail to win her smile when she draws the curtain for the season

We must not tempt malaria by walking too late in dewy grass, when the moon is up, and all nature looks bright and beautiful, and only the nightingale sings or the willow wren warbles amongst the osiers We may stay out too late, by way of getting cool, until we get quite hot, and feverish with a cough that won't let us sleep, and as blackbirds and thrushes call upon us with dulcet notes about three o'clock AM we cannot answer the polite and musical invitation, if our throats suffer from the evening fog

Young folk will pardon this dog day talk, as it perhaps may benefit them It is very pleasant to see them enjoying themselves, will with the shimmering sunshine We were all young once, 'before Decay's effacing fingers had swept the lines where beauty lingers,' and before rheumatism caught us in its horrible grip Long may they enjoy themselves—and ourselves too enjoy our rollicking fun and nonsense amongst wild birds and flowers and hayricks, amongst the scents of new mown hay and clover and bean fields What a lot of joy middle aged people have to renounce, and yet we can still appreciate our dog days!

An old proverb says, 'Every dog has his day,' but there are only forty dog days in the calendar according to modern almanacs They begin on the 3d of July, and end on the 11th of August Bailey, the dictionary maker of 1755, says the dog days are 'certain days in July and August, commonly from the 24th of the former to the 28th of the latter, so called from the star Canis or Dog star, which then rises and sets with the sun, and greatly increases the heat' This was published three years after the introduction of new style, which took the place of old style in 1752 Another authority, more recent, says 'The canicular or dog days denote a certain number of days preceding and ensuing the heliacal rising of the Canicula or the Dog star in the morning Almanac makers usually mark the beginning of the dog days from about the end of July, and end them about their first week in September' Most people are accustomed to connect these days with mad dogs and hydrophobia generally, and they begin to think of M Pasteur and his experiments at such times There is evident confusion as to the time they begin and end One thing is plain—they indicate the hotter portion of our year some of them are so hot that we perspire if we stand still, though an Arab would freeze What are we to do at such times? Simply, let us sit quietly if we can, and enjoy our meals in a rather darkened room, with a pretty girl at the piano to sing for us, whilst we have our 'bubble bubble' and iced water or fragrant cigar and a pleasant book, till the cool of the evening A considerable number of the dog days are anything but hot, they are dashed by rain, as people parties know to their sorrow St Swithin, of pluvial notoriety, bids us put up our umbrellas on the 15th of July, whilst he assuages the heat, and acts the part of Aquarius for the good of the world, spoiling all the custards and junkets and cheese cakes, and taking out the ruffling of the ladies' curls and collars in

a remarkably disagreeable manner, by a sudden downpour, that often continues for many hours together What an ungallant, heartless, and stingy old saint he must be!

IN ALL SHADES

CHAPTER XXXIII

Mr Dupuy was seated quietly at dinner in his own dining room, with Nora at the opposite end of the table, and Uncle Zekiel, the butler, in red plush waistcoat as usual, standing solemnly behind his chair Mr Dupuy was in excellent spirits, in spite of the little affair of the previous night, for the sugar cane had cut very heavy, and the boiling was progressing in the most admirable manner He sipped his glass of St Emilion (as imported) with the slow, easy air of a person at peace with himself and with all creation The world at large seemed just that moment to suit him excellently 'Nora, my dear,' he drawled out lazily, with the unctuous deliberate ness of the full blooded man well fed, 'this is a capital pine apple certainly—a Ripley, I perceive, far superior in flavour, Ripleys, to the cheap common black sugar pines always insist upon getting Ripleys—I think, if you please, I'll take another piece of that pine apple'

Nora cut him a good thick slice from the centre of the fruit—it is only in England that people commit the atrocity of cutting pine in thin layers—and laid down the knife with a stifled yawn upon the tall dessert dish She was evidently bored—very deeply bored indeed Orange Grove without Harry Noel began to seem a trifle dull, and it must be confessed that to live for months together with an old gentleman of Mr Dupuy's sluggish temperament was scarcely a lively mode of life for a pretty, volatile, laughter loving girl of twenty, like little Nora 'What's this, papa,' she asked languidly, just by way of keeping up the conversation, 'about the negroes here in Westmoreland being so dreadfully discontented? Somebody was telling me'—Nora prudently suppressed Marian Hawthorn's name, for fear of an explosion—'that there's a great deal of sin and ferment among the plantation hands What are they bothering and worrying about now, I wonder?'

Mr Dupuy rolled the remainder of his glassful of claret on his discriminative palate, very reflectively, for half a minute or so, and then answered in his most leisurely fashion 'Lies, lies—a pack of lies, the whole lot of it, Nora I know who you heard that from, though you won't tell me so You heard it from some of your fine coloured friends there, over at Mulberry—Now, don't deny it, for I won't believe you When I say a thing, you know I mean it You heard it, I say, from some of these wretched, disaffected coloured people And there isn't a word of truth in the whole story—not a syllable—not a shadow—not a grain—not a penumbra Also lute falsehood, the entire lot of it, got up by these designing radical coloured people, to serve their own private purposes I assure you, Nora, there isn't in the whole world a finer, better paid, better fed, better treated, or more happy and contented peasantry than our own comfortable West Indian negroes. For my part, I can't conceive what on earth they've ever got to be discontented about'

'But, papa, they do say there's a great chance of a regular rising'

'Rising, my dear!—rising! Did you say a rising? Ho, ho! that's really too ridiculous! What, these niggers rise in revolt against the white people! Why, my dear child, they'd never dare to do it. A pack of cowardly, miserable, quaking and quavering nigger blackguards Rise, indeed! I'd like to see them try it! O no, nothing of the sort Somebody's been imposing on you They're too afraid of us, my dear, ever to think of venturing upon a regular rising Show me a nigger, I always say to anybody who talks that sort of nonsense to me, and I'll show you a coward, and a thief too, and a liar, and a vagabond—Zekiel, you rascal, pour me out another glass of claret, sir, this minute!'

Uncle Zekiel poured out the claret for his red faced master with a countenance wholly unclouded by this violent denunciation of his own race, to say the truth, the old butler was too much accustomed to similar sentiments from Mr Dupuy's lips ever to notice particularly what his master was saying He smiled and grinned, and showed his own white teeth good humouredly as he laid down the claret jug, exactly as though Mr Dupuy had been ascribing to the African race in general, and to himself in particular, all the virtues and excellences ever observed in the most abstractly perfect human character

'No,' Mr Dupuy went on dogmatically, 'they won't rise a pack of mean spirited, cowardly, ignorant vagabonds as ever were born, the niggers, the whole lot of them I never knew a nigger yet who had a single ounce of courage in him You might walk over them, and trample them down in heavy riding boots, and they wouldn't so much as dare to raise a finger against you And besides, what have they got to rise for? Haven't they got everything they can ever expect to have? Haven't they got their freedom and their cottages? But they're always grumbling, always grumbling about something or other—a set of idle, lazy, discontented vagabonds as ever I set eyes on!'

'I thought you said just now,' Nora put in with a provoking smile, 'they were the finest, happiest, and most contented peasantry to be found anywhere

There was nothing more annoying to Mr Dupuy than to have one of his frequent conversational inconsistencies ruthlessly brought home to him by his own daughter—the only person in the whole world who would ever have ventured upon taking such an unwarrantable liberty He laid down his glass of claret with a forced smile, and by way of changing the subject, so unconcernedly 'Bless my soul, what on earth can all that glare be over yonder? Upon my word, now I look at it, I fancy, Nora, it seems to come from the direction of the trash house'

Uncle Zekiel, standing up behind his master's chair, and gazing outward, could see more easily over the dining table, and out through the open doorway of the room, to the hillside beyond, where the glare came from In a moment, he realised the full meaning of the unwonted blaze, and cried out sharply, in his shrill old tones

'O ah, O ah! de naygurs hab risen, an' dem burnin' de trash houses, dem burnin de trash houses!'

Mr Dupuy, aghast with righteous anger and astonishment, could hardly believe his own ears at this unparalleled piece of nigger impertinence coming from so old a servant as Uncle 'Zekiel. He turned round upon his trusty butler slowly and solemnly, chair and all, and with his two hands planted firmly on his capacious knees, he said in his most awful voice: 'Zekiel, I'm quite at a loss to understand what you can mean by such conduct. Didn't you hear me distinctly say to Miss Nora this very minute that the niggers don't rise, won't rise, can't rise, and never have risen? How dare you, sir, how dare you contradict me to my very face in this disgraceful, unaccountable manner?'

But Uncle 'Zekiel, quite convinced in his own mind of the correctness of his own hasty inference, could only repeat, more and more energetically every minute: 'It de trut' I tellin' you, sah, it de trut I tellin' you. Naygurs hab risen, runnin an' shoutin, kickin' fire about, an' burnin' de trash houses!'

Mr Dupuy rose from the table, pale but incredulous. Nora jumped up, white and terrified, but with a mute look of horror struck appeal to Uncle 'Zekiel: 'Don't you be afraid, massy,' the old man whispered to her in a loud undertone, 'we fight all de naygurs in all Trinidad before we let dem hurt a single hair ob your sweet, pretty, white, little head, dearie.'

At that moment, for the first time, a loud shout burst suddenly upon their astonished ears, a mingled tumultuous yell of 'Kill de buckra—kill de buckra!' broken by deep African guttural mumblings, and the crackling noise of the wild flames among the dry cane refuse. It was the shout that the negroes raised as Delgado called them back from the untimely fire to their proper work of bloodshed and massacre.

In her speechless terror, Nora flung herself upon her father's arms, and gazed out upon the ever reddening glare beyond with unspeakable alarm.

Next minute, the cry from without rose again louder and louder: 'Buckra country for us! Kill de buckra! Colour for colour! Kill dem—kill dem!' And then, another deep negro voice, clearer and shriller far than all of them, broke the deathly stillness that succeeded for a second, with the perfectly audible and awful words: 'Follow me! I gwine to lead you to kill de Dupuys an all de buckra!'

'Zekiel!' Mr Dupuy said, coming to himself, and taking down his walking stick with that calm unshaken courage in which the white West Indian has never been found lacking in the hour of danger—'Zekiel, come with me! I must go out at once and quell these rioters.'

Nora gazed at him in blank dismay: 'Papa, papa!' she cried breathlessly, 'you're not going out to them just with your stick, are you? You're not going out alone to all these wretches without even so much as a gun or a pistol!'

'My dear,' Mr Dupuy answered, coolly and collectedly, disengaging himself from her arms not without some quiet natural tenderness, 'don't be alarmed. You don't understand these people as well as I do. I'm a magistrate for the country, they'll respect my position. The moment I come near, they'll all disperse and grow as mild as babies.'

And even as he spoke, the confused shrieks of the women surged closer and closer upon their ears: 'Kill dem—kill dem! De liquor—de liquor!'

'Ah! I told you so,' Mr Dupuy murmured, half to himself, very complacently, with a deep breath. 'Only a foolish set of tipsy negresses, waking and rum drinking, and kicking about firebrands.'

For another second, there was a slight pause again, while one might count twenty, and then the report of a pistol rang out clear and definite upon the startled air from the direction of the flaming trash houses. It was Delgado's pistol, shooting down the tipsy recalcitrant.

'This means business!' Mr Dupuy ejaculated, raising his voice, with a sidelong glance at poor trembling Nora—'Come along, 'Zekiel, come along all of you. We must go out at once and quiet them or disperse them—Dick, Thomas, Emilius, Robert, Jo, Mark Antony! every one of you! come along with me, come along with me, and see to the trash houses before these tipsy wretches have utterly destroyed them.'

(To be continued.)

BEES AND HONEY.

The honey bee has been an object of great interest from the very earliest ages, the most ancient historical records make frequent reference to it. 'A little balm and a little honey' formed part of the present which Jacob sent into Egypt to Joseph in the time of the great famine. The 'busy bee' figures also in Greek as well as Hebrew history. The little creature has given a name to many females of high degree. The Hebrew name of the bee (Deborah) was given to Rebecca's nurse, as also to that magnanimous prophetess whose courage and patriotism inspired the flagging zeal and waning energies of her disputed countrymen. The Greek name of the bee (Melissa) was given to one of the daughters of Melisseus, king of Crete. It was she who, with her sister Amalthæa, is fabled to have fed Jupiter with the milk of goats. She is said, also, to have first discovered the means of collecting honey from the stores of the bees, from which some ancient writers inferred that she not only bore the name, but that she was actually changed into a bee.

Another Greek story tells of a woman of Corinth, also bearing the name of Melissa, who, having been admitted to officiate in the festivals of Ceres, the goddess of agriculture, afterwards refused to initiate others, and was torn to pieces for her disobedience, a swarm of bees being made to rise from her body.

The old Greek name for the bee seems to have fallen into disuse in this country as a name given to females, though there can be no reason why its use should not be revived, for it is at least as melodious as the Hebrew name of the same significance, still applied to many a matron and maiden—a name which is expressive of honeyed sweetness, as also of unwearied energy and untiring industry.

Those who have had personal knowledge and

experience of bee-culture will bear out the remark that bees are not particular as to the size or the position of the home in which they choose to dwell, so that it suffices for them to carry on with security their wonderful operations. In their wild state, cavities of rocks and hollow trees are alike available; and in their domestic conditions they have no preference for a straw skep over a wooden box, nor for the wooden house over the straw castle.

The bee, which, while under proper control and management, is one of man's best friends, proves, when assailed by him in any way, a terrible adversary. Allusion is made to this by Moses in his story of what befell the Israelites in their wilderness sojourn: 'The Amorites came out against you, and chased you as bees do, and destroyed you.' The strength and force of their sting is such as to enable them to pierce the skin of the horse and other large animals and kill them. Their ordinary speed when in flight, is from sixty to eighty miles an hour, and they have been known to fly past the windows of an express train when travelling at full speed in the same direction. Their manner of attack is to dash straight at the object aimed at; and commonly, when excited by the presence of some unknown spectator, and especially by the intermeddling of some undexterous or mischievous person, they will attack the face, aiming especially at the eyes. When, therefore, the thousands which inhabit a single hive are aroused by the sound of alarm, well understood by all the inmates, to repel an invader, they sally forth with a courage and determination which none can withstand, attacking their foes on every side with a fury it is impossible to resist. King David must have witnessed just such a scene, which he reproduces in his description of the fierce attacks, the determined onslaughts of his bitter and unrelenting foes: 'All nations compassed me about . . . they compassed me about like bees.'

Somewhat recently, the mishap of a porter in handling a box of bees in transit by railway created an amusing and rather alarming scene at the station. There was a general stampede of passengers and officials flying in every direction, chased by the infuriated bees. It was only when some one, skilled in the management of bees, catching the queen and placing her in the box, restored confidence and quiet, for, flocking loyally to her standard, the whole colony returned to the case, which was in due time forwarded to its destination. But even this was a small affair compared with what is related in ancient history of persons being driven from their habitations, and the inhabitants of an entire town being compelled to flee before myriads of bees. Æliannus, who flourished about 200 A.D., gives an instance of this in one of his seventeen books on animals. Mungo Park, too, the African traveller, mentions a modern instance which took place near Deoprooo: 'We had no sooner unloaded the asses than some of the people, being in search of honey, inopportunely disturbed a large swarm of bees. They came out in immense numbers, and attacked men and beasts at the same time. Luckily, most of the asses were loose, and galloped up the valley; but the horses and people were very much stung, and obliged to scamper off in all directions. In fact, for half an hour the bees seemed to have put an end to our journey. In the evening, when they became less troublesome and we could venture to collect our cattle, we found many of them much stung and swelled about the head. Three asses were missing; one died in the evening, and another next morning. Our guide lost his horse, and many of the people were much stung about the head and face.'

The fierceness and unrelenting cruelty of the ancient Assyrians, and the terror with which their swarming multitudes filled the inhabitants of the lands they invaded, have caused them to be likened to bees in their much-dreaded attacks on such as have aroused their anger: 'And it shall come to pass in that day that the Lord shall hiss for the fly that is in the uttermost part of the rivers of Egypt, and for the bee that is in the land of Assyria. And they shall come, and shall rest all of them in the desolate valleys, and in the holes of the rocks, and upon all thorns, and upon all bushes.' The 'hiss' was simply a call, in allusion to the note of the queen bee, as she issues her royal mandate to her ever loyal subjects to prepare for action. It has also been supposed to allude to a custom prevailing in very ancient times in connection with bee-culture, or honey-raising in the neighbourhood of rivers. During the dry season, a number of hives would be placed on a flat-bottomed boat, in the charge of an attendant. Very early in the morning the boat would begin the day's voyage, gently gliding down the river, the bees sallying forth with the sun to collect their golden stores and deposit them in their several hives, which they commonly know by some mark. The innumerable flowers on the banks of the rivers offered them a fine harvest-field. At the approach of evening, the well-known whistle or 'hiss' of the care-taker—a decent imitation of the queen's own call—would bring them back to their hives in multitudes, when the boat would be paddled back to the farm or other place of rendezvous.

As an article of food, and as a much-valued and even royal luxury, honey has been used from the remotest ages. Nor was it much, if any, less in request as a healing medicine for both inward and outward application. And though it may have fallen somewhat into disuse in these days, when many good things are overlooked, and when the artificial too often supplants the real, it may be safely predicted that the wide and rapid spread of bee-culture will induce a return to some of the wiser uses and methods and forms of adaptation employed by our early forefathers, as well as stimulate to new applications and new developments of its wondrous powers.

When and by whom mead or metheglin was first made from honey, could not be easily determined. The two words are not unfrequently applied to the same liquor; but that is not correct, as they are dissimilar. Both, however, are made from honey, sometimes also from the refuse or washings of the comb. Queen Elizabeth had such fondness for metheglin as to prescribe carefully how it should be made and with what a variety of herbs it should be flavoured. In Wales, it long continued to be held in high esteem; and its various beneficial properties have

been quaintly set forth in a letter addressed to Cliffe the historian by the learned Welshman, Rev James Howells (born 1594), brother of Thomas Howells, some time Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol The uniqueness of the communication is the apology for its quotation in full

Sir—To inaugurate a new and jovial new year unto you, I send you a morning's draught [namely, a bottle of metheglin] Neither Sir John Barlaycorn nor Bacchus hath anything to do with it, but it is the pure juice of the bee, the laborious bee, and king of insects The Druids and old British bards were wont to take a carouse hereof before they entered into their speculations, and if you do as when your fancy labours with anything, it will do you no hurt, and I know your fancy to be very good But this drink always carries a kind of state with it, for it must be attended with a brown toast, nor will it admit of but one good draught, and that in the morning, if more, it will keep a humming in the head, and so speak much of the house it came from, I mean the hive, as I gave a caution elsewhere, and because the bottle might make more haste, have made it go upon these (poetic) feet

J H T C Salutem et Annum Plaisancum.

The juice of bees not Bacchus here behold,
Which British bards were wont to quaff of old,
The berries of the grape with furies swell,
But in the honeycomb the graces dwell.

This alludes to a saying which the Turks have, that there lurks a devil in every berry of the vine So I wish you cordially as to me an auspicious and joyful new year, because you know I am, &c

Metheglin is no doubt a healthy beverage, containing an admixture of milk Pallas Romulus, when he was a hundred years old, told Julius Cæsar that he had preserved the vigour of his mind and body by taking metheglin inwardly, and using oil outwardly Metheglin and mead may be made very strong, and, of course, they both contain some amount of alcohol In Virgil's days, metheglin was used to qualify wine when harsh He writes of

Huge heavy honeycombs of golden juice,
Not only sweet but pure and fit for use,
To allay the strength and hardness of the wine,
And with old Bacchus new metheglin join

Mead or metheglin was the nectar of the Scandinavian nations, which they expected to drink in heaven, using the skulls of their enemies as goblets Thus we read in Penrose's *Carousal of Odin*.

Fill the honeyed beverage high,
Fill the skulls, as Odin's cry!
Heard ye not the powerful call
Thundering through the vaulted hall?
Fill the meaths, and spread the board,
Vassals of the grisly lord!—
The feast begins, the skull goes round,
Laughter shouts—the shouts resound

In England at the present time, mead, like many other old and excellent domestic compounds, has passed almost entirely out of use In very few houses could it now be found Here and there in a farmhouse where old customs linger, it may still be had; and it is still used for colds and other complaints, both in the case of men and cattle

The revival of bee keeping and the conduct of the enterprise on scientific principles, will restore honey to its wonted place in the domestic economy, and if carefully stabled and thriftily managed, the cultivation of bees and the product of honey may be made to form not only an important article of food and a considerable item of domestic revenue, but an ample source of amusement, and a means of recreation healthful alike to body and mind

A GALLANT RESCUE

Some six years ago I was staying in a little village about half a mile from the sea, on the south east coast of Cornwall I had just recovered from a severe attack of blood poisoning, and had not yet entirely regained my strength My two companions were Herbert B——, a medical student, and Sam W——, a midshipman in the royal navy, both of whom had lived the best part of their lives at the seaside, and had been accustomed from their boyhood to boating and yachting in all sorts of weather The former, about six feet in height, was a paragon of herculean strength The latter, four inches less, was slightly but firmly built, and in his eyes there was a look of boldness and audacity which was unmistakable, whilst his every action gave evidence of a cat like activity

That part of the Cornish coast on which we were staying was bare and rocky, a long line of cliffs rearing themselves straight out of the water to a height of about two hundred feet, stretched half a dozen miles on either side of us, affording no shelter for boats of a large size. The only thing resembling a haven was a small bay about a mile from our cottage, running a hundred and fifty yards inland, and facing south south east From each side of this bay a bold reef of rocks jutted straight out to sea for about seventy yards, acting as natural breakwaters, and preventing a surf in the bay even in the roughest weather In this bay, which was very dangerous of approach to those who did not know the land marks, we kept a fishing boat, about twenty feet long by six feet and a half beam, long and somewhat narrow, being lightly built, and meant for rowing as well as sailing

I was sitting alone in the dining room of our cottage about eleven o'clock on the morning of October 25, 1879 The wind, which had been blowing fresh for the past three days, had increased during the night to a strong gale from the south west, and my two friends had gone out about an hour before to watch the very rough sea, and to see if there were any ships or boats in distress I felt rather unwell, and was congratulating myself on not having gone out in such weather, when I heard a quick step outside the door, and Herbert burst in, crying in a deuced manner 'There, a a dismasted schooner drifting up channel, broadside on to the sea, there's a heavy squall of rain over Looe (the nearest port, about eight miles off), and the lifeboat people can't see her, so Sam and I are going off to her in the fishing boat, and as none of the villagers will come to steer, I've come to fetch you'

'Fetch me!' I ejaculated, horror struck. 'But my illness'——

'Put your illness in your pocket, and keep it there till you come back,' said my friend. 'You *must* come—unless you're afraid,' he added, glaring at me.

Although of a weak and nervous temperament, I am by no means a coward, so I told him I was ready to accompany him. On our way to the bay, Herbert told me that when first seen, the schooner was dismasted, but that the crew had managed to keep steerage way on her by hoisting the jib and letting her run before the gale, the canvas being rotten, however, as is often the case on board small traders, the sail had blown right out of the bolt rope, and the vessel had swung round broadside on to the sea.

On reaching the cliff a thrilling sight met my gaze. Some four miles off, a square topsail schooner of not more than two hundred tons was being tossed about at the mercy of the waves. Her mainmast had gone by the board, and her fore topmast had snapped off a few feet above the cap; her foreyard, however, still remained. She had a tremendous list to port—which was also her lee side—and every sea that struck her broke clean over her, and seemed to shake her fearfully. We did not stop half a minute to observe this, but hurried to the bay where our boat was beached. Sam was preparing her for sea with all speed, but as coolly as if he were going out with a water party on the upper reaches of the Thames.

After taking out some of the ballast to lighten her for the heavy pull—we could not sail, for wind and sea were dead against us—the boat was launched. No sooner had we got beyond the points of the two natural breakwaters, than a sea with what sailors call a 'beal' on it struck us on the starboard bow, sending the boat's head flying round and filling her quarter full of water.

'Gracious powers!' I cried, 'we'll never get out there. And if we do, we'll never get back safely with the boat full of people!'

'Pull her head round to the sea, Sam, my boy.—Mind your helm, Arthur, and don't talk!' said Herbert calmly. 'And as soon as we get beyond the rocks, you can start baling,' he added, as we again met the first wave outside the bay. But this time I was prepared, and grasping the helm firmly, kept the boat's head dead on to the sea. With one vigorous stroke of the oars, which Herbert and Sam handled in a masterly style, we dashed over, almost through, the huge billow that threatened to ingulf us, and not a moment too soon, for a second after it passed under our stern, it broke with a roar like the report of a cannon.

Then began a tremendous battle against wind and sea, Herbert dragging his oar through the water with that apparent ease and grace peculiar to men endowed with enormous muscular power, whilst Sam, who was pulling bow oar, strained his sinewy arms and lithe body till, by their united efforts, the spray flew over the boat's bow as she boldly dashed over, often through, the waves. We were wet to the skin, and it was with great difficulty that I could keep the boat's head straight.

After about an hour and a half of as hard work as two men ever endured in a good cause, during which time I was kept constantly baling, we got close under the lee of the wrecked vessel, which had now drifted to within two miles of the shore. There were eight poor half frozen wretches on board, one of whom was a woman, clinging to some spars which were securely lashed on the mainhold hatch. When we shouted and signalled them to throw us a rope, none of them moved. The cold and wet, and staying so long in the same position, had so stiffened them that they were unable to render us any assistance in getting on board. We then tried to approach the lee quarter of the wreck, but just as we got under the mizzenchains, by which my companions meant to climb on board, a tremendous sea broke over the weather quarter, and washing down over the lee gunwale, half filled our boat, and almost upset it.

'We're gone this time!' I exclaimed.

'Then we'll all go together,' cried Sam in a tone as if he rather enjoyed the idea than otherwise.

'Out oars and pull back again,' said Herbert calmly, without taking any notice of my frightened exclamation, for the wave had washed us some distance from the schooner.

On again approaching the wreck, we found the upper part of the fore topmast floating about thirty feet from her side with the fore topmast backstay still fastened to it. After a great trouble, Sam managed to cut the spar adrift and make the rope secure to our boat, the other end still being fast to the schooner. Herbert, telling me to keep the boat as clear of water as possible with the baling bucket, went forward. Taking hold of the rope, he jumped overboard, quickly drew himself hand over hand to the schooner's side, and climbed on board by the forechains. Sam soon followed him, though he was nearly washed away by a sea which broke over the schooner. Herbert, however, who was clinging to the forechainds, quickly grasped his wrist, and saved him.

After a short consultation, Sam went aloft with a rope, and lying out on the lee foreyard arm, passed the end of the rope through the brace block. He then came down on deck again, and making a bowline on a bight (a knot with two large loops) with it, gave it to Herbert, who made it and the other end of the rope fast to a belaying pin. Sam then came back to the boat to help me to receive the unfortunates. Herbert proceeded with great difficulty to the main hatch, and waiting till a huge wave had washed over the schooner, took the woman in his strong arms and brought her to where he had made fast the tackle. He then signalled us to haul the boat as near to the wreck as we dared. Then he put the woman's head and shoulders through one loop, and her limbs through the other, and waiting his opportunity, swung her on to the boat, where we unslung her, so to speak, and passed the knot back to Herbert. The crew followed in the same manner. As Herbert was carrying the last of them down to swing him over to the boat, the schooner shipped a tremendous sea, which sent Herbert and his burden flying into the lee scuppers. After remaining in suspense for half a minute

without either of them appearing above the bulwarks, Sam jumped at once overboard, dragged himself by the rope to the wreck, and climbed on board. Stooping, he disengaged the tightly clasped arms of the sailor from Herbert's neck, he then helped his friend, who was half mad with pain, to rise, and propped him against the bulwarks with his arms round the backstay. Sam was then about to stoop again to help the sailor, when he recoiled with an exclamation of horror. The poor fellow's head, as he had fallen with Herbert's huge weight on the top of him, had struck against the main bitts, and was shattered—he was stone dead!

With great difficulty Sam managed to put his friend into the bowline and sling him over to the boat, he himself following by the rope by which we were made fast to the schooner. Herbert, who looked very pale and ill, sank back exhausted in the stern sheets. A thin stream of blood was trickling from his temple, and he also suffered from pain in his right side.

It was late in the afternoon ere we cast off our rope and prepared for our homeward journey. We had scarcely got fifty yards from the schooner's side, when a heavy sea struck her, she shook from stem to stern, then heeled over to port till we thought she would capsize, but she righted herself again, as if struggling to keep afloat, then slowly began to sink by the bow. A second wave struck her, more on the quarter, plunging her bow into the trough of the sea, she raised her stern in the air, and, diving like some sea monster, disappeared. We afterwards learned from the captain that her cargo—loose limestone blocks of about a hundredweight each—had shifted. The last thrust gave to the schooner had caused the mainmast, which was already slightly sprung, to go over the side, taking the fore topmast with it. The shifting of the cargo had also started one of the planks, which accounted for the schooner springing a leak and going down.

The wind, which had chopped round to the southward, had blown us to within half a mile of the shore. Hoisting our close reefed jib, we steered for the small haven, which we reached in safety in a quarter of an hour, after having narrowly escaped being upset by the ugly 'topping' of a wave at the entrance between the two points of rock. We were received with shouts of joy from the villagers and some coastguardsmen, who, having perceived that the vessel was drifting in shore, had prepared the rocket apparatus in case of emergency.

Poor Herbert had to be lifted out of the boat and carried to our cottage on a stretcher. A surgeon was in immediate attendance, and we awaited with no little anxiety the result of his examination. Three ribs were found to be fractured, but the wound in his temple proved very slight. Suffice it to say that our friend was able to return to his studies in a few weeks.

Neither Sam nor myself suffered from our exposure, the former remaining all night in attendance on Herbert, I, taking a steaming glass of grog, turned in between the blankets.

The shipwrecked crew were well attended to by the landlord of the village inn, and were next morning sent on to Plymouth. Nothing was known about the man who was killed, he had shipped on board the schooner at Falmouth, but no one knew where he came from.

A week after this event we received a letter of thanks from the owners of the schooner, who also offered us a handsome acknowledgment for our timely assistance, which we declined with thanks.

The captain, who is now master of a much larger vessel, and whose wife it was we had saved, insists on repeating his expressions of gratitude whenever we meet, but his tone becomes very grave when we laugh and attempt to make light of the danger we encountered.

OUR HEDGEHOGS.

Who among us has not been amused and delighted by Frank Buckland's most original accounts of the various animals, wild and tame, with which, at different periods of his career, he came in contact! Reading in his *Life* the account of the hedgehog imported into the Deanery in the fond hope that it would devour the black beetles, has reminded us of some of our own experiences in connection with those animals. We were troubled with black beetles in our kitchen regions, and were informed that hedgehogs would eat them. It was long before the *Life of Frank Buckland* appeared, we had not the benefit of his experience, or we might have known that, as he says, 'they don't act. A hedgehog cannot possibly hold more than a pint of beetles at a time, and in my kitchen there are gallons of them.'

When the first hedgehog arrived and was turned loose in the kitchen, we expected great things of it, but, to our surprise, the creature would not take the trouble to catch the beetles. They might swarm on every side, 'beetles to right of him, beetles to left of him,' they might run right before his eyes—he only regarded them with placid indifference. He may have performed prodigies of beetle catching in the middle of the night when no one saw him, but so far as our observation went, the only way in which he could be induced to eat any was when they were caught for him—taken up in the fire shovel and presented to him on that as on a dish. Certainly there was no perceptible diminution in the number of black beetles, and our regret was therefore the less when before long the hedgehog mysteriously disappeared. Perhaps the beetles ate him, perhaps he managed to slip out unobserved into the yard. At all events, no trace of him was ever discovered, not even his skeleton in the flue, as was the case with Frank Buckland's hedgehog.

After this, I don't suppose we expected much in the way of beetle eating from his successor, known amongst us by the name of Hogatha, but she was less shy and more sociable than many hedgehogs, and amused us by her droll ways. She would of course roll herself into a prickly ball when touched, but would unscrew as I sat with her on my lap, and look about her with her bright little eyes. I think she would soon have become tame, and I should have made a pet of her, but for one unfortunate circumstance. If even the whole has his unmentionable

parasite, it will not perhaps appear surprising when I mention that fleas in great number inhabited my little friend's bristly coat. When she uncurled as she lay on my lap, they could be seen running in and out over her odd little head and face. Perhaps this is a favourite locality, being less bristly, and presumably more comfortable for the fleas than the more prickly portions of the body. But it was too much. Not even for the sake of cultivating the acquaintance of the charming Hogatha, could I face the prospect of restless nights and irritated skin, so our friendship waned.

It must have been this hedgehog which frightened me one night. I was not learned in natural history, and did not know that hedgehogs could run fast and mount stairs. It was late at night, and I was in bed, when I was startled by hearing strange noises in the passage outside my door. Sometimes they appeared distant, sometimes near, sometimes there came a kind of scraping at the door, which had a most uncanny sound. Is there such a thing as being physically superstitious, the mind having little or nothing to do with it? If so, I was physically superstitious, and the tendency which was in my blood, handed down perhaps from old Breton ancestors, was developed (parents and nurses, please take heed to my words!) by ghost stories told me in my childhood. At the time of which I am writing, though quite grown up I well remember there was one story in particular I hardly dared recall, which, if it came back to my memory in the night, would cause the old feeling of terror to overwhelm me like a flood, wherefore it was with an effort that I got up and lit the gas, then, 'taking my courage in both hands,' I opened the door and behold! there was Hogatha taking up and down the long passage like an capacious tramp! I couldn't consent to have her and her fleas, and I couldn't have her without, so I conveyed her down stairs, and shut her in the kitchen.

Then there was the sweet little baby hedgehog given me by a lad who found a nest in his garden. We didn't mean to be cruel, either of us, but no doubt were so, for the poor little thing was too young to be taken from its mother. I could not induce it to eat or drink, and at last I gave it to the cat, which had kittens at the time, to see if she would adopt it. She received it graciously when I put it into her basket, as though it had been her own kitten. But it was all in vain, the poor little thing pined and died.

We were by this time pretty well convinced that both eating on the part of hedgehogs was chiefly theoretical, with just as much relation to the realities of life as many other theories, and no more. We desired, however, to keep our minds open to new impressions, and when told that they were useful in a garden because they would eat the snails and slugs, we believed our informant, and hailed with gratitude the arrival of two fresh hedgehogs. They were named Paul and Virginia, and were shut up in the summer house, with the idea that when they had become well accustomed to that as their place of abode, they might not run away when allowed to go loose in the garden. But there must be some mistake about their fondness for snails and slugs. I took one to Paul (or Virginia, I am not sure which) one day, and, after some hesitation, he slowly ate it, but presently threw it out of his mouth. It didn't seem encouraging when you remember that they were expected to help to clear the garden of such pests. However, Paul and Virginia were allowed, when supposed to be sufficiently at home, to take their walks abroad, and then they also disappeared, nor have I ever seen either of the queer creatures since.

HOW PAT DILANEY PAID HIS RENT.

I was born in County Blank, Ireland, educated in Dublin, and chose for profession—if profession it may be called—that of a tea planter, but times were bad, health failed me, and after ten years spent in Assam, I returned to England with the intention of remaining, should a suitable appointment be procurable. No one knows, however, till he tries how difficult it is to find suitable employment on returning after a lapse of years to one's old haunts, the true reason of it being that there is too large a proportion of the *genus homo* collected together in this corner of the globe. My parents had died during my absence, and their property had passed into the hands of an elder brother with whom I was not on good terms, so I did not revisit the old place. Hearing, however, that my uncle, Sir Toby O'Brule, who owned considerable estates in another county, was having some trouble with his tenants, I thought I would cross over and see him.

My respected relative was in the act of shutting up house and beating a hasty retreat from the country. No rents had been forthcoming for some time, so he had lately changed his agent. The new one succeeded in bringing a few of the tenants to their senses and the rents to Sir Toby's pocket, but two nights previous to my arrival the unfortunate man was shot while returning home through the park, after dining with Sir Toby. The police had some suspicion in charge, but it proved, they had no hand in the affair, and the guilt was never brought home to the real perpetrator.

'I don't know,' said my uncle, 'what is to be done, but at present I must go away for a time. They will shoot at me next, if I remain. This cursed King affair has quite unnerved me.' My uncle did indeed look shaken and ill.

'I have a plan,' said I, 'if I may suggest it? Let me take the agent's place, and see if I can improve matters. The people all know me more or less, and if any of them try to make holes in me, they will find me well prepared to retaliate. I mean this seriously, uncle. I am an idle man at present, and will be more than pleased if you let me have my way.'

He pooh-poohed my proposition at first, declaring it was simply suicidal to attempt such a thing, but he finally consented, and I was installed in the agent's cosy cottage at a salary of four hundred pounds per annum. The first step was to purchase ostentatiously a pair of six-chambered revolvers, and erecting a target in the garden, I peppered away at it. Whenever any one came to my office, I took occasion to show what an excellent shot I was. The office window stood high from the ground, and was

furnished with iron bars and a grating like that of a prison cell. When the tenantry came to pay their rent, they found me seated at the table with one of my faithful beauties on each side of me, and it was well known that I never left the house without them.

Whether it was owing to my knowledge of the character of the people with whom I had to deal, or whether it was their knowledge that I liked them sincerely, but knew them too well to be 'done' by them or to fear their threat, I cannot say, whichever way it was, no attempt was made on my life, and a larger proportion of the rents due passed through my hands in the course of the year than had through those of the agents for some time previously. Of course, there were some tenants who could not or would not pay their rent. Stories of bad harvests, cattle dying, pigs getting measles, and starving families at home, came eloquently from the glib tongues of the delinquents. Sometimes true, more or less, generally less, for there was very little bad land on the estate. In most amongst the last named section was one named Delaney. He held a good farm, which had been tenanted for generations back by Delaneys, who had been counted good tenants in their day, but this Pat came under the influence of agitators, who perverted his ideas of honesty.

Pat Delaney was among the first to refuse to pay his rent, and the grating part of it was that I felt sure he had the money. He was the best judge of horses in the country side, and attended all the fairs, doing a good deal of trading in a quiet way, so that in spite of bad seasons, he was counted a well to do man among his fellows. But on rent day not a shilling was forthcoming. The old story—failure of the potato crop, bad harvest, wife sick, a lot of mouths to fill, and 'Wouldn't I put in a word for him with the master?' Sham, the kind only mother wouldn't be hard on a poor man. He would pay up next rent day for certain.

'No, Pat,' said I. 'This is the second time you have brought me that story. You are in behindhand with your rent, and if you don't pay up now, out you must go. The land is good and the rent low. If you can't make it pay, we must find another tenant who will. If you go against my heart to turn you out, for Delaneys have been on the place for three generations now, and I am sure you can pay, if you like. The Delaneys were never paupers before.'

Glancing sharply at him, I saw a flicker of indecision pass over his countenance, and his hand fidgeted with the edge of his jacket, but in a moment the former expression of dogged dness came over his face like a cloud, but straightened himself, and said insolently 'Shure an wouldn't I pay if I could? It isn't dishonest yo're thinkin' I am?'

An idea struck me. Changing my tone, I remarked indifferently 'O no, the Delaneys were always honest. But if the money is not forthcoming, out you must go, and there's an end of the matter.'

Gathering up the books, I returned them to the safe, locked it, and taking my hat, I turned to my companion and began confidentially 'I want to ask your opinion about something, Pat. They tell me you are a good judge of a nag, I want you to tell me what you think of one I have in the stable just now.'

At the word 'nag,' Pat was all attention.

'Sh 's a beauty, and I imagine, should fetch a good deal. She belongs to a friend of mine, who is hard up, and asked me if I could sell her for him, which will be easily done, but I want your opinion of her. There are two or three offers for her already. She was bought, I know, for one hundred and twenty pounds, but that is a little time ago, and my friend would take sixty pounds for her now, or even forty pounds, down.'

His eyes scintillated, and I saw his hand tremble with eagerness. By this time we had reached the stable where Black Bess, my beautiful hunter, stood. She had arrived a week before, a gift from my uncle, Sir Toby, and she looked her hundred and twenty guineas every inch, the beauty!

'Cheap at forty pounds, eh, Pat? Look at her point, man. I wish I could buy her myself!'

'She's a purty creature, sor,' ejaculated Pat as he went over her points with keen appreciation. Looking at her teeth, patting the glossy, arched neck, and finally passing his hand down each leg, he raised his head, and said in a sheepish sort of way, 'She's worth her forty pounds, sor.'

'Yes, I know that. Now I thought you might know of some one wanting a horse. Perhaps one of your friends might like to deal, but I must have cash down.'

'I know ov one man who mought take him, sor.'

'Do you? Well, I'd be glad if you'd send him to me to-morrow, and if the mare is still here, he may have her, but he must take his chance, mind you. I have several offers, and "first come first served" is the rule for this business. Sir Thomas think has an eye on her, and would probably give sixty pounds if I hung on a bit, but my friend wants the money at once. Emerson of Bogside was here this morning, and liked the looks of her, and he might look back in the afternoon and close the bargain, so your friend must take his chance.'

'Shure, sor, and ye mought just keep her till me friend sees her to-morrow. He's certain shure to take her, and cash down on the spot.' Pat was most persuasive, and I saw by the gleam in his eye that he was safe on my hook. He knew as well as I did that he had only to take her to the first fair and he could get seventy or eighty pounds for her, if not more.

'No, no. A bargain is a bargain. I told Emerson that it would be a case of first come first served. If Black Bess is here to-morrow your friend can have her, and welcome, but I cannot keep her for any one.'

A heavy footstep trampled up the garden path, and we heard a loud voice asking for me.

'Why, that must be Emerson back already!—Good day, Pat, I don't think I need ask you to trouble your friend, after all.'

'Stop, stop, sor, I'll buy the mare meself, and here's the money.' Ripping open the lining of his jacket, he thrust a roll of dirty notes into my hand.

Slowly I counted them, 'One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight five pound notes. That

makes forty. Thanks, Pat. Just half your rent! Now, you go home and bring me the other half. I know you have it all, and you cannot deny it.

When I wrote to Sir Toby, I had the extreme satisfaction of telling him that Delancy had paid up in full, and Black Bess carries me now the worse for having been an unconscious actor in the little drama which proved so successful.

THE MONTH.

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

We have much pleasure in recording the establishment of the 'County Scientific Society for Middlesex.' There are many such Societies, most of them in a very flourishing condition, dotted about the kingdom, where, for a small subscription, the members can meet at lectures, concerts, and various entertainments. In addition to this, many of these institutions have attached to them educational and art classes, which students can attend for a small fee. It is certainly time that the metropolitan county should be similarly provided for, although for some years past many local institutions of the kind have sprung up round about the great city. Among the vice-presidents of the new Society we note such honoured names as Lubbock, Huxley, Flower, Abel, and Geikie. These alone should insure that success which we hope the enterprise will achieve. Application for membership and other particulars may be obtained from Mr Sydney T. Klein, Clarence Lodge, Willesden, N.W.

The newspapers constantly remind us that there are many persons in the kingdom who object to vaccination, and, as a matter of course, there are not wanting agitators who are constantly calling aloud for the repeal of the law which makes the operation compulsory. Three years ago an outcry of the same kind arose at Zurich in Switzerland, with the effect that the cantonal law of compulsory vaccination was repealed. By reference to the official returns set forth in a paper by Professor Dunant, we are able to judge of the effect of the popular vote. In the canton named, the deaths from smallpox were in the year 1881, when in the two following years there were no deaths from that disease, in 1884, they rose to eleven, in 1885, they were seventy-three, and in the first three months of this present year, the deaths from smallpox were no fewer than eighty-five. These terrible figures need no comment, save the remark, that they do not take into account the sightless eyes and doubtful disfigurements of those who were attacked but did not die.

More conclusive evidence as to the efficacy of Jenner's discovery may be gathered from Dr Jansens book, recently published at Brussels. Let us quote one instance given. Last year, in twenty-one German towns having an aggregate population of four millions, where vaccination was compulsory, the deaths from smallpox numbered twenty-seven, while in fifteen French towns owning the same aggregate number of inhabitants, but where the law was not in force, there were no fewer than eight hundred and sixty-six deaths from smallpox in the same period.

According to a Report published by Lieutenant von Nimptsch of a journey made by him with a traveller attached to the Congo Free State, a navigable river has been discovered by them which is likely to be of great importance to the future trade of the Congo. The river Congo, as will be seen by the map, flows in a northwesterly direction, and afterwards takes a southward course to its mouth in the Atlantic Ocean. Within the large tract of country comprised in this bend of the river, has been found the new waterway. It is described by the travellers as flowing through wide plains well adapted for cultivation, with pasturage, and forests of palms, and gutta-percha trees. Plenty of ivory was obtainable, in exchange for empty boxes and tins, from the inhabitants of the many villages which line the banks of the river. There are many affluents to this waterway, one of which was navigable for two hundred and fifty miles. Altogether, we have presented to us in the Report a network of navigable rivers extending over a length of more than three thousand miles.

An interesting note in the *Times* tells of a place in Russia, in the region of the Transbaikal, where there exists a multitude of mineral springs. These have been held in high repute by the natives for many years, and it has long been the custom to bring patients to the springs for curative treatment. Not only human beings, but cattle, sheep, and horses suffering from cutaneous affections bathe, it is alleged, benefited by such treatment. The temperature of the springs varies from thirty-five to over a hundred degrees Fahrenheit, and some are sulphurous, some alkaline, and others sulphurous in composition. At present, the medicinal virtues of these waters are only known locally, and there is little accommodation for strangers. But it is believed that, in the future, patients will be attracted to the place from great distances.

At Soanbla, one of the heights of the Tyrolese Alps, the summit of which is ten thousand feet above the sea-level, an observatory is in course of construction, which will represent the highest establishment of the kind in Europe. The summit of this mountain is more easily accessible than some of the neighbouring peaks, and there is already a wire-rope way which affords communication with some mines half-way up the mountain. It was the owner of these mines who was the first to point out the desirability of establishing an observatory here. The building will consist of a block-house and a massive stone turret forty feet high, which will form the observatory proper. The house is being built of timber in preference to stone, as experience teaches that the former material is more efficient in keeping out the intense cold prevalent at such an altitude. The observer will be in telephonic communication with the miners house two thousand feet below him, and from the latter place a record of his observations will be telegraphed to the nearest city, and thence all the world over.

Another portion of the old wall of London has recently been laid bare by some excavations now in progress near Ludgate Hill, at the Broadway, Blackfriars. This portion of the ancient defence of the capital is clearly a continuation of the fragment removed a few years ago, and

is built mainly of limestone and rough mortar intermingled with tiles, bricks, and, strange to say, lumps of soft white chalk

We have lately had the opportunity of examining a little piece of apparatus which represents the most recent advance in photographic contrivances In outward appearance it is a book, somewhat less in size than the ordinary two shilling railway novel Upon opening it, it is seen to have flexible folds like the web of a duck's foot, and when open, it remains so fixed by invisible springs It is in reality a wedge shaped camera furnished with a lens, which is sunk into the middle of the back of the imitation book It is also furnished with a hidden shutter, which closes and uncloses the lens aperture at the will of the owner

The recent inclement and unseasonable weather in the south of England has been characterised by two very unusual occurrences First, at Deal in Kent, a small whirlwind lifted some boats from the beach, displaced a heavy crane on the railway, and did other damage A few days afterwards, a similar phenomenon occurred at Sparham Norfolk, which presented some extraordinary features Its course could be traced for half a mile, and its path of destruction was well marked by a path which, commencing with a width of two yards only, finished at the end of the half mile with a width of one hundred yards During the two minutes which the storm lasted, it uprooted trees, unroofed houses, pulverised some haycocks, and wrought much destruction The weather was perfectly calm except over the space covered by the whirlwind

The total eclipse of the sun which will take place on the 28th of August next will be observed by an expedition sent out by the Royal Society and by funds from the Treasury The party will at first proceed to Burlington, and will be conveyed thence to Grenada by a man of war The island will be covered with stations for observing the eclipse, and all modern instruments will be used in the operations The eclipse will not be visible at Greenwich

There has been established for many years a school of practical engineering at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, and this school has already educated many who have excelled in their profession As an example of the practical method of instruction pursued, we note that recently a steamer of thirteen hundred tons was worked from London to Dundee and back by a division of the students who are forming their attention to marine engineering They were divided into gangs of four and each gang had to work for ten hours in the engine room under the strictest discipline While in the north, they had an opportunity of making a professional inspection of the new Tay Bridge

Experiments have recently been made at Pelham with a new description of military shell which is charged with rolls of gun cotton The projectile is said to be so destructive that no defensive works however solid can withstand it The German government are so satisfied with the experiments that they have ordered a large number of the shells to be manufactured forthwith

According to the *Revue Scientifique*, the discovery or suggestion of the Germ theory of disease cannot be placed to the credit of modern physicists, but is due to a Dr Goffon, who died at Lyons more than one hundred and fifty years ago He published a work on the Origin of the Plague in 1721, from which the following is quoted 'Minute insects or worms can alone explain these diseases It is true they are not visible, but it does not therefore follow that they are non existent It is only that our microscopes are not at present powerful enough to show them We can easily imagine the existence of creatures which bear the same proportion to mites that mites bear to elephants No other hypothesis can explain the facts, neither the malign influence of the stars, nor terrestrial exhalations, nor miasmata, nor atoms, whether biting or burning, acid or bitter, could regain their vitality once they had lost it If, on the other hand, we admit the existence of minute living creatures, we understand how infection can be conveyed in a latent condition from one place, to break out afresh in another

Among the multifarious objects on view at that palace of wonders the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, are naturally many products of the animal and vegetable kingdoms which are comparatively strange to British experience Among these may be named curious drugs, gums and resins, oils, dyes, different kinds of timber fibres, leathers, &c Now, it is evident that many of these things may be useful to our manufacturers if only their properties can be made known With this view, arrangements have been made for the systematic examination of these foreign products, to see whether they can be applied to present manufactures, or whether they are suitable for new purposes Visitors to the Exhibition can attend these examinations, which, if necessary, will be followed by conferences

A thoughtful man, in strolling through the vast network of galleries at the Colonial Exhibition, cannot help feeling, that there is some excuse for the national boast that 'Britannia rules the waves' for all the treasures of the earth seem to be gathered together here The next thought that must occur to every one is the regret that the Exhibition is only a temporary one, and that the riches which have been gathered with such care and trouble from such a wide area must soon be again dispersed They are indications that this regret, if it exists by the executive as well as by the casual visitor, may lead to a practical result In years it has been urged by a few that London ought to possess a Colonial Museum We have now an unusual opportunity for forming the nucleus of such an establishment, and that opportunity should not be lost

It seems difficult to believe that in these hard working and matter of fact times, persons should be found who revert to the gross superstitions common to the people in last off centuries A so called astrologer has been for a year at least making a good living by casting nativities in the neighbourhood of Brunswick Square, London, but his operations have been cut short by a fine in the police court

The controversy which has been going on for some months between Mr J C Robinson and Sir James D Linton as to the alleged fading of water colour paintings through exposure to light

and other influences is now to be brought to public arbitration. Sir James Linton, the President of the Royal Institute of Painters, has arranged to open an exhibition of the works of the most celebrated artists of the last fifty years, so that all may judge whether they have deteriorated. He is a champion for the permanence of this delightful phase of art, while Mr Robinson thinks differently.

The manufacture of whitelead, while representing one of our most important industries, has always had the bad character of being most destructive to the health and lives of the workmen employed in it. The substitution of other materials in the making of white paint has been constantly tried, but all give the palm to white lead because of its 'covering' power. A new process has just been devised by Messrs Lewis and Berthelot for producing whitelead of the finest quality direct from the ore. The process is too long to describe here, but we may briefly state its advantages over the old method. It combines two manufactures, for whitelead and litharge are produced simultaneously. No deleterious fumes escape into the atmosphere, for the smelting furnace employed has no chimney. The operations are conducted with a greatly reduced expenditure of time and labour, while best of all, the industry is not in any way hurtful to the workers. The process is an American one, and is introduced into this country by Messrs John Hall & Sons of Bristol.

It would seem from the letter of a correspondent to the *Standard* that frogs and mice are deadly enemies. This gentleman observed a battle royal going on between these creatures in a shed. The mice pursued the frogs all over the place, for some little time without result, for the frogs managed to elude them. But gradually the mice gained an advantage, capturing and recapturing the frogs, and biting them until they were incapable of further resistance. The mice then finished the business by devouring a portion of the dead frogs.

The last new agricultural implement is a hay loader, which has been recently patented by Mr Spilman of Dakota. This machine collects the scattered hay from the field, raises it to a suitable height, and finally discharges it upon the hay rack of the wagon. Lovers of the beauties of the country will regret that the pleasant sight often held by a number of bronzed haymakers loading a wagon, a scene which has so often tempted the artist's pencil, should be threatened by the introduction of this mechanical thing. But time is money, and there is now little room for sentiment.

From the Report of a Cattle Show recently held at Buenos Ayres we learn that the South Americans are by no means behind Europeans in their use of machinery and implements for agricultural use. Also, that the live stock there has much benefited by the importation of short horns from Britain, and from Charolais in France, so far as the cattle are concerned, and that the sheep have equally benefited by acquaintance with our southdowns and with the French merinos. Some few years ago, a loud outcry arose among our agriculturists that buyers from the other side of the Atlantic were purchasing all our best stock at prices far beyond what the British farmer could afford to pay. There is now the hope that we shall be recouped by the importation of mutton and beef of first rate quality. The freezing process has now been brought to such perfection that, with meat from the English stock, it should afford us the opportunity of getting the best flesh food far cheaper than we can attempt to raise it for ourselves.

Surely Mr Flinders Petrie is the most successful and energetic digger that the archæological world has ever seen. His past discoveries have already resulted in much increased knowledge of dead nations, but now he has lighted upon a most curious find in the north eastern delta of the Nile. This is a royal palace, which is identified with the greatest certainty with that building which the Bible calls 'Pharaoh's house in Tahpanhes.' The building carries us back in imagination to the Egypt of two thousand five hundred years ago. Next to its scriptural connection, mildest centres in the description of the domestic offices of the building, and as we read of the kitchen with its dresser, the butler's pantry full of empty wine vessels and their stoppers, the sanctum of the scullery maid with its sink, we feel that the place has been tenanted by ordinary human beings. Mr Petrie's account of the sink is worth quoting: 'It is formed of a large jar with the bottom knocked out, and filled with broken potsherds placed on edge. The water ran through this, and thence into more broken pots below, placed one in another, all bottomless, going down to the clean sand some four or five feet below.'

Mr Francis Greene publishes in an American journal the results of some careful observations which he has made on street traffic. According to him asphalt is a far better covering for roads than either granite or wood. He puts the matter in this way: a horse will travel five hundred and eighty three miles on asphalt before meeting, with an accident, four hundred and thirteen on granite, and two hundred and seventy two miles on wood. This agrees with experience in London with regard to the first two materials, but not with regard to wood, which experts say is the safest material of all. Londoners have certainly the best material for paving of the, for there is very little wood paving in London. At the same time, it is quite certain that altogether accidents are far more frequent in London. This may be accounted for by the dampness of the air, which gives rise to the peculiar greasiness of the streets, so fatal to horses, and also by the increased traffic, which leads to the accumulation of manure, another element in the slippery state of the roads.

The snail harvest has recently begun in France. The 'poor man's oyster' is so appreciated by our neighbours that Paris alone consumes some forty-nine tons daily, the best kind coming from Grenoble or Burgundy. The finest specimens are carefully fed in an *escargotière*, or snail-park, such as the poor Capuchin monks planned in bygone days at Colmar and Wemlach, when they had no money to buy food, and so cultivated snails. But the majority are collected by the vine dressers in the evening from the stone heaps where the snails have assembled to enjoy the dew. The creatures are then starved in a dark cellar for two months, and when they have closed up the aperture of their shell, are ready for

cooking. According to the true Burgundy method, they are boiled in five or six waters, extracted from the shell, dressed with fresh butter and garlic, then replaced in the shell, covered with parsley and fried crumbs, and finally simmered in white wine.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE ABSENT POSITION OF THE PETROLEUM INDUSTRY.

Mr Charles Marvin, one of the first to direct attention to the Russian petroleum fields at Baku, in speaking lately of the transference of petroleum in bulk, said that America was at present the principal petroleum power. By the development of the petroleum fields at Baku, Russia had recently sprung into the position of the second petroleum power, and Mr Marvin thought that England should come to the front and occupy the third position as soon as possible. By the annexation of King Thibaw's dominions, we had come into possession of the Burmese petroleum fields, and he thought steps ought to be taken at once by the Indian government to survey these fields and to throw them open to British capital and enterprise. Within the last few years, since the extension of the railway, considerable petroleum deposits had been discovered in Beloochistan, but he regretted that the Indian government had decided to make them a Crown monopoly. Still more recently, petroleum in abundance had been discovered in Egypt. Since he went in 1882 of the Caspian petroleum fields, eighty steamers had been placed on that inland sea to carry oil in tanks from Baku to the mouth of the Volga, and on the Volga there were upwards of a hundred vessels running. At present, nearly all the petroleum arriving in Europe from America was brought in barrels, several tank steamers were, however, being constructed on the Tyne for the purpose of carrying petroleum in bulk.

Mr Phillip, in returning at the Royal Aquarium on this subject, said that the total shipments of refined oil from America in 1895 amounted to 6,988,037 barrels, of which the United Kingdom received 1,209,723, London taking 666,964 barrels. If the total shipments were placed in barrels end to end, like a string of beads, they would reach from London to New York. It is estimated that the world's consumption of illuminating oil amounts to 1,800,000 gallons every day. At the present price of oil is sold retail, and taking an ordinary circular wick burner of forty candle power, it costs about three-sixteenths of a penny per hour, which was fifty per cent cheaper than gas. In this connection, it may be mentioned that the Balloon Society of Great Britain is offering a prize for a cheap safety lamp suitable for universal use. The annual production of mineral oil shale has continued to increase in Scotland, until in the present year it stands at the unprecedented figure of about two million tons.

THE CRYSTALLISATION OF FRUIT.

From a paper by Consul Mason, of Marseilles, we learn a good deal about the business of preserving fruits by the crystallising process peculiar to South-eastern France, and practised on a large scale at Apt in the department of Vaucluse, at Clermont in Auvergne, as well as at Marseilles, Grasse, Avignon, and other places. It is curious to find these preserved fruits exported not only to England and the United States, but also to other countries, such as Algiers, the East and West Indies, and even South America, where nature has made the dwellers so far independent of preserved fruit. The fruits preserved by the crystallised process are chiefly pears, cherries, apricots, pine apples, plums, figs, citrons, oranges, melons, and a dwarf orange called 'chinon.' Peaches are found to be too costly to be treated to any extent in this fashion.

For the purposes of crystallisation, the fruit must be fresh, clear of all decay and blemish, and of the proper degree of ripeness. The chief thing to be done in this process is to extract the juice of the fruit and replace it in the pulp with liquid sugar, which, upon hardening, not only preserves the fruit from fermentation and decay, but retains it in its original form and consistency.

The fruit is first carefully assorted in respect to size and uniform degree of ripeness. Pears, pine apples, and quinces are pared, citrons are cut into quarters and soaked a month in sea water, and the 'pips' of apricots, cherries, and peaches are carefully removed. This work, which requires a certain degree of skill, is chiefly done by women. When thus prepared, the fruit is immersed in boiling water, which quickly penetrates the pulp, dissolving and diluting the juice, which is thereby nearly eliminated, then the fruit is taken from the water and drained, leaving only the solid portion of the pulp intact. The period of immersion must be regulated by the size and ripeness of the fruit. If immersed too long, the pulp is either over cooked, or is left too dry and woody. If taken out too soon, the juices left in the pulp prevent perfect absorption of the sugar afterwards, and by eventually causing fermentation, destroy the value of the product. A skillful workman can tell by the colour and appearance of the pulp when it is properly 'blanched.' For the different grades of fruits, sugar syrups of differ at degrees of density are required, the softer the fruit, the stronger the syrup required for its preservation. The syrup having been prepared by dissolving the sugar in pure water, the fruit is immersed in it and left at rest for a certain period in large earthenware pans, glazed inside. The syrup penetrates the pulp and gradually withdraws and replaces the remaining fruity juice, which, as it exudes and mingles with the transparent liquid, produces a certain filmy or clouded appearance, which marks the commencement of fermentation. When this has reached a certain stage, the vessel containing the syrup and fruit is placed over the fire and heated to two hundred and twelve degrees, which corrects the fermentation. If the syrup is of proper density, the process of impregnating the fruit with sugar will be complete in about six weeks, during which period it is sometimes necessary to perform the heating process three times. The fruit now goes through one of two finishing processes according as it is to be 'glazed' or 'crystallised.' Some

manufacturers are said to quicken the crystallisation of iron by the use of a powerful antiseptic called salicylic acid, but although time, labour, and sugar are thereby saved, Mr Mason believes it is at the expense of quality in the finished product.

THE ANCIENT BOAT AT BRIGG

A notice will be found in No 126 of the *Journal* referring to the discovery, at Brigg in Lincolnshire, during the excavations for a new gas holder, of a curious and ancient boat cut out of a solid piece of oak, and measuring forty eight feet in length, fifty two inches in width, and thirty three inches in depth. The vessel is in a fine state of preservation, and it is to be hoped that proper means will be provided by the authorities for preserving this interesting relic. The last news that we have of it, however, is that it has 'got into Chancery.' A curious dispute seems to have arisen as to the ownership of the relic, and probably, when the case comes to be argued before the Court, some interesting legal points will be raised by the gentlemen of the 'long robe' as to the mean question at issue. Whatever may be the result, one thing is certain, that so rare a prehistoric relic as this should be preserved to the nation as public property, on the spot, or in the town near to which it was found as an object of peculiar local interest. It would be a mistake to remove it to London, as has been suggested, but to exhibit it for money is neither fair nor proper, and the public will probably watch the proceedings before the High Court of Chancery with interest. Boats found buried in the earth and dating from remote antiquity are very rare in this country, although several have been discovered of late years in Norway and Denmark, they having been the tomb or grave of the original commander, one of the brave and lawless vikings who roamed the seas and ravaged the neighbouring coasts of Europe in search of conquest and plunder, and when at last his restless life had closed, his beloved ship at once his monument and sepulchre.

RELICS OF ANCIENT CARTHAGE—MOSAICS

Not long ago, some highly artistic relics of ancient Carthage were disposed of at an auction in London. Two of the finest of these are mosaics in splendid preservation, each about three feet square. The one represents a woman robed and wearing a crown of flowers, with a naked youth sitting beside her, and the other a youth carrying on his shoulders an eagle. These have been called 'Peace' and 'War' but there seems to be no authority for this. Both works are evidently early Carthaginian, and must have belonged to a period when Carthage held a high position as a nursery of art, especially in the beautiful art of mosaic work, of which ancient Greece has left no trace, whilst the mosaics of Rome are of a much later date. It will be remembered that Carthage was celebrated for her beautiful coloured marbles, and for the wonderful skill of her artists and workmen, which were known throughout the civilised world, for Carthage was a large city one hundred and forty years before the foundation of Rome was laid. It is possible, therefore, that the peculiar art of working in mosaic may have been originated in Carthage, and may have found its way to Rome, where it might have been practised by Roman, or even Carthaginian artists. But, as a rule, the Roman work is very inferior to the Carthaginian. These specimens were, with many others, collected by Count d'Herisson from recent excavations made in a garden at Dermech Sarat, near Tunis, and situated in the midst of the ruins of ancient Carthage. Of the authenticity of these relics there can be, therefore, no possible doubt, as they were brought direct from the site of the city itself. The two referred to, together with several other interesting specimens, were purchased by Mr Edwin Long, R.A.

Whilst on the subject of mosaics, we may mention that a valuable discovery has just been made at Chiusi in Italy. Whilst some workmen were digging out a watercourse at the foot of a hill near Monte Venere, they came upon a mosaic pavement about nine feet by six feet in size. The centre represents a double hunting scene; in the top row are three stags pursued by a hunter with a spear, below is a boar followed by two hunters, carrying each an axe and lance. The whole work is in perfect preservation, well and carefully executed with much fire and spirit, and is interesting as being the first piece of mosaic pavement that has been discovered in Chiusi or its neighbourhood.

SWEETHEART, FAREWELL

Beneath the whispering trees we lingered late
Hand clasped in hand, my dearest love and I,
And he spake words I never can forget,
Of tender trust until I live until I die.
And with his eyes what lips would fail to tell
He spoke, what time he said 'Sweetheart farewell'

With sweet caress he clasped me to his breast,
And looked upon me as with sad eyes
And kissed my brow and kissed my lips and kissed
The tears away that now began to rise
And over the sum tale of love would tell,
What time he softly said 'Sweetheart, farewell'

And so he went away and I am weary
Of nature's smiles—my heart is full of strife—
The long long days without him are so dreary,
And all the bright hours fade out of life
'Come back, my love, the old sweet tale to tell,
But nevermore to say "Sweetheart, farewell"'

WILLIAM COWAN

The Conductor of CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL begs to direct the attention of CONTRIBUTORS to the following notice

1st All communications should be addressed to the 'Editor, 339 High Street Edinburgh'

2d For the return in case of ineligibility, postage stamps should accompany every manuscript

3d To secure their safe return if ineligible ALL MANUSCRIPTS whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon it*

4th Offerings of Verse should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope

If the above rules are complied with, the Editor will do his best to insure the safe return of ineligible papers

Printed and Published by W & R CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, London, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

All Rights Reserved.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)

No. 136.—Vol. III. SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1866. Price 1½d.

WINDS OF HEAVEN.

BY RICHARD JEFFERIES.

The window rattled, the gate swung, a leaf rose, and the kitten chased it. 'Whoo-oo!' the funniest sound in the keyhole. I looked up, and saw the feathers on a sparrow's breast ruffled for an instant. It was quiet for some time; after a while it came again with heavier purpose. The folded shutters shook, the latch of the kitchen door rattled as if some one were lifting it and dropped it, and little noises came from upstairs. There was a hand in the house-room, everything. Another pause. The kitten was curled up on the wind-whelked outside in the sunshine, just as the old cats curled up in the warmth of Thebes of old, eight or six thousand years ago; the sparrow was happy on the rose-tree, as he was happy on a broad dandelion disc. 'Soo-hoo!'—a low whistle came through the chink, a handful of rain was flung at the window, a great shadow inclined up the valley, and strode the house in an instant as you would get over a table. I put down my book and buttoned my coat. 'Soo-hoo!' the wind was here and the cloud—soo-hoo! drawing out longer and more plaintive in the thin mouthpiece of the chink. The cloud had no more rain in it, but it shut out the sun, and all that afternoon and all that night the low plaint of the wind continued in sorrowful hopelessness, and little sounds ran about the floors and round the rooms.

Still soo-hoo all the next day in sunlessness, turning the mind, through work and conversation, to pensive notes. At even, the edge of the cloud lifted over the forest hill westwards, and a yellow glow, the great benison fire of the sun, burnt out, a conflagration at the verge of the world. In the night, awaking gently as one who is whispered to—listen! Ah! All the orchestra is at work—the keyhole, the chink, and the chimney, whoo-hooing in the keyhole, whistling shrill whew-w-w! in the chink, moaning long and deep in the chimney. Over in the field the row of pines was sighing, the wind lingered and lung to the close foliage, and each needle of the million, million leaflets drew its tongue across the organ-blast. A countless multitude of sighs made one continued distant undertone to the wild roar of the gale close at hand. Something seemed to be running with innumerable centipede feet over the mouth of the chimney, for the long deep roar, as I listened, resolved itself into a quick succession of touches, just as you might play with your finger-tips tattooing on the hollow table. In the midst of the clangour, the hearing settled down to the sighing of the pines, which drew the mind towards it, and soothed the senses to sleep.

Round down, awake again—another change. The battering ram it work now against the walls. Swinging back, the solid thickness of the wind came forward—crash! as the iron-shod ram's head hanging from its chains rushed to the tower. Crash! It sucked back again as if there had been a vacuum—a moment's silence and crash! Blow after blow—the floor heaved, the walls were ready to come together—alternate sucking back and heavy billowy advance. Crash! crash! Blow after blow, heave and batter and burst, as if it would tear the house up by the roots. Forty miles that battering ram wind had travelled without so much as a bough to check it till it struck the house on the hill. Thud! thud! as if it were iron, and not air. I looked from the window, and the bright morning sun was shining, the sky was full of the world and the sun. As light came, the thud, thud, sunk away, and nothing remained but the whoo-hoo-hoo of the keyhole and the moan of the chimney. These did not leave us, for four days and nights the whoo-hoo-hoo-whoo never ceased a moment. Whoo-hoo! whoo! and this is the wind on the hill-indoors.

Out of doors, sometimes in the morning, deep in the valley, over the tree-tops of the forest, there stays a vapour, lit up within by sunlight. A glory hovers over the oaks—a cloud of light hundreds of feet thick, the air made visible by

surcharge and heaviness of sunbeams, pressed together till you can see them in themselves and not reflected. The cloud slants down the sloping wood, till in a moment it is gone, and the beams are now focused in the depth of the narrow valley. The mirror has been filled, and the glow has shifted, in a moment or so, to his vanished intent spirit, and the dream has gone from the world. In the arms of the wind, vast bundles of mist are borne against the hill, they widen and slip, and lengthen, drawing out the wind works quickly with more celerity and a wide brush than heretofore. Colour comes up in the wind, the thin mist disappears, drunk up in the grass and trees, and the air is full of blue behind the sycamore. Blue sky at the far horizon is a deep blue overhead—a dark brown blue deep yonder in the gorge among the trees. I feel a sense of the colour as I face the storm breeze, the vibration and blow of its force mean to that hue, the sound of the swaying branches and the rush—rush in the grass is some in its note, it is wind blue, not the night blue, or heaven blue, a colour of air. To see the colour of the air it needs great space like this—a vastness of concavity and hollow in equal fashion of valley and plain under, to the dome of the sky over, for no word of earth and sky is too large for the air colour to fill. Thirty, forty, and more miles of eye sweep, and beyond that the humble expires over the sea—the thought of the earth as no buff, shooting on with stellar penetration into the unknown. In a small space there seems a vacuum, and nothing between you and the hedge opposite, or even across the valley, in a great space the void is filled, and the wind touches the sight like a thing tangible. The air becomes itself a cloud, and is coloured—recognised as a thing suspended, something real exists between you and the horizon. Now, full of sun and now of shade, the air cloud rests in the expanse.

It is summer, and the wind lifts up the furze, the bright stonechat, velvet black and red and white, sits on the highest spray of the gorse, as if he were perched there. He is always in the wind on the hill, from the hail of April to August's dry glow. All the milk-fern slope of the hill under me is purple-dyed with heath down to the tree-filled gorge where the green boughs seem to join the purple. The cornfields and the pastures of the plain—count them one by one till the hedges and squares close together and cannot be separated. The surface of the earth in its away as it the eyes insensibly shut and grow dreamy in gazing, as the soft clouds melt and lose their outline at the horizon. But dwelling there, the glance slowly finds and fills out something that interposes its existence between us and the further space. Too shadowy for the substance of a cloud, too delicate for outline against the sky, fainter than haze, something of which the eye has consciousness, but cannot put into a word to itself. Something is there. It is the air cloud adhering like a summer garment to the great downs by the sea. I cannot see the substance of the hills nor their exact curve along the sky, all I can see is the air that has thickened and taken to itself form about them. The atmosphere has collected as the shadow collects in the distant corner of a room—it is the shadow of the summer wind. At times it is so soft, so little more than the air at hand, that I almost fancy I can look through the solid boundary. There is no cloud so faint, the great hills are but a thought at the horizon, I think that in there rather than see them, if I were not thinking of them, I should scarcely know there was even a haze, with so dainty a hand does the atmosphere throw its covering over the misty downs. Riding or passing quickly, perhaps you would not observe them, but stay among the heathbells and the sketch appears in the south. Up from the sea over the cornfields, through the green boughs of the forest, along the slope, comes a breath of wind, of honey-sweetened air, made more delicately the fanning of a thousand wings.

The labour of the wind the cymbals of the aspen clashing, from the lower to the highest bough, each leaf twinkling first forwards and then backwards and swinging to and fro, a double motion. Each lifts a little and falls back like a pendulum, twinging on itself, and as it rises and sinks, strikes its fellow leaf. Striking the side of the dark pine, the wind changes their colour and turns them paler. The oak leaves slide one over the other, hand above hand, lying shallow upon shadow on the white road. In the vast net of the wide elm tops, the drifting shadow of the cloud which the wind brings is caught for a moment. Pushing aside the stiff ranks of the wheat with both arms, the air reaches the sun parched earth. It walks among the mowing grass like a farmer feeling the crop with his hand one side, and opening it with his walking stick the other. It roll the wavelets tinkling as marbles to the shore, the red cattle redden the pool and stand in their own colour. The green caterpillar swings as he spins his thread and lengthens his cable to the tide of air, descending from the tree, before he can skip it, the whitethroat takes him. With a thrust, the wind hurls the swallow, on the still grander traverse of air, the swift, fifty miles faster on his way, it ruffles back the black velvet of the creepy mole peeping forth from his burrow. Apple blossom and crab apple bloom have been blown long since athwart the furrows over the orchard wall, May petals and June roses scattered, the pollen and the seeds of the meadow grasses thrown on the threshing floor of mother earth in basketful. Thistle down and dandelion down, the brown down of the goat's beard, by and by the keys of the sycamores twirling adrift—the wind carries them all on its back, gossamer web and great hawk's wings—the same weight to the wind, the drops of the waterfall blown aside sprinkle the bright green ferns. The voice of the cuckoo in his season travels drowsily on the zephyr, and the note comes to the most distant hill, and deep into the deepest wood.

The light and fire of summer are made beautiful by the air, without whose breath the glorious summer would all spoiled. Thick are the hawthorn leaves, many deep on the spray, and beneath them there is a twisted and intertangled winding in and out of boughs, such as no curious ironwork of ancient artist could equal, through the leaves and metal work of boughs the soft west wind wanders at its ease. Wild wasp and tutored

bee sing sideways on their course as the breeze fills their wings, with broad coloured sails boomed out, flits the butterfly idle. Beside a brown coated stone in the shadowed stream, a brown trout watches for the puffs that slay the May flies. Their ephemeral wings were made for a more exquisite life, they endure but one sun, they live not the touch of the water, they die like a dim dropping into the river. To the amethyst in the deep ditch the wind comes, no petal so hidden under green it cannot find, to the blue hill flower up by the sky, it lifts the guilty head of the passionate poppy that has sinned in the sun for love. Sweet is the sun the wind brings to the wallflower browned in the heat, a day on the crumbling stone. Pleasant the sun beams to the marigold when the wind has carried the rain away and his sun disc glows on the bank. Acres of perfume come on the wind from the black and white of the bean field, the lime hill the air by the copse with perfume. I know nothing to which the wind has not some happy use. Is there a grain of dust so small the wind shall not find it out? Ground in the mill wheel of the centuries, the iron of the distant mountain floats like gossamer, and is drunk up as dew by leaf and living long. A thousand miles of cloud go by from noon till night, passing overhead without a sound, the immense pyramids, a mile square, succeed to each other, side by side, and parallel, book shape, running up from the horizon and widening as they approach. From noon till night the silent footfalls of the ponderous vapours travel overhead, no sound, no creaking of the wheels and rattling of the chains, it is calm at the earth, but the wind labours without an effort above, with such ease, with such power. Gray smoke hangs on the hillside where the couch heaps are piled, a cumulus of smoke, the wind comes, and it draws its length along like the genii from the earthen pot, there leaps up a great red flame shaking its head, it shines in the bright sunlight, you can see it across the valley.

A perfect summer day with a strong south wind, a cloudless blue sky blown pale, a summer sun blown cool, deep draughts of refreshing air to man and horse, clear definition of red tile roof and conical oast, perfect colour of soft ash green trees. In the evening, fourteen black swifts rushing together through the upper atmosphere with shrill cries, sometimes settle out on the top of one wing, with a whirl descending, a black trail, to the tiled ridge they dwell in. Fine weather after this.

A swooning August day, with a hot east wind, from which there is no escape, which gives no air to the chest—you breathe and are not satisfied with the inspiration, it does not fill, there is no life in the killed atmosphere. It is a vacuum of heat, and yet the strong hot wind binds the trees, and the tall fire wrestle with it as they did with Sinis, the Pine bender, bowed down and rebounding, as if they would whirl their cones away like a catapult. Masses of air are moving by, and yet there is none to breathe. No escape in the shadow of hedge or wood, or in the darkened room; darkness excludes the heat that comes with light, but the heat of the east wind cannot be shut out. Some monstrous dragon of the Chinese sky pants his fiery breath upon us, and the brown grass stalks threaten to catch flame in the field. The grain of wheat that was full of juice dries hard in the ears, and water is no more good for thirst. There is not a cloud in the sky, but at night there is heavy rain, and the flowers are beaten down. There is a thunder wind that blows at intervals when great clouds are visibly gathering over the hayfield. It is almost a calm, but from time to time a breath comes, and a low mournful cry sounds in the hollow farmhouse—the windows and doors are open, and the men and women have gone out to make hasty help in the hay in the storm—a mournful cry in the hollow house, as unhappy and uneasy as if it were soaked February.

In April, six miles away in the valley, a vast cloud came down with as in shot of hail, black as blackest smoke, overwhelming house and wood, all gone, and mixed with the sky, and behind the mass there followed a white cloud sunlit driving along the ground, like a cumulus fallen to the earth. At sunset, the sky cleared, and until the glowing rim of the sun, a golden wind drove the host of vapour before it, scattering it to the right and left. Large pieces caught and torn thus lay in the tires of the forest, and one curved fragment hung from the ridge, full in the sunset, cool, lit up as it came down with golden sunset rays, standing out bright against the shadowed wood. Down it came slowly, as if were with outstretched arms, both to fall, carrying the cloud light of the sky to the very surface of the earth.

IN ALL SHADES

BY GRANT ALLEN,

AUTHOR OF "BABYLON," "STRANGE STORIES," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

HALF WAY DOWN to the blazing trash houses, Mr. Dupuy and his little band of black allies, all armed only with the sticks they had hastily seized from the stand in the piazza, came on a sudden face to face with the wild and frantic mob of half tipsy rickers. "Halt!" Mr. Dupuy called out in a cool and nonchalant tone of command to the reckless insurgents, as they marched on in irregular order, brandishing their cutlasses wildly in the flickering, ruddy light. "You black guards, what are you doing here, and what do you mean by firing and burning my trash houses?"

By the ruddy light of the hand blaze behind him, Louis Delgado recognised at once the familiar face of his dearest enemy. "Mr. Dupuy," he shrieked, in a loud outburst of grateful vindictiveness, "dis is him—dis is him—dis de buckra Dupuy we come to kill now!" Dr. Lind his dishelmed hand him into our hands without so much as gib us de trouble ob go an' attack him!"

But before even Delgado could bring down with savage joy his uplifted weapon on his hated enemy's bare head, Mr. Dupuy had stepped boldly and energetically forward, and catching the wiry African by his outstretched arm, had cried aloud in his coolest and most deliberate accents: "Louis Delgado, put down your cutlass. As a magistrate for this island, I arrest you for riot!"

His resolute boldness was not without its due effect. For just the swing of a pendulum there was a profound silence, and that great mob of strongly bewigged and rum-maddened negroes held its breath irresolutely, doubting in its own wavering hundred vacillating souls which of the two things rather to do—whether to yield as usual to the unquestioned authority of that one bold and solitary white man, the accredited mouthpiece of law and order, or else to rush forward madly and hack him there and then into a thousand pieces with African ferocity. So instinctive in the West Indian negro nature is the hereditary respect for European blood, that even though they had come there for the very purpose of massacring and mutilating the defenceless buckra, they stood appalled now the actual crisis had finally arrived, at the bare idea of venturing to dispute the question openly with the one lone and unarmed white man.

But Louis Delville, Abyssinian born that he was, had no such hereditary West Indian prejudices. Disengaging his newly captive arm from Mr Dupuy's flabby grasp with a sudden jerk, he lifted it outside once more high into the air, and held it aloft, quivering, for the twinkling of an eye, above the old man's defenceless head. One moment, Uncle Zekel saw it gleam fearfully in the red glare of the burning trash houses, the next, it had fallen on Mr Dupuy's shoulder, and the blood was spurting out in crimson spate over his white tie and open shirt front, in which he had risen but a few minutes before to unsaddle him from his own dinner table.

The old planter reeled terribly before the violent force of that stunning blow, but kept his face still turned bravely with undiminished courage toward the exultant enemy. At the sight of the crimson blood, however—the proud blood of a gentleman—the negroes behind set up a loud and horrid yell of uncontrollable fury, and rushed forward all their heathen frenzy, away at once, clean, to call him to a thickly peopled hell by either cut to suit his own shape in the dark habitual custom of hacking him to pieces. A dozen cutlasses gleamed aloft at once in the bare black arms, and a dozen more blows were aimed at the wounded man fiercely by as many hideous, gaping mouths.

Uncle Zekel and the household negroes, oblivious and almost unconscious of their own selves, and of the servants of their race always one in the presence of danger to their master or his family, pressed around the reeling white man in a circle, linked with their backs and arms, which burned to serve manfully to resist the hereditary hatred of the yellow and keeping plantation negroes. In spite of what Mr Dupuy had just been saying, all at the negroes being all alike cowards, the pitiful handful of faithful blacks, famous, and the rest from amazed in front of their wounded master, fought like wild beasts at bay with hands and arms and legs and teeth, and sticks and clubs, opposing stoutly, by fair means and foul, the overpowering sea of wild natives. As they fought, they kept yielding slowly but continually before the steady pressure, and Mr Dupuy, reeling and staggering he knew not how, but with his face kept ever, like a fighting Dupuy, turned dauntlessly toward the smiling enemy, retreated slowly backward step by step in the direction of his own piazza. Just as he reached the bottom of the steps, Uncle Zekel meanwhile shielding and protecting him manfully with his portly person, a woman rushed forth from the mass of the rioters, and with hideous shrieks of 'Hallelujah, hallelujah!' hacked him once more with her blunt cutlass upon the ribs and body.

Mr Dupuy, faint and feeble from loss of blood, but still cool and collected as ever, groped his way over backward up the steps, as a blind, reeling, fainting fisherman, and stood at last at bay in the doorway of the piazza, with his faithful bodyguard, wounded and bleeding freely like himself, still closing round him.

'This will do, Zekel,' he gasped out presently, as he reached the top landing. 'In the pass of the doorway. Stop them easily. Rouse the military. Hall the house in half an hour—help from the gunner. Quick, quick! give me the pistol.'

Even as he spoke, a small white hand, delicate and bloodless, appeared suddenly from the room behind him, placed his little revolver, cocked and loaded, between the trembling fingers of his left hand, for the right lay stiffly locked and useless, hanging idly by his side in limp helplessness.

'Now, my dear,' the old man sobbed out in a half mechanical gurgling voice, 'go back—go back this moment to the boudoir. Lock yourself in, slip away quietly—no place for you, Orange Grove, this evening. Slight trouble with the plantation blacks. Quell the rioters—Close up, Zekel—Close up, Dick, Thomas, Jo, Robert, Lambert, Mark and my! And with a quivering hand, standing there alone in the narrow doorway, while the mob below swarmed in press up the piazza steps in wild confusion, the wounded planter fired the revolver, with no definite aim, blank into the swinging midst of the mob, and let his left hand drop to his side, white and fainting by his side, with his own cutlass.

The ball fired hit one of the negroes in a fall in the thigh, and it only served still further to madden and incite the clamouring mob, now frantically thirsty for the Dupuy blood.

'Him wounded Hannah—him wounded Hannah!' the negroes yelled in their burning raging anger, and at the word, they rushed forward once more with mad gesticulations, those behind pushing those in front against the weak yielding wall of Orange Grove servants, and all howling horribly with their fierce distorted cutlasses, as they shrieked aloud frantically 'Kill him—kill him!'

The servants still held firm with undaunted courage, and rallied bravely round their battling master, but the end that was now far too fierce for them, and one by one they were thrust back helpless by the raging mob, who never thought abstained so far as possible from hurting any one of them, aiming all their blows directly at the detested white man himself alone. If by chance at any moment a cutlass came down unintentionally upon the broad backs of the negro defenders, a cry arose at once from the women in the rear of 'Doant hit him—doant hit him! Him me bradder! Colour for colour! Kill de buckra! Hallelujah!'

And all this time, Nora Dupuy looked on from behind, holding her bloodless hands clasped downward in mute agony, not so much afraid as expectant, with Aunt Clemmy and the women servants holding her and comforting her with well meant but no consolation, under the heavy mahogany arch of the dining room doorway.

At last, Delgado, standing now on the topmost step, and half within the door of the prison, aimed one terrible slashing cut at the old planter, as he stood supporting himself feebly by a piece of the woodwork, and hacked him down, a heavy mass, upon the ground before them with a wild African cry of vengeance. The poor old man fell, insensible, in a little pool of his own blood and the Orange Grove negroes, giving way finally before the irresistible press of their overwhelming opponents, left him there alone, surrounded on every side by the frantic mob of enraged insurgents.

Nora, clasping her hands tighter than ever, and immovable as a statue, stood there still, without uttering a cry or speaking a word—as cold and white and motionless as marble.

'Hack him to pieces!' 'Him dont deserve it!' 'Him only fustin!' 'Burn him—burn him!' A chorus of cries rose in other tongues from the one hundred lips of the victorious negroes. And as they shouted, they mangled and mutilated the old man's body with their blunt cutlasses in a way perfectly hideous to look at. The women especially crowding round to do their best in striking and mutilating their fallen enemy.

'Tank de Lord—tank de Lord!' Delgado, now drunk with blood, shouted out fiercely to his frenzied followers. 'We done killed de old man. Now we gwine to kill de missy!'

JEWEL AND GEM ROGUERIES

There old saying which tells us there are 'tricks in all trades,' would appear from recent exposures and explanations to be almost more applicable to jewellers than to other traders; and if only one half of the misdemeanours with which they are charged be true, they deserve to be placed in the front rank of trade tricksters. There are, however, jewellers and jewellers, and although, happily, not a few are above suspicion, yet, as our courts of justice so usually reveal, there are also not a few black sheep in the flock—men who do not scruple to deal in 'doublets' and paste, and who pass off gems and jewels as genuine, that they know to be either altogether false, or to possess some hidden flaw sufficient greatly to lessen their value. Every now and then we find in the newspapers a paragraph or longer article containing 'mystery gold,' 'forged gems,' or 'false jewels.' Recent examples of this kind of news have appeared to the effect that an important discovery had been made regarding the crown of a foreign potentate, as well as the diamond necklace of a lady of rank, many of the gems in the latter article being made of paste, whilst the diadem of the king is announced to be little better than a theatrical bauble, most of the real stones having been extracted and their places filled with imitation ones. Another announcement of the kind calls attention to the fact of several imitation stones having been found in a jewelled collar hitherto supposed to be of very great value, and which had been sold by an illustrious person in ignorance of the fact.

'What is paste?' asked a London magistrate, in the course of his examination into a charge of selling imitation stones for real ones. 'Paste, sir,' replied the witness, 'means a mixture of white glass and borax, from which, as we have been informed, the closest imitations of diamonds and other precious stones can be made (see 'Artificial Jewels,' *Chambers's Journal* Nov 10, 1883). Visitors to Paris who have feasted their eyes on the made up gems so lavishly displayed in the jewellers' windows of the Rue de la Paix and the Palais Royal, feel surprised when they are told that four fifths of the glittering baubles are composed of paste, and are of little value as compared with real gems. It used to be said that most of the jewelry shown in the Palais Royal was manufactured for use on the stage, but the customers of to day, unless obliged to wear paste, will, when they can afford it, adorn their persons with none but real gems. The names of several artists might easily be given who are reputed to be possessing rich in diamonds and rubies, and who are possessed bundles of jewels of great price. Some actresses, indeed, seem to draw audiences nowadays as much by the aid of their jewels as their talents. When a female star visits the provinces, pains are frequently taken to proclaim the number and value of her gems and jewels. Who, then, was the paste diamond and other imitation gems which are manufactured? To this question, an answer of rather a startling kind has more than once been given, and one of the latest may here be noted. A gentleman who was deeply involved in the pursuits of the turf requiring a considerable sum of money to pay his debts of honour, stole his wife's jewels in order to pawn them. To his consternation, the pawnbroker refused to look at them. 'Why?' was feverishly asked. 'Because they are paste!'—'Paste!' My wife's jewels paste?'—'Yes. I supplied her with them. The originals are in my safe. I advanced thirteen hundred pounds upon them.' Unfortunately, the gentleman's wife was as great a gambler as her husband, and she had been obliged to pawn her diamonds to meet her own liabilities.

The ingenuity of persons who 'get up' precious stones and mock pearls for 'the trade' has been often commented upon and frequently censured. A London lapidary who works in the groove indicated was called upon, a few months ago, in a court of law to explain his mode of procedure. 'I make all my imitations out of real stones,' was his reply to the judge. On being asked to be more explicit, he said 'Perhaps I possess some pale stones which are of small value; these I split by the aid of my tools, thus introducing a deeper tone of colour, I join them together again, having considerably increased their saleable value.' In this manner the colours of many stones are said to be intensified, such as emeralds, sapphires, amethysts, and others. Diamonds are constantly utilized by being split, each half of a gem perhaps doing duty on a paste foundation on which it has been carefully mounted. A stone which may be of the value of ten pounds having been split at little cost, is carefully mounted, and becomes transformed into two gems,

each affirmed to be worth that sum. It requires a clever expert to detect such frauds when they are cleverly executed, or to discover that the 'fire' imparted to certain stones that would otherwise be dull of hue and greatly deficient in sparkle, is conferred by an simple an expedient as a backing of tinfoil.

The invention of what are called 'doublets' in diamond dealing can be traced back for centuries. One mode of getting up false stones has been described by Jerome Cardan, who has published in detail the method of the inventor, one Zocolino. This person's way of working was to procure a thin flake of a very inferior and cheap example of the stone he desired to 'improve,' choosing those which had little colour, and might in consequence be procured at a nominal price. As a bottom for his 'make up' he took a bit of crystal which he had shaped to his purpose, covering this with a transparent glue with which he had mixed the necessary colouring material, so as to imitate the finest specimen of the gem he intended to forge. He carefully fixed on the flake of stone, and completed the joining of the two so dexterously by careful setting as to make purchasers fancy that his gems were not only genuine, but really finer than those of other jewellers. For a time Zocolino flourished, and was enabled by means of his cunning workmanship to deceive the cleverest lapidaries, but detection came at last, and put an end to his fraudulent practices in gem making.

It may be mentioned as a warning to travellers that the Singhalese at Colombo are experts in such fraud, and frequently persuade persons to purchase cleverly set up doublets, or pieces of rock crystal cut and polished. Doublets in many cases, especially when both parts are really diamonds, are somewhat difficult to detect even by men who have had great experience in the gem and jewel trades. Before leaving the diamond, we may mention another kind of fraud connected with it. Off and on, when these gems have been set in a cluster, it has been found on examination that at least one of the stones is made of paste, or is perhaps a doublet. A rather curious story went the round of the press some years ago, when, on the death of a lady of rank, it was found that more than one third of the family diamonds were composed of false stones. These imitations had been so beautifully executed that none but the cleverest dealers were able to detect them, while in the case of some of the stones, it was not till their specific gravity had been tested that a decision could be arrived at. It has been found on examination, we believe, that nearly one of every ten diamonds have often contained twenty per cent of doublets or other stones of questionable quality. Respectable dealers in jewelry maintain that it is the public who are to blame for the production of false jewels, knowing well enough that genuine gems could not be given at the prices offered for them. Retail jewellers are not seldom deceived themselves, not being, perhaps, so well versed in the technical knowledge incidental to their trade as they ought to be. The dealers of repute, however, are exceedingly careful in their selection of stock, no gem being offered for sale unless it is known to be genuine.

Many gems are really gems of a kind, although not the gems they are pretended to be, but in all probability are composed of pieces of quartz 'got up' for the market, quartz being selected as being able to stand the test of the file, which glass cannot do. There are varieties of topaz and other stones which are as hard as the diamond, and being entirely colourless, they are often cut and polished and successfully palmed off as diamonds. This colourless gem material is costly in consequence of the use to which it can be turned. Recipes for the production of imitation stones have been often given; the following is the formula for a ruby: five hundred parts of stass, twenty of glass of antimony, a half each of purple of Cassius and of gold. Stass is a specially manufactured kind of glass which has been long used in connection with the fabrication of gems, it usually contains a much larger percentage of oxide of lead than the commonest sorts of glass. Aventurine is another kind of gem glass, which is chiefly manufactured in Venice, and brings a high price. The best thing is a quartz of varying shades of colour, which is much prized. One of the scarcer varieties is known as sunstone, and is much sought after, being valuable for such purposes as have been referred to.

Attempts by chemists to produce diamonds have, commercially speaking, usually resulted in failure. The most successful of the early experiments tried in the way of diamond production was that worked out by Gannal, a Frenchman, who in the year 1828 succeeded in producing a substance that was affirmed by a practical jeweller of great repute to be a diamond, but after much controversy, the opinion came to be ultimately entertained that even Gannal had failed. Another famous Frenchman, M. Despretz, made several and varied attempts in the same direction with partial success, which produced matter at all events with which it was found to be possible to cut and polish the harder gems. A Monsieur de Chaud Court is has also entered upon various experiments with a view to the production of 'real' diamond, but, so far as we know, without having achieved success. Mr Mallet's experiments at the St Rollox chemical works in Glasgow have been so carefully discussed as not to require further mention.

The so-called 'Scottish Jewelry,' made from cairngorms, cairnam stone, &c., is largely manufactured in Germany, where most of the stones required are quite plentiful. It is common enough to impose this cairngorm on ignorant purchasers as Brazilian or Mexican topaz. Edinburgh lapidaries are able to prepare and mount the cairngorm and pebbles of Scotland with taste and skill. Crystals of smoky quartz are found in every part of the globe, and can be so skilfully dealt with by lapidaries and experts as to be made deeper or lighter in colour as may be demanded. Each manipulator is of course careful to preserve his particular mode of procedure secret from his fellows, and some of them are very clever in their various manipulations of Scottish stones, which can be set with fine effect in brooches, snuff mulls, dirks, and powder horns.

'Mock pearls' are the subject of frequent discussion. The wonderful lustre and exquisite polish of the real gem of the sea have been more than once imitated with almost the power of

nature But there is a something about this beautiful and mysterious production which in the end tells against all attempts at fraud The imitation when tested with the real gem provides one source of detection, and the brittle nature of the manufactured article is another Another matter is that the exquisitely drilled holes which are characteristic of the pearls of the East are wanting in all imitations, the drilling in the latter case being usually clumsy and blunt edged The scales of a small fish known as the *bleak* have been successfully used in the formation of false pearls, but as it requires some eighteen thousand of these fish to provide one pound weight of the pearl making material, it seems superfluous to say that only a very limited number of gems can be made from the scales of the bleak

Here we pause, not having space left in which to discuss the 'manufacture' of cameos, or the production of that 'mystery gold' which two years ago afforded so much material for newspaper discussion At the present time, when pictures and pottery, old furniture, articles of virtu of all kinds, coins, and even birds' eggs, are forged, it is not a matter for surprise that spurious diamonds, mock pearls, and imitations of many of our more precious gems should be foisted on the public by unscrupulous tradespeople Never theless, so long as a lady can purchase for a few pounds a necklace or other adornment which, if genuine, would have cost hundreds or perhaps thousands of pounds, the imitation gem trade will continue to flourish

A FRIEND OF THE FAMILY

BY CHARLES CLIFFORD

CHAPTER I—THE MAJOR'S ENFOLDMENT

EVEN his enemies admitted that Major Dawkins was one of the kindliest natured of men If anybody was in difficulty, he would take infinite pains to help him or her out of it—provided the difficulty was not financial In that case he had all the will, but not the means to assist otherwise than with good advice, and the fact was so well known, that nobody ever thought of borrowing from him Most of his friends were in comfortable circumstances, and therefore above the need of troubling him about pecuniary matters But his happiness in having wealthy friends was owing to his good luck, certainly not to any careful selection on his part, for he was such a chatty, pleasant little man, so frank and easy in his ways, that he picked up acquaintances everywhere In a train or on a steamer, he would be in five minutes conversing with his immediate fellow passengers, in half an hour, they would be discussing subjects of personal interest, and in an hour, they would be talking and laughing together as if they had been intimate for years

He had sympathy enough to comprehend all beings and all things He mourned with those who were mourning, he rejoiced with those who were rejoicing One day he would be at a funeral with visage as lugubrious as his grub, and the day following he would be at a wedding, the gayest of the gay, ready with pretty speeches for the bride, the most flattering prophecies for the bridegroom, and the liveliest congratulations for the bridegroom on the fortune which had given him what Solomon had declared to be the greatest blessing on earth—a good wife

The Major was peculiarly sincere in his sympathetic sorrow and in his sympathetic joy, consequently, he was a favourite with both sexes, old and young, and was the confidant of all in many delicate affairs which should have been intrusted only to one who had proved himself able to keep a secret as well as to sympathise His little foibles were overlooked, or, at most, provoked a quiet smile at his innocent faith in them invisibility For instance, nobody ever displayed the slightest consciousness that his well trimmed black hair and moustache were dyed, although the fact was patent to every one On this subject the Major was peculiarly sensitive, and for years he cherished the fond delusion that even his man Hollis believed black to be the natural colour of his hair But accident betrayed the mystery, and from that hour the master was held in bondage by the man

Hollis had been in several good places at one time as valet, and subsequently as butler As a matter of principle, he considered himself bound to test the quality of all the liquors in his master's cellar and sideboard, and he had carried this principle of self sacrifice to his employer's interests to such a degree that he was at length glad to accept the modest salary which Major Dawkins could afford to pay him for his services as general factotum Of course, Hollis regarded his new position as a downfall in the world, for here he had to combine the duties of butler, valet, and footman, and there was no cellar at all! But he had considerate master, and during their frequent stay at country houses, Hollis's appetites were amply satisfied, whilst he discovered various ways of securing 'tips' which materially added to his income He might have been as contented as a man of his character ever could be, if it had not been for one grievance

His master had a nice little box covered with Russian leather and supplied with a Bramah lock The Major took this box everywhere with him, he always opened it and locked it himself and kept the key in his own pocket It was not a jewel case or a cash box, for Hollis had seen it open on several occasions, and noted that its chief contents were a small green glass and a bottle of peculiar shape without any label The principle which regulated the life of Hollis was touched he had no doubt that the bottle contained some special liqueur—in colour it somewhat resembled yellow Chartreuse, as far as he could make out—and he felt much aggrieved that his master would allow him no opportunity of testing its quality That it must be some thing very special was evident from the care with which it was guarded

He watched and waited, and his opportunity came, as it comes to all who wait The Major was out later than usual one night, and next morning he rose late, which caused him to be much hurried with his toilet, in order to keep an important engagement

'Back about three,' he said as he hastened away

When the door closed behind him, Hollis, as was his custom, instantly entered his master's

room—Did his eyes deceive him? No, the key was in the lock of the little Russian leather case, for once forgotten by its keeper. The man's eyes glistened with satisfaction, and his mouth watered in anticipation of the treat in store for him, as he removed the stopper and filled the dainty glass with the contents of the bottle. It looked nice, but he did not quite relish its faint odour. There was a suspicion of almonds and something else, which he could not liken to anything he had smelt before. Doubtless it was some Indian liquor, good for the liver, people did drink strange stuffs as well as eat strange tuffs in foreign parts. Hollis was not the person to shrink from his duty, he had tasted almost everything, in the way of wines and liqueurs, and he was bound to discover the character of this first. He raised the glass to his lips.

'Good heavens! man, what are you doing?' shouted the voice of the Major, raised in extreme alarm. 'This is deadly poison—it is hair dye!'

The glass dropped from the servant's trembling hand, and he stood dumbfounded.

The Major having discovered his overnight when only a little way from his chambers, had hastily returned, and his latchkey admitted him. Without heeding the broken glass, he angrily locked the case and put the key in his pocket. He was chagrined that in his excitement he had blurted out the carefully guarded secret of the black hair and moustaches, whilst he was relieved by the thought that he had been in time to save the man from the consequences of his folly. He was as much confused as Hollis, and his confusion lasted longer, for the worthy fellow was quick to perceive the advantage he had gained.

Instant dismissal was the penalty that the master first thought of, and the next moment he felt that he dared not inflict it. The man would talk, and in a few hours the scandal would fly up the back stairs of every house in town. Very likely there would be a smart paragraph in the 'Society' journals making fun of him.

'Dawkins dyes his hair!' everybody would be saying. 'Could you have believed it?'

The poor little Major shuddered at the bare thought of the ridicule which would ensue.

'I'll look over this, Hollis' he said, drawing up his stiff military collar, in order to appear more dignified and to render his words more impressive. 'You ought to be thankful for that but understand, if you try anything like this again, or if any hint of this morning's business reaches my ears, you go. You understand?'

'Yes, sir. Thank you.'

'Very well. We start for Todhurst Grange to-morrow. Get my things ready to-day.'

Hollis bowed and retired without attempting explanation or apology.

The Major was much perturbed as he drove along the crowded streets to keep the appointment, for which he was now a quarter of an hour late. That was disturbing enough to a man of his punctual habits but it was not the main cause of his present vexation. The main cause was his sense that from this day forth he was, metaphorically, under his servant's thumb.

Observing Dawkins approach for the first time, you would have fancied that he was a youth of about twenty-five, although he was several years more than double that age. His slim figure, below the average height, was always arrayed in the latest style affected by young men about town. There were a few decorous modifications, certainly, but they were so slight as to be scarcely observable. Then there was a vivacity about his movements which only occasionally suggested a degree of stiffening about the knee joints, and thus an appearance of juvenility was produced until he was subjected to close inspection. The wrinkles on his brow and under the gray eyes, and the yellow complexion resulting from the touch of liver which he had brought home with him from India, set a stranger speculating whether he was a prematurely aged boy or a very young old man. But as soon as he began to speak, all speculation on the subject ceased—he was so young in thought, so interested in everything he saw and in every one he met.

The fact was that the Major had not yet realized the truth that he was a grown man and had passed the equator of middle age. He had never been married, he had never suffered under any absorbing attachment to maid or widow, and although he had been twenty years in the army, he had never been in a fight. A petty riot was the only approach to a battle in which he had ever been privileged to take part. Whilst he bore his disappointment cheerfully, as a general rule, there were times when he lamented the ill luck which had attended him so far as war was concerned. His soul had been always eager for the fray, but fate had denied him any opportunity to distinguish himself on the field. During his twenty years of service in India, there had been battles enough fought and won, but he had no share in any of them. To satisfy his ambition, he had twice exchanged into regiments which were under orders for active service. In the first instance, the orders were countermanded, and in the second the war was over before his regiment reached the front. So he was gazetted Major, and was 'retired' on half pay without having sustained a scratch in his country's cause, and without any experience of the proud pomp and circumstance of the big war that makes ambition glorious. He lived in hope, however, that a time would come when the offer of his sword might be acceptable to the War Office. He was then a rabid Jingo, and a resolute advocate of armed opposition to every step made by Russia in the direction of our Indian empire. But he kept these sentiments very much to himself, and only ventilated them when much provoked by some peace at any price man.

The Major's cab rushed along the Strand, along Fleet Street, and up Ludgate Hill, and stopped in Godleman Street, one of the dingy, narrow thoroughfares which represent the wealth of England. He ascended two flights of dark and well-worn staircases, stopping at a door on the glass portion of which was painted the legend, 'Willis & Co.' Entering the office, he was at once shown into the room with the principal, who started to his feet to welcome him with a hearty shake of the hand, although he looked as if his mind were very much disturbed.

'It is very good of you to come so promptly, Major,' he said earnestly, and at the same time endeavouring to assume a careless manner, 'but

I know that you have a regard for the Elliotts, and I am compelled to ask you to help them out of a confounded mess'

'The Elliotts in a mess!' exclaimed Major Dawkins in amazement 'Which of them do you mean, the Elliotts of Todhurst or of Arrowby?'

'Arrowby, of course,' replied Willis, with an undercurrent of irritation 'They are staying at Todhurst just now, and Nellie and Stanley Maynard are there too You know what a fool my sister's husband John Elliott is, and he has worked himself up into a fit of the most ridiculous jealousy about Maynard and my sister He is so wild about it that he spoke to me, and wanted me to interfere I won't, for he is a—— Well, I was going to make use of a strong expression, but you can put it down on your own account'

'He must have been making fun of you' resumed the Major 'He knows that Maynard is engaged to Nellie'

'There was no fun at all about it The fellow was as serious as a man could be I laughed at him, and tried to reason with him, but it was no use, as you can understand I should have left the thing to be settled between themselves—for I know Sophy can take care of herself—but he hunted something about having a detective to watch her, and you can guess what a general upset that might mean'

'The man must be mad'

'That is my opinion—at least, if he is not mad he is on the borders of madness I should not mind a bit if he himself were to suffer the consequences of this nonsense, but you see, my sister Nellie and Maynard are all likely to get into trouble through his insanity Will you help them out of it?—I can't If I say or do any thing, it will be misunderstood'

The Major was silent for a moment He wished to serve his friends, and yet he was afraid that he, too, might be misunderstood But he had such a sincere regard for the Elliotts, that he bravely resolved to do what he could to bring about an amicable arrangement

'I wish you had agreed to do it yourself,' he said reflectively, 'but as matters stand, perhaps it will be better for me to do it I shall write at once to your sister—Mrs John—to her husband, and to Nellie Then I shall get down to Todhurst as quick as possible, and I have no doubt that a few words of explanation will set everything right'

The Major went to his club, and hurriedly wrote several letters But whilst he was placing them in the envelopes, he was in deep perplexity, for who could tell what might be the result of this correspondence?

The result of the important engagement to which the Major hastened after the scene with his servant was of a most distressing nature The happiness of friends whom he regarded with profound esteem was in peril, and he had been told that the catastrophe could only be averted by his immediate interference The information and the intimation were so astounding that he was bewildered What could he do? How could he find the opportunity, or rather how could he find a sufficiently delicate method of saving those friends from the folly to which they were being hastened by misunderstanding and passion?

The friends referred to were Joseph Elliott, J P of Todhurst, to whose place the Major was to proceed on the following day, and the cousin of that gentleman, John Elliott, of Arrowby The conduct of the latter threatened a domestic imbroglio, in which an outsider's interference was more likely to do mischief than render service The whole trouble sprang from a foolish misunderstanding, which a sentence of explanation would set right It seemed very hard to have the power of speaking that sentence, and to remain silent out of selfish considerations of prudence Nay, was it not wicked to stand by and see the whole fabric of domestic bliss fall into ruins, when by simply giving a timely halloo the calamity might be prevented?

Still, the matter was so delicate that the Major wisely hesitated to meddle with it, although appealed to by the near relative of the two families Then came the upbraiding question

Was he not a friend of the family, respected by them all, and having no interest one way or another, except to do a gracious act of service to people who had temporarily lost control of their tempers and judgment?' Yes, he was a friend of the family, the Major admitted with something like a sigh, and there was no doubt it was his duty to open their eyes, and he must do it

There was a merry party on the large bowling green of Todhurst Grange playing at lawn tennis in the sunshine of the autumn afternoon The players had no intention of making a business of the game by too strict adherence to rules Blunders were not treated by the blithe party as serious offences, but were laughed at, and explained to the inexperienced The young folk of both sexes were particular in regard to correct costume, but beyond that they had come out to amuse themselves, to display their graces, to laugh, to flirt—or it might be to make love—but not to strive for any prize except the amusement of each other

The Major had taken his place amongst the young people, and in his light kersey mere looked as youthful as his competitors He was the worst player on the ground, and in that respect distinguished himself by affording the greatest degree of enjoyment to the company He was perfectly aware of his own incapacity, but, cheerfully declaring that it was never too late to learn, he laughed cordially with those who laughed at him He, undoubtedly, would have been less buoyant had he been aware that much of the mirth he provoked was due to the droll effort of his earnest efforts to skip hither and thither with the same lightness and ease as his youthful rivals Of this he was happily unconscious, and so he flourished his racket gaily, and began to think that he would soon be a first class player He skipped the more when he observed that Miss Euphemia Pinton, the wealthy spinster, was watching his movements from the terrace

He had made what was, for him, a most dexterous stroke, and stood complacently waiting his turn to play, when a servant approached him and presented a note

'Beg pardon, sir, but I was told to ask your immediate attention to this'

'Thank you,' said the Major, putting the note carelessly in his pocket, as he stood smiling on his pretty partner, Miss Helen (in home circles, Nellie) Carroll, who was understood to be engaged to the stalwart young fellow on the other side of the net, and at present her opponent.

The Major admired the clever completion of the lovers, they were so gay and energetic in it, that his mental reflection was that they were really trying the question as to which should be master in the future.

'I was told to wait an answer, sir,' was the respectful reminder of the attendant who had brought the note.

'In a minute,' replied the Major, as he made one of his funny stiff kneed skips to meet the ball which came flying in his direction. He managed to catch it on the hop, and sent it far beyond bounds, the feat eliciting loud shouts of applause, laughter. The hero was complacent, he had evidently done something—he did not know what, but it allowed him another pause. So he looked at the note, and the racket dropped from his hand. The deep lines of his vexing, which had almost disappeared in his boyish enjoyment of the game, became suddenly prominent in the expression of alarm which took the place of smile.

'Glorious powers! I have put the letters into the wrong envelopes!'

He looked with anxious inquiry into the bright flushed face of Miss Carroll. No, she had heard nothing yet. He begged that she would excuse him, as he was obliged to hasten up to the house—a message of importance had come for him, and he had no alternative but to entail the happy privilege of being her partner during the rest of the game. Then, to the attendant. 'Tell Mrs Elliott I shall be with her immediately. Hurry, like a good fellow.'

The man bowed and departed. The Major wiped his brow as he followed, at first with quick steps, but soon more slowly. He was trying to collect his thoughts, and to comprehend the possibilities of the dilemma into which he had fallen.

'She must have got the letter intended for Mrs John, and in that case, what has become of the others? This is a mess. The thing seemed to be so easy to settle, only a little explanation required, and all would have gone smoothly as ever, and now—who knows what mischief may come of my idiotic bungling!'

He had never before found himself in such a desperate position, but he promptly resolved to take the straight way out of it. He would at once explain his mistake, ask forgiveness, and trust to Mrs Joseph Elliott's good sense and good nature to keep her silent about the matter which had been accidentally revealed to her.

Accordingly, he entered Mrs Joseph's boudoir with a crestfallen air, but with the firm step of one resolved to do his duty at any cost. He found the lady standing by her writing table, with cheeks flushed and eyes uncomfortably bright with excitement. She held in open letter in her hand. She was a plump, fair woman, with soft pretty features, and rather small gray eyes. She was easy going and good tempered to a degree, because she had a supreme dislike to be bothered about anything, but, like those easy going people in general, once she was roused, she held obstinately to the idea which possessed her, and would not be convinced by any argument that a mistake had been made and that indignation was uncalled for.

'I regret having been obliged to call you away from your amusement, Major Dawkins,' she said, controlling her voice with an evident effort, 'but here is a letter of a most extraordinary nature, which has apparently reached my hands without being intended for them. If I am not very much mistaken, I believe you can give me some explanation of its contents.'

'My dear Mrs Elliott,' the Major answered nervously, 'I gathered from the note I received on the lawn that some blunder had been made. Allow me to assure you ——

'Don't you think it would be as well if you looked at the letter before you proceed further?' was Mrs Joseph's cold interruption. 'I wish to know if this was written by you, and if it was, I shall understand how to proceed.'

The Major held out his hand for the letter, but Mrs Joseph laid it on her desk and held it down, as if unwilling to trust it out of her hand. He glanced at the paper and groaned. It was not necessary to read more than the first words. As he had expected, the letters had somehow got into the wrong envelopes.

'Yes, this was written by me, but it was not intended for you.'

'Of course not,' she exclaimed with a slight hysterical laugh.

'I really do wish you would allow me to explain. There is a mistake—a cruel blunder!——

'I shall ask my husband and ask him to explain.'

'For heaven's sake, don't. He has nothing whatever to do with it. If you would allow me'——

'But I shall not allow you, Major Dawkins, to say another word. You, having made this mistake, wish to screen your friend. But that will not do for me. Whatever you may have to say must be spoken in his presence.'

'If you would only allow me ——

She bowed contemptuously, and passed out of the room, leaving the Major standing with eyes and mouth wide open in hopeless bewilderment. He clapped his brow, stared at the door and at the desk where the letter had lain.

'Why did I not snatch it from the foolish woman, and so compel her to hear me! What mischief have I done! I must get those letters back at any cost. I must see both the Elliotts and explain. They must understand—they must excuse me, for they know my eagerness to serve them. I must get hold of Joe before she sees him.' And he hurried away in search of his host.

The letter which caused so much commotion contained nothing more terrible than this:

My dear Friend.—Let me implore you to act with more consideration towards Mrs E. The incident which vexes you is capable of the simplest explanation, and if you persist in your present unreasonable suspicions, there is no saying what havoc you may make of your own and other people's happiness. I understand the whole position, and will be glad to set things

right—as I believe it is now in my power to do as soon as we meet, if you will only confide in me.—Yours faithfully, A DAWKINS

This letter had been intended for Mr John Elliott, a morbidly nervous and suspicious man, and it had been placed in an envelope addressed to Miss J Elliott, Todhurst Such a blunder was most irritating, but after all, it could be explained, and the good nature which had prompted his action could not be understood

He had himself received a letter intended for another fellow, although bearing his (the Major's) address in full on the envelope He had even received an epistle from a man of education and intelligence, in which the writer, instead of putting down his own signature, had written the name of the addressee It was not such a very uncommon blunder for a person who was sending off a number of missives in a hurry The salve of these reflections afforded only momentary relief to the poor Major's disturbed conscience The instances of blunders such as he had perpetrated had occurred on trivial occasions, and all had merriment to all parties when discovered But in his own case, the happiness of half a dozen people was involved, and he was stung by remorse for his carelessness, whilst feeling that he was walking in a dense fog of confusion

As the Major was rushing in the direction of the stables in the neighbourhood of which he was most likely to find his horse loving host at that time of day, he was pounced upon by a troop of young Elliotts He was a special favourite with the young folk—for who is young as he when amongst them? He was saluted with a chorus of invitations to different games, and it was a little time before he could impress upon them the fact that he could not join them, as he had very serious business with their father Where was he?

He was half deafened by the variety of responses, all spoken simultaneously 'I saw him near the duck pond come about,' Major — 'He's in the orchard'—'He's looking at the new mare in the meadow —'He's giving physic to *Tally* in the stable'

In desperation, the Major pranced off at random Then was a hard pause among the young folk, then, struck by the idea that their friend was only making fun after all, they gave the view halloo and followed in full cry, girls and boys competing to be first to run down the quarry The Major in his gay tennis suit, now somewhat disarranged, panting and flushed, followed by the merry troop, was like a big schoolboy playing at Hare and Hounds—the hare getting very much the worst of it

'Major Dawkins—Major Dawkins!' called a lady who was standing in his path as he approached her 'Do, please, stop playing with the children, I want to speak to you'

It was Mrs John Elliott of Arrowby

The Major, even if politeness had not compelled him to obey, was very glad to halt He could not have run much farther The children were around him in a moment, clinging to his sleeves, and laughing in gleeful triumph

'My dears,' said the Major, gasping for breath, 'I really am in earnest I do want you to let me off to day'

'And I have something particular to say to the Major,' added Mrs John, as she took the gentleman's arm and led him away from the disappointed group

Mrs John was a lady endowed with the blissful nature which without effort can under any circumstances realise the spirit of the old saw—

> A merry heart goes all the way,
> A sad tires in a mile a

She seemed to be always laughing, she was as fond of bonbons as a child, and although turned thirty, she was still one of those 'giddy young things' who quite innocently find great satisfaction in attracting the attention of men's eyes She did not try to do this by extravagance of dress, although it obtained special care Indeed, she did not try at all, but her blithe, frank ways magnetised men, and she was alike to all, old or young, handsome or otherwise It had, therefore, caused much amazement that she should have given her hand to John Elliott Had she married with his cousin Joseph, the burly, jovial, red haired, fox hunting squire of Todhurst, the fitness of things would have been appreciated But John!—it was incomprehensible

He was the antithesis of his cousin bilious, sallow, nervous, and with stooping shoulders He had no interest in field sports, he did not keep more than ten acres of his land under his own management, but he was strict with his agent and taunts about rents He was a dilettante archæologist, a dilettante book hunter, and a dilettante philanthropist He believed that he was in earnest He regarded his wife as a jewel so precious that every one envied him the possession, and when he came to understand that people wondered why she had married him, he began to wonder too, and the result was much mental torture He was conscious that she might have had a much more suitable mate, and that conscious as a rule red him the more jealously fond She, although at moments incensed at his folly and want of faith, maintained her good spirits and retained her good looks

'Now, Major,' he said in her sprightly way, as soon as they had got beyond earshot of the children, 'I want you to tell me all about this mysterious note you have sent me I can guess that you mean my husband by "our mutual friend" But who is the "lady," and what is the nonsense to which you ask me to pay no heed?'

The Major absolutely groaned inwardly, for he knew by her allusions that his worst fears were realised, and she had got the note intended for Nellie So, then, each of the three letters had been delivered to the wrong person! Confound that hurry—confound that fellow Hollis, who had been the cause of it by his mischievous interference with the hair dye Had it not been for that incident, the Major was convinced he could never have made such a gross mistake as this And here was the happiness of a household imperilled by a bottle of hair dye!

'It may be monstrously absurd to others,' groaned the miserable Dawkins, 'but to me it is monstrously distressing'

'What is so absurd and at the same time so distressing?' inquired Mrs John gaily, restraining within due bounds her inclination to laugh at the extraordinary contortions of his features

'My dear madam, I assure you, it is all a stupid and most lamentable mistake on my part That letter'——

'I am quite satisfied that it is a mistake,' she interrupted 'Pray, do not feel any uneasiness on that account, and do not bother about the letter But, concerning the lady, I should like to know something, and you promise here to tell me' She held the unlucky letter open in her hand

'My DEAR FRIEND,' it ran—'That is the most appropriate form of address for me to use on the present occasion, which is in my eyes an important one I beseech you to give no heed whatever to my nonsense you may hear about our 'mutual friend' and a certain lady There is not the slightest foundation for it, and of that I shall convince you immediately after my arrival at Redhurst—Believe me, your most faithful servant, ALFRED DAWKINS'

'You were never intended to receive that letter,' ejaculated the Major with a resolute effort to pull himself together

'I am sure my husband did not intend it,' she rejoined, smiling confidentially, 'but I thank you for putting me on my guard against idle rumours It was your duty to do so, as the friend of the family, and I for one am grateful But it was scarcely necessary for although John is peculiar in some ways, I have perfect confidence in his discretion, and know that he is incapable of entangling himself with any lady, except through their misunderstanding one of his philanthropic crazes—Ah, I see what it is,' and here her expression changed from that of half indifferent curiosity to one of serious interest 'He has been kind to some wretched creature, and she is trying to take advantage of him That is what you mean by warning me not to heed any nonsense I might hear Thanks, thanks! I must go at once and relieve his mind of any uneasiness as to my views of the case

The Major had endeavoured several times to interrupt her without avail Now, when he saw her turning quickly away, he cried vehemently 'Stop, my dear madam, you are quite wrong—you misunderstand the whole affair Do give me time to tell you exactly what is the matter'

'I know enough, Major, thank you very much I must learn the rest from John himself Here are some friends coming—I do not wish them to see me in this anxious state We can have a chat in the afternoon' With a bow she walked quickly away

He would have followed, but was arrested by a musical voice calling 'Major Dawkins, I wish particularly to speak to you'

He turned, and beheld Nellie Carroll advancing hurriedly towards him. Her face was flushed, her eyes bright with indignation, and her sharp firm step betokened that she was in a temper Behind her was Stanley Maynard, looking troubled, and evidently trying to persuade her to refrain from some rash action

CHILDRENS PLAY

'O PAPA, when will you die?' asked one of the youngest of my children A strange question, thought I

'Why do you ask, my dear?'

'Oh, because it will be such fun burying you'

This little experience of the author of *Ollapodrida* originated in the death of a pet canary which caused the young people great tribulation 'To amuse them,' he says, 'we made them a paper coffin, put the defunct therein, and sewed on the lid, dug a grave in the garden, and dressing them out in any remnants of black we could find for weepers, made a procession to the grave where it was buried' This little divertissement quite took their fancy, and led them to wish for a repetition on a larger scale

The memory of a back garden little cemetery of pet birds and kittens, over whose graves the writer had erected head slates with appropriate epitaphs, occurs to him after hearing of the late obsequies of a pet rabbit at Southport Little Amy's bunnie went the way of all rabbits, and her playmates, sympathising with her affliction, determined to give it an appropriate funeral They arranged a rudiflque out of a soap box, and with great solemnity dragged it in procession to the grave The children, feeling that a service of some kind ought to be performed, but instinctively recognising the unfitness of the ordinary religious ritual, joined hands round the bier, and sang with dignified pathos the well known old song, *Oh, bring back my Bunnie to me* They did it so seriously, and with such childlike good faith, that even the grown up listeners behind the blinds forgot the bathos of the situation, and involuntarily sympathised with the young mourners in their grief A 'stepping stone,' as one of the pall bearers afterwards described it, was placed over the grave, and the ceremony was over, but even the gorgeousness of the funeral pageant and the impressive burial service could not wholly console the owner for the loss of her rabbit

A little girl who witnessed the capture of a rat in a trap, exclaimed, with the relentless thoughtlessness of childhood 'Me wants you to dead him, so me can see him all buried in the seminary'—this playing at funerals being evidently a fascinating amusement with many little folks

Much has been said about the power of imagination in the young, but their knowledge and experience being so incomplete, is it not rather the imitative faculty that makes a boy with a wooden gun act the hero or hunter, and a girl with a rag doll, an affectionate though rather capricious mother? On their Lilliput stage

children imitate the doings of adults, who are mainly interesting to them as furnishing subjects for representation They value the reproduction more highly than the realities of life, on which they look callously, and will parody a funeral, an execution, or a prayer meeting with remarkable cheerfulness One of the writer's schoolfellows, by way of appropriate 'Sunday play, once raised an altar of books, placed lighted candles thereon, and tried to persuade some of his companions to join him in further mummeries, which, however, partook much less of levity than earnestness on his part

A famous American author, who makes some observations which are very apposite, says 'During a walk from St Nicholas in the shadow of the majestic Alps, we came across some little children amusing themselves in what seemed at first a most odd and original way, but it wasn't, it was in simply a natural and characteristic way They were roped together with a string, they had mimic Alpenstocks and ice axes, and were climbing a meek and lowly manure pile with a most blood curdling amount of care and caution The "guide" at the head of the line cut imaginary steps in a laborious and painstaking way, and not a monkey budged till the step above him was created If we had waited, we should have witnessed an imaginary accident, no doubt, and we should have heard the intrepid band hurrah' when they made the summit, and looked around upon the magnificent view, and seen them throw themselves down in exhausted attitudes for a rest in that commanding situation' The same writer says 'In Nevada, I used to see the children play at silver mining Of course the great thing was an accident in a mine, and there were two "star" parts—that of the man who fell down the mimic shaft, and that of the daring hero who was lowered into the depths to bring him up I know one small chap who always insisted on playing both these parts—and he carried his point He would tumble into the shaft and die, and then come to the surface and go back after his own remains'

If half the accounts of American children are true, they must be intolerable little precocities, hard to manage and difficult to please. Japan appears to be the children's paradise, from recent accounts In no other country, we are told are the young people treated with such consideration The third day of the month is the girls' festival In every family you will find dolls in large numbers arranged in one of the rooms reserved for that purpose The boys' holiday is the fifth day of the fifth month After passing under the barber's hands, the boys, dressed in their best clothes, first go to the temple and offer a prayer, after which the fun of the day begins

The ways of children are, it seems, beginning to be studied from a scientific standpoint An American lady has elicited from two hundred and twenty seven Boston schoolboys particulars of their tastes in collecting Out of the entire number, only nineteen had abstained from making collections Stamps were the most popular objects, then marbles, business cards, minerals, woods, leaves or flowers, autographs, buttons, birds' nests, and many other minds

There is often a great contrast between the ways in which boys and girls try to amuse themselves Games which demand small exertions are generally girls' favourites, though the more active take kindly to rounders, whiptop, and even cricket But as a rule they are soon tired, everything 'isn't fair, and they 'won't play' Boys' games are more successful Boys stick much more to rules, and are less careful of their clothes Their games are often accompanied by loud threats and fierce recriminations threats which if executed would speedily make the playground present the appearance of a battle field

It is the grown up people who write the stories, and the children carefully preserve the text What boy has not had his Crusoe raft or cave, or has not attempted to build a log hut? The dangers, pleasures, misfortunes, and adventures of life are all rehearsed by the romantic little people There is a story of Michael Angelo making a statue of snow in a garden, the beauty and proportion of which delighted his companions and gave promise of the genius he was afterwards to display Charles Dickens tells us of wandering through rooms when a child, armed with a club, in the naive belief that he was in Africa traveller expecting to be attacked at any moment by wild beasts or savages and therefore holding himself ready to sell his life as dearly as possible

This innate tendency to mimicry is sometimes even displayed amidst the melancholy surroundings of a hospital It might, indeed, be sadly dull for the poor little patients in a children's hospital, but there are rays of sunshine that gleam upon the scene A kind hearted visitor to one of these institutions says 'Among the boys, I saw one merry little fellow gravely putting out his tongue, while another felt his pulse Playing at doctors seemed a fit game for a children's hospital, and I could picture to myself how much prescriptions were made up with sham solemnity of manner, and how fanciful experiments with imaginary stethoscopes were at times tried by young actors, to beguile the weary time One little girl I spoke to seemed quite proud of her acquaintance with the ailments of her neighbours, and seriously took me to a bed to see a bad case of "bronchectus," and to a cot of migraines, where what she called "new money here" was waiting to be cured To lisp out big words like 'tooloocoolooous appeared to give great pleasure to the solemn little doctors, and I fancied the patients felt some pride in being pointed out as victims of such fine sounding complaints

Children who have few toys are thrown on their own resources for amusement, and frequently develop great ingenuity and cleverness in their play We have examples in the young Brontës, busy at their desks and playing at being editors, like the girls in *Little Women* when producing their weekly paper *The Pickwick Portfolio* But when our little actors, in their

eagerness to secure properties, develop the bump of destructiveness, the results are not so amusing. Captain Marryat remarks that children are a great blessing when they are kept in the nursery, but they certainly do interfere with the pipe who has the misfortune to be an author. He little thought, when his youngest girl brought him a whole string of paper dolls, hanging together by the arms, that they had been cut off his memoranda. But so it was, and when he had satisfactorily established the fact, and insisted upon in imagination to recover his invaluables, he found that they had had an auto da fé, and that the whole string of dolls, which contained on their petticoats his whole string of bewitching ideas, had been burnt like so many witches.

The monkey like propensity for imitation which makes an infant try to shave himself on getting hold of papa's razor, when developed in boyhood, takes the form of surreptitious smoking and swearing, more for the purpose of acting the man than for anything else. The same idea of acting the woman is shown when little girls improvise a long train out of a newspaper or shawl, and sweeping in a dignified way about the room, exclaim, 'I'm mamma!'

The importance of a child when lent any article of dress, a stick, or an umbrella to play with, is very noticeable. 'Little boy,' said a gentleman, 'why do you hold that umbrella over your head? It's not raining.' 'No.' 'And the sun is not shining?' 'No.' 'Then why do you carry it?' 'Cause when it rains father wants it, and when the sun shines, mother wants it, and it's only when it's this sort of weather that I can get to use it at all.'

Children possessed of mimetic qualities are happier without any plaything than are their opposites, even when possessed of the costliest scientific toys. Town boys are fond of imagining themselves to be trains and horses, the noise of the former and motions of the latter being often very amusingly represented. Mark Twain has given a lively description of an American lad imitating a river steamer with all proper accompaniments of bell ringing, going ahead and astern, and whirling one arm round for an imaginary forty feet side wheel coming alongside the wharf. The same humorist's description of some boys camping out on an island, and covering their bare bodies with mud to represent Indian war paint, will probably occur to our readers.

Any one who has ever watched street boys at play, must have been struck with the power of mimicry many of them possess. The writer was once greatly amused by the antics of a London lad, who along the Pavement was 'taking off' the motions of a tight rope performer, with most ludicrous attempts at balancing, and a perfect burlesque of reality, that elicited roars of laughter from his admiring companions, some of whom whistled an appropriate accompaniment. Stage struggles and combats, and the ways of heavy tragedians, clowns, nigger minstrels, and acrobats, are often travestied by these youngsters in a way that denotes remarkable cleverness and keen observation. A Volunteer review which the writer witnessed in Cheshire was almost turned into ridicule by the absurd antics of some scores of the street arab genus. As a long line of riflemen advanced, firing, clouds of young ragamuffins kept retreating at some distance in front, and at every volley threw themselves on the ground into all kinds of grotesque attitudes, representing the killed and wounded. Boys' sham fights amongst themselves sometimes become rather serious, through the actors waxing too earnest in their enthusiasm. It is not long since a boy was wounded by a pistol shot when enacting one of the Soudan battles with his companions. Newspaper readers are familiar with accounts of the lamentable results of children playing at hanging not wisely, but too well.

AFTER AN EXPLOSION.

An opportunity was recently afforded us of exploring the workings of a colliery in which, a day or two previously, an explosion had occurred. Commonly, the results of these catastrophes are so widespread, and the havoc they cause is so tremendous, that it is impossible to take a calm survey of the separate effects of fire and concussion: all is mere ruin and confusion. But in this particular instance the area affected had been very limited, and so little damage had been done to the roofs and roads, that it was safe and easy to investigate the way in which the imprisoned forces had effected their deadly purpose, for nearly half the men at work in the vein of coal had been killed, and, of the rest, several narrowly escaped with their lives. And yet the mine had always been considered a perfectly safe one, no death from fire damp had ever before happened, and, with the full approval of the government inspectors, naked lights had always been used. All at once, without any warning, the lightning swift flame darted forth, none knew whence, and many a miner's home was filled with desolation and sorrow.

We were, of course, provided with safety lamps before we reached the branch road which leads to the workings where so lately such awful scenes had been enacted. Even here, nearly two hundred yards away, we were shown a hole which had been blown through eighteen inches of solid masonry, and were told that two men who were at the outside of this wall had been severely burned, one of them, after lingering for a week, having succumbed to the injuries received. Just round the corner, only a few yards away, we saw the ghastliest sight of all that met our eyes in this memorable round. A dark stain on one of the upright supports of the roof marked the place where a man's head had been crushed by a loaded tram, which the concussion of air had lifted off the rails and dashed against the hapless trammer. Nothing could give one a more vivid conception of the terrific force of these gaseous explosions, and of the enormous expansion of air which they occasion.

But we proceed along the level road through which so recently that fiery blast rushed, and reach the door which opens into the actual scene of the disaster. It was from this point that the

gallant band of rescuers—who in such emergencies are always ready to risk their lives in helping others—carried on their operations. Outside this door, all was safe after that one momentary onrush of flame was over. Inside lay the deadly choke-damp, hardly less fatal than the fire itself. Yet, for all that, one by one the injured colliers were carried hither and placed in the freer air. Then the heroic searchers bore out also the bodies of the dead, and not till then, yielded to the numbing, stifling influence of the poisonous vapours, which left them ashamed and ill for days.

What a contrast to all this was the quietude of these deserted workings as we saw them! Save for such repairs as were needed to restore proper ventilation, nothing had been touched, and, strewn on the ground, as they had been taken off by their owners—some dead, or, it might be, struggling for life—lay the coats and other garments discarded as too cumbersome to work in, while from the roof hung the miners' 'tommy bags,' containing their day's food. One had fallen on to the ground, and the mice had got at it. After biting a hole through the covering, they had gnawed away all the crumb out of a huge bunch of bread. Where, one wondered, could these tiny creatures have taken refuge from fire and suffocation? Mysterious indeed! Not a singe, not even the smell of fire, on these trivial things, and yet, here about, a man was found fearfully scorched, his clothes literally torn off him by a tornado of flame!

Passing on to a heading where several men met their death, we noticed one large piece out of which the seam had been drawn by the intensity of the heat, while everywhere, *one* side of the props was coked over by the rush of burning coal dust, which had been driven furiously along, now in one direction, now in another, and yet, among it all was a pale green shoot sprouting from an ash pole in the roof, turning upwards, as it some instinct taught it that *that* way about the sunlight—even though a quarter of a mile of rock lay between!

Another example of the incomprehensible manner in which these fatal forces act. A door which opened inwards, and so offered full resistance to the concussion, was smashed into splinters, and yet, twenty yards further on, a miner was at work with a candle in his cap, and this was not blown out, nor was the man at all hurt! This particular doorway, the door being fortunately demolished, let in a quantity of pure air, and so the lives of a number of men who were in that level were saved. One specially touching incident occurred here. Two men and a boy started to crawl to a place of safety, following, with their hands, the rails as a guide in the darkness. The road they took is in the shape of a Y. When they reached the fork, two of them took the right turning, and escaped unscathed. The third man went to the left, and wandered on till, in the very thickest of the afterdamp, he sank down and died. There he was found, as soon as it was possible to penetrate through the smoke and heavy fumes, with that placid look on his face which all those wear who are suffocated by carbonic acid gas. One of the explorers explained that, in this poisonous atmosphere, he felt himself failing, and yet, though he knew perfectly what was in store for him if he sank down, *could* not resist the pleasant stupor that was creeping over him. He was dragged away to pure air just in time.

Our guide tried, with his testing lamp, all round the place for gas. But only once, in a hole in the roof of the highest level, did a tiny blue cap within the wire gauze demonstrate the lingering presence of that explosive vapour. This fact may to some extent explain the unwillingness of the workmen to use safety lamps. Such is the abnormal prejudice which prevails among them, and so true is it of them, as of all people engaged in hazardous occupation, that familiarity breeds contempt for danger. They were perfectly ready to go down with candles, but not with lamps, to which they had never been accustomed. But we owe too much to these toilers underground, to indulge in harsh criticism of their conduct. As the poor fishwife described her herrings, so we may call the coals which blaze upon our hearths, 'the lives of men.'

From this account of what, after all, was but a slight explosion, one may perhaps more readily realise the awfulness of those more extensive disasters, which, with equal suddenness and mystery, plunge whole districts into bitterest grief and direst want. If any stimulus to sympathy and practical charity were required, it would but be needful to stand, as we did, among that vast crowd which, at the tidings of evil, thronged round the pit top, and to see those agonised women who were weeping for their sons or husbands, and 'would not be comforted, because they were not.' But the hearts of Englishmen ever beat fast, and their hands are always open, when they are asked to help the ill fated colliers' widows and orphans—'after an explosion.'

OCCASIONAL NOTES

INTERESTING DISCOVERIES.

A REPORT reaches us through a Greek paper of the accidental discovery, in the island of Syros, of three graves, the structure and contents of which would point to a very early prehistoric date. It was during the digging for the foundations of a new building in the town of Hermopolis that these graves were brought to light. The vessels found in them are in good preservation, and are, with one exception, of wood or earthenware, and this exception is a vase of metal, in which are the ashes of a dead man. The other graves also exhibit, without any exception, unburned bones, thus showing a curious combined system of ordinary burial and cremation, the bones in the vase having been burned, and the others not so. Votive offerings were placed about the skeletons in every case, those which were apparently of the greatest value being found in the dead man's hands. It is to be hoped that the vessels may be secured for the Athens Museum, already so rich with many such curious relics. This Museum has been lately enriched with the remains of the pediment sculptures of the Temple of Athene Alea at Tegea. These precious fragments, consisting of two heads of youths and one head of a boar, are the only pieces of sculpture which can be

affirmed, with confidence, to be the work of Scopas, and it is a satisfaction to know that archæologists and antiquaries who desire to view the relics of highly refined art of past ages, may see them in this Museum without the trouble of going to Tegea. It is also reported that the missing half of one of the other heads lately discovered has been found, and is now safe in the same Museum. Another exquisitely beautiful head of a female, found some years ago at Lerna, has been procured for the National Museum, thanks to the zeal and energy of the Director, Dr Kabbadias. The head is like one, of Parian marble, and evidently, from the flat unworked state of the back, formed part of a group in high relief, and dates probably from the third century before Christ. The learned are in much doubt as to whom the head is intended to represent, many inclining to the opinion that it is Demeter, from its charming expression and pathetic beauty, but as no part of the figure remains, this is, after all, mere speculation.

METROPOLITAN PUBLIC GARDENS' ASSOCIATION

North, south, east, and west, the growth of London proceeds rapidly. Not only is the city's area increased, but the brick and mortar mass of which it consists tends to grow denser and denser, as the mechanic arts of surveyor and architect combine to wrest from space its fullest building possibilities. And hence springs a great evil. Fresh air and light—necessary conditions of healthy life—are meted out to the population with an ever increasing meagreness. But, happily, counteracting influences have now existed for some time. A notable one is embodied in a philanthropic Association, which spends a considerable income and great activity in obtaining for the people of London open spaces, or gardens, and other machinery for recreation. Old churchyards and other disused burial grounds, in closed squares, and vacant plots of ground of all sorts, are the 'prey' of the Metropolitan Public Gardens' Association. Finding them, it at once agitates obstinately for their conservation to public use. Parochial and ecclesiastical local authorities, and in some cases private individuals, are appealed to, to devote the land to the desired purpose—the Association offering to lay out the inclosure at its own expense, and provide the necessary implements, plants, mould, drains, seats, &c., or making such overtures as the individual circumstances of the case may justify. Though securing public recreation grounds is the chief aim of the Association, it adopts other means for promoting the health and physical well being of the people. Thus it agitates for the establishment of gymnasia in elementary schools, and for the opening of school playgrounds during all but scholastic hours to the children of the surrounding locality; it plants trees and places seats in the wilder thoroughfares; it uses its influence to obtain the erection of baths and washhouses, and, collecting reliable information respecting all the poorer districts of the metropolis, it directs public attention to overcrowding and other social evils. Since the Association's formation in 1882, it has succeeded in eighty three of its efforts to provide public recreation grounds, &c., disbursing in the work £6695, 16s. 8d. Lord Brabazon is the chairman, Miss I. M. Gladstone, the honorary Secretary, and Miss F. Wilkinson, the landscape gardener of the Association, the address of which is 82 Lancaster Gate, London, W.

'MISSING'

'Twas after Talavera on an evening dark and gray,
We had returned from the fight after a bloody day,
And we called the master over, but one answered not to the roll
'Twas the youngest, and the noblest, and the bravest of us all.

He had dared the direst dangers of that direful and dreadful fight day
For he had been the foremost in the fury of the fray
But a solemn silence answered when we called him on the roll
And we knew that we had lost him—and that heaven had gained a soul.

The night was closing chill and dim, and stars were in the sky,
When forth we went to look for him—the British field was nigh,
The moon shone out to aid us in our grim and ghostly quest,
As we turned the brave men over that were lying there at rest.

Where the fight had waged the fiercest, on the margin of the field
We found him grasping hard the sword he bore in to might and shield!
There was glory on his visage like a rosy light, or fire!
Though his golden hair was dabbled with his manfully flowing blood.

Oh, reverently we lifted him, and wiped away the stain
That marred the bright young forehead, where a mother's kiss had lain
We took from the things of his breast, but found nought for them
We saw a small miniature and a tender lock of hair!
He was wounded all to pieces, but he died ere he could smile, he lifted up his limbs—
But Death had turned the hour glass, and was counting out the sands!
We were rough and hardened soldiers and we could not mourn for one
He was dying, for his country—that the hero that he was.

We laid him on the litter, but he neither spoke nor moved,
And tenderly we bore him to the comrades that he loved!
He was dead long ere we had him on the mossy patch of ground—
But we hoped he did not suffer—for he died without a sound!
We have lied in many a battle, we have fought in many a fray,
But that night at Talavera was fresh as yesterday,
And his music upon the muster roll in fancy oft we call,
For we loved him, as the noblest and the bravest of us all.

NANNIE POWER O'DONOGHUE.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, London, and 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

All Rights Reserved.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)

No. 137.—Vol. III. SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1886. Price 1½d.

THE DEATH ROLL OF MONT BLANC

In these days, when it is the fashion to decry Mont Blanc, in company with a good many other old institutions, there is one thing about the mountain which is apt to be lost sight of, and that is how very fatal it has been to mountaineers. It is quite possible that the proportion of killed to those who succeed in the ascent—and the same will hold good in respect of any other Alpine peak—would not be found to be great. Perhaps probably more people have gone up Mont Blanc than any other high mountain, but a number of successful ascents will minimise the fact that there can be very real danger on Mont Blanc. The causes of danger are not far to seek. The mountain is regarded, and in fact is, comparatively easy of ascent, and from the days when Albert Smith did so much to dispel the awe with which it was once the fashion to regard it, the popularity of the expedition has grown year by year, till quite a considerable percentage of those who now go to Chamouni consider but the half of their visit accomplished if they fail to 'do' Mont Blanc. Thus it comes to pass that a great number of individuals are allowed to, and who ought not to, go on the mountain at all, and who, under certain conditions, may easily become a source of danger to themselves and to those who accompany them.

But the danger from this cause is as nothing compared with that which exists in the inferior quality of many of the guides. At Chamouni, every one who styles himself a guide must belong to a kind of trades union society called the 'Compagnie des Guides,' and presided over by a 'Guide chef.' All who enter the 'Compagnie des Guides,' good, bad, and indifferent, enter it on the same footing, and are compelled to take their turn for an engagement on a register kept at the office of the 'Guide chef' for the purpose. Thus, a traveller who wishes to engage a guide, is not allowed—except under very special circumstances—to choose his man, but must take him whose name stands first on the list, and it may so happen that quite an incompetent individual is given charge of a party wishing to ascend Mont Blanc, while a really good guide is told off to carry a knapsack over the Col de Balme.

It is easy to imagine what may result from a system such as this. In one thing, it has had the effect of utterly demoralising Chamouni guides as a body, and it has been the means, as we shall see presently, of some of the worst accidents that have ever happened in the Alps. It is usual nowadays for members of Alpine Clubs to bring to Chamouni their own guides from other districts, rather than trust to the local men, and so it has come about that Chamouni guides have been reduced to taking casual parties up Mont Blanc, with the result, that very few of them are of any use out of their own particular district, and as regards the more difficult peaks of the range, very little even in it. In fact, it is hardly an exaggeration to say that the really good Chamouni men may now be counted on the fingers. The grave scandal occasioned by the desertion of the Russian, Professor Tedtchenko, by his guides—two inexperienced boys—and his subsequent death on the Mer de Glace, called forth a severe protest against the Chamouni guide system on the part of the Alpine Club, but beyond some slight modification of the rules as regards the choosing of special men, very little has been done, and to this day the Rules and Regulations of the 'Compagnie des Guides de Chamouni' remain a byword with all mountaineers.

Finally, there is the danger—and this perhaps greatest of all—from weather. Fair though Mont Blanc may be so long as the weather is good, there is not a mountain in all the Alps which can become so dangerous in a storm. Every one who has had experience of climbing, knows how weather can affect a mountain, and how an ascent which is easy enough one day, may become dangerous if not impossible the next. It is quite a mistake to suppose that because a mountain offers no *physical* difficulty, that there is no risk attending the ascent. We have Mont

Blanc as a case in point. Distinct of all the Great mountains, he has proved himself the most fatal of any.

The first accident within our knowledge which occurred on Mont Blanc was that to Dr Hamel's party in 1820, and being the first accident to Alpine climbers, it created at the time an immense sensation. From a count published by the survivors, it seems clear that the accident was caused by ignorance of the state of the snow—ignorance excusable enough in those days, when as a matter of fact the art of climbing was very little understood. On August 18, 1820, a Russian professor, Dr Hamel, two Germans, Messrs Durnford and Henkelman, a Genevese named Selligue, and twelve guides, left Chamouni, and in twelve hours—about double the time now taken—reached the rocks of the Grands Mulets. Here they pitched a tent which they had brought with them, and passed the night. Bad weather came on after sunset, and as it did not clear next morning, in time for them to start they had to pass another night in the tent. It came on to rain again in the evening, but the following morning, August 20, was fine, and it was determined to make a push for the summit. At this junctnre, M Selligue was overcome with 'scruples' on the subject of making the ascent, and declined to accompany the others, so he was left behind in charge of two of the guides. The rest of the party set out at five A.M. The weather kept fine, but the snow, to quote one of the survivors—was found to be 'rather too soft.' They would appear to have followed the line of ascent usually adopted in those days, until opposite the Dome du Gouter, and on a level with it, when they branched off sharply to the left, and commenced to traverse a steep snow slope, directing their course straight for the Mont Blanc. They were roped, and were apparently proceeding in Indian file, when suddenly the snow gave beneath their feet, and carried them away bodily down the slope. They were all carried a great distance, some accounts say twelve hundred feet—and then the whole avalanche buried itself in a great crevasse. The three leading guides were completely overwhelmed, but the rest of the party stopped short of the crevasse, and were saved. The survivors made frantic efforts to rescue their unfortunate companions, but the poor fellows must have been buried under many tons of snow, and those efforts were unavailing.

It was scarcely thought probable that traces of them would ever again be found, but after the lapse of nearly half a century, the glacier yielded up its dead. In 1863, or forty-three years after the catastrophe, portions of human bodies, the debris of a lantern and Alpenstock, and the leaves of a Latin book, were found imbedded in the ice on the surface of the Glacier des Bossons and near its foot. They were recognised as belonging to the lost guides of Dr Hamel's party. Further discoveries were made in the two following years, and of the relics thus brought to light, some are preserved to this day by the Alpine Club in their rooms at St Martin's Place.

This accident afforded strong evidence in favour of the fact of glacier motion, for the remains were found to have been carried by the ice a distance of nearly five miles from the spot where the catastrophe occurred.

Almost simultaneously with the finding of the relics of Dr Hamel's ill fated expedition, occurred another accident on Mont Blanc. On August 9, 1864, a young porter named Ambroise Couttet, while accompanying two Austrian gentlemen in the ascent of Mont Blanc, fell into a crevasse on the Grand Plateau. This was an accident attributable entirely to carelessness, for it appears that at the moment of the catastrophe Couttet was walking apart from the others and quite unattached. His companions did their best to effect a rescue, but the crevasse was of such great depth that they could not come near him. A party of guides subsequently went out with the object of recovering the body, but although two of their number descended ninety feet into the crevasse, they failed to reach it. It is almost certain, from the terrible nature of the fall, that the unfortunate man's death must have been instantaneous.

There were two sad accidents on Mont Blanc in 1866. The precise cause of the first is somewhat obscure, but the facts as far as they are known are these. Sir George Young and his two brothers, unaccompanied by guides, set out to ascend Mont Blanc on August 23, and succeeded in reaching the summit in safety. They had not proceeded far in the descent, when for some reason unexplained, one of the party slipped and dragged down the other two. They slid for a short distance, then fell a height of twenty feet or so, and were finally stopped by soft snow. Sir George and his second brother escaped serious injury, but the youngest brother, Mr Bulkeley Young, was found to have broken his neck.

The accident to Captain Arkwright's party was of a different description, and in many respects it was a close resemblance to that in which Dr Hamel's guides lost their lives. On the 13th of October—unusually late in the year for such an expedition—Captain Arkwright with one guide, Michel Simond, and two porters, started from the Grands Mulets to ascend Mont Blanc. At a little distance they were followed by the landlord of the *Pierre Pointue*, Silvain Couttet, and a porter—these two having apparently come for their own pleasure—on a separate rope. The guides, probably by reason of its being a shorter route, and, as such, likely to save time—an important matter at that season of the year—chose the route adopted by Dr Hamel's party, and which had come to be known by the name of the Ancien Passage. They had almost reached the spot where the disaster of 1820 occurred, when the roar of an avalanche was heard. Couttet and his companion, realising the danger, fled for their lives. They were a little way behind the others, and were so fortunate as to escape, but Captain Arkwright and his guides were caught by the avalanche and swept away. This accident arose from precisely the same cause as that which happened to Dr Hamel's party—ignorance of the state of the snow, but it differed in one respect, where as Dr Hamel's party started the avalanche, the avalanche which proved fatal to Captain Arkwright and his guides fell from above.

The fact of a second accident occurring at the same place and from a similar cause, has given to the Ancien Passage the reputation of being essentially unsafe. It is not necessarily more dangerous than other routes, and indeed it may even be the safest route from Chamonix up Mont Blanc. It is only really dangerous when the snow is in bad order, and this is a point upon which a guide is—or should be—competent to give an opinion. On the day of the accident, the snow was not in proper condition, and it was because a right discretion was not used, that Captain Arkwright and his companions lost their lives.

We now come to an accident which ranks as by far the most terrible which has ever happened to Alpine climbers, for it resulted in the loss of no fewer than eleven lives. On September 8, 1870, a party consisting of two American gentlemen, Messrs Beane and Randall, and a Mr MacCorkendale, with eight guides and porters—with one exception, all Chamonix men—left Chamonix with the intention of ascending Mont Blanc. They passed the night at the Grands Mulets, and next morning started for the summit. Early in the afternoon, a violent storm burst over Mont Blanc, and as the weather became very bad and they did not return, it was resolved to send out a search party from Chamonix. The weather, however, continued for some days of such an unfavourable character that it was not until the 17th, and when all hope had been abandoned of finding any of the lost party alive, that a discovery was made. The dead bodies of Mr MacCorkendale and two of the porters were first found. They were lying on the snow quite unhurt, head uppermost, a little way above the Mur de la Cote, and from the torn condition of their clothes, it seemed probable that they had slid some distance to the spot where they were discovered. Higher up, by the bodies of Mr Beane and another porter, with the greater part of the baggage beside them. Of the remaining six, no trace could be seen. A few small articles which must have belonged to them were picked up subsequently in the direction of the Bossons Glacier, but that was all. To this day their fate remains a mystery.

The only light thrown upon the catastrophe was that which could be gathered from the pages of a diary found on Mr Beane, and written by him. Some doubt at first was cast upon the authenticity of the entry, but there seems no reason at all for disbelieving its genuineness. What it told was as follows: '*Friday, September 9*—I have made the ascent of Mont Blanc with ten persons—eight guides, Mr Corkendale, and Mr Randall. We arrived at the summit at half past two o'clock. Immediately after leaving it, I was enveloped in clouds of snow. We passed the night in a grotto excavated out of the snow, affording very uncomfortable shelter, and I was ill all night. *September 7 (morning)*—Intense cold, much snow, which falls unintermittently, guides restless. *September 7 (evening)*—We have been on Mont Blanc for two days in a terrible snowstorm, we have lost our way, and are in a hole scooped out of the snow, at a height of fifteen thousand feet. I have no hope of descending. Perhaps this book may be found and forwarded. . . . We have no food, my feet are already frozen, and I am exhausted. I have only strength to write a few words. I die in the faith of Jesus Christ, with affectionate thoughts of my family, my remembrances to all. I trust we may meet in heaven.'

The diary ended with instructions to his family as to his private affairs.

It is to be regretted that poor Mr Beane gives us so little information of any practical value, but meagre as his diary is, it sheds light on one or two points. First, we gather that the party actually reached the summit, and next, that it was about half past two in the afternoon, and immediately after leaving it, that the storm caught them. Now, how was it, we may fairly ask, that so little progress was made on the downward path?—for the grotto of which Mr Beane speaks was constructed at an altitude of fifteen thousand feet, or only seven hundred and eighty-one feet below the summit. How was it that the guides failed completely to find a way back over ground which they had traversed so recently? Mr Beane does not tell us if any attempts were made on the 6th and 7th to find the way down—what little evidence we have tends to prove that there was none. He merely says, 'We have lost our way.' To sit down and wait where they were, as they appear to have done, showed a want of judgment which, without being hard to quantify, then we are with the facts of the case, seems quite inexplicable. Nothing is more common in the high Alps than to be overtaken by bad weather, but out of the Chamonix district there has not been an instance of a whole party perishing from this special cause. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the guides were not equal to their task, that they left their heads at the very approach of danger, and gave themselves up for lost at the moment when they should have made the most determined effort to escape.

There was another circumstance, too, which was held at the time to reflect somewhat upon the conduct of the guides—not one of their bodies was found. The five bodies recovered were those of the least members of the party, and there can be little doubt that they must have been left behind, while the rest made an effort to save themselves. Mr Beane, however, makes no mention of any division of the party, and it is charitable to suppose that no division actually took place until after the weaker members had succumbed to the exposure. What led to the division, will never be known, neither will it be known what motive impelled the guides to act in such an utterly incomprehensible manner. That the leaders of the party *ought* to have been thoroughly up to their work, is emphasised by the fact, that neither Mr Beane, Mr Randall, nor Mr MacCorkendale had had previous experience of mountaineering, and were quite incapable of giving advice of any practical value when difficulties arose. As a matter of fact, it does not appear that any one of the guides held a foremost place in his profession. Judging by their actions, they certainly proved themselves singularly wanting in many of the most important qualities of good guides, and it is impossible to believe that they could have been other than very second rate. But should the blame of the disaster be laid to their charge? Should it not

rather attach to a system which rendered such an accident only too probable?

In the same year (1870) there was yet another accident on Mont Blanc. A gentleman and two ladies, accompanied by a guide and a porter, were out on the mountain, and the gentleman wishing to go further than the ladies cared to, took the guide, and left them in charge of the porter. With what object, it is not known, the porter promptly proceeded to conduct his charges across a snow field which was well known to be honeycombed with concealed crevasses. Under these circumstances, it would have been only wonderful if an accident had not occurred, and unfortunately that took place which might have been predicted. The porter had given his arm to one of the ladies, and was helping her across, when the snow gave way beneath them, and they both fell headlong into a deep crevasse. Here was a case of two lives wantonly sacrificed. That any one calling himself a guide should have shown such gross ignorance of the very first principles of mountaineering as this porter did, is almost incredible. It is perfectly clear that he had not under taken his business, and was certainly not a fit person to have been sent on expeditions above the snow line.

A still later accident on Mont Blanc took place on the south side. On the 20th August 1874, Mr J. A. Carr, Mr Marshall, with two Oberland guides, Johann Fischer and Ulrich Almer, left Courmayeur with a view to attempting the ascent of Mont Blanc by way of the Frouffard Glacier, an ascent which had not at that time been effected. They camped out upon the mountain at a height of about ten thousand feet, and the following day worked their way a considerable distance upwards till they found themselves hardly stopped by an impassable wall of ice. This occurred somewhat late in the afternoon, too late, indeed, to attempt any other route, and according they turned back. The descent was difficult, and night overtook them before they reached the spot where they had bivouacked the previous evening. They were crossing the last bit of glacier, when Fischer inquired the time, and Mr Marshall drew out his watch, while the others came up to him with a light. As they stood thus close together the snow gave way beneath them. Fischer fell first into a crevasse which at this point was some thirty feet deep and five feet in width, and Mr Marshall was dragged on to him, while Almer slipped upon a hummock of snow but a few feet below the mouth of the crevasse. Mr Marshall's head came in contact with the side of the crevasse, and in his case, death must have been instantaneous, while Fischer's injuries were of such a character that he, too, could not have lived for any time after the fall. Almer escaped with a severe shaking, but was rendered insensible by the shock of the fall. Upon coming to himself, he found that both his companions were beyond help, and as soon as there was sufficient light, he struggled down to Courmayeur with the intelligence of the accident. The dead bodies were recovered the same evening, and brought back the next day to Courmayeur.

Of all the accidents which have happened on Mont Blanc, this was perhaps the one most deserving the term. Mr Marshall and his guides were first rate mountaineers, and it was scarcely from any fault of their own that the catastrophe occurred. From a sketch of the spot taken by M Loppé, the artist a few days after the occurrence, the crevasse looks curiously narrow, and if the party had only been standing but a few paces to right or left, they would have been in perfect safety. Moreover, the scene of the catastrophe was not five minutes walk from the moraine.

Thus Mont Blanc is responsible for the loss of no fewer than twenty four lives, but it is when we compare him with other mountains that we realise how much more fatal he has been than any of his fellows. The following table, compiled from the *Alpine Journal*, will best bring home this fact.

	Accidents	Lives lost
Mont Blanc	7	24
Matterhorn	3	6
Jungfrau	2	6
Monte Rosa	3	4
Monte Cervino	1	4
Dent Blanche	1	3
Weisshorn	1	2
Titlis	1	2
Jungfrau	1	2
Wetterhorn	1	2
Aiguille Blanche	1	2

Single lives have been lost upon each of the following mountains: Rifelhorn, Gross Venediger, Schreckhorn, Piz Bernina, Dibliches, Bimmiba Alp, Piz Palmy, Grandes Jorasses, Meije.

Of accidents which may fairly come under the head of Alpine accidents, such as accidents upon glaciers and subsidiary peaks, there appear to have been thirty five, making a total loss since 1859, when climbing became a recognised form of amusement of ninety eight lives, or, inclusive of Dr Hamel's accident, one hundred and one. When we come to consider that Mont Blanc is responsible for nearly one fourth of the whole we may well question whether the depreciation of the mountain is quite justified. Is it not rather a case of underrating the enemy?

No reasonable person can deny that there is at times danger on Mont Blanc, and when we consider from what a variety of causes it may arise—from weather, from the state of the snow, from the inefficiency of those who attempt the ascent, and last, but not least, from the guide system of Chamouni—we feel inclined to wonder not, indeed, that the loss of life has been great, but rather that the death roll is not much greater.

IN ALL SHADES

CHAPTER XI

Even as Delgado stood there still on the steps of the piazza at Orange Grove, waving his blood stained cutlass fiercely about his head, and setting his foot contemptuously on Mr Dupuy's prostrate and bleeding body, Harry Noel tore up the path that led from Dick Castello's house at Savannah Garden, and halted suddenly in blank amazement in front of the doorway—Harry Noel, in evening dress, hatless and spurless; just as he had risen in horror from his dinner, and riding his new mare without even a saddle, in his hot haste to see the cause of

the unexpected tumult at the Dupuys' estate. The fierce red glare of the burning cane houses had roused him unawares at Savannah Garden in the midst of his coffee, and the cries of the negroes and the sound of pistol shots had cast him into a frantic fever of anxiety for Nora's safety. "The niggers have risen, by Jove!" Dick Castillo cried aloud, as the flames rose higher and higher above the blazing cane houses. "They must be attacking old Dupuy, and if once their blood's up, you may depend upon it, Noel, they won't leave him until they've fairly murdered him."

Harry Noel didn't wait a moment to hear any further conjectures of his hosts on the subject, but darting round to the stables bareheaded, clapped a bit forthwith into his mares mouth, jumped on her back just as she stood, in a perfect frenzy of fear and excitement, and tore along the narrow winding road that led by tortuous stretches to Orange Grove as fast as his frightened horses legs could possibly carry him.

As he leaped eagerly from his mount to the ground in the midst of all that hideous din and uproar and mingled confusion, Delgado was just calling on his fellow blacks to follow him boldly into the house and to "kill de massy," and the Orange Grove negroes, cowed and terrified now that their master had fallen bodily before them, were beginning to drop back, trembling, into the rooms behind, and allow the frantic and triumphant rioters to have their own way unmolested. In a moment, Harry took in the full terror of the scene—saw Mr Dupuy's body lying, a mass of hacked and bleeding wounds, upon the wooden floor of the front piazza, saw the infuriated negroes pressing on eagerly with their cutlasses lifted aloft, now fully drunk with the first taste of human blood, and Delgado in front of them all, leaping wildly, and gesticulating in frantic rage with arms and hands and fingers, as he drove back the terrified servants through the heavy old mahogany doorway of the great drawing room into the room that opened out behind toward Nora's own little sacred boudoir.

Harry had no weapon of any sort with him except the frail riding whip he carried in his hand, but without waiting for a second, without thinking for one instant of the surrounding danger, he rushed up the piazza steps, pushed the astonished rioters to right and left with his powerful arms, jumped over the senseless planter's prostrate body, swept past Delgado into the narrow doorway, and there stood confronting the savage ringleader boldly, his little riding whip raised high above his proud head with a fierce and threatening angry gesture. "Stop there!" he cried, in a voice of stern command, that even in that supreme moment of passion and triumph had its full effect upon the enraged negroes. "Stop there, you mean spirited villains and murderers! Not a step further—not a step further, I tell you! Cowards, cowards, every one of you, to kill a poor old man like that upon his own staircase, and to threaten a helpless innocent lady!"

As he spoke, he laid his hand heavily upon Louis Delgado's bony shoulder, and pushed the old negro steadily backward, out of the doorway and through the piazza, to the front steps, where Mr Dupuy's body was still lying untended and bleeding profusely. "Stand back, Delgado!" he cried out firmly and authoritatively. "Stand back this minute, and put down your cutlass! If you want to fight the whites, you cowardly scoundrels you, why don't you fight the men like yourselves, openly and straight forward, instead of coming by night, without note or warning, burning and hacking and killing and destroying, and waging war against defenceless old men and women and children!"

The negroes fell back a little grumblingly, as he spoke, and answered him only by the loud and deep guttural cry—an inarticulate, horribly inhuman growl—which is their sole possible form of speech in the very paroxysm of African passion. Louis Delgado held his cutlass hilt doubtfully in his uplifted hand. He had tasted blood once now, he had laid himself open to the fierce vengeance of the English law, he was sorely tempted in the whirlwind of the moment to cut down Harry Noel too, as he had cut down the white old old planter the minute before. But the innate respect of the essentially fighting negro for a resolute opponent held him back still waiting for a moment, and he drew down his cutlass as quickly as he had raised it, divided in mind whether to strike on to pursue a parley.

Noel seized the occasion with intuitive strategy. "Here you, my friends, he cried boldly, turning round towards the cowering Orange Grove servants—"is this the way you defend your master? Pick him up some of you—pick him up this minute, I tell you, and lay him out decently on the sofa over yonder—There, there, don't be afraid. Not one of these contemptible rogues and cowards dares to touch you or come one pace nearer you as long as you're doing it. If he does, cutlass or no cutlass, I'll break this riding whip to pieces, I tell you, across his black head as soon as look at him. And he brandished the whip mightily in front of him, towards the mad and howling group of angry rioters, half it may be for the moment on the piazza steps by that solitary, unarmed, young Englishman with his one frail and ridiculous weapon.

The rioters howled all the louder at his words, and leaped and gnashed and chattered and gesticulated like wild beasts behind an iron railing, but not one of them ventured to be the first in aiming a blow with his deadly implement at Harry Noel. They only yelled once more incomprehensibly in their deep gutturals, and made hideous wild gesticulations, and waved their cutlasses frantically around them with horrible inarticulate negro imprecations.

But Harry stood there firm and unyielding, facing the maddened crowd with his imperious manner, and overawing them in spite of themselves with that strange power of a superior race over the inferior in such critical moments of intense passion.

The Orange Grove servants, having fresh courage put into their failing hearts once more by the inspiring presence of a white man at their sides, and being true at heart to their poor master, as negro house servants always are and

always have been in the worst extremities, took advantage of the momentary lull in the storm to do as Harry told them, and lift Mr Dupuy's body up from the ground, laying it carefully on the piazza sofa 'That's better,' Harry said, as they finished their task —'Now, we must go on and drive away the e murderous devils If we don't drive them away, my good friends, they'll kill Miss Nora—they'll kill Miss Nora Would you have it said of you that you let a parcel of murderous plantation rioters kill your own dead master's daughter right before your very faces?'

As he spoke, he saw a pale face, pale, not with fear, but with terrible anger, standing mutely and immovably beside him and next moment he heard Nora Dupuy's voice crying out deeply, in the very echo of his own angry words 'Cowards, cowards!'

At the sight of the hated Dupuy features, the frenzied plantation hands seemed to work them selves up into a fresh access of unpreventable fury With inarticulate imprecations and mouthings and grimaces their hatred and vengeance found utterance for a moment at least, and they cried 'Kill one man 'kill her—kill her' kill de missy' kill her—kill her!'

'Give me a pistol, Harry Noel exclaimed wildly to the friendly negroes close behind his back 'a gun—a knife—a cutlass—anything!'

'We got nuffin sah,' Uncle Zekiel answered, blankly and whimsically, now helpless as a child before the sudden manifestation of armed motives, for without his master he could do nothing

Harry looked round him desperately for a moment, then, throwing a step with hasty premeditation, he wrenched a cutlass suddenly by an unexpected snatch from one of the foremost but half in fetters, and stepped back with it once more unhurt, as if by miracle, into the narrow pass of the mob—my dear Harry

'Stand away, Miss Dupuy!' he cried to her earnestly 'If you value your life, stand back, I beg of you This is no place for you to night Run, run! If you don't go, there'll be more murder done presently

'I shall not go,' she answered, clenching her fist hard and knitting her brow sternly, 'as long as one of these abominable wretches dares to stop without permission upon my father's piazza'

'Then stand away, you there!' Harry shouted aloud to the surging mob, 'stand away this moment, every one of you' Whoever steps one single step near this lady behind me, that step shall be his last'

Delgado stood still and hesitated once more, with strange mixed emotions—he didn't like to hit the brown man but Isaac Fountaine, lifting his cutlass wildly above his head, took a step in front and brought it down with a fierce swish towards Harry's skull, in spite of kinship Harry parried it dexterously with his own cutlass, like a man who has learned what fencing means, and then, rushing mad with rage, at the astonished Isaac before he knew what to look for, brought down a heavy blow upon his right shoulder, that disabled his opponent forthwith, and made him drop at once his useless weapon idly by his side 'Take that, you nigger dog!' Harry hissed out fiercely through his closest teeth, 'and if any other confounded nigger among you all dares to take a single step nearer in the same direction, he'll get as much and more, too, than this insolent fellow here has got for his trouble!'

The contemptuous phrase once more roused all the negroes' anger 'Who you call nigger, den?' they cried out fiercely, leaping in a body like wild beasts upon him 'Kill him—kill him! Him doan't fit to lib kill him—kill him, dis minute—kill him!'

But Delgado, some strange element of compassion for the man of blood of his own race still rising up mysterious ly and mysteriously within him, held back the two or three foremost by the pressure, mute with his sinewy arm 'No, no, me frien', he shouted angrily, 'dean't kill him, dean't kill him Tiger no eat tiger, ole time folk say, tiger no eat tiger Him is nigger himself Him is Isaac Fountaine's own cousin—Dean't kill him His mudder dean't nobody, I tell you, me frien's, but coloured gal, de same as yours is—coloured gal from ole Barbadoes I sayin' to you, me frien's, ole time folk has time proverb, tiger no eat tiger'

The sea of angry black faces swelled up and down wildly and dubiously for a moment, and then, with the sudden fitful changefulness of negro emotion, two or three voices, the women's especially, called aloud, with sobs and shrieks 'Dean't kill him!—dean't kill him! Him me brudder—him me brudder Dean't kill him! Hallelujah!'

Harry looked at ..... savagely, with knit brows and fine set teeth, his cutlass poised ready to strike in one hand, and his whole attitude that of a forlorn hope at bay against overwhelming and irresistible numbers

'You black devils!' he cried out fiercely, flinging the words in their faces, as it were, with a concentrated power of insult and hatred, 'I won't owe my life to that shameful plea Perhaps I may have a drop or two of your black blood if wing somewhere in my veins, and perhaps I mayn't, but whether I have or whether I haven't, I wouldn't for dear life sell a knowledge linked with such a pack of cowardly villainous and murderous as you, who would back up all men brutally to death like that, before his own daughter's face, upon his own staircase'

'Mr Noel,' Nora echoed, in a clear defiant tone, nothing trembling, from close behind him, 'that was well said—that was bravely spoken! Let them come on and kill us if they will, the wretches We're not afraid of them, we're not afraid of them'

'Miss Dupuy,' Harry cried earnestly, looking back towards her with a face of eager entreaty, 'save yourself! for God's sake, save yourself There's still time even now to escape—by the garden gate—to Hawthorns—while these wretches here are busy murdering me'

At the word, Louis Delgado sprang forward once more, cutlass in hand no longer undecided, and with one blow on the top of the head felled Harry Noel heavily to the ground

Nora shrieked, and fell fainting to the ground.

'Him doan't dead yet,' Delgado yelled aloud in devilish exultation, lifting his cutlass again with savage persistence. 'Hack him to pieces, dar—hack him to pieces! Him doan't dead yet,

I tellin' you, me fren's Hack him to pieces! An' when him devil, we gwine to carry him an de massy an' Massa Dupuy out behind dat, an burn dem all in a pile together on de hot ashes ob de smokin cane house!

COUNTRY JOTTINGS

The British Islands were formerly covered with vast forests Robber bands at one time infested the woods, of whom Robin Hood of Sherwood Forest is the most noted A continually increasing population and the advancement of science have changed the aspect, these places have now become the abodes of peaceful, civilised, and friendly men, the dense and impenetrable forest are changed into seats of industry, cultivated fields, rich gardens, and magnificent cities The towns and cities of the Britons were generally built in valleys upon the margin of a stream or river, for the convenience of water and security from winds Surrounded by impervious woods, and secured by a rampart and fosse, they were sufficiently strong to resist the ordinary attacks of their enemies The Roman soldiers were as much accustomed to the use of the plough as the shield, and were as industrious in peace as they were brave in war When they had fixed their camps, they availed themselves of the advantages the surrounding country presented in order to secure to themselves the necessary supplies Woods were cut down, the ground cleared and ploughed up, and roads were constructed from station to station, to facilitate the conveyance of goods, and collect their forces together with more speed and expedition on any sudden emergency The Roman custom of growing in Italy was adopted in the remotest parts of their wide extended empire The dry ground of the hills and the moist meadows of the vale were successively the pasture of their flocks and herds During the summer, they confined them to the marshes and low grounds, and on the approach of winter they drove them up to the hills Our Anglo Saxon forefathers in the forests of oak and beech reared large numbers of sheep and swine, and in the rich pastures and open downs of the south and west

Uncivilised man, impelled rather by his wants than allured by pleasure, ardently pursues the beasts of the forest Hunting may be considered as his necessary employment, and the game caught by his dexterity and cunning as being the chief part of his subsistence This employment, tedious as it is, yields, however, but a precarious and uncertain support, and when man has been taught to supply his wants by the cultivation of the ground, if it be not wholly relinquished, it will only be pursued as an amusement or as a healthful exercise The ancient Britons lived on milk and the produce of the chase In the present day, the Hottentot and Bushman partly live on the larvæ of insects and the refuse of animals killed by the colonists In Australia proper, some natives eat reptiles, and even insects and vermin The Oceanic negroes have no fixed habitation, but they live in the hollows of trees and rocks Many of the inhabitants of the Marquesas, Fiji, and other islands, are cannibals Among a tribe in Sumatra, criminals condemned are eaten alive, each one, according to his rank, taking that portion of flesh from the living victim he prefers, and devouring it on the spot either raw or cooked Agriculture amongst these tribes is in a very backward state, and hunting is one of their principal means of subsistence

Ancient chronicles state that King Edgar attempted to extirpate the wolves in England by commuting the punishments for certain offences into the acceptance of a certain number of wolves' tongues from each criminal, and in Wales, by converting the tax of gold and silver into an annual tribute of three hundred wolves' heads In subsequent times, the destruction was promoted by certain rewards, and some lands were held on condition of destroying the wolves which infested the parts of the kingdom in which they were situated In 1281 these animals troubled several of the English counties, but after that period our records make no mention of them The last wolf known in Scotland was killed in 1680, and in Ireland, one was killed in 1701 Very fearful accounts are on record of the ravages committed by wolves when in hard weather they assault in numerous flocks So lately as 1710 such terror is said to have been excited in Ireland by ravages of wolves that public prizes were offered for their destruction Since India became so much the country of Europeans, the race of tigers has been much thinned, and erelong, it is probable that they will be driven to the most remote and impenetrable districts

The wolf in these islands was hunted by an animal known under various appellations, as the Irish wolf dog, the Irish greyhound, the Highland deerhound, and the Scotch greyhound There appears to be no doubt that all the dogs thus denominated were essentially of the same breed Its original home is supposed to have been Ireland, whence, during the proud days of ancient Rome, it was frequently conveyed in iron cages to assist in the sports of the city on the Tiber Buffon observes 'The Irish greyhounds are of a very ancient race, and still exist (though their number is small) in their original climate, they were called by the ancients, dogs of Epirus and Albanian dogs' Holinshed, in his *Description of Ireland and the Irish*, written in 1586, says 'They are not without wolves and greyhounds to hunt them, bigger of bone and limb than a colt In Anglo Saxon time, a nobleman never went out unaccompanied by some of these dogs and his hawk, and so highly were they esteemed, that by the forest laws of Canute it was ordained that no person under the rank of a gentleman should keep one

Until after the Norman Conquest, the chase was always, even in England, pursued on foot, the nobles of the Conqueror's train introduced the custom of hunting on horseback As cultivation increased, and the most formidable objects of chase, the wolves, decreased in England, the breed degenerated in size and strength, whilst the quality now more deteriorated, speed, was, on the other hand, still more strongly developed. The result is the present race of greyhounds In Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, the rugged character of the country kept up for a much longer time the ancient deer hunts in all their essential features Boar hunting, ages ago, was

practised in England. Fitzstephen, in his description of England, written in the reign of Henry II, in the latter part of the twelfth century, states that the forest by which London was then surrounded was frequented by bears as well as various other wild animals. In Scotland, a tract of country now forming one of the extremities of the county of Fife, was anciently called Muckross, which in Celtic signifies the Boar promontory. The tradition is that it was a famous haunt of boars. A district forming a portion of the same country, designated by the name of the Pow Hills, lies in the vicinity of St Andrews, in the cathedral church of which city it is said that there were to be seen before the Reformation, attached by a chain to the high altar, two boars' tusks of the extraordinary length of sixteen inches each, the enormous specimen which had been slaughtered by the inhabitants after having long infested the neighbourhood. The wild bull was undoubtedly an inhabitant of the forest, as mention is made of it in the laws of Hoel Dha, a celebrated Welsh legislator, who permitted his grand huntsman to chase that animal from the middle of November to the beginning of December. William the Conqueror punished with loss of life such as were guilty of killing the wild boar.

Some remarkable occurrences have taken place with regard to the tame kinds. A gamekeeper actually educated a black sow to find game. Shut, the name he gave her, was rendered as staunch as any pointer. This pig pointer was sold by auction for a very large sum of money. A gentleman had a sow which was taught to hunt, quarter the ground, and to back the other pointers. As a reward for her labours, the keeper carried bread in his pocket. In the island of Minorca, hogs are converted into beasts of draught; a cow, a sow, and two young horses have been seen yoked together, and of the four, the cow drew the least.

Nothing can more strongly establish the passionate devotion of the Normans to the sports of the field than the conduct of the Conqueror who laid waste the county of Hampshire and made it a forest for wild beasts. The nobles, like their leader, within their domains inclosed extensive districts to preserve the *feræ naturæ*, to afford them the pleasures of the chase. Parks have been defined forests inclosed, and were called *haies dominicales*. This word *haie* appears in the composition of a variety of English local names under the dialectical difference of *hey*, *hay*, *hou*, *hesh*. It is the Saxon *haeg*, and means a hedge. To our royal and baronial castles usually belonged two parks—one inclosed with a wall for fallow deer, and the other for red-deer, fenced around with a hedge. Free warren was a franchise granted for preservation or custody of beasts and fowls of warren, which, being *feræ naturæ*, every one had a right to kill as he could, but upon the introduction of the Forest Laws at the Norman Conquest, these animals being looked upon as royal game and the sole property of our savage monarchs, this franchise of free warren was invented to protect them, by giving the grantee a sole and exclusive power of killing such game as far as his warren extended, on condition of his preventing other persons. Nonwood informs us that the hare, the coney, the pheasant, and the partridge were beasts and fowls of warren and no other. Sir Edward Coke mentions as beasts and fowls of warren, roes, rails, and quails, woodcocks, mallards, and herons. Free warren gave to the lord of a manor an exclusive right to hunt and kill the game therein.

An attempt was made some years ago to introduce the reindeer upon an extensive scale into the colder parts of England and Scotland. Those that were turned out upon the Pentland Hills, near Edinburgh—a situation which was considered peculiarly favourable—all died. A few appeared to do well in a park near Dublin, but then died. The Duke of Athole had previously placed a herd of reindeer in the mountains of his estate, but the experiment failed. Several fine species of the wapiti, an American deer, were turned into Windsor park some years ago; none of them lived more than a year. The migratory disposition of those animals is perhaps the reason of their not thriving in any inclosed country.

The timber of our woods in the reign of Queen Elizabeth was plentiful, nor did the navy, the pride of Britain, consume one thousandth part of the timber which was found in forests. Though the country is now shorn of its stately oaks, other countries are ready to cut down their forests and exchange them for British industry. Ireland was formerly called the Island of Woods, and the trunks of large trees are still found in the bogs. A vast quantity of timber is exported from Germany. In some parts of Austria, peat is used as fuel, wood being scarce; yet the mountains of Transylvania and the neighbouring south countries abound in extensive forests. Such is the abundance of oak, that above two hundred thousand bushels of oak apples are exported annually. The forests of Greece are considerable. The quantity of timber sent from Norway and Sweden is very great. The resources of Russia lie in its immense forests, its mines, and the fertility of its soil. Some of the gum trees of Guiana are three hundred and fifty feet high. The baobab of Africa is said to live five thousand years, and one trunk has measured one hundred and four feet in circumference. So thick and uninterrupted are the forests which cover the plains of South America between the Orinoco and the Amazon, that were it not for intervening rivers, the monkeys, almost the only inhabitants, might pass along the tops of the trees for several hundred miles without touching the earth. Sir Francis Head says that the backwoods of North America are being cleared in the following way. The mosquitoes torment the bisons and other wild animals to such an intolerable degree that they run with eagerness into any smoke they can reach, as their little tormentors will not follow them there. The Indians, then, make aid of hunting for game, set fire to the forests; this brings the animals about them, and they are easily shot. This is favourable to the white agriculturist, but destructive to the poor Indian, at least as long as he continues a mere hunter.

In British North America, the felling and removing of timber for exportation is an important employment. This is known as the lumber trade, and those engaged in it are called lumberers. In Danish America, the inhabitants

are supplied with wood for fuel by the drift timber brought to the coasts by the currents. Brazil may be regarded as a vast forest—the forests are so extensive that they can hardly be penetrated even with the help of fire and the hatchet. In these vast solitudes, sometimes a death-like silence reigns, at other times one heard the howling of herds of monkeys, the screams of parrots and toucans, with the buzzing of the bee-like humming-bird, which the Brazilians prettily call the 'kiss the flower.' The New Holland lily grows to the height of twenty-four feet, and in the Argentine Republic there are immense numbers of thistles, ten or twelve feet high, which form an impenetrable barrier, whilst they last, to the attacks of the Indians.

The wild animals of England are now few in number. At Chillingworth Park, in Northumberland, there are some wild oxen. Had the fox not been preserved for the chase, it would long ago have been extinct. Do what a strong resemblance to the wolf, but delight in the chase of the fox. In cold countries, foxes are of various colours. Red foxes are so abundant in the wooded districts of the fur countries, that many thousand skins are annually exported from America to Britain. The fur of the black fox is highly valued. While the writer was engaged upon this article, the following circumstance came under his notice. On the Alveston Hill estate, near Stratford-on-Avon, a litter of three foxes apparently about six weeks old, all tame and docile, have taken possession of a rabbit hole in a bank at the foot of a clump of trees. During early twilight, between the hours of numerous people attracted to the spot by the novel sight, have their hole and drink from a roughly cut earthenware milk-pan which had been placed there for their use. The animals are as tame as puppies, and the visitors easily induce them to come forth by whistling and calling them. They are content to be picked up and caressed, and they play about in the most amusing manner. An artist has been to the spot and photographed the whole group. It is thought that the dog fox has been killed, and that the vixen has carried her cubs to the place mentioned. In consequence of this, it may be stated that when first discovered, only four or five cubs were to be seen, and they have gradually increased until the present number has been reached.

The wild cat finds its retreat among the mountains of Scotland, and of the northern counties of England and of Wales and Ireland, the larger woods being its place of concealment. It has been called the 'British Tiger.' One was killed in Cumberland which measured five feet from the nose to the end of the tail. When Christopher Columbus discovered America, a hunter brought him one which he had found in the woods. The hedgehog has been said to be proof against poison. A German physician who wished to disprove one, gave it prussic acid, but it took no effect, neither did arsenic, opium, nor corrosive sublimate. It has been found to eat a hundred cantharides without injury. Plutarch mentions the case of a man who discovered that a hedgehog generally has its burrow open at various points, and warned by an instinct of atmospheric change, stopped up the opening next the quarter whence the wind would blow, and thus could predict to a certainty to which quarter the wind would shift. Moles show changes of weather. The temperature or dryness of the air governs their underground walks in its motions as to the depth at which it lives or works, though this unquestionably is partly due, no doubt, to its want of food or inability to bear cold or thirst. The mole has been known to become domesticated. The method adopted to obtain this end is to stick them partly over the back, and to threaten or beat them when they attempt to bite. It has been said that when their teeth have been rubbed with garlic, all inclination to bite has been removed. Their bite is generally fatal. A hare or rabbit once severely bitten never recovers. Buffon gives the case of a weasel being found with three young ones in the carcase of a wolf that was grown putrid, but that had been hung up by the hind legs as a terror to others. In this strange and horrid retreat, the weasel had retired to bring forth her young, he had furnished the cavity with hay, grass and leaves, and the young ones were just brought forth when they were discovered by a peasant passing that way.

The skin of the ermine is a very precious article of commerce. In Britain, their skins are of little value. In July 1847, a gentleman of Cathcart, near Glasgow, having shot and wounded a stoat, observed that it escaped into the hole of an old stone wall. He was left to make an examination of the place when he found a couple of leverets immolated. The place also contained twenty-nine partridges entire, and a pheasant's egg unbroken. Beside these were two other leverets in a state of putrefaction, and at the extremity of the retreat lay the dead stoat. Naturalists state that stoats seldom eat their plunder until putrefaction sets in, and this fact will seem to bear out the impression. The pole-cat is very destructive to game. During a severe storm, one of these animals was traced in the snow from the side of a rivulet to a hole at some distance from it. As it was observed to have made frequent trips, and as other marks were to be seen in the snow which could not easily be accounted for, it was thought a matter worthy of great attention. It hole was accordingly examined, the pole-cat taken, and eleven eels were discovered to be the fruit of its nocturnal excursions. The marks in the snow were found to have been made by the motion of the eels in the creature's mouth.

It is a curious circumstance that many of those oaks which are called spontaneous are planted by the squirrel. This little animal has performed an essential service to the British navy. A gentleman walking one day in the woods belonging to the Duke of Beaufort, in the county of Monmouth, his attention was diverted by a squirrel, which sat very composedly upon the ground. He stopped to perceive its motions. In a few minutes the animal darted to the top of a tree beneath which he had been sitting, in an instant it was down with an acorn in its mouth, and after digging a small hole it deposited the acorn, then covering it, it darted up the tree again. In a moment it was down again with another, which it buried in the same manner. Thus it continued to do so long as the gentleman watched it. The industry of this animal is

directed to the purpose of securing itself against want in the winter, and it is probable that its memory is not sufficiently retentive to enable it to remember the spot in which it deposited every acorn, the industrious little fellow no doubt loses a few every year. These few spring up, and are destined to supply the place of the parent tree.

Asses, like horses, are found in a wild state, but in greater abundance. This animal is found wild in many islands of the Archipelago, and in the deserts of Libya and Nubia. They live in herds, each having a chief, and are extremely timid. The ass, so common now in England, was entirely lost in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Holinshed says that on land yielded no asses. In early times the ass was held in high repute, for he was ridden both by the poor and the rich, and is frequently mentioned in the Scriptures. In the principal streets of Cairo, asses stand bridled and saddled for hire, and answer the same purpose as cabs in London. In Egypt and Arabia, asses are frequently seen of great size and elegance. Their step is light and sure, and their pace brisk and gay. They are not only in common use for riding in Egypt, but the Mohammedan merchants and Beys of the highest rank use them. In England, the ass is regarded as a stupid and contemptible animal. The Spaniards, on the contrary, bestow much pains upon him in endeavouring to improve the breed.

A FRIEND OF THE FAMILY.

CHAPTER IV.—WORSE AND WORSE.

The Major fervently wished that the ground would open and swallow him. Here was a timid lady to pacify and to convince that a mistake had been made. He could see that she was in a more exasperated state even than Mrs Joseph, and likely to be as blind as Mrs John. The complication was becoming utterly bewildering, and he felt that his brain would not endure much more of it. How could such simple letters as his—made studiously clear in their statements—give such wildly erroneous interpretations? He would rather have faced a whole battalion of mutinous Sikhs or infuriated Afghans than have had to go through the inevitable interview with this beautiful girl.

As soon as she reached the Major's side, she clutched his arm as if it were that of her natural protector, and turned sharply upon Maynard. 'Now, sir, will you leave me alone? Major Dawkins will conduct me to my aunt, and will, if necessary, protect me from your importunities.'

'But Nelly, I only want to know what is my fault? How have I given you cause for treating me in this way?' pleaded Maynard. 'I am positive that none can exist except in your own imagination. I am sure the Major will tell you that it is not fair to condemn a man without hearing his defence—without even telling him what he is accused of.'

'If you are a gentleman, you will defer further discussion of the subject until you see my aunt, Mrs Joseph Elliott.'

Had they been alone, the lover would doubtless have acted differently, but to have such words addressed to him in the presence of another man left no alternative. He bowed and retired, hurt and angered by this injustice of his betrothed. Whatever her reason for this outburst might be, he was resolved that it should be promptly explained. He was a straightforward young fellow, and not one to rest for a moment in doubt as to the meaning of her conduct.

The brief scene had closed before the Major could find his voice. 'Call him back,' he said agitatedly—'call him back before it is too late.'

'I certainly will not,' replied the Lady with a movement of the head as if about to look behind, suggesting that she half hoped to see him still following. 'But he was not.

'Then I must. I cannot allow you to distress yourself and a fine fellow like that in consequence of my blunder.'

She stopped and faced him with an expression of supercilious wonder. By this little movement she could look without appearing to turn for the purpose of looking whether or not Maynard had really obeyed her. 'I do not understand you, Major Dawkins,' she said with a faint note of chagrin in her musical voice—for Maynard really was not in sight.

'Of course you cannot. How could you? The letter you have got was not meant for you. I wrote it to another lady, and I beg you to give it back to me, so that no further mischief may come of it.'

'An other lady?' Then I am not the only one he thinks of! (She was quoting from the letter.)—'Oh, Major Dawkins, this is too much. Please, let me go to the house, and do not say another word about it until I have had time to recover and to think.'

The Major stood aghast. He had put his foot in it again. 'But you are taking me up in quite a wrong way. Certainly you are the only one Maynard thinks of. But he is not the man referred to in the letter. Do give it back to me, and when you are calmer, everything will be explained.'

He pleaded very earnestly, but his object was defeated by the ingenuity on which he had congratulated himself. He had mentioned no names in any of the epithets. The mind of each lady on reading the one she received naturally fastened upon the man in whom she was most interested, and the Major's excited attempts at explanation failed to make the error clear to them. Their unreasonableness was painful to him, and if he had been less anxious about remedying his error, he would have laughed it at.

'For whom, then, was the letter written?' asked Nellie, her indignation now turning against the Major, as she reflected how cruel and how foolish Stanley Maynard would think her if she had accused him of falsehood on no other ground than that she had received a misdirected letter from a friend. 'I must insist upon an answer.'

'You really must not insist upon my telling you. I accept all the blame, and it would be another wicked blunder on my part to give you my friend's name.'

'In that case, I must decline to return the letter until we are in the presence of my aunt and Mr Maynard.—Meanwhile, I need not trouble you to escort me to the house.' Nellie walked

proudly away, but the poor girl was ready to cry with vexation and with regret for the hasty nose of temper which had characterised her conduct towards Stanley Maynard. In the moment of repentance, however, came the remembrance of the words which had distracted her. 'I want to save you' (wrote the Major) 'from a grave misunderstanding.' ('Very kind indeed,' she interjected.) 'He who is, I know, dearest to you, thinks only of you. Consider his impulsive nature, and pardon his temporary aberration.' ('What could that mean, if not that he had been making love to somebody else?' she asked bitterly. Had she not herself seen how barefacedly he flirted with Mrs John, until she had a tiff with him on the subject? If he could dare so much before her eyes, what might he not do when unchecked by her presence?) 'Be merciful to him, the note proceeded, 'as hitherto, and you will have your reward. I am to take the first available opportunity of talking to him after my arrival at Tudhurst, and am confident that he will be promptly brought to reason.'

Was not that enough to rouse the spirit of any girl who had proper pride, which means self-respect? Nellie thought in her anger that it was more than enough. No doubt the Major had talked to him, and having brought him to reason, was now anxious to screen him by telling her that it was all a mistake—that the letter had been intended for somebody else! But she was frightened by this confusion. Surely the Major could not tell a deliberate falsehood! He might not have meant to do so, and yet do it in the excitement of the moment, in order to soothe her. That must be the way of it, and what an indignity that it should be necessary for a friend to plead for her with the man to whom she had promised her hand!

Her thoughts alternated between the hope that it was all a mistake and the fear that it was not. So she went to her room, cried, had a headache, and excused herself from joining the family at luncheon.

The Major was out of breath and out of patience as he gazed helplessly after the retreating form of Nellie Carroll. Nobody would listen to him, everybody seemed determined to believe that he had entered into a diabolic conspiracy to wreck the happiness of the house of Elliott. What on earth could there be in any of his letters to cause such a commotion, even when they had gone into the wrong hands? He had assured every one that there was only a misunderstanding, and he had promised all round to set it right. But they would not give him a chance. He had a good mind to order Hollis to pack up for the next train to London. That, however, would be cowardly, and he was not a coward. He would see the thing out to the bitter end. He lifted his head with an air of resolution, and the bitter end he saw at that moment was represented by the wealthy spinster, Miss Euphemia Panton. She was standing at a little distance, glaring at him severely through her gold rimmed pince-nez. The Major had reason to believe that he had found favour in her eyes, and he thought with intense relief 'Well, here is somebody at last who will give me a word of sympathy, and talk sensibly with me.'

She, too, had reason to believe that she had found favour in the Major's eyes, and was pleased accordingly. But on the present occasion, as he trapped hopefully towards her (he trapped somewhat less gracefully than usual, on account of his recent excessive exercise), she made no responsive movement, the pince-nez was not lowered, and the severe expression remained. She had been observing him flirting with all the ardour of a lover to Miss Carroll, and she had no doubt whatever of the meaning of his evidently eager speech. He was in love with the minx, and he had been only pretending to care for Miss Euphemia! No lady can submit to be trifled with in matters of affection, and least of all ladies who have arrived at what may be called the 'unrecorded' decade in feminine history. She had passed into that realm of mystery, and was indeed one of its oldest inhabitants, and when nature would have lifted her out of it into the peaceful land of resigned old maidenhood, she sought the aid of art in order to keep her place in the still hopeful region. She curled herself of the modern chaos of youth, and flattered herself that she did so with complete success. She, at their first meeting, noted that the Major attacked with the same beneficent powers. He on his side made a similar observation regarding her. Strange to say, this fact constituted a bond of sympathy between them, but Miss Euphemia believed that the Major was unaware of her secret, and he was satisfied that she had no suspicion of his, whilst each prided the other for not being more expert in the use of dyes and cosmetics. Thus they became special friends, and found so much pleasure in each other's society, that a matrimonial climax seemed not improbable, the lady having a sufficient dowry to dispose satisfactorily of the important problem of wives and means.

'Think go inces, you are here, Miss Panton,' exclaimed the Major in the full confidence of her sympathy in his miserable position. 'I have got myself into a most abominable mess by an act of stupidity which, although reprehensible, is excusable.'

The lady answered not a word. She was nearly a head taller than he, and she continued to survey him through her glasses as if he had been some zoological specimen.

He had been hot enough before, he was chilled to the marrow now. He could scarcely believe his senses. Would she, too, desert him in this crisis?

'Miss Panton,' he stammered, 'I hoped—that is, I believed that you would show me some consideration. I suppose Mrs Joseph has been speaking to you, but if you will only listen to a few words of explanation, you will understand me.'

'I think, Major Dawkins, I have to day observed enough on the tennis lawn and here, to enable me to understand you perfectly without Mrs Joseph Elliott's assistance or yours.' The words were icicles. She dropped her pince-nez and walked away.

The Major was speechless. He trembled or shivered with dismay. Lifting a hand to his brow, he felt the beads of cold perspiration on it, and at the same moment the gong sounded for luncheon. Good heavens! Horrible idea!

—the effect of all this excitement and perspiration must be to change the colour of his hair! And true enough it was beginning to show a marked shade of grey green at the roots. He must get to his room to repair the damage before he appeared at the luncheon table. 'Desperate ills need desperate remedies!'

Luncheon at Todhurst was, except in the hunting season, like the family gathering of other days, when the mid day meal was the chief one. There were blithe interchanges of the morning's experiences, pleasant intercourse with some of the elder members of the nursery, and a homely cose which was not always found at the late dinner, when formal company manners had to be assumed, so far as they could be in the genial presence of Squire Elliott. All this was changed on the fatal day on which the Major's misdirected letters had been delivered. The Squire sat at one end of the table, evidently in an ill humour, his spouse, Mrs Joseph, at the other end, doing her best not to show the wrath which was in her bosom. Mrs John was suppressing her natural gaiety and desire to make fun of the whole party, whilst she was pathetically earnest in her endeavours to soothe the perturbed spirit of her lord. The latter was irritable and gloomy, accepting her attentions most ungraciously. Stanley Maynard sat and looked as if he were savagely devouring an enemy. Miss Euphemia sat like a post, playing with her knife and fork rather than eating. Nellie was not present.

The Major was late in taking his place, and was flustered in consequence, even more than he might have been under the circumstances. He felt the gloom which pervaded the place, and he was made painfully conscious of the fact that he was the cause of it. He was generally regarded as an acquisition to any party, for he had a special knack of setting conversations 'going,' a more useful quality than that which constitutes a 'good talker.' The latter demands everybody's attention, and bores the greater part of his audience, the former enables everybody to speak, and thus produces the agreeable feeling of self satisfaction in having personally contributed to the enjoyment of the hour.

With desperate heroism, he endeavoured to break the spell which tied the tongues of his companions. He told one of his best stories, the point of which had never failed to set the table in a roar of laughter. Lamentations, promises were the only response. He tried another anecdote, with the same result. He descended to the lowest depths of convivial intercourse, he propounded a conundrum and the eldest of the girls immediately answered it with the addition of the galling commentary 'I know that long ago!' In his present condition of absolute helplessness, he wished to goodness the child would remember another conundrum, and give it for his benefit, if not for that of the company. Probably, she would have done so, had not the mother's eye been upon her, suggesting the austere maxim, 'Children should be seen, not heard!'

The Major took another tack. He put questions to his host about the moors, about the horses, about the hounds, and about the cause of *Tally ho's* illness—any one of which topics would at another time have started the Squire into a gallop of chat. He would have compared the seasons as affecting the moors for twenty years past, he would have detailed the pedigree and merits of every horse in his stables, he would have repeated endless anecdotes about the hounds, and as to the illness of *Tally ho*, he would have gone into the most minute particulars as to its cause, his treatment, and the probable result.

But on this day all was in vain. The Major's suggestive queries were responded to by 'Don't know,' 'Much the same as usual,' 'Hope for the best,' and, 'I daresay the brute will come round!'

When they rose from the table, the Major thanked heaven that this trial was over. The Squire, with a curious mingling of awkwardness and suppressed ill temper, utterly opposed to his habitually jovial manner, advanced to his unhappy guest. 'I want to see you in the library in about half an hour,' he said, and walked out of the room.

'That's a comfort,' thought the Major. 'I shall have a man with some common sense to deal with me!'

Meanwhile, he would have liked to speak a few words of consolation to Maynard, but that gentleman met his advances with somewhat repellent politeness.

'If you want to speak to me about the trouble you have made between Miss Carroll and me, you will have ample opportunity to do so when we meet in the library,' he said, and strolled out to the lawn to seek the soothing influence of a cigar.

Then the Major wished to discharge the duty he had so rashly undertaken, which was to bring the morbidly suspicious John Elliott to reason. He was only now realising the difficulty of the task, and he presently had a distinct indication that it was likely to be one he could not accomplish. He had barely uttered half a dozen words of his well intentioned admonition which was to precede his explanation of 'the incident,' when John Elliott peevishly interrupted him. 'I have promised not to discuss this subject until we are in the library!'

So, he was to meet the three of them. So much the better, they were men, and they would give him a patient hearing. Still, he would have liked a little private talk with John Elliott before the meeting in the library, which was assuming the character of a sort of court-martial. There were things to say to him which could only be uttered when they were conversing confidentially. For instance, he could not say to him before others 'You have been accusing Mrs John of behaviour unbecoming your wife, you have magnified the circumstance of her allowing young Maynard to kiss her under the mistletoe last Christmas, until you have come to believe that every time she says a friendly word to him or smiles on him, she is false to you. You have even gone so far as to think of employing a private detective to watch them. Now, my dear friend, do get all that confounded nonsense out of your head. Remember that she has known Maynard from his boyhood, and although she is not old enough to be his mother, she still looks on him as a boy, and he regards her as an elder sister. She is naturally frank, and naturally treats him with more frankness

than she does other men. You know that she long ago set her heart upon making a match between him and Nellie Carroll, both being suitable in every respect, and she has succeeded. What do you think will happen if your absurd fancies get wind? Why, there will be a general rupture—a split in the camp which may separate the young folk, and, possibly, you and Mrs John, who has been and is devoted to you!

There, that would have brought him to reason, if he had a scrap of sense left. But it could not be spoken in the presence of others. Very likely, suspicious John would ask him how he came to know all this, and the question would be troublesome—a thousand times more troublesome than all the lett is had got into the wrong hands. The one for John Elliott had received Mrs Joseph, instead of the simple intimation of the date of the Major's arrival, that for Nellie had been delivered to Mrs John, and Mrs John's to Nellie. It was awkward.

'As to the question, the Major replied, 'I got the information from Matt Willis, the brother of Mrs John, and he made me promise not to mention it to the affair. He got the information from John Elliott himself, who complained to his brother-in-law about the way his wife was carrying on with Maynard. Matt had in unconquerable antipathy to family squabbles, and would not interfere, but thinking that something should be done to shut John up he let serious hints come of his insane suspicions, he asked me, as the friend of the family, to put things right. Like a fool, I consented, and the blame of all the trouble falls on me! Am I to blame?—Stop a minute. By Jove! it is John Elliott who is the author of the whole mischief, and I'll tell him so!'

Greatly consoled by the discovery that he was not the original culprit in causing what promised to be a serious breach in the relationships of valued friends, the Major was prepared to face the consequential before which he was presently to stand. Ay, and he would have no concealment of the affair. He would tell Spunk Joseph plainly that Mrs Joseph had taken possession of a letter which did not belong to her. He would tell Maynard to go and speak to Nellie, and assure her, as he had done, that she had misinterpreted the letter she had received, even if it had been intended for her, and he would tell John Elliott that he must either speak to him in private, or take the consequence of his speaking in the presence of the Squire and Stanley Maynard.

AN OLD TULIP GARDEN

A QUIET, sunny nook in the hollow it is, this square old garden, with its gravelled walks and high stone walls, a sheltered retreat left peaceful here, under the overhanging woods, when the stream of the world's traffic turned off into another channel. The gray stone house, separated from the garden by a thick privet hedge and moss-grown coat, is the last dwelling at this end of the quiet market town, and, with its slate roof and substantial double story, is of a class greatly superior to its neighbours, whose warm red tiles are just visible over the walls. It stands where the old road to Edinburgh dipped to cross a little stream, and, in the bygone driving days, the stage coach, after rattling out of the town and down the steep road there, between the white, tile roofed houses, when it crossed the bridge opposite the door, began to ascend through deep, embowering woods. But a more direct highway to the Scottish metropolis was opened many a year ago just beyond the bridge, a mill was built across the road, and the gray house with its garden was left secluded in the sunny hollow. The rapid crescendo of the coach wheels horn no longer wakens the echoes of the place, and the striking of the clock every hour in the town steeple is the only sound that reaches the spot from the outside world.

The hot sun beats on the garden here all day, from the hour in the morning when it gets above the grand old beeches of the wood, till it sets, away beyond the steeple of the town. But in the hottest hours it is always refreshing to look, over the weather stained tiles of the long low coachhouse, at the mossy green of the hill that rises there, cool and shaded, under the trees. Now and then a bull, of the breed that feeds in the glades of the wood, comes down that shaded bank, whisking his tawny sides with an angry tail to keep off the pestering flies, and his deep bellow reverberates in the hollow. In the early morning, too, before the dewy freshness has left the air the sweet mellow pipe of the mavis and the fuller notes of the blackbird float across from those green depths, and never and again throughout the day the clear whistle of some chaffinch comes from behind the leaves.

Standing here, among the deep box edgings and gravel paths, it is not difficult to recall the places glory of twenty years ago—the glory upon which those ancient plum trees, blossoming yet against the sunny walls, looked down. To the eye of Thought, time and space obstruct no clouds, and in the atmosphere of Memory, the gardens of the Past bloom for us always. Years and years gone! It is the day of the fashion for Dutch bulbs, when fabulous prices were paid for an unusually fancy bull, and in this garden some of the finest of them are grown. The tulips are in flower, and the long narrow beds which, with scant space between, fill the entire middle of the garden, are ablaze with the glory of their bloom. Queenly flowers they are, and tall, each one with a gentle pedigree—for nothing common or unknown has entrance here—and crimson, white, and yellow, the velvet petals of some almost black, striped with fire and exquisite markings, they raise to the sun their large chaste chalices. The perfection of shape is there, as they rise from the midst of their green, lance-like leaves, no amorous breeze ever invades the spot to dishevel their array or filch their treasures, and the precious pollen dust lies in the deep heart of each, untouched as yet save by the sunshine and the bee. When the noonday heat becomes too strong, awnings will be spread above the beds, for with the fierce glare, the petals would open out and the pollen fall before the delicate task of crossing had been done.

But see! Through the gate in the privet hedge there enters as fair a sight. Ladies in creamy flowered muslins and soft Indian silks, shading their eyes from the sun with tiny parasols, pink and white and green—grand dames of

the county, and grander from a distance, gentlemen in blue swallow tailed coats and white pantaloons—gallants escorting their ladies, and connoisseurs to examine the flowers—all, conducted by the owner, book in hand, advance into the garden and move along the beds. For the owner, an old man with white hair, clear grey eyes, and the memory of their youthful red remaining in his cheeks, this is the gala time of the year. Next month, the beds of ranunculus will bloom, and pinks and carnations will follow, but the tulips are his most famous flowers, and, for the few days while they are in perfection, he leads about, with his old world courtesy, replying to a question here, giving a name or a pedigree there, a constant succession of visitors. These are his hours of triumph. For eleven months he has gone about his beloved pursuit, mixing loams and leaf mould and cutting, sorting, drying, and planting the bulbs, and tending their growth with his own hand—for to whose, else, could he trust the work?—and now his toil has blossomed, and its worth is acknowledged. Plants cannot be purchased, plants not to be bought, are there, and he looks into the heart of each tenderly, for he knows it a child of his own.

Presently he leads his visitors back into the house, across the mossy stones of the court, where, under glass frames, thousands of auricula have just passed their bloom, and up the outside stair to the sunny door in the house side. He leads them into the shady dining room, with its furniture of dark old beeswaxed mahogany, where there is a slight refreshment of wine and cake, rare old Madeira, and cake, rich with eggs and Indian spice, made by his daughter's own hand. Jars and glasses are filled with sweet smelling flowers, and the breath of the new blown summer comes in through the open doors.

The warm sunlight through the brown linen blind finds its way across the room, and falls with subdued radiance on the middle picture of the opposite wall. The dark eyes, bright cheeks, and cherry mouth were those of the old man's wife—the wife of his youth. She died while the smile was yet on her lip and the tear of sympathy in her eye, for she was the friend of all, and remains yet a tender memory among the neighbouring poor. The old man is never seen to look upon that picture, but on Sundays for hours he sits in reverie by his open Bible here in the room alone. In a velvet case in the corner press there, lies a silver medal. It was pinned to his breast by the Third George on a great day at Windsor long ago. For the old man peacefully calling his years here among the flowers, in his youth served the king, and fought, as a naval officer, through the French and Spanish wars. As he goes quietly about, alone, among his garden beds, patchwork he hears again sometimes the house world of command, the quick tread of the men, and the deep roar of the heavy guns, as his ship goes into action. The smoke of those battles rolled leeward long ago, and their glory and their wounds are alike forgotten. In that press, too, lies the wonderful ebony flute, with its marvellous confusion of silver keys, upon which he used to take pleasure in recalling the stirring airs of the fleet. It has played its last tune, the keys are untouched now, and it is laid past, warped by age, to be fingered by its old master no more.

But his guests rise to leave, and, receiving with antique grace their courtly acknowledgments, he attends the ladies across the stone paved hall to their carriages.

Many years ago! The old man since then has himself been carried across that hall to his long home, and no more do grand dames visit the high walled garden. But the trees whisper yet above it, the warmth of summer beds on the gravelled walks, and the flowers, lovely as of old in their immortal youth, still open their stainless petals to the sun.

ABOUT COBRAS.

BY AN OFFICER.

Whilst at home on furlough from India a short time ago, I was much amused at finding a very general impression among my friends that to come across a cobra is an every day kind of occurrence in India. How erroneous this idea is may be gathered from the fact that not many days ago a British officer told me that although he had been about ten years in India, he had never yet seen a cobra in a wild state. His is, it is true, probably an exceptional case, but still it shows that an Englishman may pass a considerable time in India without coming across one of these venomous reptiles. Cobras, however, are met with quite often enough, and sometimes in very curious and uncomfortable places. For instance, a young lady who had just returned from a ball in a small station in Southern India, noticed, as she was on the point of getting into bed, that the pillow looked disarranged, and on taking it up to smooth it out, she discovered a cobra coiled up underneath it. She called out for assistance, and her father coming to the rescue, speedily despatched the obnoxious intruder with a stick. I happened to mention this circumstance to an officer one day, and he informed me that the very same thing had happened to himself soon after his first arrival in the country, and that, in consequence, he never got into bed until he had examined the pillows.

In the year 1873, while quartered at Bellary, on going into the drawing room of the bungalow, which at that time I shared with a friend, I discovered a cobra coiled up on the sofa cushion. I hastened out of the room to fetch a stick, but in doing so, I must, I suppose, have made some noise, as on returning the snake had disappeared. A few evenings later, however, just as my 'chum' was leaving the house to go out to dinner, he called out to me that there was a snake crawling up the steps of the veranda in front of the drawing room. I ran out with a stick, and succeeded in killing the unwelcome visitor. It turned out to be a fairly large cobra, and was in all probability the one which I had seen a few days previously on the sofa. It is, however, in the bathrooms of an Indian bungalow that cobras, when met with within doors, are most frequently encountered, as they come there in pursuit of the frogs which delight to take up their quarters there, for froggy is an article of diet to which the cobra is very partial. An officer of the Madras cavalry, since deceased,

told me that when quartered at Arcot, he one day observed in his bathroom, emerging from the waste water pipe, the head of a cobra, which was holding in his mouth a frog. The pipe was too narrow to admit of the snake's withdrawing his head unless he released his victim, this, however, from unwillingness to forego his meal, he would not do, and in consequence, paid the penalty for his gluttony with his life.

One day, my wife's ayah came running into our bedroom saying there was a large snake in the bathroom. Arming myself as usual with a stick, I went into the bathroom just in time to see the snake disappear into the waste water pipe, which ran under another small room to the back of the house, where the water found its outlet. The servants stationed themselves at the outlet, while I endeavoured to drive the reptile out from the rear, first with my stick, and afterwards by pouring the contents of a kettle of boiling water down the pipe. Both attempts to dislodge the intruder from his position proving futile, I commenced a vigorous assault on him by thrusting a bamboo about five feet long down the pipe, and this time success rewarded my efforts, and the snake, driven from his refuge, was killed by the servants outside. This cobra measured about five feet six inches in length, and was the largest that I have ever seen killed. I may here mention that the ordinary idea about the size attained by this species of snake is greatly exaggerated. Some years ago, a surgeon-major serving in the Madras presidency, with whom I was a guest, took a great interest in this matter, and offered a considerable reward to any one who would bring him a cobra six feet in length, but, if my memory serves me right, the reward was never gained, although a very large number of cobras were produced for his inspection.

Once I witnessed a wonderful escape from the almost invariably fatal effects of a cobra bite. I was marching with some native troops in the cold weather, and halted for the night at a place called Malkun, where, instead of having our tents pitched, my wife and I preferred occupying a small bungalow belonging to the department of Public Works, which was situated opposite the encamping ground. Sitting outside the bungalow after dinner, I had occasion to call my bearer servant to give him some orders for the next morning. As he ran up, I saw him kick something off his left foot, and at the same time he called out "Sump, sahib, sump!" ("A snake, sir, a snake!") There was a bright wood fire burning close by, and I saw by its light the snake with its hood up. It was immediately killed by some of the camp followers, and was brought to me, and proved to be a small cobra. On examining my servant's foot, I found one tiny puncture on the ankle, on which was a single drop of blood. The man was at once taken to the hospital tent, and attended to by the hospital assistant in medical charge of the troops, who applied ammonia and did all that was in his power. I was very anxious about the man, but he awoke me at the hour for marching next morning as if nothing had happened, and for some time apparently experienced no inconvenience. Some weeks later, however, after we had reached our destination, his left leg swelled very much, and he suffered great pain for a considerable time, but he eventually recovered. The snake was seen by eight or ten persons besides myself, and was beyond doubt a cobra, and the only possible explanation of the man's escape seems to be that the reptile must have bitten something else very shortly before, and so to a great extent exhausted the deadly poison in its fangs.

One of our children had a narrow escape, though of a different kind, when quite a baby. My wife picked him up one day from the floor, where he was lying enjoying himself in baby fashion. She had hardly done so, when a cobra fell from the roof on the very spot on which the little one had been disporting himself the moment before.

On one occasion, a curious native superstition with regard to the subject of these notes came to my notice. A cobra which had been killed in the hut of one of the men was brought up to be shown to me, when a havildar (native sergeant) call my attention to the fact that the end of his tail was blunt, saying in Hindustani: "Look, sahib, this is a downright villain, he has bitten some man, and so lost the tip of his tail." On my making further inquiries, I was confidently assured that whenever a cobra bites a man, the tip of his tail invariably becomes blunted!

MITIS METAL

The introduction of wrought iron castings by the Mitis process, to which attention has lately been directed, forms a new and an important departure in the employment of this class of iron. Up to the present time, wrought iron has been worked into the requisite forms by means of hammering, whilst a system of stamping in moulds was deemed a considerable advance in commercial working. It is now, however, proposed to treat wrought iron in the same manner as cast iron—namely, by melting and pouring it into moulds made in sand, and corresponding in shape with the object desired. By such a process a considerable saving in the cost of production is obtained. Annealing is found to be unnecessary.

The difficulty which has hitherto barred the adoption of this method has been the high temperature to which it has been necessary to heat the iron before it became sufficiently fluid to flow into the moulds. Wrought iron fuses at about four thousand degrees Fahrenheit, but a considerably higher temperature had to be obtained before the metal passed out of the viscid state; and on reaching this increased heat, it was found to absorb gases which caused cavities and flaws in the castings, rendering them worthless, and what are technically known in the foundry as "wasters." To obviate this difficulty, Peter Ostberg, a Swedish engineer, has taken advantage of the fact that the melting point in alloys is considerably below that of their components, and by combining with the iron a small percentage of aluminium, he has succeeded in lowering the temperature of fusion of the mixture to such an extent that excellent

castings can be obtained, the temperature reached not being high enough to cause the absorption of gases. The castings are clean and sharp in form, and remarkably strong and fine in texture, being, in some cases, it is said, half as tough again as the metal from which they were made. The great reduction in price cannot fail to procure for the new process an opening commensurate with its intrinsic merits.

In the United States and Sweden, Mitis Metal has already established itself as an article of commerce at once reliable and economical, and there can be little doubt that the engineers of this country will avail themselves of this new form of iron, placed at their disposal by an invention which promises to rival in importance any introduced into this branch of industry for many years past.

MISSION TO DEEP SEA FISHERMEN.

In the year 1844, the Thames Church Mission was instituted. A few years ago, an accidental development of the organization led to the establishment of a missionary enterprise among the fisher men engaged in the North Sea. But the possibilities of the new field of labour soon justified the formation of a separate body to cope with them, and on the 30th of November 1881, the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen was started. Its primary object is to give religious teaching to the twelve thousand men and lads who labour on the twelve fishing fleets cruising in the North Sea. It has six smacks in its service, a seventh being, at the time of writing, on the stocks. These smacks supplement their philanthropic labours by fishing with the fleets with which they sail. Each vessel carries a missionary skipper, who, as often as the weather will permit, gathers together in his spacious hold a congregation of fellow fishermen for worship. The unusual sight of a red-coat mariner has often been noted, and from a short extract the writer not only took on one of the Mission vessels, he can testify not only to the exceptional enthusiasm and fervour with which characterised the service held on board, but also to the sound moral tone which, as a result of such services, prevails generally in the fleets—a condition of things in happy contrast to the riots and crimes which were rife there in former year.

But not only are the Mission vessels centres of religious instruction, each carries a quantity of healthy literature, which, circulating through the fleets, beguiles many a fisherman's leisure hour of its tedium. Then, too, medicine chests and surgical appliances are always kept on board, and with these at hand, the skipper and mate qualified by their certificates from the St. Johns Ambulance Association and the National Health Society, treat the sick and injured fisher men of the fleet, who would otherwise suffer until reaching land the pangs of untreated disorders and undressed wounds. Besides this, each missionary skipper labours to promulgate temperance principles among the fleets both by personal example and gentle persuasion. Another feature of the Mission's work is the collecting and forwarding of knitted cuffs and comforters—made by friends on shore—to the North Sea fishermen, as preventative against the terrible 'sea blisters' which oil skins produce on unprotected wrists and necks. Lastly, we should mention that the fishermen of the fleets are encouraged to come frequently aboard the Mission vessels to join in social gossip over a mug of cocoa. Thus each of these vessels exists in the various capacities of church, library, temperance hall, dispensary, and social lounge. The methods by which the Mission has fought the 'curse' of 'floating grog shop' are tolerably well known, and so need not be dwelt upon here.

Glancing at statistics, we note that, during last year, there were 1866 visits paid to vessels, 10,375 attendants at the seven hundred services held, 615 temperance pledges were taken, 74,127 tracts and 45,255 magazines distributed, 2725 cases medically and surgically treated, 6665 comforters, 16,210 pairs of cuffs, and 668 helmets, given away, and 626 copies of the Scriptures sold. Thus the Mission shows a most healthy growth. It has recently been established in new offices at 181 Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C., and a new phase of its enterprise is the circulation of a twopenny monthly journal entitled *Toilers of the Deep*, being a 'record of Mission work among them.' The magazine is an excellent one, and we commend it to all who feel an interest in the twelve thousand men and boys 'who toil through furious blast and sleety storm—who hazard their lives, and fall victims, hundreds of them to the pitiless waves, that market at home may be well supplied!'

LOST AT SEA.

Good night! I feel the light is slowly dying
From me! I will! I will take away the sea
Moaning up within my bosom. Is it sighing,
For the souls who have never had God's care,
For those who have lost their way to God, yet never
Been with green sod may rest the sea holds them fast
forever?

Yet deep and stillness reigns! the sea in keeping,
Which is not gains forever in its hold.
I know that in mind I shall see you now me sleeping
Quiet and breathless in an churchyard's fold,
But I have still mourn as others only
The memory of times past—and days that now are lonely.

Buried deep with you in the sea for ever
Is all the brightness earth had once for me.
The spring returns, flowers bloom again, but never
Will the joy in bird, and flower and tree
I see but feel not as in days of yore
Those days that can come back to me, ah, nevermore!

But yet I know that I am not forsaken
'Lord! Thou me on! Now can calmly say
None know the bitterness of sorrow taken
From out my heart, when I this prayer could pray,
In His own time God took you in His keeping,
All earthly sorrows past, where there is no more weeping.

THEODORE PEACOCK.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

All Rights Reserved.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SOLE EDITOR)

No. 138.—Vol. III. SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, Price 1½d.

HOLIDAYS IN CAMP.

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

In the United States, even in the coolest, most healthy portion, the summer months are long and hot, the July days are scorching and the nights are stifling in the crowded cities and larger towns, with August comes a little change, but there is the exhausting, sleepless when though the mercury will not rise so high in the thermometer, the atmosphere is as simply warm as if it were still July.

Those who can afford it—and many who cannot do so but fancy they must do as their wealthy neighbours do—begin in June to flit to seaside, mountain, or Springs hotel, where they pay as high a rent for a tiny room as would give them a whole house in town. Here the ladies and children stay for such a time as suits them, or as suits papa's purse. If the hotel chosen is within a reasonable distance of the men's places of business, they will flock there on Saturday night, and hasten away early on Monday morning. At some resorts, certain trains or boats have the local name, for the season, of 'husbands train' or boat, as the case may be. The maidens who have no lover to look for at this time are on the alert to see what 'new men' Mesdames so and so will bring with them this Saturday, for there is an appalling dearth of eligible men—eligible, if only as escorts or partners at tennis or cotillon at most of these summer resorts. Between Monday and Saturday the ladies amuse themselves with fancy work, gossip, reading of light novels, fault finding with the maids, or with the noisy other people's children make, and flirting with the men who, taking their own holiday, are remaining at the hotel for a week or two. Then, too, there is usually, in so mixed an assembly as must necessarily be found at even the most select hotel, at least one person who has something queer, perhaps no worse than simply great eccentricity, about her, and so furnishes material to her fellow boarders for endless speculation and gossip.

Hot life is so distasteful to many and so expensive, that there has of late been another way of summering—camping out, but not necessarily tenting, though some prefer that. All over the northern portion of the land there are springing up little rough-hewn roughly built cottages, which are only little more than tent in that they are water-tight, have bare floors, and are not apt to be blown down at the first stiff gale. These cottages are often unpainted, or but slightly so, and have two rooms, small brown stairs and one large or two small on the above, if the latter, the partition is rarely more than six feet high. When the camp is one in mixed party, not simply father, mother, and children, the young men sleep down in the living room, and the upstairs beds are curtained off by curtains or screens. The cottage is always erected near water of some sort, old ocean having the preference, and a pinewood on the edge of a pond or lake is also popular. I remember one such spot, in Maine, where some friends of mine passed a very delightful vacation, it was a pine grove not many miles from the city of Augusta, on the very edge of one of those hundred of fresh water lakes which dot Maine so thickly. The owner of the land had erected five of the simple houses, and rented them to parties of the highest respectability, one being a High School teacher, one a Universalist minister, one an editor, and so on. The rental was very moderate—at the rate of a dollar a day for those who only wished to remain one or two weeks, but at a very much less figure if they took a cottage for the two summer months. This price included the use of all the ice they needed for the preservation of their food, and a rowboat which would hold eight persons. The campers brought their own furniture, and it is really surprising how few things one actually needs to live in comfort for a month. The pond which bears the Indian name—more easy to pronounce than to write—of Cobbossecontee, is well stocked with fish, and is dotted all over with pretty little islands, which are capital places to land and build a fire to cook the fish you have just caught. If

you have taken the precaution to bring with you a coffee pot as well as your frying pan, and some coffee, sugar, condensed milk, pepper, salt and buttered bread, you can soon have a meal fit for a king—a hungry king.

How well I remember one such excursion I made two years ago! There were five in the party, none very young and none at all in love with my one pint. We two ladies were afraid to trust ourselves in the tiny sailboat which made part of our fleet of two, so we and my friend's nephew started off in the rowboat. Hardly had we got well out however, when the sailor of the party found that his sail was not fitted to the boat it was in, and nothing would suit the men but that sails and oars must change places while passing is still, and in spite of our unspoken qualms and our glances of mistrust shifted each to I with one another, we had to go under full sail after all. And how the wind did justify its title of 'fickle as a woman' that morning! In a few moments we would scud over the water in a rather alarming style, considering that our skiff was capable of holding only about six persons, then, after having dipped our gunwale quite as often as I liked, the breeze would vanish, the sail would hang limp and lifeless, and we were becalmed. The other boat was soon far ahead, and while we were yet within sight of our camp, the occupants had reached our destination, and were hauling in the fish with most provoking rapidity. During one of our spasmodic rapid skims down the pond, we disturbed a mother loon. Laughing at us in the strange, weird manner peculiar to that sort of wild fowl, she swam down the shore, trying to lure us to chase her and not believe that there was a nest full of little loon, less hardy than the young one which was paddling along beside her, among the long sedges from which she had start'd out with such haste as our boat drew near them. For as much as a quarter of mile she lured us—so she put it—away from her home, answering us when we tried to imitate her tone. Did you ever hear a loon laugh in the dusk stillness of a warm summer night? It has a queer, eerie sound—a lonesome, unhappy sound. After much striking and drifting, we came at last to a little island where two of my friends, city merchants, a minister and a learned judge, were camping in a tiny cottage, set in a most lovely spot, a tangle of underbrush and blackberry vines growing up to the very doorway. Little brown squirrels—so tame that at our approach they ran down the trees to see what we were doing in their domain—sprang about from tree to tree, or scampered over the soft grass, quite aware that no one would harm them while fishes were so plenty, birds twittered and sang, Eden could not have been more peaceful. There are scores of such islands to be hired or bought for a mere song.

Did you ever inspect a house kept by the average man? I have heard that men when camping are rarely in the habit of washing dishes any oftener than they can help, and since I saw the little kitchen attached to that cottage, I am sure some men, some learned men, don't worry over such trifles as gravy pans or gravy tins! The judge and his comrade had gone out for a day's fishing, we had met them on our way down, and they cordially bade us make ourselves perfectly at home in their abode. We did so. They sent us a message, a few days later, that they wished the ladies would visit their house again. I know they hardly recognised their own cups and saucers when they went to get supper that night!

The furnishing of most of these cottages is very primitive. Comfortable beds are a strange rest to those who are accustomed to hair mattresses and plump springs, and one can sleep sweetly and restfully on a bed of dry clean hay. It is not much trouble to carry empty bed, and dry grass or, still better, pine needles can be had for the gathering. Blankets and thick quilts must be on hand, for, no matter what the days are, it is sure to be chilly the moment the sun is well out of sight. A cot bed is also necessary—for friends who, in town, cannot find time to visit one, will gladly travel fifty miles to camp a day or two with their armies who have a cottage—not only for use at night, but to be converted into a lounge in the daytime, and of course there will be hammocks to sling under the trees on the piazza. There is always a farmer near who will readily sell—at city prices—butter, eggs, and milk, and as most of these lakes are well stocked with fish, black bass, pickerel, trout, or perch—or if the camp is on the seashore, there are mackerel, lobsters, clams, and greedy, open mouthed sculpin, which can devour more bait without being hooked than any other fish, but which make a fairly good chowder when enough are caught—no one needs suffer from hunger.

Several pretty groves on the Kennebec and Penobscot rivers are utilised for camp meetings. Here, for a week, usually in the latter part of August—when the farmers are done haying or the beginning of September, religious services are held morning, noon, and night, popular preachers or exhorters come, invited to take part, the grounds immediately around and the spot where the services are held are usually owned by a stock company, and the rules are to the preservation of good order and sobriety, and rigidly enforced. Lights must be out at a given hour, unseemly mirth or sounds of music is not tolerated on Sunday, the sale of intoxicating liquors is not permitted at any time, nor the use of them on private tents or cottages, if it can be detected by the police force always on hand. These rules are absolutely necessary to prevent the freedom of camp life from degenerating into license, for many young folks go to camp meetings who care very little for the religious part of the affair.

The Methodists have the largest number of camp grounds, but other denominations are more or less fond of them. I once visited a Spiritualist camp ground on one of these Maine rivers, and a dumper, more ghostly spot could not well be imagined, everything and everybody looked mouldy, and one might, without much stretch of the imagination, expect to see a materialised spirit pop up anywhere. I understand, however, that there were never any 'manifestations' at camp, it was only held for the dissemination of their peculiar faith.

A party of about a dozen boys and four or five men have gone for the past six years to a little

island in a New Hampshire lake not far from Lake Winnipesaukee, which is a favourite summer resort on account of its beautiful scenery, to pass the months of July and August. Their temporary dwelling is very primitive, not much more than a roof and three walls, for they intend to spend all their time in the open air. Every Sunday afternoon these boys have held religious services, they have a small parlour organ, and form a choir among themselves. They intend this year, if possible, to have their chapel properly vested, for their service is according to the Book of Common Prayer. There is not a church of any sort within a long distance, for this portion of the State is rather thinly settled. It is of New Hampshire that residents of other States say that the farmers there have to sharpen the noses of the sheep, in order that they may crop the grass between the rocks, as New Hampshire is all rocks. The natives attend the boys' service in force, though, as the church is not very well known there, they are not quite sure that they approve of the ceremonial. The service is not always by, however, several distinguished clergymen and one or two bishops have visited this little camp and preached for them. One of the boys told me that during the six years there had been but one Sunday when it rained so hard that they had to hold service in their hut. Doubtless, some day there will be a permanent chapel there.

And oh, what good times the little ones have at these camps! No fine clothes to be kept clean, no stiff rules but a hundred silly children to be merry, no danger of home sun over, no cross dogs to fear, and no venturing out in the water without the knowledge of mamma or nurse, for here no one is too busy to have one eye on the little mischiefs, but as much pilloring about on the bank of the lake or ocean as would delight any small heart. And then, too, for mamma's side of the question, no candy shops to draw the pennies out of her pocket, or the tears from disappointed eyes; no craving "Can't we go play with Sue and Jo?" no market fever of measles to be caught from some neighbours' progeny, no evil influence to be feared for the older boys and girls, and no politics to be made fun of attended by the children.

Mother Nature is a great restorer, and a few days of uninterrupted intercourse with her do more to renew the wasted health or relaxed energies, than as many weeks of dress and gaiety at a fashionable resort, and so sensible people are becoming more and more convinced.

IN ALL SHADES.

CHAPTER VII.

Before the yelling mob could close round Harry Noel's fallen body, with their wild onslaught of upraised cutlasses, more dangerous to one another in the thick press than to the prostrate Englishman or to poor fainting and unconscious Nora, another hasty clatter of horse's hoofs burst upon them from behind, up the hilly pathway, and a loud, clear, commanding voice called out in resonant tones that overtopped and stilled for a moment the tumultuous murmur of negro shrieks: "In the Queen's name—in the Queen's name, hold; disperse there!"

That familiar adjuration acted like magic on the fierce and half naked throng of ignorant and superstitious plantation negroes. It was indeed to them a mighty word to conjure with, that loud challenge, in the name of the great distant Queen, who to them seemed as far away from them and as utterly removed from their little sphere as heaven itself. They dropped their cutlasses instantly, for a brief moment of doubt and hesitation, a few voices still shouted fiercely, "Kill him—kill him!" and then a unanimous cry arose among all the surging mass of wild and scowling black humanity: "Mr Hawtorn, Mr Hawtorn! Him come in Missis Queen name, so gib us warnin'. Now us wan to get justice, Mr Hawtorn, Mr Hawtorn!"

But while the creole born plantation hand thus welcomed eagerly what they took upon, in their simplicity, as the Queen's direct mouthpiece and representative, Louis Delgado, his face distorted with rage, and his arms plying his cutlass deep in blood, in wild and unabashed disappointment, for his will all can't prevail was now fully aroused, and like the tiger that has once tasted blood, he would not be balked of the final rending delight of hacking his helpless victim slowly to pieces in a long drawn torture. "Missis Queen!" he cried contemptuously, turning round and dashing his cutlass with savage joy once more into the eyes of his half sobered companions—"Missis Queen, hum yo dis! Hy, hy, what hum say dat for? What de Queen to me, I want you tell me? I don't care for Queen, or pope, or king, or emperor or nuffin! I gwine to kill all de white men, gal, kid, an all female, de lot! help me!"

As he spoke, David Hawthorn jumped heavily from his saddle, and advanced with long strides towards the fiercely gesticulating, and mumbling African. The plantation negroes cowed and tamed for the moment by Hawtorn's bold and resolute presence, and overawed by the great name of that mysterious, unknown, half mythical Queen Victoria, beyond the vast illimitable ocean, fell back sullenly to right and left, and made a little lane through the middle of the crowd for the Queen's representative to mount the staircase. David strode up, without casting a single glance on either side, to where Delgado stood savagely beside Harry Noel's fallen body, and put his right hand with an air of irresistible authority upon the frantic African's uplifted arm. Delgado tried to shake him off suddenly with a quick, adroit, convulsive movement, but Hawtorn's grip was tight and vice-like, and he held the black arm powerless in his grasp, as he spoke aloud a few words in some unknown language, which sounded to the group of wondering negroes like utter gibberish—or perhaps some strange spell with which the representative of Queen Victoria knew how to conjure by some still more potent and terrible oberon than Delgado's.

But Louis Delgado done knew that the words were Arabic, and that Hawtorn grasped his arm: "In the name of Allah, the All wise, the most Powerful!"

At the sound of that mighty spell, a powerful one, indeed, to the fierce, old, half christianised Mohammedan, Delgado's arm dropped powerless to his trembling side, and he fell back,

gnashing his teeth like a bulldog balked of a fight, into the general mass of plantation negroes. There he stood, dazed and stunned apparently, leaning up unkindly against the piazza post but speaking not a word to either party for good or for evil.

The lull was but for a minute, and Edward Hawthorne saw at once that if he was to gain any permanent advantage by the momentary change of feeling in the fickle negro mob, he must keep their attention distracted for a while, till their savage passions had time to cool a little, and the effect of this unwonted orgy of fire and bloodshed had passed away before the influence of sober reflection. A negro crowd is like a single creature of impulse—swayed to and fro a hundred times more easily than even a human mob by every momentary passing wave of anger or of fear.

'Take up Mr Noel and Miss Dupuy,' he said aside in his cool commanding tone to the Orange Grove servants.—'Mr Noel isn't dead—I see him breathing yet—and lay them on a bed and look after them, while I speak to these angry people.' Then he turned, mastering himself with an effort for that terrible crisis, and taking a chair from the piazza, he mounted it quickly, and began to speak in a loud voice, unbroken by a single tremor of fear, like one addressing a public meeting, to the great sea of wondering, upturned black faces, lighted up from behind in lurid glares by the red glare of the still blazing cane houses.

'My friends,' he said, holding his hand before him, palm outward, in a mute appeal for silence and a fair hearing, 'listen to me for a moment. I want to speak to you, I want to help you to what you yourselves are finally seeking. I am here to-night as Queen Victoria's delegate and representative. Queen Victoria has your welfare and interest at heart, and she has sent me out to this island to do equal justice between black man and white man, and to see that no one oppresses another by force of hand, by lawless mob or running. As you all know, I am in part a man of your own blood, and Queen Victoria in sending me out to judge between you, and in appointing so many of your own race to posts of honour here in Trinidad, has shown her wish to favour no one particular class or colour to the detriment or humiliation of the others. But in doing as I see you have done to-night—in burning down factories, in attacking houses, in killing or trying to kill your own employers, and helpless women, and men who have done no crime against you except trying to protect your victims from your cruel vengeance—in doing this, my friends, you have not done wisely. This is not the way to get what you want from Queen Victoria.—What is it you want? Tell me that. That is the first thing. If it is anything reasonable, the Queen will grant it. What do you want from Queen Victoria?'

With one voice the whole crowd of hard up turned black faces towards Edward and cried 'Justice, justice!'

Edward paused a moment, with the forced skill, and looked down at the mob of shouting lips with a face full of sternness and half of bare violence. 'My friends,' he said again, 'you shall have justice. You haven't always had it in the past—that I know and regret, but you shall have it, trust me, henceforth in the future. Listen to me. I know you have often suffered injustice. Your rights have not been always respected, and your feelings have many times been ruthlessly trampled upon. Nobody sympathises with you more fully than I do. But just because I sympathise with you so greatly, I feel it my duty to warn you most earnestly against acting any longer as you have been acting this evening. I am your friend—you know I am your friend. From me, I trust, you have never had anything but fair and equal justice.'

'That's true—that's true!' rang in a murmuring wave of a cry from the eager listening crowd of negroes.

'Well,' Edward went on, lowering his tone to more persuasive accents, 'be advised by me, then, and if you want to get what you ask from Queen Victoria, do as I tell you. Disperse to-night quietly and separately. Don't go off in a body together and talk with one another excitedly around your watch fires about your wrongs and your grievances. Burn no more factories and cane houses. Attack no more helpless men and innocent women. Think no more of your rights for the present. But go each man to his own hut, and wait to see what Queen Victoria will do for you.—If you continue foolishly to burn and rob, shall I tell you in plain words what will happen to you? The governor will be obliged to bring out the soldiers and the volunteers against you, they will call upon you, as I call upon you now, in the Queen's name, to lay down your pistols and your guns and your cutlasses, and if you don't lay them down at once, they will fire upon you, and disperse you easily. Don't be deceived. Don't believe that because you are more numerous—because there is so many more of you than of the white men—you could conquer them and kill them by main force, if it ever came to open fighting. The soldiers, with their regular drill and their good arms and their constant training, could shoot you all down with the greatest ease, in spite of your numbers and your pistols and your cutlasses. I don't say this to frighten you or to threaten you, I say it as your friend, because I don't want you foolishly to expose yourselves to such a terrible butchery and slaughter.'

A murmur went through the crowd once more, and they looked dubiously and inquiringly toward Louis Delgado. But the African gave no sign and made no answer, he merely stood sullenly still by the post against which he was leaning, so Edward hastened to resume the undecided mob of listening negroes by turning quickly to the other side of the moot question.

'Now, listen again,' he said, 'for what I'm going to say to you now is very important. If you will disperse, and go each to his own home, without any further trouble or riot, I will undertake, myself, to go to England on purpose for you, and tell Queen Victoria herself about all your troubles. I will tell her that you haven't always been justly treated, and I'll try to get new and better laws made in future for you, under which you may secure more justice than you sometimes get under present arrangements. Do you understand me? If you go home at once, I promise to go across the sea and speak

to Queen Victoria herself on your behalf, over in England.'

The view of British constitutional procedure implied in Edward Hawthorn's words was not perhaps strictly accurate, but his negro hearers would hardly have felt so much impressed if he had offered to lay their grievances boldly at the foot of that impersonal entity, the Colonial Office, while the idea that they were to have a direct spokesman, partly of their own blood, with the Queen herself, flattered their simple African susceptibilities and helped to cool their savage ire. Like children as they are, they began to smile and show their great white teeth in infinite satisfaction, as pleasantly as though they had never dragged ten minutes earlier of hacking Harry Noel's body horribly into little pieces, and more than one voice cried out in heavy tones, 'Hoorrah for Mr Hawtorn! Him de black man frien' fib him a chan, bogo! Him gwine to 'peak for us to Queen Victorri!'

'Then promise me faithfully,' Edward said, holding out his hand once more before him, 'that you'll all go home this very minute and settle down quietly in your own huts.'

'We promise, sah,' a dozen voices answered eagerly.

Edward Hawthorn turned anxiously for a moment to Louis Delgado. 'My brother,' he said to him rapidly in Arabic, 'this is your doing. You must help me now to quiet the people you have first so fearfully and so foolishly excited. Assist me in dispersing them, and I will try to lighten for you the punishment which will surely be inflicted upon you as soon as order is all over.'

But Delgado, propped in a stony attitude against the great wooden post of the piazza, answered still never a word. He stood there to all appearance in stolid and sullen indifference to all that was passing so vividly around him, with his white and bloodshot eyes staring vacantly into the blank darkness that stretched in front of him, behind the flickering light of the now collapsed and burnt out cane houses.

Edward touched him lightly on his bare arm. To his utter horror and amazement, though not cold, it was soft and corpse like, as in the first hour of death, before rigidity and chillness have begun to set in. He looked up into the bloodshot eyes. Their staring balls seemed thickly glazed and vacuous, utterly void of the fierce flashing light that had gleamed from the pupils so vividly and savagely but ten minutes before, as he brandished his cutlass with frantic yells above Harry Noel's fallen body. Two of the plantation negroes, attracted by Edward's evident recent of horror, came forward with curiosity, flinging down their cutlasses, and touched the soft cheeks, not with the reverent touch which a white man feels always due to the sacredness of death, but hurriedly and rudely, as one might any dry touch a senseless piece of stone or timber.

Edward looked at them with a pallid face of mute inquiry. The youngest of the two negroes drew back for a second, overtaken apparently by a superstitious fear, and murmured low in an awe struck voice 'Him dead, sah, dead—stone dead. Dead dis ten minute, since ever you begin to 'peak to de people, sah.'

He was indeed. His suppressed rage at the partial failure of his deeply cherished scheme of vengeance on the hated white men, coming so close upon his paroxysm of triumph over the senseless bodies of Mr Dupuy and Harry Noel, had brought about a sudden fit of cardiac apoplexy. The old African savage heart had burst outright with conflicting emotions. Leaning back upon the pillar for support, as he felt the blood failing within him, he had died suddenly and unobserved without a word or a cry, and had stood there still, as men will often stand under similar circumstances, propped up against the supporting pillar, in the exact attitude in which death had hit or struck him. In the very crisis of his victory and his defeat, he had been called away suddenly to answer for his conduct before a higher tribunal than the one with which Edward Hawthorn had so gently and forbearingly threatened him.

The effect of this sudden catastrophe upon the impressionable minds of the excited negroes was indeed immediate and overwhelming. Lifting up their voices in loud wails and keening, as at their midnight wakes, they cried tremulously on that another 'De Lord is against us—de Lord is against us! Library him to your tents, O Israel!' De Lord hab killed Delgado—hab killed Delgado—hab smitten him down, for de murder him committed!' To their unquestioning antique faith, it was the visible judgment of heaven against their insurrection, the blood of Theodore Dupuy and Harry Noel crying out for vengeance from the floor of the piazza, like the blood of old Abel long before, crying out for vengeance from the soil of Eden.

More than one of them believed in his heart, too, that the mysterious words in the unknown language which Edward Hawthorn had muttered over the old African were the spell that had brought down upon him before their very eyes the unseen bolt of the invisible powers. Whether it were obeah, or whether it were imprecation and solemn prayer to the God of heaven, they thought within themselves, in their dim, unintuitive, unspoken fashion, that 'Mr Hawtorn word fling down de judgment dat very minute on Louis Delgado.'

In an incredibly short space of time, the great crowd of black faces had melted away as quickly as it came, and Edward Hawthorn was left alone in the piazza, with none but the terrified servants of the Orange Grove household to help him in his task or to listen to his orders. All that night long, across the dark sedge and the black mango grove, they could hear the terrified voices of the negroes in their huts singing hymns, and crying aloud in strange prayers to God in heaven that the guilt of this murder might not be visited upon their heads, as it had been visited before their very eyes that night on Louis Delgado. To the negro mind, the verdict of fate is the verdict of heaven.

'Take up his body, too, and lay it down on the sofa,' Edward said to Uncle Zekiel, still beside himself with terror at the manifold horrors of this tragical evening.

'I doan't can dare, sah,' Uncle Zekiel answered tremulously—'I doan't can dare lay me hand upon de corpse, I tellin' you, sah. De finger ob de Lord has smite Delgado. I doan't dare to lift an' carry him.'

'One of you boys, then, come and help me,' Edward cried, holding up the corpse with one hand to keep it from falling.

But not one of them dared move a single step nearer to the terrible and alarming object.

At last, finding that no help was forthcoming, on my hand, Edward lifted up the ghastly burden all by himself in his arms, and laid it down reverently and gently on the grass-sod. 'It is better so,' he murmured to him self slowly and painfully. 'There will be no more blood on either side shed at my gate for this wild cream,' sorry business.

And then at length he laid down to think back into the house as he and make inquiries after Mr Dupuy and Harry and Nora.

WILD BEES AND BEE HUNTING

There are, altogether, not fewer than twenty-seven species, and one hundred and seventy-seven species of bee, natives of Great Britain. But one only of all these, the *Apis mellifica*, or common honey bee, has been domesticated. Attempts have been made with others, especially with the *bombus*, or humble bee, but with very little success.

The frequent mention of honey in the Old Testament from the patriarchal days downward, and the description of Palestine as 'a land flowing with milk and honey,' may well have raised the question whether the honey was obtained from bees in a wild condition or in a state of domestication. The weight of evidence is in favour of the former. In the somewhat wandering life, so 'strangers and pilgrims,' which many of the patriarchs led, bee culture would have been very inconvenient, if not impossible, and as honey was to be had in such abundance simply for the seeking, there would be little inducement to undertake minor cares and labours in the domestication of the native variety. There is no question, however, as to the possibility of inducing wild bees to accept domestication. In Cashmere and the north of India, the natives have a simple and ready method of doing this in building, then houses, they leave cavities in one of the walls having a sunny aspect, with a small hole like that of a modern bee opening outward. The inner side of the wall is fitted with a frame of wood with a door attached. A swarm of bees in search of a new home—or perhaps the pioneers who are sent, a day or two before the main swarming, to look out a dwelling place—would be attracted by such an 'open door,' and the family, or many, ten, twenty, or thirty thousand strong, would at once take possession. The vacant space would soon be filled by the busy workers, and the inmates of the house, having access to the store by means of the open door, could remove a comb or two at pleasure, without disturbing the bees, simply using the precaution of blowing in as much smoke at the back as would cause the bees to fly out at the front. English travellers report having seen the operation performed, and the bees quietly return when the work was done. The plan has been recommended for use in this country. It is at least practicable, if not necessary. In dwelling houses there might be risks, which would not apply to farm buildings and erections round a country house. But if man has not utilised this plan, the bees themselves have acted upon it. An instance of two within the writer's own knowledge may not be uninteresting.

I was the tenant of Rose Cottage, Brenchley, Kent, from 1861 to 1862. The house—which has been considerably altered since—was well adapted for such a purpose. The upper parts of the walls were formed, as is common in that part of the country, externally of tiles on a frame work of wood, and internally of lath and plaster. In the gables there would be ample space for large stores of comb and honey. A swarm of bees took possession of a portion of the front wall, having a south eastern aspect, entering their abodes through a crevice between the tiles and over one of the dormer windows. They held possession for several years, and still held them when I left the cottage. As they never swarmed, it is plain a certain there must have been a plentiful collection of honey, but for some reason or other, chiefly, no doubt, on account of the difficulty of taking the honey without injuring the bees and exposing the whole family to the attacks of the bees, I probably lived in ignorance.

Last of the years, when making well of the old furniture, Pontho, Lynhill, Hartfield, my attention was directed to a colony of bees which had made a settlement in the upper part of one of the walls of the house. I suggested the removal of a portion of the inner wall, and probably a large find. After some time, this advice was acted on, but the farmer adopted a plan which I should have strongly deprecated—the plan of destroying with brimstone the entire bee community. The store of honey was so great that every available bucket and pan in the house was filled to the extent of nearly two hundred weight.

Two other instances may be cited, as reported in the *West Sussex Times*. One is that of an extraordinary 'take' of honey from the walls of the *Heath and Hill Inn*, Oxshott, Surrey. The out walls of the house are about three feet in thickness, and at the very top of the third story a colony of bees had established themselves, holding undisturbed possession for a number of years. At length the innkeeper determined to find out their whereabouts. After a diligent search under the roof, a piece of comb was found. Descending to one of the upper bedrooms, chisel and hammer went to work, and a square of about two feet was opened in the front wall, here a large mass of comb was discovered, and after fumigating the bees, about one hundred and twenty pounds of honey were secured. Another and still more extraordinary 'take' of honey was secured at Winters Hall, Bramley, Surrey, the seat of Mr George Barrett. Some bees had long

held possession of a space between the ceiling of the cockhouse and the pantry on effecting an entrance, about three hundred weight of honey was secured.

In some countries the honey bee still roams at will and uncontrolled, this is notably the case in the western parts of the United States and Canada. The discovery of their natural hives for the purpose of securing the honey is the calling of a class of persons known as bee hunters. A writer of considerable repute thus speaks on this subject: 'The beautiful forests in which we were encamped abounded in bee trees, that is to say, trees in the decayed trunks of which wild bees had established their hives. It is surprising, in what countless swarms the bees have excepted the Far West within but a modest number of years. The Indians consider them the harbingers of the white man, as the buffalo is of the red man, and say that as population advances, the Indian and the buffalo retire. We are always astonished to see amid the hum of the beehive with the fragrance and the flower garden, and to consider these industrious little animals as connected with the busy haunts of men, and I am told that they will bee as soon to be met with at any great distance from the frontier. They have been the harbingers of civilization, strictly speaking, as it always is from the Atlantic shores, and one of the ancient family of the West proceed to give the very view when the honey bee first reached the Mississippi. The Indian, with superior, and the mouldering trees of their forests, will only tell me, with unbridled wonder and nothing, I am told, can excel the gay relish with which they banquet for the first time upon the delicious luxuries of the wilderness. At present, the honey bee swarms in myriads in the noble groves and forests that hint and intersect the prairies and extend along the alluvial bottoms of the rivers. It seems to me as if the beautiful regions answer literally to the description of the land of promise, "a land flowing with milk and honey," for the rich pasturage of the prairies is abundant to sustain herds of cattle as countless as the sands upon the seashore, while the flowers with which they are enamelled render them a very paradise for the nectar seeking bee.'

A bee hunt must be a very exciting adventure, and, as most people would think, attended with considerable risk, but the ingenuity of the settlers, and especially of the bee hunters, who make a living of the business, is equal to the occasion. Let us, for the sake of greater brevity, suppose a case, which is, however, little other than a narrative of simple facts. A party sets out in quest of a bee tree—a tree in the cavity of which a colony of bees have established themselves. The party is headed by a veteran bee hunter, a tall lank fellow, with his homespun dress hanging loosely about him, and a hat which might be taken for a blockhead. A man similarly attired stands by him, with a long rifle on his shoulder. The rest of the party, six in number, are armed with axes and rifles. Thus accoutred, they are ready for any sport, or even more serious business. Reaching an open glade on the skirts of the forest, the party halts, and the leader advances to a low bush, on which he places a piece of honeycomb. This is a lure for the bees. In a very short time several are humming about it and diving into the cells. Laden with honey, they rise into the air and dart off in a straight line with almost the velocity of a bullet. The hunters watch attentively the course they take, and set off in the same direction, still watching the course of the bees. In this way the bees where the bees have made their home is reached. But it will often happen, as may be suspected, that the bees will elude the sight of the most vigilant hunter, and the party may wander about without seeing or hearing any treasure. Another method is then adopted. A few bees are caught and placed in a small box with a glass top, having at the bottom a small piece of honeycomb. When they have satisfied themselves with honey, two or three are allowed to escape, the hunters taking care to observe the direction of their flight and to follow them as rapidly as possible. When the bees are lost sight of, two or three others are set free and their course followed, and so on until the object of their search has been reached. It sometimes happens that one set of bees take an opposite course to their predecessors. The hunter knows by this that he has passed the tree, or otherwise missed his mark, and he retraces his steps and follows the lead of the unerring bee. The sight of the bee is so strong and keen that it can discern its home at an immense distance. It is a well ascertained fact that if a bee be caught on a flower at any given distance south of its home, and then be taken in a close box an equal distance north of it, the little creature, when set free, after flying in circle for a moment, will take a straight course to its original tree. Therefore, the hunter who has intelligence, patience, and perseverance on his side is sure to be successful in the end.

It not unfrequently happens that when in the immediate neighbourhood of the tree, the hunter may not be able to distinguish the particular one he is searching for from the rest, as the entrance to the bee hole is commonly many feet above the ground. He is not then at the end of his resources. A small fire is kindled, and upon a piece of stone or other suitable material much hot, sour honeycomb is placed, the smoke will at once induce the whole colony of bees to come down from their citadel, when the hunters proceed with their axes to bring down the tree. A vigorous writer thus describes the proceedings, when the party of hunters had traced the honey laden bees to their hive in the hollow trunk of a venerable oak, into which, after buzzing about for a time, they entered at a hole about sixty feet from the ground. 'Two of the bee hunters now plied their axes vigorously at the foot of the tree, to level it with the ground. The mere spectators and amateurs in the meantime drew off to a cautious distance, to be out of the way of the falling of the tree and the vengeance of its inmates. The jarring blows of the axe seemed to have no effect in alarming or agitating this most industrious community; they continued to ply at their usual occupations; some arriving full freighted into port, others sallying forth on new expeditions, like many merchantmen in a money making metropolis, little suspicious of impending bankruptcy and downfall.

Even a loud crack, which announced the disruption of the trunk, failed to divert their attention from the intense pursuit of gain. At length, down came the tree with a tremendous crash, burning open from end to end, and displaying all the hoarded treasures of the community. One of the hunters immediately ran up with a wisp of lighted hay, as a defence against the bees. The latter, however, made no attack, and sought no revenge; they seemed stupified by the catastrophe and unsuspicious of its cause, remaining, crawling and buzzing about the ruin, with not a single sting in my molestation.'

When the tree had been brought down the whole party fell to with spoon and hunting knife to scoop out the combs with which the hollow trunk was stored. A single tree has been known to yield from one hundred weight to one and a half hundredweight.

'Some of the combs were old and of a deep brown colour, others were beautifully white, and the honey in their cells was almost limpid. Such of the combs as were entire were placed in camp kettles, to be conveyed to the encampment; those which had been broken by the fall were devoured on the spot. Every stick the hunter was to be seen with a much moistened mass in his hand, dripping about his fingers, and disappearing as rapidly as a cream tart before the holiday appetite of a schoolboy.'

Not in America alone, but in Africa also, the wild bee is an object of pursuit by the natives. Even the Hottentots show considerable shrewdness in obtaining the wild honey. The author of an *Expedition into the Interior of Africa* thus describes an operation of this kind: 'One of the Hottentots observed a number of bees entering a hole in the ground which had formerly belonged to some animal of the weasel kind. As he made signs for us to come to him, we turn'd that way, to find, he had met with a mine of wealth.' It was the home of a great swarm. 'When the people began to unearth the bees, I did not expect that we should escape being severely stung, but they knew so well how to manage an affair of this kind, that they robbed the poor bees with the greatest ease and safety. Before they commenced digging, a fire was made near the hole, and constantly supplied with damp fuel, to produce a cloud of smoke. In this the workmen were completely enveloped, so that the bees returning from the field were prevented approaching, and those which had flown out of the nest were driven by it to a distance.'

The same writer mentions another incident, even more interesting. 'Whilst I was engaged in the chase one day on foot with a Namaqua attendant, he picked up a small stone, he looked at it earnestly, then over the plain, and threw it down again. I asked what it was. He said there was the mark of a bee on it. Taking it up, I also saw on it a small pointed drop of wax, which had fallen from the bee in its flight. The Namaqua noticed the direction the point of the drop indicated, and walking on, he picked up another stone, also with a drop of wax on it, and so on at considerable intervals, till, getting behind a crag, he looked up, and bees were seen flying across the sky and in and out of a cleft in the face of the rock. Here, of course, was the honey he was in pursuit of. A dry bush was selected, a fire was made, the cliff ascended, and the nest robbed in the smoke.'

An amusing anecdote is related in *Facetiæ Memorabiles*, an old book printed in 1609, and given by a Russian ambassador to Rome as 'written out of experience by Charles Butler.' A man was out in the woods searching for honey. Climbing a large hollow tree, he discovered an immense 'find' of the luscious produce. By some means however, he missed his footing, and slipped into the hollow, sinking up to his breast in honey. He struggled to get out, but without avail. He called and shouted, but alike in vain. He was far from human habitation, and help there was none, for no one heard his cries. At length, when he had begun to despair of deliverance, he was extraordinarily in a most remarkable and unexpected way. Strange to say, another honey hunter came to the same tree in the person of a large bear, which, smelling the honey, the scent of which had been diffused by the efforts of the imprisoned man, mounted the tree and began to lower himself, hind part first, into the hollow. The hunter, rightly concluding that the worst could be but death, which he was certain of if he remained where he was, clasped the bear round the loins with both hands, at the same time shouting with all his strength. The bear, what with the handling and the shouting, was very seriously frightened, and made speed to get out of his fix. The man held fast, and the bear pulled until, with his immense strength, he drew the man fairly out of his strange prison. The bear, being released, made the best of his way off, more frightened than hurt, leaving the man, as the story quaintly says, 'in joyful fear.'

We conclude this paper with a story of another kind, a version of which was given some years ago in a contemporary, but the French bishop was turned into an English prelate, and the lie keeping cure into an American clergyman, the story being otherwise gently changed. The said French bishop, while paying a visit to his clergy, was much distressed by the extreme poverty which met him everywhere. Reaching the house of a certain curate who lived in the midst of very poor parishioners, where he expected to witness even more destitution, he was astonished to find that everything about the house wore an appearance of comfort and plenty. Greatly surprised by what he saw, the bishop asked 'How is this, my friend? You are the first pastor I have seen having a cheerful face and a plentiful board. Have you any income independent of your cure?'

'Yes,' said the curé, 'I have. My household would otherwise starve on the pittance I receive from my poor people. If you will walk into the garden, I will show you the stock which yields me such excellent interest.'

On going into the garden, the bishop saw a long range of beehives.

'There,' said the curé—'there is the bank from which I draw an annual dividend, and it is one that never stops payment.'

The fact was that his honey supplied the place of sugar, leaving him a considerable quantity for sale, in addition to other household uses. Then, of the washings of the comb and refuse honey he manufactured a very palatable wine, while the wax went far to pay his shoemaker's bill.

Ever afterwards, it is said, when any of the clergy complained to the bishop of poverty, he would tell the story of the boot keeping man, following up his anecdote with the advice "Keep boots—keep boots."

A FRIEND OF THE FAMILY.

CHAPTER III.—A GRAVE ACCUSATION.

Thus rebuked, the Major entered the library at the appointed time. He was, however, taken aback on finding that it was not only the gentlemen he had to confront, but also two of the ladies—Mrs Joseph and Miss John. Nellie had positively refused to be present. He had not bargained for an examination in the presence of the ladies, for he could not say before them what he must say in order to exculpate himself. He felt that he was being very unfairly treated. But he was thankful for small mercies. They might have had Miss Euphemia in to witness his humiliation—for humiliation it must be to confess his stupidity in despatching the letters in the wrong envelopes.

The Squire was seated at his writing table, and assumed something of his magisterial air (he was a J.P.) as he requested the Major to take a chair. The three letters were on the desk before him, and he proceeded to read them carefully, whilst profound silence prevailed. Mrs Joseph darted angry glances alternately at her husband and the culprit. Mrs John looked more serious than usual, but still showed symptoms of an inclination to titter. John Elliott stood in the shadow of a large bookcase, Maynard near the window which opened to the terrace, impatiently twirling his moustache and at intervals glancing fiercely towards the Major, who, in his indignation at the whole proceeding, returned the glance in white heat.

The Squire cleared his throat with a ponderous cough. "You have placed me in a most painful position, Major," he began with an evident desire to be friendly, which was checked by the frown of his wife. "I am so taken aback at anybody of a joke. You know that well enough, Dawkins, but I cannot stand such a heavy joke being played upon me in sending these letters here."

The Major rose, he felt so much injured, that he was calm. "My dear friend Elliott—"

"Oh, confound it—that's the beginning of the plague thing, I guess!" the Squire.

"Allow me to explain. I intended no harm. These letters were written with an earnest desire to avert misunderstanding. Unfortunately, in my agitation and haste, I blundered."

"Not a harm—not a joke!" fell said the Squire, rising to his feet and thrusting the letters into a drawer of the table. "Do you mean to say, then, that I suspected my wife of anything?"

"No."

"Do you mean to say that a word could be spoken about me in association with any one which could or should cause Nellie—Miss Carroll—to be displeased with me?" broke in Maynard threatningly.

"No."

"Do you mean to say that I am in any way involved with another lady?" snapped Elliott of Arrowby.

"No."

"Stop a minute," interposed Mrs John, in her light hearted way, coming to the rescue of Major Dawkins, and turning to Elliott of Arrowby. "The Major did not say you were involved, John; he only wanted me not to mind my name in. I might hear about you. Give me fair play."

"I am grateful for your intercession, madam," said the Major stiffly. "If you had read the letter which, as I have told you, fell into Mrs Joseph's hands by mischance, he has seen precisely how the matter stands, and I request him to explain, or to speak to me in private."

"I have read the letter, of course," was the pettish response of John Elliott, "and it does not suggest anything for me to explain, or why you should require a private interview with me."

The Major had the opportunity to avenge himself on the spot by stating, but he thought why he had written the letters. But Mrs John was evidently quite out of her husband's suspicions, why should he pain her by recalling them? The outcome of the revelation would be an inevitable rupture between the man and Nellie Carroll. Had it had John Elliott's scandal about Maynard, why should he, for his own convenience, stir the smouldering and in so use the distress he had already unintentionally caused? No, he would not do that. He had blundered, and must pay the penalty.

"Since Mr John Elliott declines to say anything or to grant me a private interview, said the Major firmly, "the blame must end here. I withdraw everything that is written in these unlucky letters, and I request you to give them back to me, so that they may be at once destroyed."

"That won't do," rejoined the Squire gruffly, "if you won't make the thing clear to us, it has gone far enough here. I shall place the letters in the hands of my solicitor to-morrow morning, and leave him to arrange with you."

"In that case, I must avail myself of a privilege which will cause you all much vexation, and cannot possibly do good to anybody."

"It will at least teach some person a serious lesson," observed Mrs Joseph sternly.

"O madam, the lesson has been learnt already," answered the Major bitterly—"but since you, Squire, are not satisfied that I am sufficiently punished for my mistake by the loss of your friendship, but of course to take legal proceedings, I must summon a friend from town who will convince you that the trouble did not originate with me."

"So be it, Major Dawkins; and as things stand, I shall expect your visit to Tudburst to terminate to-morrow," said the Squire, getting the unsuitable words out with much difficulty.

"It would terminate this instant, were it not that I still desire to serve you and your family so much you will acknowledge to-morrow, and then my presence will no longer disturb you."

There was a degree of dignity in the Major's retreat which impressed everybody except the hot headed lover, Maynard, who muttered between

his teeth 'If this were not my friend's house, I would horsewhip the little beggar' As he could not enjoy that luxury, he occupied his talents in seeking a reconciliation with Nellie, and unluckily, but naturally, besought the aid of Mr John His conversations with her in the drawing room and on the lawn again irritated the suspicious husband, who, instead of speaking out frankly, endeavoured to hide the bitter thoughts which were passing through his mind, and became more abstracted and more disagreeable than ever

Mrs Joseph previously held to her opinion that the guest had 'something' to say which she ought to know

'But you don't mean to say, Kitty,' the Squire expostulated, 'that if I had my fault to find with you I should not speak it straight out to yourself, instead of blabbing it to other folk? Past experience ought to make you sure that when I am not pleased, you will hear about it soon enough'

'I know that perfectly well—there is no lack of fault finding on your part to myself, and how unlike tell what you have been saying about me to other people' retorted Mrs Joseph, who, when temper being once roused, as has been stated, was not easily allayed

'Nonsense, Kitty—you don't think that I would speak about you to outsiders —Come now, drop this humbug, for you know it is humbug and, 'pon my honour, I think we have been too hard on poor Dinkins

'Before declaring on that point, I shall wait to hear what this friend has to summoning from London has to say to me now'

'I take his word for it, that there was a mistake'

'Then he should not make such a mistake, and having made it, ought to suffer the consequence'

'But, my dear, don't you see that he is taking the consequences' unhappily unpleasant enough they are I tell you there is nothing in it and if he had only said it was all a joke, I should have been satisfied'

'But he said it was not a joke, and told you that if you persisted him, it would result in a grave family scandal How can you answer that?'

'I can't, and he wouldn't, so we must wait for the person who will'

There was a kind of armed truce declared in this way between the husband and wife—she feeling guilty consciousness that she was somehow making a mountain of a molehill, and he feeling perfectly sure of it

The Major went straight to his room, resolved that he would hold no intercourse with the family until Mrs John's brother, Matt Willis, arrived Had there been a train that evening to town, he would have taken it and brought his friend down, and if there had been a hotel in the village, he would have left the house forthwith But there was no train and there was no hotel—not even a beershop, for the country folk thereabout mostly brewed their own ale There was, however, a post and telegraph office in the village, and Hollis was despatched with a message for Willis, entreating him, for his sister's sake, to come down by the first train on the following morning That done, he endeavoured to compose himself and to take a calm survey of his position He had upset everybody, and most of all himself, by his good-natured anxiety to save others from the consequences of their own folly The thing ought to have resulted in a laugh and a shake hands all round, but instead of that, it threatened to become a serious affair for the law courts to deal with, and the Major had no means to enable him to indulge in the luxury of a lawsuit

What was he to do? Nothing but what he had determined upon—to get Willis to speak out, since John Elliott would not There was of course the possibility that Willis would refuse, as it was his intense repugnance to interfering with family squabbles which had prompted him to call for the Major's assistance as mediator between his sister and her husband

Major Dinkins felt indignant with John Elliott for thinking from speaking the few words which would have put everything right But the truth flashed upon him—perhaps the man was so blinded by his jealousy, that he really did not understand what was required of him, when asked to explain the position Although the Major could only surmise that this was the case, the surmise was correct, but the true reason why John Elliott did not understand him was that he had no idea of his conversation with Willis having been repeated to any one If that were so, the Major felt that it was his duty to prevent the threatened publicity by every means in his power Apart from his consideration for the feelings of Mrs John and Nellie, there was his own pride to be taken into account Publicity would expose him to ridicule, if not contempt, and would inevitably put an end to all hope of winning the hand of Miss Euphemia Panton He resolved to see the Squire the moment dinner was over, and make another effort to get him to understand the real state of the unfortunate business

Servants have a special instinct for discovering the ill luck of the family they serve, and invariably they accept it in a distorted form Then they sympathise with the master and mistress, or rejoice in their fallen state, according to the prerogatives which have been allowed them or withheld from them Hollis having heard that his master was in disgrace with the family they had come to visit, felt that his own dignity was at stake, therefore, in the housekeeper's room and in the butler's pantry he valiantly defended the honour of his chief He was a little crest fallen when he found that his master was not to join the family at dinner, for this circumstance appeared to confirm the gossip of the servants' hall that the Major had been guilty of some great offence, the nature of which was too dreadful to be mentioned Hollis was equal to the occasion, and by taking the position as one of great injustice to his master, succeeded, by cautious suggestions of forthcoming revelations, in impressing the housekeeper and butler with the idea that they would reap a huge reward in the future by careful attention to the Major's present needs The diplomacy of Hollis was used as much on his own account as on that of his master; for he managed to secure command

of the dishes which were most favoured by the Major—and him elf, as well as a sufficient supply of Clos de Vougeot and Hermitage.

The Major was already sufficiently appreciative of the attentions of his servant in catering for him so far as the eatables were concerned, and he really disappointed Hollis by taking a larger share of the wine than that gentleman had expected. For this loss, however, he contrived to compensate himself when he got down stairs again. Major Dawkins was too cigar for the moment when he should be able to speak freely to the Squire to find much delight in eating, and although he fed the wine, it was without any of the relish with which he usually partook of rare vintages. When Hollis had cleared the table, he rose immediately, in regulation his station, and passed the room. He knew that the dinner would be a more lengthy affair than the luncheon had been, and he endeavoured to decide exactly when it would be over.

The time having arrived, he opened his door, which was nearly opposite that of the library. To the latter he advanced quietly, knowing that the Squire frequently went thither after dinner to examine letters or to take a nap. He heard some one moving in the room, and tapped at the door. There was no answer. He tapped again, and still receiving no answer, boldly turned the handle and entered. There was no one visible. He was puzzled, for there had been unmistakable sounds of some one moving about and also of the shutting of a drawer. The window which opened on the terrace was slightly ajar, and possibly the Squire, suspecting who was his visitor, had stepped out in order to avoid him. This was both unfriendly and unjust.

The Major was angry, for he could not conceive any reason for being treated in this manner. He looked out, no one was visible on the terrace. There was sudden temptation seized him. He knew exactly in which drawer the Squire had placed those abominable letters they were his own—why should he not take possession of them and destroy them? In this way the whole miserable business would be ended. Of course, he could not deny having written such letters as would be described, but they would not be forthcoming, and if it should come to the worst, his explanation of the circumstances under which they had been written would be listened to with the more patience and consideration.

The temptation was too much for him. For the sake of the family as well as for his own sake, those letters must be destroyed. He went to the drawer, pulled it open, and there before him lay the letters. He snatched them out and thrust them into the breast pocket of his coat, with the intention of burning them when he reached his own room, but at that moment his wrists were tightly grasped and he heard the click of handcuffs fastened upon them. He was helpless and speechless. He stood staring at the ruddy face of a broad shouldered fellow who wore the costume of a gamekeeper.

'Got you at last,' said this gentleman quite pleasantly. 'You have given me no end of trouble; but, there, I respect you all the more. Only, you have been coming it rather strong, and I am surprised that you didn't take a rest, seeing that you've had the valuables out of half a dozen mansions in the county.'

'What do you mean?' shouted the Major furiously.

'Nothing particular,' replied the complacent gentleman, 'unless you count it particular that I should want you to come along with me. I am a constable, and I have been looking out for you for some weeks past. So, you had better make no fuss about the matter, but come along quietly. It'll be all the better for you, it!'

'You confounded fool!' exclaimed the Major indignantly, 'do you take *me* for a burglar? I am a guest in this house—I am Major Dawkins!'

'Alias Captain Jack, alias 'Arry Smith!'

'Call the family—they will identify me,' the Major almost shrieked, whilst he endeavoured to free himself from his handcuffs.

'Oh, I'll call the family,' answered the detective, as he lifted up a jemmy which was lying beside the Squire's desk. 'I suppose you don't know what this little tool means, and I suppose you don't know anything about this drawer which has been forced open with it?'

'You scoundrel, to say such a thing—'

'There now, don't say anything to commit yourself, I'll call the family.'

Thereupon, the detective rang the bell.

The summons was answered by Parker the butler, who was somewhat astonished to find a gentleman in the library with the Major. The latter's face—purple with rage—and wild gesticulations, with his left and hands, presented a spectacle so astounding, that Parker could scarcely believe his eyes revolted on a guest of the house.

'Tell your master to come here and release me from this ruffian, who takes me—me, Major Dawkins—for a burglar!'

The detective smiled pleasantly as he addressed the butler. 'Yes, if you please, and tell Mr Elliott that he is wanted here on particular business.'

ENGLISH COUNSEL AND SOLICITORS.

BY A BARRISTER.

Some time ago, an agitation sprang up in favour of the amalgamation of the two legal professions in England, and the conflict thereafter of litigious business on lines more or less nearly approximating to the American system. The movement emanated, no doubt, from the town branch of the profession, for it is no secret that many solicitors are anxious to distinguish themselves in court by pleading their clients' cases, in place of retaining counsel to do so for them. But, in the face of more burning questions, the agitation gradually died away.

It now seems not unlikely to be revived, as it is certain that sooner or later it must be. And an *ex cathedra* utterance given by that eminently practical judge, Mr Justice Stephen, a short time ago, will tend to hasten the course of events in this matter. A case for trial before that judge was duly called on, when it was found that the plaintiff was unrepresented, his counsel being at the time engaged in another court. The plaintiff being unwilling, or at least

unprepared, to conduct his own case—notwithstanding the growing tendency in favour of personally conducted cases—the judge was asked to allow the case to stand over, which he did, but not without giving a hint as to the possibility of future 'reform'. 'If,' said his lordship, 'such an incident occurs often, it will become necessary to do away with the separation between solicitors and barristers.' Just so. This is the way the question is regarded from the judicial point of view. When the judge is put to inconvenience, he speaks out, and if he is at all often put to inconvenience, he will act also. But inasmuch as, in most actions, each party is represented by more than one counsel—certainly no 'distinguished' or fashionable counsel will accept a brief without a junior—such inconvenience to a judge is of comparatively infrequent occurrence, so that, although one of its members may or actually be found to speak in favour of amalgamation, little or no active sentiment can be expected from the judicial body.

But how does the question affect other interests? Solicitors, as we have hinted, are in favour of amalgamation. It can hardly do them much harm, but must in many cases add to their professional incomes, which is of course all that, as a body, they want. Barristers are more opposed to it, but, we think, without much reason. A few, doubtless, will suffer, but the state of the advocate's profession as a whole can hardly be worse than it is at present. There are barristers, it may be said, who earn fifteen or twenty thousand pounds a year, but they are not many—infinitely fewer in number than those who earn nothing at all—and they are probably well above the reach of competition, partly by reason of their known and exceptional ability, and partly because they have been placed by fashion on a pedestal which is too firm to crumble away, at least during their brief span of life. But the few who make such incomes may be compared to the large landowners whom Mr Henry George and his friends would rob to enrich (?) those who have no land. If all the incomes made at the Bar were added together, and then sum divided among all the barristers, each would have but a pittance, so overstocked is the profession. Hence regarding barristers as forming a small community, and giving due consideration to the greatest happiness of the greatest number principle, it is pretty obvious that the Bar has really little to lose by the bringing about of amalgamation.

Now from the point of view of the public. It is clear that this largest interest must benefit by amalgamation. It would promote economy—an extent to great gain. It would practically mean the abolition of that middle man who is so obnoxious to economists, so hurtful to the proper expansion of delicate parts, and so wasteful of time. It matters not to the public, as long as it is placed in direct communication with its counsel, whether that counsel be a solicitor or a barrister, but it is of great and increasing importance to the vast body of litigants that personal relations should be established between client and advocate, and this is what must sooner or later come to pass. Other advantages of the amalgamated system have been before urged here and elsewhere, they need not be again specified in detail. Technically, the probable effect of the system would be the immediate entering into partnership of counsel and solicitors, which would mean nothing to the general public except the nearer approach of counsel and the vastly increased possibility of personal interview with him. Solicitors, in fact, would for all practical purposes become barristers' confidential clerks, they would do all the work they do now for settlement by their partner counsel, they would receive clients in chambers which their partners were engaged in court, and in the event of an unusual press of court work, would conduct the minor cases through their hands. The great advantages of such a reform are so obvious, that minor interests should not be considered in bringing it about, and we are therefore inclined to express a hope that Mr Justice Stephen's criticism of the existing state of affairs may prove to be prophetic of the near future.

LADY FREDERICK'S DIAMONDS.

I, ARNOLD BLAKE, have had a queer up and down, checkered sort of life, and until I was nearing my fortieth year, was most persistently down in my luck. Last, it was in Mexico that I tried my fortune, and failed. Then, tempted by an enthusiastic friend, I went to Cuba and set up there in partnership with him as a merchant. The life was a very healthy and happy one, but not what any one could call profitable, from a pecuniary point of view—in fact, quite the reverse. After a few years, finding it impossible, with both ends stretched to the utmost, to make them meet, we gave that up, and I moved on to Nice, where I had two or three old certain friends. There, things took a turn for the better, and I gradually formed a niche for myself, in time becoming quite an authority in my own small circle. Then, acting on good advice, I started a branch bank in connection with a well known one in London. This answered fairly well, I had just as much work as I cared to do, was able to pay my expenses, and had even begun to lay by a little hoard against the proverbial 'rainy day'. Nice was a gay, bright town to live in, and I constantly met old friends, and made many pleasant new ones, who were passing through to the South, or spending two or three months there, or at Monte Carlo, for the fascinating pleasure of either losing their own money, or making a tidy little fortune out of somebody else's pocket.

One afternoon, I was sitting in my small counting house, waiting for the English mail, when the door opened, and in came an old acquaintance, Sir Frederick O'Connor, with a pained in his hand. 'How d'ye do, Blake?' said he cheerily. 'I've come to you to get me out of a difficulty. These are my wife's jewels. Why she has brought them with her, family diamonds and all, passes my understanding. I call it insane! Fact is I don't relish the idea of waking up some fine morning to find my throat cut! I want to know if you will be so good as to keep them in your safe while we are here. Whenever Lady O'Connor wishes to dazzle her friends with them, I can easily come round and ask you for what she wants.'

Naturally, I willingly consented to find a corner for the jewels, and after I had taken an inventory of them, Sir Frederick himself placed them in an inner compartment, and I locked the door. I little thought what a dance those confounded diamonds should lead me!

A few days after this, at a large garden party I met Lady O'Connor, young, pretty, and happy-looking. She shook hands cordially, expressed pleasure at meeting again, and asked if I thought the season would be a gay one. 'By the by,' she said, 'it is very kind of you, Mr Blake, to take care of my valuables. Sir Frederick was quite in despair about them, until a happy thought suggested you as their protector. I am going to trouble you for some of them to-morrow. Fred will call for them, and do not be surprised if you see him bring with him home knives and revolvers, for he has a fixed idea that the Nice Indian has a larger use for other people's property than any other Indian in the world.'

I answered that her lovely jewels were worthy of an escort armed to the teeth, and that I was very glad indeed to be of use to Sir Frederick and himself in my way.

The morning after this garden party—it must have been about half past four or five—my sleepy senses were completely scattered by my door being thrown violently open, and Roscoe, my combined valet and commissionaire, a quiet and respectful treasure, landing beside me as if shot out of a catapult. I knew at once that something very dreadful must have happened. Roscoe's face of horror and despair would have made a valuable study for an artist.

'Get up, sir, at once, and come down to the office. The safe has been broken open, and cleaned out, sir, quite empty!' gasped Roscoe breathlessly, pale with excitement.

I cannot recollect what followed during the few minutes in which I hurriedly dressed, and Roscoe is far too considerate to have ever reminded me of that short scene. The first thing I *do* remember is, finding myself in my office, clothed in a sketchy and uncomfortable manner, the victim of one of the most audacious burglaries that had taken place in Nice for a very long time. I stood gazing at my ransacked safe and rummaged drawers, and at the floor, strewn with papers, among which, here and there, I noticed a few gold pieces, which seemed as if the robbers had been interrupted or startled in some way or other. I was afraid to move from the spot on which I stood until the detective, whom I had sent Roscoe off in a *fiacre* to fetch, should arrive, lest I might unwittingly destroy some small but important piece of evidence, which his experienced eye would discover at a glance. In a very short time he appeared, and after a friendly word or two, commenced his investigations. He carefully examined the safe, the window, and the door. Nothing seemed to escape him. He took voluminous notes, measured a footmark which he discovered on the floor; but the foot mark on further inquiry was found to be his own, which rather put him out.

I told him of the jewels which had been placed in my care so lately.

'Your men informed me, monsieur, as we came, that you had diamonds of great value in your possession.'

A clammy dew broke out suddenly on my forehead, as I remembered that Lady O'Connor was counting on appearing in those same jewels at the prefecture ball that night.

'On the strength of what your servant told me, monsieur,' continued the detective, 'I have already telegraphed to Marseilles, Genoa, and Turin, and have directed some of my most trustworthy men to be on the alert at the railway station and the port. I will send and let monsieur know the moment we get any trace of the stolen property.'

I made out a careful list of all I had lost, gave it to the detective, and then returned to my rooms to dress in a rather less superfluous manner. The awful business of breaking the loss of the jewels to Sir Frederick and Lady O'Connor was now staring me in the face, and as I walked to their hotel I became a prey to the most paralysing nervousness. I hope it will ever be my lot to endure. I was shown into a charming sitting-room, facing the sea, and though I did not look at anything round me, except the two people I had come to see, I remember afterwards every detail of the scene.

They were at breakfast. The refreshing, sun-warmed morning air breathed softly in through the open window, scented by the mignonette, which grew thickly in boxes on the balcony outside. Lady O'Connor looked very graceful and pretty in a long loose gown of some soft Indian silk, trimmed with lace. Sir Frederick, also in comfortable unconventional garments, was reading aloud a letter, over which they were both laughing merrily as I was announced. They welcomed me warmly, looking as if early and unexpected visitors were quite a common occurrence, and between them, carried on the usual preliminary chit-chat about the lovely weather, the delight of being able to break fast with the window open in the month of November, the view, &c., as long as the servant remained in the room, while I stood looking from one to the other, solemnly bowing my head in silent answer to their cheerful remarks. It is not necessary to relate what passed, suffice it to say that both Sir Frederick and Lady O'Connor possessed an unusual share of kindness of heart and of sympathy with other people's misfortunes, and they endeavoured to make my unpleasant position as easy for me as possible.

Then followed a week of restless activity. I haunted the police bureau, if I was not there two or three times a day myself, I sent Roscoe to find out for me, if any telegrams had arrived on the all important subject, any clue been found to throw the smallest light upon it.

One lovely afternoon, I was walking down the Promenade des Anglais in anything but a cheerful frame of mind, indeed I do not think I ever felt so utterly depressed before. Nothing whatever had been heard of the missing jewels, and during a long consultation that morning with Aignaux the detective, he had told me that he firmly believed that the robbery was the work of one man, and that the jewels were still in Nice. I had been calling at one of the pretty villas beyond the Var,

and was now making my way down the side of the Promenade near the houses, to the *Hôtel de la Méditerranée*, to talk over Auguesa's last suggestion with Sir Frederick O'Connor. As I was passing the high solid walls of the new quite unused cemetery, I noticed that the door was ajar, and expecting to find there old Barons the caretaker, whom I knew, I pushed open the door and entered. Nobody was there. All was silent and solitary. Here and there were untidy heaps of rubbish, tangled overgrown bushes, and propped against the walls were two or three gravestones that had covered graves from which the remains had been removed to some family vault elsewhere. I could not help wondering, how much labour had been spent for the amount of care and labour bestowed on the old English burial ground. When my eyes, which were an unusually sharp one, had become accustomed to the dark shadows thrown by the walls, and the brilliant blue where the shadow line ended, I noticed that a gravestone lying in rather a rebellious upright, by the fresh looking earth around it, to have been lately moved. I do not think that this circumstance would have roused my curiosity in the then preoccupied state of my mind, had it not been that close beside it a large brass plate of a gentleman had been bent down and fastened firmly to the ground by means of a screw. This arrested my attention, it was so evidently intended to mark the spot. Exerting all my strength, I pushed the heavy stone sufficiently to one side to enable me to see that it covered a small pit, recently dug, by the look of the mould round it. It was empty! I measured to replace the gravestone, and left the cemetery, carefully closing the door behind me, and glancing round to see if my actions had been observed.

I hurried on to the hotel, wondering and conjecturing as to the possible meaning of the curious little mystery I had just discovered. That small oblong pit, for what purpose could it have been prepared? My first idea was that a murder had been or was about to be committed, and in this way it was intended to get rid of the victim's body, but the hole was certainly not large enough for a grown person. Was it possible that it was to be the unbleased, unnamed tomb of some little one, done to death by pitiless earthly guardians, who found its frail helpless life a burden to them? That was too hideous a fancy. Suddenly, the thought struck me that it might be a hiding place for property! By Jove, the diamonds!

At that moment I reached the *Mediterranée*, and going up the broad stairs three at a time in my excitement, I knocked at the door of the O'Connors' sitting room. Sir Frederick was alone, smoking, with the last number of the *World* in his hand.

'I felt sure that you would come in this afternoon,' he said, as he pushed his cigar case towards me, 'so I put off going to the club—What is the latest intelligence?'

I first told him of Auguesa's opinion, that the jewels were still in Nice, an opinion which had now gained for me a double significance. Then I unfolded my own budget, and told him of all I had seen in the old cemetery which had been closed for so many years.

This put Sir Frederick into the wildest spirits. 'We've got them now, Blake!' he exclaimed, 'and no mistake about it. They've run themselves into a nice trap. Of course, these are the jewels we're after.—What do you say?—Don't set my heart upon it, in case of disappointment. Nonsense! my dear fellow. Don't you see they cannot get rid of diamonds like this in a hurry, and not being able to leave the town puts them in a regular fix! It is very dangerous for them to keep such valuable things about them, and now, they fancy themselves that they have found an uncommonly safe hiding place. Why, Fate must have led you by the very nose to that door this afternoon!'

I laughed. 'It was well for us, perhaps, that I did not tell her fingers or things might have turned out differently. We had better settle our plan of action for to night, as it won't do to let this chance slip. How fortunate there is no moon! It will be as black as Erebus inside those high walls!'

'Our best plan,' said Sir Frederick, 'is, I think, to lock ourselves there as soon as it is dark. We may have a long time to wait, but then, I am, we may be, and we are much less likely to be observed at night than early in the evening.'

'Then I will call for you, Sir Frederick, as soon as it is dark enough,' I answered. 'And allow me to suggest that we do not take Auguesa into our confidence, for it will be a triumph indeed to cut out the fortunate French detective in his own line of business.'

I left the hotel with a lighter heart than I had carried it out with me for some time. Though I had cautioned Sir Frederick not to be too sanguine, I felt very, very confident that we should have the diamonds in our possession before morning. I went back to my room, wrote a short letter, hurried, and then tried to quiet my excited mind by pacing up and down the sitting room, smoking my usual post prandial cigar, till I thought it was sufficiently dark to venture forth. The church clocks were striking ten as I arrived at the *Méditerranée Hôtel*, and I found Sir Frederick performing the same restless quarter deck can introduced on the pavement outside.

'So glad you've come, Blake, I'm anxious to be off now.—What is that in your hand?'

'A small lantern, I answered. 'We shall find it useful.'

'Got a revolver?' inquired Sir Frederick in a solemn whisper.

'No,' said I, in an equally sepulchral voice. 'fists are my weapon.'

'Pooh!' returned he. 'Of what use are English fists when you have an Italian knife in your ribs!—Here we are!'

The door was exactly as I had left it. There was not a sign of anybody near us, so we went quickly through, closing it again behind us. We stood for a minute silent and still, until our eyes had become more accustomed to the intense darkness round us, then we groped our way, with two or three stumbles against tombstones and over mounds of earth, to the spot where I fancied the marble stone must be, and in a few seconds I discovered it without doubt, by falling over it. As I was collecting myself and my scattered senses together again, after this sudden and

unpleasant downfall, I heard close beside me a volley of muttered execrations from Sir Frederick, who declared, in an agitated whisper, that he was sure he had caught a ghost or something very like it. At the risk of discovery, I opened the lantern, and for one second threw the light on the object he held in his hands. It was an unusually large bat, which, disturbed by our intrusion on its own domain, must have flown or dropped on to Sir Frederick from the tree under which he was standing. He quickly shook it off, and without further adventure we concealed ourselves in some thick bushes near the grave. It would have required the eyes of a lynx to discover us, hidden as we were in the midst of a mass of evergreens, overgrown with a network of tangled creepers, and the high black wall behind. There we waited, keenly watchful. Not a leaf stirred. A perfectly dead silence lay over everything, as if the fairy of the Sleeping Beauty story of our childhood had nature bound under her spell. A mouldy, damp, earthy vapour rose from the ground at my feet, and seemed to weigh me down as if it were something solid.

The clock of Notre Dame struck eleven. Another long weary hour went slowly by, and then the clock struck midnight. I believe I had sunk into a sort of doze, when every faculty was suddenly roused by hearing a soft movement at the door, which was very gently opened. There was a pause, as if the new comers were listening, the door was shut, and a lantern shed its narrow streak of light over the graves at their feet. One, two, three dark forms, two of whom carried between them what seemed to be a box, Sir Frederick gently nudged me—of course *he* continued the jewels. They came quietly to the side of the mysterious tomb-stone, and, setting their burden down on another one close by, they set to work, and quickly moved it to one side. I then discovered, to my surprise, that the one that held the lantern was a woman. Their faces were deep in shadow, I did not once get a glimpse of their features. All their movements were quiet and free from haste, they evidently had not the smallest notion that discovery was possible. The two men carefully laid the box in the hole prepared for it, covered it with mould, and, after replacing the stone, stretched themselves, and held the lantern aloft, the better to survey their handiwork. It seemed very satisfactory to their female companion, for I distinctly heard her breathe a sigh of unmistakable relief. They left the place as quietly as they had come to it, not having, as far as we knew, spoken a word to each other the whole time.

It was our turn now. As soon as we were quite sure that we again had this dismal solitude to ourselves, we emerged from our damp hiding place and shook ourselves into life, for naturally we both felt very stiff and numb after our long weird vigil. I opened my lantern, and we began eagerly to undo the work we had just seen so neatly accomplished. It did not take long to remove the stone and scatter the thin layer of mould. In a few minutes we had the box—a boy's oblong deal play box, clamped with iron—lying on a tombstone before us.

'Open it, Blake,' said Sir Frederick.

'Locked,' I answered as I shook the lid.

'Take my knife,' continued the baronet, as he drew from his pocket one of the formidable weapons at which his wife had laughed.

It was a common lock, and easily forced. As I threw back the lid, Sir Frederick held up the lantern. 'Take them out, Blake, and see if they are all there; it will be a wonderful thing if none are missing.—What on earth is that?'

'It looks to me like a dog collar,' I answered, as I shook out a black Cashmere shawl in which was wrapped a silver curb chain with a small silver bell attached to it.

'Stolen from somebody else,' cried Sir Frederick. 'Get on with the rest.'

'This beats everything,' said I, and I drew forth a small pale blue garment fashioned like a horse's body cloth, with a monogram in gold thread at one side. 'It is a dog's coat.—And what the deuce is this?'

'A dog!' we exclaimed simultaneously.

Carefully folded in a piece of soft linen lay the body of a small silky white, long haired terrier—to judge by all its surroundings, a lady's darling pet. For a few seconds, disgust and disappointment kept us silent, then Sir Frederick broke out into a series of exclamations more amusing than elegant.

We had been befooled by our own enthusiasm as amateur detectives, and at first were angry, but by and by came to see the situation in its most grotesque aspect. After giving vent to our feelings in a burst of suppressed laughter, we put the little pet back into his play box coffin, being careful to see that everything was just as we had found it, and quickly shovelling the mould and pushing the tombstone over it, we crept out of the old cemetery. Our feelings were very different from those with which we had entered it. We were greatly cheered, however, on reading the hotel to find a line from Arguinez, which had come during Sir Frederick's absence. 'I am on the right track.'

We heard no more for two days, when the detective reappeared with a captive, a valet whom Sir Frederick had dismissed before leaving England, who, knowing the great value of the jewels which Lady O'Connor was taking with her, had thought it worth his while to follow them, and being a clever hand at that sort of work, had succeeded as we have seen.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE NEW WESTERN AUSTRALIAN GOLD FIELDS.

For some years the government of Western Australia has offered a reward of five thousand pounds for the discovery of a payable gold field within three hundred miles of a declared port. From recent news from Perth, it would almost appear that a profitable gold field has at last been discovered. We learn that Messrs Malet and M'Ewen, who were sent by the government to explore the Kimberley District, in the extreme north of the colony, have returned, after an expedition which nearly proved disastrous to the explorers. They lost their horses, and having consumed all their provisions, only escaped starvation by coming unexpectedly to a settler's hut, where they obtained assistance. The party arrived barefooted, their boots having fallen to

pieces on the tramp of one hundred miles. Mr. M'Ewen nearly succumbed to the hardships of the journey. A quantity of the new gold has already found its way to England. According to advices from Derby, the port of the country—named after the present Lord Derby, and situated at the head of King's Sound—large numbers of people, who were totally unfitted for the work, were starting for the Kimberley gold fields. As the roads are rough, and provisions scarce and dear, with an absence of water, it goes without saying that no one need venture in search of wealth without being supplied with plenty of money and an ample supply of provisions. The country is described as closely resembling the Pick Down District in Queensland. The gold is much scattered, but the gullies are numerous. It is expected that as soon as the alluvial gold is worked out, productive reefs will be found. But The Kimberley District, contrary to what many have supposed, is a country about four and a half times the size of Scotland, with splendid rivers, and with millions of acres of pastoral and agricultural land. The climate has been commended by Captain Gray and other explorers as one of the finest and healthiest in the tropics. Last year, the population numbered only about one hundred white men, the blacks, who are not numerous, are tractable. Sheep, cattle, and horses thrive well, so that, whether or not the gold fields fulfil the expectations of those who seek their fortune at the gold fields, there is a fine country to develop. Derby, the capital of this district, at the mouth of the Fitzroy River, consisted lately of but a few huts and tents, and is the station of a government resident. Should the rush to the gold fields continue, doubtless all this will soon be changed.

ROYAL VETERINARY COLLEGE.

The horse fills so large a place in human affairs, that a few words descriptive of an institution devoted to its welfare must interest more or less every one. The Royal Veterinary College—situated in Great College Street, Camden Town, London, N.W.—discharges the twofold function of a hospital and a school, that is to say, it is there the sick or maimed horse—or for the matter of that, the sick or maimed ass, pony, dog, &c.—is taken to be doctored, and it is there the young man goes for the education and diploma which are to qualify him for the position of a veterinary surgeon. The scope of the present series of papers, however, only justifies our considering the institution in its curative capacity. Horse owners, then, come, in relation to the College, under two heads—subscribers and non-subscribers. If elected by the Governing Body, or General Purposes Committee, a person becomes a yearly subscriber by paying two guineas per annum, or a life subscriber either by paying twenty guineas in one sum, or sixteen guineas after making the annual payment for not less than two consecutive years—certain exceptional conditions applying to firms and companies. The privileges of a subscriber are—(1) To have the gratuitous opinion of the professors as to the treatment to be applied to any animal of his brought for the purpose to the College, but which he may desire to retain in his own keeping. (2) To have admitted into the infirmary, for medical and surgical treatment, any number of his own horses and other animals for which there may be room, at a charge only for their 'keep'. (3) To have in the course of any year five horses, his actually or prospective property, examined gratuitously as to soundness, either before or after purchase, and to have any further number examined at a fee of ten shillings and expense per head. (4) To be supplied with medicines for animals at a fixed charge. (5) To have, at a fixed rate, a chemical analysis made by the Professor of Chemistry at the College of any water, provender, oil-cake, or other feeding matter, and of the viscera of any animal suspected of being poisoned. (6) In cases of extensive or serious outbreaks of disease, to have an investigation made into its nature and causes, on payment of the fixed charges. And (7) To have a post-mortem examination of any animal, or parts of an animal, sent to the College, and receive an opinion of the probable cause of death, on payment of a fixed charge. As regards outsiders or non-subscribers, the treatment and examination of their animals by the staff of the College are subject to a higher tariff of charges. Another disability under which they labour is that their animals may not be received into the infirmary for treatment. 'Accidents' and other urgent cases are received into the institution at all times of the day and night, special vehicles being kept at hand for their transportation.

A singular by-law of the College is the following: 'Credit will be given for all animals which may die in the infirmary according to the amount received for the carcase, but all diseased parts shall be considered to be the property of the College.' Such 'diseased parts' are useful subjects in the dissecting room for conveying knowledge to the minds of the student.

A SONG OF REST.

O weary Hands! that all the day
Were set to hold an hard and fast,
Now settle till the shadows pass,
Till bells or run, for evensong
And from the golden sun
Sink slowly down into the west,
For you, Hands, your task is done;
'Tis time for rest!—tis time for rest!

O weary Feet! that many a mile
Have tired, dull, a weary way,
At last you reach the resting stile,
No longer fain to go astray
The gently bending, rustling trees
Rock the young birds within the nest,
And softly sings the quiet breeze
'Tis time for rest!—tis time for rest!'

O weary Eyes! from which the tears
Fell many a time like thunder rain—
O weary Heart! that through the years
Bear with such bitter, restless pain,
To-night forget the stormy strife,
And know, what Heaven shall send is best,
Lay down the tangled web of life,
'Tis time for rest!—tis time for rest!

FLORENCE TIREE.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

All Rights Reserved.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)

No. 139.—Vol. III. SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1866 Price 1½d.

OUR WAYS AND THEIRS.

To do as Rome is the Romans do is sage advice, not always nor often followed by those of us who wander abroad. Voluntarily placing ourselves among people whose ways and habits are different from our own, and whose principles of action are as sacred to them as our ones are to us, we 'fling our five fingers' in the face of rules and regulations which are to them the very sign and substance of social decorum. Principles which are stricter than our own we call prejudices, and pooh pooh as useless those virtues in which we are wanting, while condemning as unpardonably immoral everything, whatever which is of looser fibre and looser holding than the corresponding circumstance at home. Thus, we fall foul of the southern nations for their want of straightforwardness, their sweet deceptive flattery, their small short-sighted dishonesties, yet we count it but a little matter that they should be sober, abstemious, kind hearted, and charitable, that they should not beat their children nor kick their wives to death, nor spend on one great meal of beef and beer half the earnings of the week. We forget, too, that if we are 'at home' in the vineyards and the orange groves, others are as much 'home' in the hop gardens and the hay fields, and that 'Here is a stranger—come, let us rob him,' is the rule of life all the world over. We decry the costly political efforts made by young nations struggling to obtain a place in European counsels, but we have not a word of praise for the patience with which the people bear their heavy burden of taxation, that their country may be great with the great, and strong with the strong. In short, we find more borrow land than fertile, all the way from Dan to Beersheba, and, once across the silver streak, very few points, if any, attract our admiration, while fewer still compel our adhesion.

One of the most striking acts of unconformity lies in the charter of liberty given to our girls, compared with the close guard enforced among the bold women and jealous possessors of the fair south. An amount of freedom, which is both innocent and necessary here, is held as dangerous and improper there, but few English girls will submit to more personal restraint in Palermo or Madrid than that to which they have been accustomed in Cornwall or Cumberland. And indeed, they often launch out into strange licence, and do things in foreign cities which they would not dare to do in their own native towns. They think they are not known, and what does it signify what people say of them?—the honour of the English name not counting. If you reason with them, and tell them that such and such things are all thought of by the native, they look at you blankly and answer 'What does it matter to us? Their ways are not ours, thank goodness! and we prefer our own. Besides, they must be very horrid people to think evil when there is none.' Mothers and chaperons are no more sensitive, no more conformable, than their charges, and quite as averse to reject any new view and trample under foot any rule of life to which they have not been accustomed. Tell one of them that, in a purely foreign hotel, the girl must not be let to sleep in another corridor—on another floor—a way from her own immediate vicinity, and she asks 'Why? My daughter is not a baby, she can take care of herself. And what harm should happen to her?' Tell her that the girl must not wander unaccompanied about the passages, the gardens, the public rooms of the hotel, nor sit apart in corners of the salon talking in whispers with the men, nor lounge on the benches with one favoured individual alone—and she scouts all these precautions as foolish if not insulting. Say that it is not considered correct for the young lady to come to table d'hôte by herself at any time of the meal it may suit her to appear—perhaps dashing into dinner in her hat, breathless, heated, excited—and again the advice is rejected. Her daughter has been accustomed to be mistress of her own time as well as actions, and lawn tennis is a game which cannot be interrupted nor determined by one person only. She did just the same last year at Scarborough, and no one made

unpleasant observations; so, why should she be under more control now? Yes, she did all those things at home, where they are compatible with 'well and wise walking.' But in a foreign hotel, tenanted by men who respect young women only in proportion to the care that is taken of them, they are not well nor wise, nay, more, they are looked on as criminal acts of neglect in those who have the guidance of them.

Manners are special to countries as to classes, and are accepted as so much current coin, which passes here, but would not run out of the limits of the realm. Jemima, down at Margate, giggles back to 'Arry, making lollipop eyes at her over the old boat, while sucking the knob of his sixpenny cane. From giggling and making lollipop eyes, the pair soon come to speech, from speech to association, from association to love making in earnest, and maybap to marriage. In any case, no harm is done, and Jemima and 'Arry are a little out of the right course, judged from their own stand point, when they make acquaintance in this primitive manner, as is Lady Clara Vere de Vere, when she is whirled away in Lord Verisopht's arms on a first introduction. The coin is good where it is minted. But Lady Clara Vere de Vere would be but base metal at Tangier and Tunis, and Jemima is not under fond, say at Palermo, when she comes there in force, trailing her Margate manners at her heels. Consequently, when three pretty girls alight at that fair city, and 'carry on' as if they were in 'appy 'Ampton, they naturally excite some attention, not of a flattering kind, among people to whom girlhood is at once brittle wine and a sacred deposit. A showy trail, dressed in the fluttering fashion dear to the tribe of Jemimmer bows here, ends there—colours which *dazzle*, and shapes not to be overlooked—they make themselves still more conspicuous by their millinery than nature has already made them by her gift of milkwhite skins and flaxen hair. They make themselves more conspicuous by their manners than by either millinery or colour. They care nothing *for* sight seeing, and all for flirting, or what in their vernacular is 'larking.' Like their prototype giggling back to 'Arry over the old boat, they look back and laugh and back at and nod to the young officers who follow them through the streets, thinking that here is sport made to their hand, and that to repeat the coarse jokes which fall from the sky would be a folly unworthy a rational human being. From looking, they pass into speech; and, by aid of a dictionary and their fingers, make appointments and go off on expeditions, unchaperoned, with those young men, to whom they have no more clue than is given by their uniform and the number of their regiment. When warned by experienced compatriots, they treat the warning as envy of their enjoyment. When advised by the handsome general who takes his own share of the cake, liberally, they treat his advice as jealousy of the younger men, and so, following their own course, they become the town's talk, the shame of the English colony, the indignation of their hotel companions, and the standing marvel of the whole native population. They put, too, a stone in the hand of the reactionary and exclusive, and 'See to what your dangerous liberties lead your girls!' is a reproach which no one can ward off. This is an instance of unconformity known to the writer of these lines as having taken place last winter in Palermo.

English and American girls flirt in a way which the fervid south neither permits nor understands. So far that fervid south is more real and more intense than we, who yet pride ourselves on both our sincerity and our depth. A painful little drama took place not long ago, founded on these cross lines of violated custom. Down on the Gulf of Naples a quite young girl, precocious in character and appearance and given up by her mother to the care of her maid, flirted with a young Italian in a foolish child's way, given the chance, and only a venal servant to accept bribes for not looking after her. The young fellow took her seriously. When the trying moment came, she opened her large blue eyes and said with the candid air of a cherub 'I meant nothing but fun. I do not love you, and I am too young to marry.' The youth shot himself in his commiseration for her sorrow.

Again, no kind of warning, no to the untrustworthiness of certain plausible scoundrels, known to be mere *cacciatori di fortune* hunters, will do any good to certain women determined to ruin themselves. A girl not long ago fell in love with a Sicilian scamp of handsome presence and desperate character. In vain her friends warned her of his reputation, and besought her to conquer her sinful passion—in vain! in vain! She would not, and she did not, but, like the poor foolish moth, flew right up to the candle, and proved to fatally what the flame was like. She married, and then learnt what a tortturer and a tyrant could do when put to it. Before the year was out she had to escape by stealth from a man who starved her and beat her, who slept with a revolver under his pillow, with which he threatened her at dead of night—waking her from her sleep to terrify her into almost madness—and who made her regret too bitterly that she had not taken advice when it was given her, and believed in the truer knowledge of the more experienced.

In health it is the same story. We, who go on a visit of a few weeks, know so much better what is good for us than the natives of the place, who have had the experience of a lifetime and the traditions of centuries to guide them! We laugh at their precautions, and refuse to be 'coddled.' Hence, we go straight into the jaws of danger, and then wonder that we are bitten. We hang over the malarial waters stagnating in

the Colosseum, when we go there to 'enthuse' by moonlight. We lie on the rank grass in the Campagna, cooling our flushed faces on the earth which teems with the germs that slay and the emanations that destroy. We whip our blood to fever heat by violent exertion under the burning sun, then get chilled to the marrow when the great orb sinks to darkness and the cold damps rise like malignant spirits from the tomb, and we think the inhabitants lazy because they take their exercise decently, and effeminate because they avoid the half hour of sundown as they would avoid a tiger crouching in the jungle. We eat and drink in feverish Italy and exciting Spain as we eat and drink in dump, depressing England, and we refuse to do at Rome as the Romans do, to the damage of our liver and the ruin of our nerves. We know best—are we not free-born Britons?—and our flag of our conformity is the sign of our superiority. We despise the religion of the countries we visit, and will not believe that the worshippers of the saints have more to pit than have we ourselves for the faith into which they have been born and bred. A friend of our own carries this feeling to its last development, not being able to understand, nor to believe, that the old Greeks and Romans had any respect for Zeus or worship for Minerva. The grandeur and multiplicity of their temples, the magnificence and frequency of their processions, say nothing to him. Their ways are not his, and he cannot accept them as true for them if not for him. All people who have been abroad, and who respect the habits and feelings of those among whom they have placed themselves, know how painful it is to meet certain of their countrymen and women in the churches during service. These non-conformists pay no more respect to the place than if it were a barn cleared out for a play night. They walk about making comments in audible voices, and stepping over the obstructive feet of the kneeling worshippers as unconcernedly as if they were picking their way among so many bales of cotton and wool. Why should they not? When faith and habits clash, are not our own those which we must consider? At a funeral service in St Roch, when the nave was draped in black and occupied by the mourners gathered round the coffin, there came up the side aisle, arm in arm, a young Englishman and, perhaps, his bride, joyous, happy, talking, laughing. What to them, in the flush of their youthful bliss, was the sorrow of the widow, the grief of the children, the loss of a good man and a useful life? They were on one plan, and all these weeping mourners were on another, and their own was predominant.

In a smaller matter than this, we show the same want of conformity. We go to a theatre in full dress where the ladies of the place go in bonnets, and to the opera in ulsters and travel-worn hats where the élite are in their diamonds and plumes. But so it is all through. We are British, and may do as we like, not being slaves nor wearing woolen shoes like those others, and Britannia ruling the sea—a cross between Neptune and Minerva. We eat and drink and dress and flirt and live independent of the rules by which the people of the country are guided and checked. But if any one does not conform to our ways, he is anathematized, and we wonder how such bad taste is possible with a well conditioned person! It is the stiff Anglo-Saxon neck, which, were it to bend, would not lose in power, but would gain in grace.

IN ALL SHADES.

CHAPTER XIII.

Marian was behind in the dining room and bedrooms with Aunt Clemmy, helping to nurse and tend the sick and wounded as well as she could, in the midst of so much turmoil and danger. When she and Edward had been roused by the sudden glare of the burning cane houses, reddening the horizon by Orange Grove, and casting weird and fitful shadows from all the mango trees in front of their little tangled garden, she had been afraid to remain behind alone at Mulberry, and had preferred facing the mob dread in store by her husband's side, to stopping by herself under such circumstances among the unfamiliar black servants in her own house. So they had ridden across hurriedly to the Dupuys' together, especially as Marian was no less timid on Nora's account than on her own, and when they reached the little garden gate that led in by the back path, she had slipped up alone, unperceived by the mob, while Edward went round openly to the front door and tried to appease the angry negroes.

The shouts and yells when she first arrived had proved indeed very frightening and distracting, but after a time, she could guess, from the comparative silence which ensued, that Edward had succeeded in gaining a hearing and then she and Aunt Clemmy turned with fast beating hearts to look after the bleeding victims, one of whom at least they gave up from the first as quite dead beyond the reach of hope or recovery.

Nora was naturally the first to come to. She had fainted only, and though, in the crush and press, she had been trampled upon and very roughly handled by the barefooted negroes, she had got off, thanks to their shoddy condition, with little worse than a few ugly cuts and bruises. They had her tenderly on her own bed, and bathed her brows over and over again with Cologne water, till, after a few minutes, she sat up again, pale and deathly to look at, but proud and haughty and defiant as ever, with her eyes burning very brightly, and an angry quiver playing undetected about her bloodless lips.

'Is he dead?' she asked calmly—as calmly as if it were the most ordinary question on earth, but yet with a curious tone of suppressed emotion, that even in that terrible moment did not wholly escape Marian's quick womanly observation.

'Your father?' Marian answered, in a low voice—'Dear, dear, you mustn't excite yourself now. You must be quite quiet, perfectly quiet. You're not well enough to stand any talking or excitement yet. You must wait to hear about it all, darling, until you're a little better.'

Nora's lip curled a trifle as she answered almost disdainfully. 'I'm not going to be here and let myself be made an invalid of, while those murderers are out yonder still on the piazza.

Let me get up and see what has happened!—No! I didn't mean pips, Mamm, I know he's dead, I saw him lying, hacked all to pieces outside on the soft! I meant Mr Noel! They—they killed him! Have they killed him? He's a brave man! Have the wretches killed him?'

'We think not,' Mamm answered dubiously. 'He's in the next room, and two of the servants are there taking care of him.'

Nora rose from the bed with a sudden bound, and stood, pale and white, all trembling before them. 'What are you stopping here in, pray, your care upon me for, then?' she cried hotly angrily. 'You think not—think not, indeed! Is this a time to be thinking and hesitating? Why are you looking after women who go into fainting fits, like fools, at the wrong moment? I'm ashamed of myself, there, for giving way visibly before the wretches for letting them see I was half afraid of them. But I weren't afraid of them for me, though—not what of of Mamm—it was only for—for Mr Noel. She said it after a moments brief hesitation. But without the faintest touch of girlish timidity or all time to me. Then she swept quickly past Mamm and Aunt Clemmy in her white dinner dress—the one dress that she had worn when he was Mamm had—and walked quickly but composedly, as if nothing had happened, into the next bedroom.

The two negroes had already taken off Harry coat and waistcoat, and had him on the bed with his shirt front all saturated with blood, and his forehead still bleeding violently, in spite of their unskilful efforts to stanch it with a wet towel. When Nora entered, he was lying, thus, stretched out at full length, spread-eagled, and seemed to be bleed even then coming slowly, by intermittent gurgling throbs, from the open gash across his right temple. There was another deeper and even worse wound, slashing similarly up his left elbow.

'They should have been here, Nora cried, 'Mamm and Clemmy should have been here instead of looking after me in yonder—Is he dead, Nat, is he dead?' To Mamm.

'No, missy, the old woman replied, passively handing her the soaked towel. 'Him doant dead yet, but him dyin', him dyin. De blood comin' out ob him, spurt, spurt, spurt, so him can't lib long, not anyway. Him bleed to death sho'ly, I tell un', ainee.'

Nora looked at the white face, and a few tears began at last to form slowly in her burning eyelids. But she brushed them away quickly, before they had time to trickle down her blanched cheek, for her proud West Indian blood was up now, as much as the negroes' had been a few minutes earlier, and she twisted her handkerchief and a pocket pencil so as to form a hasty extemporised tourniquet, which she fastened handily and resolutely with intuitive skill above the open wound on the left elbow. She had no idea that the little jets in which the blood spurted out so rhythmically were indicative of that most dangerous wound, a severed artery, but she felt instinctively, somehow, that this was the right thing to do, and she did it without flinching, as if she had been used to dealing familiarly with dangerous wounds for half her lifetime. Then she twisted the heavy instrument tightly round till the artery was accurately stopped, and the little jets ceased entirely at each pulsation of the new fetlock and weakened heart.

'Run for the doctor, somebody!' she cried eagerly, 'run for the doctor, or he'll die outright before we can get help for him!'

But Nat and Rose, on their knees beside the wounded man, only cowered closer to the bedside, and shook with terror as another cry rose on a sudden from outside from the excited negroes. It was the cry they raised when they found Delgado was really struck dead before their very eyes by the visible and immediate judgment of the Almighty.

Nora looked down at them with profound contempt, and merely said, in her resolute, scornful voice, 'What! afraid even of your own people? Why, I am not afraid of them, I, who am a white woman, and whom they'd murder now and hack to pieces, as soon as they'd look at me, if once they could catch me, when their blood's up!—Mamm, Mamm! you're a white woman will you come with me?'

Mamm trembled a little—she wasn't quite so brave as Nora, though that trifle came by the instinctive hereditary pride of a superior race before the blind wrath of the mulatto, in spite of herself, by her slave mammy instincts, but she answered with hardly a moment's hesitation. 'Yes, Nora. If you wish it, I'll go with you.'

There is something in these conflicts of race with race which raises the woman of the higher blood for the time being into something braver and stronger than women. In England, Mamm would never have dared to go out alone in the face of such a raging tumultuous mob, even of white people. But in Trinidad, under the influence of that terrible excitement, she found heart to put on her hat once more, and step forth with Nora under the proof and shade of the spreading mango trees, now hardly lighted up at all at fitful intervals by the dying glow from the burnt out embers of the smoking cane houses. They went down groping their way by the garden path, and came out at last upon the main bridle road at the foot of the garden. There Mamm drew back Nora tenderly with a hand placed in quick warning upon her white shoulder. 'Stand back, dear, she whispered at her ear, pulling her back hastily within the garden gate and under the dark shadow of the big star apple tree. 'They're coming down—they're coming down! I hear them, I hear them! O God, O God, I shouldn't have come away! They've killed Edward! My darling, my darling! They've killed him—they've killed him!'

'I wouldn't stand aside for myself,' Nora answered half aloud, her eyes flashing proudly even in the shadowy gloom of the garden. 'But to save Mr Noel's life, to save his life, I'll stand aside if you wish, Mamm.'

As they drew back into the dark shadow, even Nora trembling and shivering a little at the tramp of so many naked feet, some of the negroes passed close beside them outside the fence on their way down from the pen, where they had just been electrified into sudden quietness by the awful sight of Louis Delgado's dead body. They were talking earnestly and low among themselves, not, as before, shrieking and yelling and

gesticulating wildly, but conversing half below their breath in a solemn, mysterious, awe-struck fashion.

'De Lord be praise for Mi Hawtorn!' one of them said as he passed unseen close beside them 'Him de black man fear' We get nobody like him I no' would hurt Mi Hawtorn, de blessed man, not for de life ob me!'

Marian's heart beat fast within her, but she said never a word, and only pressed Nora's hand, which she held convulsively within her own, harder and tighter than ever, in her mute surprise and joy.

Presently another group passed close by, and another voice said tremulously 'Lous Delgado dead Lous Delgado dead! Mi Hawtorn is wonderful man for true! Who'd have thought it, me brudder, who'd have thought it?'

'That's Martin Luther,' Nora cried almost aloud, unable any longer to restrain her curiosity 'I know him by his voice. He wouldn't hurt me—Martin, Martin! what's that you're saying? His Mi Hawthorn shot Delgado?' As she spoke, with a fierce anticipatory triumph in her voice, she stepped out from the shadow of the gate on to the main bridle path, in her white dress and with her pale face, clearly visible under the faint moonlight.

Martin flung up his arms like one stabbed to the heart, and shouted wildly 'De massy, de massy! Dem done killed her on de praya yonder, and her duppy comin' now already to scare us and trouble us!'

Even in that moment of fear and alarm, Nora laughed a little laugh of haughty contempt for the strong, big-built, bulking negro's superstitious terror 'Martin!' she cried, dashing after him quickly, as he ran away and struck, and catching him by the shoulder with her light but palpable human grasp, 'don't you know me? I'm no duppy It's me myself, Massy Nora, calling you Here, feel my hand, you see I'm alive still, you see you people haven't killed me yet, even if you've killed your poor old master—Martin, tell me, what's this you're all saying about Mi Hawtorn having shot Delgado?'

Martin, shaking violently in every limb, turned round and recognised himself slowly that it was really Nora and not her ghost that stood bodily before him 'Hi, massy,' he answered good humouredly, showing his great row of big white teeth, though still quaking visibly with terror, 'don't you be frad, we wouldn't hurt you, not a man of us But it doesn't Mi Hawtorn did shot Delgado! It God Almighty! De Lord hab sentten him!'

'What!' Nora cried in surprise. 'He fell dead! Apoplexy or something, I suppose The old villain! he deserved it, Martin—And Mi Hawthorn? How about Mi Hawthorn? Have they hurt him? Have they killed him?'

'Mi Hawtorn up to de house, massy, an' all de niggers pray de Lord for time him lib for ebber, de blessed creature.'

'Why are you all coming away now, then?' Nora asked anxiously 'Where are you going to?'

'Mi Hawtorn send us home,' Martin answered submissively; 'an' we all frad, if we doan't go straight when him tell us, we drop down dead wit Kota, Datan, an' Abiram, an' lyin' Ananias, same like Delgado!'

'Martin,' Nora said decisively, 'go back to your husband You ought to be with him—Martin, you come along with me, mr Mr Noel's dying You've killed him, you people, as you've killed my father I've got to go and fetch the doctor now to save him, and you've got to come with me and take care of me.'

'Oh, darling,' Marian interrupted nervously, 'you mustn't go alone amongst all these angry, excited negroes with nobody but him Don't, don't, I'll gladly go with you!'

'Do as I tell you!' Nora cried in a tone of authority, with a firm stamp of her petulant little foot 'You ought to be with him You mustn't leave him—That's right, dear—Now, then, Martin!'

'I frad, massy'

'Afraid! Nonsense You're a pack of cowards, I tell you! and I'm a woman! You ought to be ashamed of yourself Come along with me at once, and do as I tell you!'

The terrified negro yielded grudgingly, and crept after her in the dark crouching African fashion, compelled against his will to follow implicitly the mere bidding of the stronger and more imperious nature.

They wound down the rugged path together, under the grand shadows of the overhanging bamboo clumps, waving weirdly to and fro with the breeze in the fickle moonlight the strong man slouching along timorously, shaking and starting with fear at every rustle of Nora's dress against the bracken and the tree ferns, the light and erect and fearless, walking a pace or two in front of her faint behind a cool with proud self reliance, and never pausing for a single second to cast a curious glance to right or left among the tangled brushwood The lights were now burning dimly in all the neighbouring negro cottages, and far away down in the distance, the long rows of gas lamps at Port of Spain gleamed double with elongated oblique reflections in the calm waters of the sleepy harbour.

They had got half way down the lonely gully without meeting or passing a single soul, when, at a turn of the road where the bridle path swept aside to avoid a rainy season current, a horse came quickly upon them from in front, and the rapid click of a cocked pistol warned Nora of approaching danger

'Who goes there?' cried a sharp voice with a marked Scotch accent from the gloom before her 'Stop this minute, or I'll fire at you, you nigger!'

With a thrill of delight, Nora recognised the longed for voice—the very one she was seeking It was Dr Macfarlane, from beyond the gully, housed, like half the island, by the red glare from the Orange Grove cane houses, and spurring up as fast as his horse could carry him, armed and on the alert, to the scene of the supposed insurrection

'Don't shoot,' Nora answered coolly, holding her hand up in deprecation 'A friend!—It's me, Dr Macfarlane—Nora Dupuy, coming to meet you'

'Miss Dupuy!' the doctor cried in astonishment. 'Then they'll not have shot you, at anyrate, young lady! But what are you doing out

here alone at this time of night, I'm wondering? Have you had to run for your life from Orange Grove from those cowardly insurgent nigger fellows?'

'Run from them?' Nora echoed continuously. 'Dr Macfarlane, I'd like to see it. No, no, I am too much of a Dupuy ever to do that, I promise you, doctor. They can murder me, but they can't frighten me. I was coming down to look for you, for poor Mr Noel, who's lying dangerously wounded up at our house, with a wound on the arm and a terrible cut across the temple.'

'Coming alone—just in the very midst of all this business—to fetch me to look after a wounded fellow!' the doctor ejaculated half to himself, with mingled astonishment and admiration. He jumped down from his horse with a quick movement, not unwillingly, and lifted Nora up in his big arms without a word, seating her sideways, before she could remonstrate, on the awkward saddle. 'Sit you there, Miss Dupuy, he said kindly. 'You are a brave lass, if ever there was one. I'll hold his head, and run along side with you. We'll be up at the house again in ten minutes.'

'They've killed my father,' Nora said simply, beginning to break down at last, after her unnatural exhibition of bravery and endurance, and bursting into a sudden flood of tears. 'He's lying at home all hacked to pieces with their dreadful cutlasses, and Mr Noel's almost dead too, perhaps he'll be quite dead, doctor, before we can get there.'

(*To be continued.*)

'TELEGRAPHED'

'Have you seen the Purple Sandpiper at Mr Walton's, telegraphed near here?' The above sentence in a friend's letter, a keen ornithologist, set me thinking. How many specimens of birds do I know of that have been 'telegraphed' or, in other words, killed by flying against the telegraph wires? On looking up notes which extend over several years' observations, I found the list not a long one, but somewhat varied. As my own knowledge of this subject extends over only a small district, yet one thickly set with wires, and taking into consideration the destruction of birds by this peculiar means in this particular portion of the kingdom, and the thousands of miles of wires which extend over the rest of the British Islands, the thought crosses my mind that there must be an immense death rate among birds through this modern invention, now a necessity of our present life.

But to return to our Purple Sandpiper (*Tringa maritima*). What brought it so far inland—above twenty miles from its usual haunts by the shore, being purely a bird of the littoral? Was it merely a straggler lost or blown out of its course? Or was it accompanied by other Sandpipers, which escaped the fatal wires? on some line of autumnal migration which is certainly new to us, or, rather, only just suspected, and which will take some years of careful study and note-taking before being fully established.

One of the birds most commonly 'telegraphed' with us, both in its spring and autumn 'flittings,' is the Landrail (*Crex pratensis*), or perhaps better known as the Corncrake; indeed, in the spring migration I have known of its presence among us through this means, some time before its well known call note was heard, although, occasionally, individual birds stay all the winter with us. Lately, a new line of wires has been put across a common near us, to join others on one of the great north roads. These wires were put up to meet the increase of work which was expected through the introduction of the sixpenny telegrams. The first Sunday after these wires were stretched, I found a Corncrake which had met its death by them. But it had suffered considerably from the attentions, presumably, paid to it by a pair of Carrion Crows (*Corvus corone*), which flopped away from it immediate neighbourhood on our approach. Shortly after, I picked up a fine cock Blackbird (*Turdus merula*) alive, but in sore condition. The skin of the breast, by the force of the blow, was rolled backward down to the thighs, one of which was broken. The contrast between the blackness of its plumage and the golden brown of the fallen beech leaves on which it lay was something startling. I stood looking at it some time before attempting to lay hold of it, wondering what was the matter, as it lay perfectly still, looking at me with its fearless black eyes. It made no effort to get away when I laid hold of it, though if it is well as it could. Blackbirds are common victims to this form of death. I have seen three in one week, and it is really difficult to explain why. The habit they have, might account for it, of flying about and alarming the neighbourhood by their warning note till nearly dark, long after most light loving birds have gone to roost. A rare stranger was 'telegraphed' among us, Leach's or the Fork tailed Petrel (*Procellaria leucorrhoa*), just after the heavy gales near the end of last October. Most of the British specimens of this bird have been obtained inland, after heavy gales blown to us, I suppose, across the Atlantic, from the Banks of Newfoundland. Snipes, both the Common and Jack, often come into collision with the wires, thus showing that they also fly after dark. A very beautiful specimen of the Common Snipe, in full breeding plumage, was brought to a friend of mine on the last day of February by a tramp, who had picked it up by the roadside, 'telegraphed.' That Owls should meet with this fate, seems very curious, as they are so specially adapted for seeing in a dull light, but such is the case. I know of several, Tawny Barn (*Strix flammea*) and Wood (*Strix stridula*) Owls, which have been picked up dead beneath the wires. One can only account for it on the supposition that they are intent on looking for prey beneath them, perhaps watching some particular mouse or shrew at the moment the fatal contact takes place.

The Peewit or Green Plover (*Vanellus cristatus*) is another common victim to this form of death, sometimes in great numbers. Three winters ago, large flocks of plovers used to frequent particular fields at night time, flying to and from the coast morning and night. In these daily migrations they had to pass, at one particular place, a perfect network of wires, and though odd birds had been got from time to time, yet great was the astonishment of the signalman at a box near at hand, when daylight broke one morning after a stormy night, to see the ground near his box strewn with Peewits. I should not like to say how many there were, but it took him at least twice to carry them to the nearest gamedealers. Golden Plovers (*Charadrius pluvialis*) occasionally fall victims to the same means, and I have seen a young bird of this species killed, while on its way to the coast, as early as the 9th of July, and many miles from the nearest breeding ground. The Mistle Thrush (*Turdus viscivorus*) in its short autumn migrations often shares the same fate, and at the same period I once saw that hitherto bold, the Spotted Crake (*Porzana maruetta*). I know of no instance of any of the brakes being done to death in this manner, though other observers may have been more fortunate in regard thereto. Instead, the kestrel (*Falco tinnunculus*) often makes use of the wires as a post of observation, since being very plentiful as a rule along railway sides, and in winter they often come out of their holes to feed on the horse refuse on the highway. Wild ducks also escape, so far as my knowledge goes, and we might naturally expect to see them occasionally, but that may be accounted for by their flying too high in their passage from coast to coast or to inland localities.

Of the orthodox bird, as Sydney Smith called the Pheasant, it is in some places a very common victim. I think I could pick out one stretch of railway which at certain seasons of the year produces to the enthusiastic whip goes along it an early morning a never failing supply of wounded and dead birds. On one side of the railway is a long belt of plantation, where the birds are turned into after being hand reared, on the other side a river with cornfields stretching down to it, and it is in the passage from the covers to the cornfields, when the grain is ripe or standing in stook, that the accidents occur. Partridges also often fall victims to the wires, as also did the Red Grouse where the telegraph crossed their native heaths. In more than one instance have the wires been laid underground, where crossing moors, to prevent the birds killing themselves, but even when crossing these moors in the usual style from post to post, grouse after a time get to beware of them, and deaths through this cause get fewer and fewer. One instance of this peculiar adaptation of themselves to new circumstances came very forcibly under the writer's notice. A wire fence was put across a very good grouse moor in Cumberland, dividing the fell into two allotments. For some time after this was done, dead or dying birds were picked up daily, until it was well known that whoever was first along the fence was sure of a grouse pie. It was amusing to see the different stratagems employed by the shepherds and others to get along the fence without seeming to do so. Indeed, I have seen two farmers meet at the 'Townfoot,' and after a short gossip, separate, going in different directions and away from the fell, and an hour after, I have heard of them meeting about the middle of the fence, both intent on dead or wounded birds. While for some time this slaughter of grouse went on, another fellow put in his appearance, this time with four legs, and made a track by the side of the fence to replenish his larder, and Mr Stout had even the temerity to dispute the claim in one instance with the two legged hunter. But the grouse in time got to know the dangers of the fence, and now the victims, like angels' visits, are few and far between.

The 'scrimm,' as weasels and stoats are quaintly called, have often a regular track beneath the wires, for the purpose of looking for dead and wounded birds. The other day I found beneath the new wires I have already mentioned a lot of scattered feathers belonging to a Redwing (*Turdus iliacus*), but no bird. Thinking it might only be wounded, I set to look for it, and after some patient hunting, found a few more feathers further on the common. These traces I followed diligently, finding them every four or five yards apart, till in a hedge bank fifty yards from the wires I found them thick about a small hole—no doubt the burrow of a weasel, not an uncommon animal in that same old hedge. One would have liked to have seen the weasel carrying or dragging its prey, whichever it was, the former more likely, from the traces of the feathers being left at such regular intervals. A friend informs me that he has seen the Common Crow regularly hunting along the wires in his district.

Another victim has just come to hand in the shape of a young Guillemot (*Uria troile*) in its first young dress, and in the month of May I saw a Sandpiper (*Tringoides hypoleucus*) which had partially put on its nuptial garb, and was no doubt making north to the arctic regions as fast as wings could carry it, when arrested by the stretched wire.

If it were possible to get authentic statistics of all the different species and numbers of birds 'telegraphed,' we should have a mass of information which no doubt would greatly assist our ornithologists in their study of the migration of the feathered tribes. This, I am afraid, is impossible, as birds mostly fall during the hours of darkness or sunlight, and there are others, besides quadrupeds and birds, which have the advantage of the *nos noctis* in hunting propensities, and who are at work before he is out of bed. They are not in search of information, their hunting is prompted by something keener than even a search for knowledge. The cravings of an empty stomach must be satisfied if possible, and who can tell how many a rare bird—which an ornithologist would have tramped miles to see—has formed a breakfast dish for a lot of hungry young weasels, or swelled out the crop of some gaunt carrion crow!

Any one living near a line of wires will find something to interest him, if he is an early riser, by searching underneath the wires in his morning walk. And when a specimen is found, a note should be taken of its name, the date, direction of wind during night, and weather, and thus

in time a quantity of information would be gathered which would materially assist our magistrates committees. The death rate through being 'telegraphed' is generally greatest during the spring and autumn migrations.

A FRIEND OF THE FAMILY.

CHAPTER IV.—THE BURGLAR.

The noise of the disturbance in the library had clearly attracted the attention of the Squire and his guests, who had just then reached the door of the drawing room. When Parker announced that Major Dawkins was arrested for burglary, there was a general exclamation of incredulity, but the mention of the handcuffs elicited a little scream from Miss Euphemia and an exclamation of indignation from the Squire.

'This is too absurd. It is some rascal's practical joke, but it is one that I shall punish, for it is a disgrace to me that such a thing should be perpetrated on a guest of mine.—Friends, come with me.' He led the way to the library, and the ladies, unable to restrain their curiosity, followed the gentlemen. Perhaps they also felt some timidity at the idea of being left alone, for the numerous burglaries committed of late during the dinner hour at country houses were trying the nerves of everybody who had property to lose.

'What is the meaning of this outrage in my house?' exclaimed the Squire. 'Release this gentleman at once. He is my guest.'

'I told you so,' ejaculated the Major, still too angry to realise fully the humiliating as well as ludicrous position in which he stood.

The detective answered the Squire respectfully and firmly. 'This is my card, sir; my name is Kidman. I am a police officer, and was sent down here to watch the movements of a man known to the police and convicted several times. This is the person I have been seeking. He is pretty well disguised with his dyed hair (the Major shuddered—the thunderbolt had fallen at last), but his height and figure correspond precisely with this photograph.' He displayed the portrait of a man whose figure was certainly like the Major's, and, allowing for the effect of disguise, there might even be discovered some resemblance in the features.

'I tell you this is preposterous,' the Squire said impatiently. 'I will be responsible to you for this gentleman.'

'Well, sir, of course the affair must be disagreeable to you, only you are not the first gentleman he has taken in.'

'I say, take him at once. If you refuse, it will be at your peril. I am a justice of the peace.'

'So much the better, sir, and in that case you will permit me to tell you the circumstances under which I arrest this—gentleman. I have been on the lookout for him, and from information received that an attack was to be made upon your house, I came here this evening to watch. I posted myself in the shrubbery, and not half an hour ago, whilst you were at dinner, I saw him look from that window to spy if the coast was clear.——

'I was looking for you, Squire,' interrupted the Major.

'I couldn't guess how he had got in without my seeing him, but that is explained by his being a guest of yours. I knew he was at work, and so stepped quietly in after him. I found him so busy at one of the drawers of this table that I managed to slip these ornaments on his wrists before he could turn round.'

'At the drawers of the table!' ejaculated several voices, whilst all looked in amazed horror at the culprit.

'Yes,' continued Mr Kidman complacently, finding that he had at first made an impression, 'and this sort of thing (holding up the jemmy) is not exactly what you would expect to find in a gentleman's dressing case. I found it here on the table, and the middle drawer has been forced open with it.'

'The drawer forced open?' muttered the Squire doubtingly.

'You will find it so, and done by an experienced hand too. Will you oblige me by examining the contents of the drawer and letting me know what has been abstracted?'

'This is horrible!' said the Major, becoming calm as the situation became more serious.

It was indeed most horrible to every one present. Miss Euphemia afterwards declared to Mrs John that she felt really to sink through the floor, and fervently wished that she could have done so.

'The drawer has certainly been rummaged by some one,' the Squire said gravely.

'Anything valuable missing?' asked the detective, notebook in hand.

'Yes—a considerable sum of money in notes and gold!'

'Ah, I daresay our friend will be able to give us an account of the notes and gold,' was the playful comment of Mr Kidman.

'This indignity is insufferable,' said the Major stiffly, 'and I cannot understand, Elliott, why you should hesitate for a moment to release me from this degrading position. You know me, you know how easily my identity can be established. You know nothing of this man beyond his own assertion. How can you tell that he is not a confederate of the thieves, and his present action a ruse to give them time to escape?'

'That's not bad, captain,' rejoined the detective with an admiring smile. 'But these letters—which you will excuse me taking from your pocket—will show that one part of my statement is correct.—Do they belong to you, sir?'

He handed the three fatal letters to the Squire, who hastily glanced at them, whilst his wife stood on one side of him and Mrs John on the other.

'Why, that is the letter which I received!' observed Mrs Joseph with acerbity.

'And that is mine, and the other is the one which has upset poor dear Nellie so much!' cried Mrs John.

'It was to ask you again to allow me to

destroy those confounded letters, that I came to seek you, Squire, thinking that I might find you here alone after dinner,' the Major explained. 'I heard some one moving about the room, and, concluding that it was you, knocked two or three times. Getting no answer, I entered, but found nobody here. As the window was open, it occurred to me that you might have stepped out on the terrace, and I looked for you. Of course, you were not there, but it must have been then that this man saw me.

'No doubt,' answered the Squire slowly, 'but he found you at my drawer.'

'My anxiety to prevent a scandal to the family tempted me to take back my letters—for they are mine—and burn them without your leave. I knew that you would pardon me when you heard the explanation which you will have to receive.'

Whilst the Major spoke, the Squire was frowning.

'According to your own statement, Major Dawkins, your conduct has not been creditable to you as an honourable man.'

'I acted for the best, as you would see if you would give me leave to speak to you in private.'

'They were interrupted and startled by the report of two pistol shots in the grounds. Presently a footman rushed in with the information that they had caught a man who had jumped out of one of the windows, and he had fired upon them.

'I see the whole thing,' exclaimed the Major excitedly. 'It was the thief who was in here when I knocked, and whilst you, sir, you, have been insulting me and making a fool of yourself—if you are a detective—you have given him the opportunity to remove the house.'

Mr. Kidman looked puzzled, but he acted promptly. He removed the handcuffs, saying, humbly, 'I beg pardon, sir, but mistake will happen. I must catch that man—he is a desperate cut, and uses his revolver freely.' He did not look to the terrace and disappeared.

The Squire and Maynard immediately followed. John Elliott was too tamed, and the Major too indignant at the treatment to which he had been subjected, to take any part in the pursuit. After pulling himself and his ruffled plumes together, he addressed his hostess, Mrs. Joseph.

'I presume, madam, I may now go?'

The lady heard a little awkwardly, feeling some compunction for his sufferings. She hoped that a good night's rest would enable him to laugh at this painful incident, if not to forget it.

'An affair of this sort does not readily become a subject of mirth to the victim. But thanks for your kind wishes.'

He was about to retire, when Squire Elliott and Maynard returned.

'It's all right, Major. They have got the scoundrel fast bound, and he has hurt no one but himself. There are my notes and gold, which we have just taken from his pocket.'

'How did it all happen?' was the eager exclamation of the ladies.

'I offer you my cordial congratulations,' added the Major drily.

'It happened exactly as the Major surmised, and we have to thank Nellie's headache, or whatever has kept her upstairs, for the timely discovery of the burglar. She was going into her dressing-room, and on opening the door, saw a man busy with her jewel case. She knew what that meant—closed the door and locked it. She ran to the window and screamed out "Thieves!" The fellow took the alarm, and having the window open in readiness for such an emergency, he flung out a bundle which he had prepared. Then he slipped over the ledge, and let himself drop to the ground, but he had miscalculated the distance, and broke his leg in the fall. Two of our men, who had heard Nellie's scream, were upon him before he could attempt to rise. He fired, but they had got his arms up in the air, so no harm was done, and he is safe for ten or fifteen years.'

'And the bundle—what was in it?' anxiously inquired the Squire's wife.

'A lot of trinkets and things, which are scattered all over the place, as the bundle in falling struck the bough of a hawthorn and was torn open. I have sent Parker to look after them, but we must go out ourselves.'

The ladies, whose looks of deep concern indicated how much they were interested in the search, warmly proposed to accompany the gentlemen. Hats and shawls were quickly procured, and the whole party went forth. Nellie stole slyly down from her room and joined her friends—much to the delight of Maynard, although he endeavoured to appear cold and indifferent. She, too, wore a mask of indifference. But both were conscious that it was a mask, and that each was at least secretly wishing that the other would say something which would lead to an explanation. Without words, however, they somehow knew that the reconciliation would come in the morning.

The Major's presence was taken as a matter of course, for, in the excitement of the moment, his banishment was forgotten by every one except himself. He silently took his place as the special attendant of Miss Lapheria, who received his attentions so graciously as if the incident of the morning had not occurred. He was peculiarly fortunate in being the finder of most of her taken valuables, which won him additional favour. Nearly everything was found, and a further search was to be made in the morning. So, everybody retired to rest that night with feelings of thankfulness for having had such a singular escape from heavy loss.

In the morning, there were general inquiries for the Major. His misfortunes of the previous night had tired down the anger which had been felt regarding him, and the idea now was that they had been too hard upon the well meaning little man. All—and especially the Squire—would have been pleased to see him in his usual place at table. But as he did not appear, the only inference that could be drawn was that he felt too much hurt to make any advances.

They were rising from the table and preparing for the unpleasant business of the day, when there was a sound of carriage wheels, followed by a loud ring at the hall bell.

'That's Willis,' said the Squire, moving to the window and looking out, after casting a glance

of satisfaction at his wife and at his sister-in-law.

His assertion was immediately confirmed by the entrance of Parker to announce the visitor, who, without ceremony, had closely followed the butler.

After hurried greetings were over, Willis said promptly 'I want to get back to town to-night, and I have come down here in consequence of a telegram from Dawkins, who tells me that you have all got into a nonsensical squabble owing to his interference with the intention of setting you right.'

'I thoroughly agree with you, Willis—it is a nonsensical squabble, but who the deuce is to blame for it?' said the Squire with a good-natured laugh.

'Glad to hear you ask the question,' rejoined Willis, who, being a plain and practical person, came to the main point at once. 'The first thing you have got to understand is that Dawkins is not to blame; the next thing you have got to understand is that I am the party you have got to blow up. Put before you begin with me, you had better tell my good-natured brother-in-law to bad, and before you do that, I want to have a few words with you, John Elliott.'

'You had better speak out whatever you have to say here, mutter'd Elliott of Arrowby with a painfully feeble assumption of lightness.

'Would you like that, Sophy?' said Willis, addressing his sister, Mrs John.

'I think I understand the whole position, Matt,' she replied. 'Indeed, I think we all understand it now. The poor Major blundered about his letters, we all got the wrong one, and mis-interpreted their meaning. We need not go into the details, for, as you know, they would be painful to me as well as to John. Take him away with you, and get him to express to the Major the regret that we all feel for the anxiety we have caused him.'

'Come along,' said the Squire promptly. 'We'll pacify him somehow.' As he was passing his wife, he whispered to her 'I hope you are satisfied now, Kitty.' and she gave an approving nod. 'But I wish he had been down with us to breakfast!'

The Squire and Matt Willis proceeded to the library, and there a very few additional words satisfied the former that the unfortunate friend of the family had been trying to discharge a disagreeable duty which he thought himself bound to undertake.

The Major was hurt enough by the awkward position in which he was placed, but this was not the reason why he kept to his chamber. He was not thinking of breakfast or the misunderstanding with his friends. Still, in his dressing-gown he was pacing the floor in a state of mental distress. His hair was tossed about wildly and—it was of a ghastly pale green colour! That wicked burglar had taken away the precious Russian leather case—no doubt thinking it contained jewelry—and it had not been amongst the articles found last night. Without it, the Major could not perform his toilet. This was the crushing blow of all to the poor man. It was impossible for him to appear before anyone in his present guise, and he even avoided the mirrors, lest he should catch sight of his own head. Hollis had been despatched to make diligent search in every spot where the case might have fallen, and his master was waiting in agony for the result. A knock at the door—Ah, there he is at last! No, it was only Parker to say that Mr Willis had arrived, and was with the Squire in the library waiting for Major Dawkins.

'Make my excuses, please, and say that I cannot go down yet, but will be with them as soon as possible.'

A quarter of an hour elapsed, and another message came, then another more urgent, and a fourth more urgent still. The Major wished he could shave his head, it would be more presentable than this it was now. He was bemoaning the ill luck or stupidity of Hollis, when the Squire himself arrived at the door.

'What is the matter, Dawkins? We are all waiting for you. Are you ill?'

'Yes, yes, I am ill, but I will be with you as soon as I can.'

'Then open the door and let me shake hands with you.'

'Not just now, not just now. I'll come and shake hands with you as much as you like, in half an hour or so,' was the agitated reply.

'Well, as you please, but I want to ask you to forget yesterday. Willis has explained everything, and your letters are correctly understood now. My wife is sorry that she did not take in the right meaning of the one which fell into her hand. Nellie appreciates your desire to forewarn her against any stupid gossip that fool Cousin John might spread. Mrs John thinks it was kind of you to wish to put her husband right, and he has got a lesson which he will not forget in a hurry. But she regards the whole affair as a joke. You see, all is well, so come away at once and complete the party.'

'I am delighted, but please do excuse me. Squire. I will come at once,' groaned the Major, passing his hand shudderingly through the remains of his hair.

'Very well, then, as soon as you can, you will find us somewhere about the lawn.' And the Squire, wondering what the Major's curious malady could be, joined his friends.

At last Hollis did knock at the door, bringing the joyful tidings that he had found the case—sticking between two branches of the hawthorn which had wrecked the burglar's bundle. He had been about to abandon the search, when, happening to look up, he saw it where he never would have thought of looking for it.

The Major dressed with more than usual care, and Hollis orders to pack up, as they were to leave that day, and then, holding himself as erect as if on parade, he proceeded in the direction of the lawn with the firm determination to bid his host and hostess good-bye. But on his way he encountered Miss Lupkinson, whose gold-rimmed pince-nez glittered with pleasure at sight of him. 'I am so delighted to see you, Major. I—we were all afraid that you were seriously ill.'

'No, not seriously ill, but considerably bothered,' he responded uncomfortably.

'Of course you must have been; but thank goodness it is all over now. The Squire and all the others are most anxious to make amends

to you for the vexation you have endured so nobly. He wants you to stay, and his sent me to persuade you not to say no.'

'Stay!—it is impossible—quite impossible.'

'Oh, but you really must not bear malice—they made a mistake, and everybody does so sometimes.' She was smiling coaxingly, and looked a different being from the lady who had surveyed him through her glasses so severely yesterday.

'I repeat the family as much as ever, but I cannot remain.'

'Oh, do—to please me.'

He looked at her and found he was a flush. 'To please you, I would stay for ever,' he answered gallantly, 'but ——

'Then stay for ever!' she interrupted with emphasis.

He opened his eyes. Did he understand her? Could she be serious? Had the time come for him to speak?

'Do you mean that it would be a particular pleasure to you if I remain?—for your sake?'

'It would,' she answered in a low voice.

'Then I understand,' he said, taking her hand, 'that is my consolation for all the affronts of yesterday?' She did not say no, and he drew her arm within his, continued, 'I am happy man, although a ruin repair.'

The announcement of their engagement called much to the happiness which everybody felt in the room that morning. There was a merry twinkle in the Squire's eyes. He was a cunning fellow when prompted by his wife, and had guessed what would happen when he chose Miss Euphemia as his ambassador to the Major. The only person who felt in the least uncomfortable was John Lillott of Arrowby, who was now confessedly the origin of all the mischief. The only reproach he had to endure from his wife was the expression of compunctiously a pitying smile from Miss Jane.

There were festivities in a quiet style at Rothwaist when Nelly and Maynard were married, but the marriage of Euphemia Linton and Major Dawkins was a very quiet affair—as the lady thought. She had only three bridesmaids and about twenty other friends to witness the ceremony. The Major was content to be supported by an old companion in arms and Matthew Wills.

The happy couple disappeared for six months. On returning to England their first visit was to Rothwaist. For a moment the Squire and his wife found it difficult to recognise their old friends. The Major was a quiet elderly looking gentleman with gray hair and moustache, and Mrs. Dawkins was a subdued looking lady, whose hair suggested that she had certainly arrived at years of discretion. They had both come to accept with resignation the inevitable signs that time passes and old age draws on, and they were happy. They had not been so in the days when they vainly struggled to hide the progress of years. The Major could never forget that morning of agony when the Russian leather case could not be found. Probably his account of it, combined with the fact that it was no longer possible to hide from each other their dabblings in the fine arts, helped his wife to agree with him that it was best to make no attempt to improve upon nature. The Major had given up all his youthful ways, much to his own comfort, and he was firmly resolved never again to play the part of the officious friend of the family.

THE MONTH

SCIENCE AND ARTS

One of the most important applications of photography is the production of printing block, which, under various names, are in great request for book and newspaper illustration. It is not generally known that some of the finest illustrations which adorn high class magazines are produced without the intervention of the engraver at any stage of the process. They are photographed direct from drawings, in some cases even from nature, and from the photographs a printing block ready for the press is produced automatically. Old paintings and water colour drawings can also be thus reproduced with the greatest fidelity. A few years back, this was impossible, for the photograph did not translate the colours in their true tone relation to one another. Thus, yellow and red would be reproduced as black, while blue would photograph white. All this has been changed by the introduction of what is known as the isochromatic process, by which colours are rendered as a skilful artist would render them in black and pencil would render them.

As in our one of the capacity of the photographic chemicals, the Royal Academicians and outsiders. It is not only precious as a work of art, for every touch of the painter's brush is reproduced and reproduced, but it forms a valuable record for future reference. The particular system adopted is that known as the Coupil photogravure process, which is worked by Messrs Boussod Valadon & Company of Paris and London. This firm have published in a similar manner selected pictures from the Paris Salons of the last two years, and we are glad that our Academy authorities have followed such a good example.

Four crematory furnaces are in course of erection at the far famed Parisian cemetery, Père Lachaise, and will be ready for operation in a short time. These furnaces, which have the usual appearance of ornamental ovens, are built on the model of those in use at Rome and Milan. The cost of cremation will be fifteen francs only—to rich and poor alike. It is said that already sculptors and metal workers are busy in designing and producing elegant urns for the preservation of the ashes from these furnaces. These vessels will, at the option of the relatives of the dead, be removed to family vault, or will be deposited in a building which is to be erected by the city of Paris for their reception.

The late discussion in the *Times* as to the permanence of water-colour drawings has led the Lords of the Committee of Council on Education to appoint a Commission to inquire into the whole subject, under the efficient chairmanship of Sir F. Leighton, the President of the Royal Academy. With him will work several well-known artists—Captain Abney and Dr Russell, who for some time have been engaged in testing the action of light upon pigments, will act as scientific advisers to the Commission.

It is reported that the recent revival of archæological research in Italy is continually being hampered by the extravagant demands of proprietors on whose lands excavations are desirable. It is also alleged that a large trade has been organised in the manufacture of sham antiquities. Signor Fiorelli, the head of the Archæological Department, seeks to put a stop to these abuses by the passage of a law which will place excavations under state supervision and by official permission only. It is also suggested that the smaller antiquities should only be admitted to be genuine after due examination and the attachment of some form of official stamp or seal.

The London Chamber of Commerce have under their consideration the establishment in the metropolis of Commercial Museums, or, as they might be termed, permanent exhibitions, such as are found in Holland, Belgium, Germany, France, Switzerland, and other countries. With this view, they have deputed their secretary, Mr Kenrick Murray, to visit the Museums of the chief commercial centres on the Continent. They have instructed him to report to them upon the area of the buildings used for the purpose, their financial organisation and annual expenditure, the number of visitors they receive, and their presumed effect upon the trades of the country in which they are situated. Mr Murray will bear Foreign Office introductions to the Queen's representatives in the different countries which he will visit, and will, thus far, have every facility for carrying out a most important commission.

The most fearful outbreak of volcanic force which the world has experienced since the eruption of Krakatoa in the Straits of Sunda, has recently laid waste many miles of the fairest part of New Zealand. It is not yet known how many human lives have been sacrificed in this terrible visitation, but it is certain that several Maori settlements have been completely destroyed, and that the country for many miles round the centre of disturbance has been literally devastated. The outbreak commenced at midnight on the 9th of last June with a succession of fearful earthquake shocks. Then, for the first time within living memory, Mount Tarawera suddenly became an active volcano, and belched forth torrents of stones and boiling mud, mingled with fire and smoke. The once fertile district is covered with a layer of mud and ashes, so that those who have survived the terrible ordeal have starvation and ruin before them. One minor effect of the disaster will be regretted all the world over by those who have visited or have read of the wondrous scenery of New Zealand. The famed pink and white terraces have ceased to exist. These terraces were unique, and had they been known in ancient times, must have been counted with the wonders of the world. Boiling water heavily charged with silica issued from the ground, and as it tumbled over the hillside and gradually cooled in its descent, it deposited its silica as a glittering calcification. Mr Froude, one of the first visitors who has written upon the subject, says: 'Stretched before us we saw the white terrace in all its strangeness, a crystal staircase, glittering and stainless as if it were ice, spreading out like an open fan from a point above us on the hillside, and projecting at the bottom into a lake, where it was perhaps two hundred yards wide.'

This lost lake district was becoming a great sanatorium, and tourists flocked to it from all countries, for the warm water was credited with wonderful healing powers. From this circumstance alone, it was believed that the district had a great future before it. The Maoris thought not a little of the natural wonders of which they were the stewards, and took care to levy blackmail on all their visitors. All this is now at an end, for the wonders have gone, until possibly new ones are gradually developed in their stead.

Much has been written on the subject of mysterious noises, which in most cases, if intelligently inquired into, would be found to have no mystery at all about them. A Professor at Philadelphia recently recorded that at a certain hour each day one of the wind-vanes in his house rattled in the most violent manner. On consulting the local railway time-table he could find no train running at the hour specified. But on examining another table, which included a separate line, he found that a heavy train passed at the time at a distance of several miles from his house. He then referred to the geological formation of the ground between the two points, and at once saw that there was an outcropping ledge of rock which formed a link of connection between the distant railway line and his house. It was the vibration caused by this rock from the passing train that rattled the weather-vane.

Dr Mutter of New York has discovered in many of the skulls in the different Roman and Etruscan tombs, as well as in those deposited in the various museums, interesting specimens of ancient dentistry and artificial teeth. These latter are in most cases carved out of the teeth of some large animal. In many instances these teeth are fastened to the natural ones by bands of gold. No cases of stopped teeth have been discovered, although many cases of decay present themselves where stopping would have been advantageous. The skulls examined date as far back as the 14th century B.C., and prove that the art of dentistry and the pains of toothache are by no means modern institutions.

The city of Hernosand, in Sweden, can boast of being the first place in Europe where the streets are lighted entirely by electricity to the exclusion of gas. It has the advantage of plenty of natural water power for driving the electric engines, so that the new lights can actually be produced at a cheaper rate than the old ones.

Although many investors have burnt their fingers—metaphorically, we mean—over the elec-

the lighting question in this country, it seems to be a thing a profitable form of investment in America. A circular addressed by the editor of one of the American papers to the general managers of the lighting Companies has elicited the information that many of them are earning good dividends—in one case as much as eighteen per cent for the year. As we have before had occasion to remind our readers, the price of gas in this country averages about half what it does in New York, and this fact alone would account for the more flourishing state of the multitudinous electric lighting Companies.

At a half demolished Jesuit College at Vienna, a dog lately fell through a feature in the pavement. The efforts to rescue the poor animal led to a curious archæological discovery. The dog had, it was found, fallen into a large vault containing ninety coffins. The existence of this underground burial place had hitherto been quite unsuspected. The inscriptions on the coffins date back to the reign of Maria Theresa, and the bodies are of the monks of that period, and of the nobles who helped to support the monastery.

In an interesting lecture lately delivered before the Royal Institution on "Photography as an Aid to Astronomy," Mr. A. A. Common, who is the principal British labourer in this comparatively new field of research, described his methods of working, and held out sanguine hopes of future things possible by astronomical photography. Speaking of modern dry plate photography, he said: "At a bound, it has gone far beyond anything that was expected of it, and bids fair to overturn a good deal of the practice that has hitherto existed among astronomers. I hope soon to see it recognised as the most potent agent of research and record that has ever been within the reach of the astronomer, so that the records which the future astronomer will use will not be the written impression of dead men's views, but veritable images of the different objects of the heavens recorded by themselves as they exist."

Two remarkable and wonderful cases of recovery from bullet wounds have lately taken place in the metropolis. In one case, that of a girl who was hot by her lover, the bullet is deeply imbedded in the heel, too deep to admit of any operation, yet the patient has been discharged from the hospital convalescent. The other case was one of attempted suicide, the sufferer having shot himself in the head with a revolver. In this case, too, the bullet is still in the brain, and in such a position as to prevent the operation of extraction. In spite of this, the patient has been discharged from hospital cure, and it is said that he suffers no inconvenience from the consequences of his rash act. A curious coincidence in connection with these cases is that both shots were fired on the same day, the 19th of June, and that both cases were treated at the London Hospital. "The times have been," says Shakespeare, "that, when the brains were out, the man would die." The poet puts these words into the mouth of Macbeth, when that wicked king sees the ghost of the murdered Banquo rise before him. In the cases just cited, we have a reality which no poet could equal in romance. People walking about in the flesh with bullets in their brains are certainly far more wonderful things than spectres. These marvellous recoveries from what, a few years ago, would have meant certain death, must be credited to surgical skill and the modern antiseptic method of treating wounds.

Magistrates are continually deploring the use of the revolver among the rival communities, and hardly a week passes but some terrible accident or crime is credited to the employment of that weapon. That it is a most valuable arm when used in legitimate warfare, the paper lately read before the Royal United Service Institution by Major Kitchener amply proved. According to this paper, every nation but our own seems to consider that the revolver is the most important weapon that cavalry can be armed with. In Russia, for instance, all officers, sergeant-majors, drummers, buglers, and even clerks, carry revolvers. In Germany, again, there is a regular annual course of instruction in the use of the weapon. In our army, however, the revolver seems to be in a great measure, more or less, exceptionally officers on active service.

A new method of detecting the source of an offensive odour in a room is given by *The Sanitarian* newspaper. In the room in question, the smell had become so intolerable that the carpet was taken up, and a carpenter was about to rip up the flooring, to discover, if possible, the cause. By a happy inspiration, the services of some sanitary inspectors in the shape of a couple of bluebottle flies were forthwith called into requisition. The flies buzzed about in their usual aggravating manner for some minutes, but eventually they settled upon the crack between two boards in the floor. The boards were then upon taken up, and just underneath them was found the decomposing body of a rat.

The extent to which the trade in frozen meat from distant countries has grown since the introduction, only a few years back, of the system of freezing by the compression and subsequent expansion of air, is indicated by the constant arrival in this country of vast shiploads of carcasses from the antipodes. The largest cargo of dead meat ever received lately arrived in the Thames from the Falkland Islands on board the steamship *Sel ubiri*. This consisted of thirty thousand frozen carcasses of sheep. This ship possesses four engines for preserving and freezing the meat, and the holds are lined with a non-conducting packing of timber and charcoal.

A new system of coating iron or steel with a covering of lead, somewhat similar in practice to the so-called galvanising process with zinc, has been introduced by Messrs. Justice & Co. of Chancery Lane, London, the agents for the Ajax Metal Company of Philadelphia. Briefly described, the process consists in charging molten lead with a flux composed of sal ammoniac, arsenic, phosphorus, and borax, after which, properly cleaned iron or steel plates will when dipped therein receive a coating of the lead. The metal so protected will be valuable for roofs, in place of sheet lead or zinc, for gutters, and for numberless purposes where far less durable materials are at present used with very false economy.

It would seem, from the results of some experiments lately conducted on the Dutch state railroads in order to discover the best method of

protecting iron from the action of the atmosphere, that red lead paints are far more durable than those which owe their body to iron oxide. The test plates showed also that the paint adhered to the metal with far greater tenacity if the usual scraping and brushing were replaced by pickling—that is, treatment with acid. The best results were obtained when the metal plate was first pickled in aqueous of salts (hydrochloric acid) and water, then washed, and finally rubbed with oil before applying the paint.

The latest advance in electric lighting is represented by the introduction of Mr Upward's primary battery, the novelty in which consists in its being excited by a gas instead of a liquid. The gas employed is chlorine, and the battery cells have to be hermetically sealed, for chlorine is, as every dabbler in chemical experiments knows, a most suffocating and corrosive gas. In practice, this primary battery is connected with an accumulator or secondary battery, so that the electricity generated by it is stored for subsequent use. The invention represents a convenient means of producing the electric light on a small scale for domestic use, where gas engines and dynamo machines are not considered desirable adjuncts to the household arrangements. The battery is made by Messrs Woodhouse and Rawson, West Kensington.

Mr Tigers Refuse Destructor has now been adopted in several of our large towns. Nowadays is the fresh which has taken up the system, and in that town thirty tons of refuse are consumed in the furnaces daily. The residue consists of brine, seven and eight tons of burnt clinker and dry ashes, which are used for concrete and as a bedding for pavement. There is no actual profit attached to the system, but it affords a convenient method of dealing with some of that unmanageable material which is a necessary product of large communities, and which might otherwise form an accumulation most dangerous to health.

After three years of continual work, the signal station on Ad'a Cray, in the Firth of Clyde, is announced, by the Northern Light Commissioners, to be ready for action. In foggy or misty weather, the fog horns which have been placed there will utter their warning blasts to mariners, and will doubtless lead to the prevention of many shipwrecks. The trumpets are of such a powerful description, that in calm weather they will be audible at a distance of nearly twenty miles from the station, and as the blasts are of a distinctive character, the captain of a ship will be easily able to recognise them, and from them to learn his whereabouts.

Mr Sinclair, the British consul at Foochow, reports that the manufacture of brick tea of varieties of tea dust by Russian merchants, for export to Siberia, is assuming considerable importance at Foochow. The cheapness of the tea dust, the cheapness of manufacture, the low export duties upon it, together with the low import duties in Russia, help to make this trade successful and profitable. The brick is said to be beautifully made, and very portable. Mr Sinclair wonders that the British government does not get its supplies from the port of Foochow, as they would find it less expensive and more wholesome than what is now given the army and the navy. He suggests that a government agent should be employed on the spot to manufacture the brick tea in the same way as adopted by the Russians there and at Hankow.

CYCLING AS A HEALTH PRODUCT

The advantages of a fine physical form are underestimated by a large class of people, who have a half defined impression that any considerable addition to the muscles and general physique must be at the expense of the mental qualities. This mistaken impression is so prevalent, that many professional literary people avoid any vigorous exercise for fear that it will be a drain upon their whole system, and thus upon their capacity for brain work. The truth is that such complete physical inertness has the effect of clogging the action of the blood, of retaining the impurities of the system, and of eventually bringing about a host of small nervous disorders that result in turn mental anxiety—the worst possible drain upon the nervous organisation. When one of the people, after years of sickness and dyspepsia, comes to realise that healthy nerves cannot exist without general physical health and activity, he joins a gymnasium, strains his long unused muscles on bars and ropes, or by lifting heavy weights. The result usually is that the muscles, so long unaccustomed to use, cannot withstand the sudden strain imposed upon them, and the would be athlete retires with some sprain or perhaps fatal injury.

But occasionally he finds some respectable gymnastic exercise suited to him, and neither the first ordeal. He persists briefly, and is astonished to find that his digestion improves, his weight increases, and his mind becomes clear and brighter. He exercises systematically, and cultivates a few special muscles, perhaps those of the shoulders, to the hindrance of the complex muscles of the neck and throat, or perhaps those of the back and loins, as in rowing, to the detriment of chest, muscle, and development, and although his condition is greatly improved, he is apt to become wearied from a lack of physical exhilaration, or a lack of that sweetening of mental enjoyment which gives cycling such a distinctive charm. If a man has no heart in his exercise, he will not persist in it long enough to get its finest benefits.

In the gentle swinging motion above the wheel, there is nothing to disturb the muscular or nervous system once accustomed to it, indeed, it is the experience of most cyclists that the motion is at first tranquillising to the nerves, and eventually becomes a refreshing stimulus. The man who goes through ten hours' daily mental fret and worry, will in an hour of pleasant road riding, in the fresh sweet scented country, throw off all its ill effects, and prepare himself for the effectual accomplishment of another day's brain work. The steady and active employment of all the muscles, until they are well heated and healthily tired, clears the blood from the brain, sharpens the appetite, and insures a night's refreshing sleep.

In propelling the wheel, all the flexor and extensor muscles of the legs are in active motion; while in balancing, the smaller muscles of the

legs and feet and the prominent ones of the groin and thighs are brought into play. The wrist and arms are employed in steering, while the whole of the back, neck, and throat muscles are used in pulling up on the handles in a spurt. Thus the exertion is distributed more thoroughly over the whole body than in any other exercise. A tired feeling in any one part of the body is generally occasioned by a weakness caused by former disuse of the muscles located there, and this disappears as the rider becomes habituated to the new motions of the wheel. With an experienced cyclist, the sensation of fatigue does not develop itself prominently in any one part of the body, but is so evenly adjusted as to be hardly intuitible.

The wretched habit of cyclists riding with the body inclined forward has produced an habitual bent attitude with several riders, and gives rise to a prejudice against the sport as producing a 'bicycle back.' Nearly all exercises have this form of back, it has not proved detrimental, but it is ungainly, and the methods by which it is a quirk on a bicycle are entirely unnecessary. Fleet riding is more graceful, it develops the chest, and it is an exercise to the muscles of the throat and chest that rowing does not.

The exposure to out of door air, the constant employment of the mind by the delight of changing scenery or agreeable companionship, add their contribution, and make cycling, to those who have tried it practically over other sport, the most enjoyable, healthful, useful exercise ever known. Most cyclists become sound well made, evenly balanced, healthy men, and but fair to have to their descendants some such heritage of health and vigour as descended from the hardy old fathers to the men who have made this country what it is.

OCCASIONAL NOTES

FLAX CULTURE

The depressed condition of agriculture, consequent on the low prices obtainable for all kinds of produce, has led the British farmer to turn his attention to the growth of crops hitherto neglected or unthought of. This is exemplified by the interest now taken in the cultivation of tobacco and the inquiries being made regarding it, with a view to its wholesale production in England. It is doubtful, however, if in this case the British farmer will be able to compete successfully with his American rival, the latter being favoured by nature with soil and climate specially suited for the growth of the 'weed.'

There are other plants, however, which claim our attention, and amongst these the flax plant. This is perfectly hardy and easily cultivated, and is free from the bugbear of American competition. It is grown largely in Ireland, especially in the north, and at the present time is the best paying crop grown in the island. The following figures show the quantity of fibre produced during the year 1885: Ireland, 20,909 tons; Great Britain, 414 tons. As far as the British Islands are concerned, Ireland has practically a monopoly in the production of this valuable article of commerce. It was formerly grown to a large extent in Yorkshire and in some parts of Scotland, but of late years, was given up in favour of other crops. It can now be produced to show much better results than formerly, flax not having fallen in price so much in proportion as other farm produce. Compared with the requirements of the linen manufacturers, the quantity grown in the British Isles is very small, and had to be supplemented by the import from foreign countries, during 1885, of over eighty three thousand tons, value for three million and a half sterling. Two thirds of this quantity is imported from Russia, the remainder principally from Holland and Belgium.

The manufacturer will give the preference to home grown fibre provided that it is equal in all respects to the foreign. We can scarcely hope to compete successfully with Holland and Belgium, as flax culture has been brought to great perfection there, but we can produce a fibre much superior to Russian, and if we can produce it cheap enough, can beat Russia out of the market. The average price of Irish flax in 1885 was about fifty two pounds per ton, the yield per acre, when properly treated, would be from five to six hundredweight on an average. In many cases the yield rose far above these figures, reaching ten to twelve hundredweight, and in one instance which came under the writer's personal observation, to eighteen hundredweight. A new scutching machine—a French patent—is now being tested in Belfast, and it is stated that by its use the yield of fibre is increased by thirty per cent. Should this apparatus come into general use, it will add greatly to the value of the flax plant as a crop. In continental countries the seed is saved, and its value contributes largely to the profit of flax culture there. Any difficulty that might exist in this country with regard to the preparation of the fibre for market might be met by farmers in a district banding together to provide the requisite machines, which can now be had cheaper and better than before.

If flax culture is profitable in Ireland, it can be made so in Britain, and if only half of the eighty three thousand tons annually imported could be grown at home, a large sum would be kept in the country which now goes to enrich the foreigner.

THE RIGHTS OF DESERTED WIVES

A legal correspondent writes to us on this subject as follows:

'It has long been felt to be a defect in the English law that if a man deserted his wife without any cause or otherwise, she had no direct remedy against him in respect of the expense of her maintenance and the bringing up of the children (if any) of the marriage. In case the wife so deserted could carry on any business, or in any other way acquire the means of livelihood, she could obtain a protection order so early as the year 1858, long before the passing of the first Married Women's Property Act. But if she were not so fortunately situated, and had no near relatives to whom she could look for assistance, she must go into the workhouse, and leave the poor-law officers to look after her husband. This has often been productive of great hardship, for it

is no light thing for a woman delicately nurtured to become an inmate of the refuge for the destitute. But by an Act passed in the recent session, this defect has been remedied to a considerable extent in an easy and practical way. Thus, if an innocent woman has been deserted by her husband, she may have him summoned before two justices of the peace in petty sessions or any stipendiary magistrate, and the result, if the justices or magistrate should be satisfied that the husband, being able wholly or in part to maintain his wife, or his wife and family, as the case may be, has wilfully refused or neglected so to do, and that he has deserted his wife, they or he may order that the husband pay to his wife such weekly sum not exceeding two pounds as may be considered fair in accordance with his means, taking also into account any means which the wife may have for the support of herself and family, if any. Power is given for the alteration of the order whenever it should appear to be necessary or just, in case of any alteration in the circumstances of the husband or of the wife. And any such order may be discharged on the application of the husband, if it should appear just to do so. Writers in some of the legal journals have expressed the opinion that this change in the law goes too far; but the present writer has long advocated such a change, and it appears to be altogether an improvement upon the previous state of the law in this respect.

THE GREAT SPHINX

An interesting work has been going on, under the direction of M. Maspero, at the great Sphinx of Gizeh, which has been buried, all but the head, for centuries. M. Maspero, while we write, had got down as far as the pass, on the right of which are a number of Greek inscriptions. The pass appears to be cut out of the solid stone, and its sides built round with masonry, the surface of which is painted red with yellow additions. It is matter of opinion that the Sphinx was originally a vast rock of different strata, which, in its shaped state, the Egyptians fashioned into an object of beauty and veneration. Although the excavations have now reached a lower level than Caylus and others, yet much remains to be done before the whole of this wonderous specimen of ancient art is entirely uncovered, for, if we are to believe Pliny's statements, the head of the Sphinx was one hundred and two feet in circumference, and sixty two feet high from the belly, whilst the body was one hundred and forty-three feet long, and was moreover, supposed to be the sepulchre of King Amasis, who died 527 B.C. But, according to Herodotus, the body of this monarch was buried in the Temple of Sais, and on the defeat and death of his son by the Persians, it was taken from its tomb, brutally mangled, and then publicly burnt, to the horror of the Egyptian people. If the Sphinx is really found to be a solid rock, Pliny's story of its having been a tomb falls to the ground. M. Maspero has been working in layers of hard sand which has lain undisturbed for probably eighteen hundred years. This is found to be so close and hard, that it is more like solid stone than sand, and requires a great amount of labour to cut through. The work is, however, progressing with energy and determination, and it is to be hoped that it will not be suffered to stop abruptly for want of funds.

NOVELTY OF ELECTRICITY

Electric power has been applied in a very novel manner of late on the estate of the Marquis of Salisbury at Hatfield, where it has been in operation for some time past in various ways and works, but the last is perhaps the most peculiar of all. On one of the farms, ensilage has been stored in large quantities, a farm building being turned into a silo for this purpose, and it being decided that the green food shall be 'chaffed' before placing it in the silo, a chaff cutter has been erected about twenty feet above the ground. This machine is not only driven by electric power, but the same motor is employed to elevate the grass to the level of the chaff cutter. This is done so effectually that about four tons of rough grass are raised and cut per hour. A sixteen light 'Brush' machine is the generator, driven by a large water wheel, and both are on the banks of the river Lea, a mile and a half distant. The power is transmitted to one of Siemens' type, specially constructed to work as a motor with the 'Brush' machine. Nor is this all, for the same electric power is ingeniously applied to work the 'lifts' in use at the many haystacks on the estate.

POETRY

[illegible]

Or all the flower that dell the verdant knoll,
And lift the snowy petals to the sun
On gay parterre or in my dungeon lone
That fills the sceptic chain that bind my soul,
And makes me feel the might of God's control
Of war of saints or of the fall of Rome,
Swept from my ken as the endearing hour of
And of will half memory extend
What hand but One could send thy tender leaves
From the fierce fury of the summer sun,
When nought may hope to cover my prison lone?
'Tis He that for my hopless fortune sorrows?
Blest flower! that lent me to the arms of God,
With grateful tears I lift thee thy deep vol

R. T. W. [illegible]

The Conductor of CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL begs to direct the attention of CONTRIBUTORS to the following notice:

1st. All communications should be addressed to the 'Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2d. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3d. To secure their safe return if ineligible, All Manuscripts, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the author's Name and Address written upon them in full.*

4th. Offerings of Verse should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

If the above rules are complied with, the Editor will do his best to insure the safe return of ineligible papers.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, London, and 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

All Rights Reserved.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)

No. 140.—Vol. III. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1886. PRICE 1½d.

PARK PEAPLS.

By the cottager, a stranger is hailed with sharp palpable hostility, followed by a guttural sentence inwardly spoken. The watching peers out his double qualities on the intruder's ear. To prevent any misunderstanding, he tells, most forcibly, of the consequences of a nearer approach. As the inmates of the hamlet are thus warned, an unknown face goes on him, waiting at the wicket. Here the creatures are. It sounds of a home, although not mine. It hints of a domestic circle with chubby faces, little dumpy arms, tiny pattering feet, dirty faces, as all children have if left to their own sweet will—children of the woods and parks, little rural and—the human world in miniature uncontrolled. The lawn is measured. A mellow voice spreads over the grassy lawns, on the passive air, a hollow metallic ringing is curled out, rolling as tiny wavelets to the shore of a tiny pool—the music of an echo, touching the high towers of the mansion house, rebounding to the forest edge—clear, fine, and piercing. The winter sunny rays mottle the earth by the gateway, and the earth seems saturated by a shower which fell days ago—a shower of snow. Around the open glade, a stately rack of beech and fir trees marks the park's outline. The day is cold and damp, the seasons hang in the balance.

In summer here, I know a tree whereon the cushat builds, a tree of fir. On the green soft cushion around its base the children gather needles and pans for youthful household purposes—age reflected in infancy. These trees are honestly Scotch, rooted to the soil, the nettle and the thistle lower in the scale. Around the wood pigeons' abode, mighty beeches extend their branches, and sycamores shelter the approach—trees born of ancestral days, veterans of the forest, and at eventide, when the sun is warm, carrying its fire flame westwards, the low Coo, coo! familiarly resounds over the park—a plaintive moaning from the tree top. The lark from the mossy meadow tells his tale of love and devotion, soaring high above the forest shadows, revelling in the ether, shouting vocally in the sky, making the wild hall ring, with its joyous outpouring, a musical day star, a pearl from earth and the old pairs, homing, at the fold of light.

Over the emerald ground word, a rook is seen, when the wind is high, he emits the lee side of the fuel, and hugs the bushes on the border, pausing, like a mighty rushing blast, causing the dead leaf to swirl on the grass. At the fence a lion, the sparrows, the magpies with pastoral flashes in hurry, hovering over the stubble in request for further business. Down the field he goes, and over the meadow land on strong wing, till it stands gaily in the breeze, a gem, a pearl, a bird of superior beauty, up to the intire, chattering, hurrily, hurrily, definitely. A continuous warble, an entertaining exhibition of vocal power on the part of the hedge partner, enlivens the bushes under the shadow of the beeches, its capabilities of a very high order—a low, sweet liquid song. In a meditating mood it sits, with an impressive air it looks for food under the stems. Its little nest is cosy, its contents four blue turquoises set in a brown environment.

Cuckoo, cuckoo! What a mystic sound! a half human, a long drawn echo, a resemblance half bird, half mammal expression, a source of infinite conjecture, a perfume from an unseen flower. There it sits, a brown, dark, spotted like creature, with long arrow like body, lengthy ocean steamer tinted bird, a true migrant, a sail on the winds, a voyager across the oceans, an outlaw, a bohemian, living by the way, dropping its egg, in the nest of some absent one, leaving the care of its offspring to another, in abhorrence in feathers. Cuck oo, cuck oo! The sound comes from the bushes out there. No! Then he sits still, not knowing he is observed. Strange bird, dweller in eternal summer climes, hater of northern blasts, and as you reflect, he is gone down the grove to seek his mate.

Following each other, wailing, calling, the

lapwings dive, rise, and scream again, flapping their rounded paddles—brilliant pearls of colour too bold by the sunlight. What hilarity, what gestures they cut over the park, down the slope, and across the fields! Joyful birds, birds of the earth and the fullness thereof! The cheerful merry notes come on the breeze, and contain a wildness, a free, piquant taste of nature's high way. In pride, the notes ring with them the milkboy's song and the plough-boy's whistle. You feel the air refreshed, a balminess fills the glade, sucks between the tree-stems, clusters round the hedge, resumes the circle and the primrose. Your heart goes out to meet the bird, even be it an owl, as if photographed on the mind, the rural scene within a certain range spring before the imagination, call up fresh. All nature clays its hands in pride and joy.

With a hurried chirp, chirp, chirp! the black bird leaves the tree-wall, rock-hud, blackness jet—to alight hard by on the park surface. A rolling, springing, sprightly character uses his movements, listen a sharp, full of intricacies, hard to interpret. In autumn, when the nests are empty, how delightful to walk through the copse—a clump of dwarfed trees, everything in repute. The nests, the haunts, the beds of the departed little ones, rest there between the foals and amongst the bonny under-growth, remnants of blithe mirth making, and chill expressions. A few feathers—vivid remembrances of garments—the broken twigs and some leaves are tys. Singing now is in silvery strains, before, it was gold in, now restrained in its compass and its ring.

The pleasant from the cover skulks hastily away, and in the sun shines as a pearl of great price. His ruby head he cannot hide—it is too lovely. It sets off as a crown his kingly robe. 'Uncover here the head that wears a crown.' An irresistible bold attitude the luckless bird, he pears from the herbage and the sun cut he the treacherous colours, denouncing the retreat of this majestic park glory. There is an unspeakable mellowness. In it and bud both are left to frolic, they are not now so fond of being seen, eluding the watchful eye, contented trills are all that is now heard. Yellow, full eared corn fields, charged with the honey of a season, hide sickles, laden with bounty, now piled them up in squares and compounds over the heaviest battle field.

With the stillness of a mid day in the park, at that moment when even the birds are gone, the insect world vanished, there is a sudden scenic pause. The day and the clover sky at the meridian, the exact moment when the dial casts no side shadow. It resembles the dinner hour, the din and rattle hushed for a time. When the cuckoos meet here in the gushing summer day, when the down pouring of the golden rays from the clear sky patches the pebbly brook, and coils up the grass of the park, then the combination of pride, blithesness, and mid day fervour of breezes modified, refined by the park trees, disperse in the quiet indolence, and mingling in space with the warm air, vanish, as it were, in an unanswerable manner.

Kittiwakes from the rocky heights wander, by the aid of their beautiful wings, over the park round the copse, circling, screaming with angry voice, with a majesty, an aristocratic air, no flurried haste. These wings are seasoned by the salt of the ocean. They move over the roofs, the shoals, the surface swells of the landscape; but their gaze pierces not the crest of the earth, but is thrown back tantalizingly, while their eyes search pleadingly. These water washed pearls rest in twos and threes, white dots on the carpet of green. The daisy, dandelion, clover, and the tints of many grasses, cut out lovely patterns before your eyes, the primrose makes a golden margin, the rushes run the edge. In the language of flowers, the surface holds communion. Above, the long rank growth on the ditch side, the sorrel loves to dwell, and thistles keep watch over their lowly neighbours.

A transient glimpse of a pretty bird in the depths of the bushes rivets the attention—a restless—jerky, flitting beauty. This tangled underwrowth seems a fit habitation only for the bird, or a likely cover for the fox. That miniature of ruby and turquoise might well adorn the scrupulously trimmed lawn before the mansion house. Why stay in such a sequestered nook? You are an uncommon friend. Right glad am I to make the acquaintance of such as you, even here. How restless you wander about, the bush, your shrill note doubtless being apprehensive of danger, away under the bushes without a parting word. A robin tells the place—that hero of many a tale, that picture painted creature evolved from the reddish tinted egg shells. His family meet him on the broom that overhangs the bank. The earthwork has fallen, disclosing the branches that were once twisted round, appearing now like strong cables from ship to shore. Its home is there, behind the roots, and between that and the earthen wall. At evening, puffed up, ball formed, it is challenging, as bird not far off in a veil peeks, a truly spot, still of stained front without a seat. The nest reminds you of olden days. Something is gone, is wanting, a vagueness immeasurable brings the sense. There is a want, although he sings in language joyful and loud. It is in harmony with the half sleeping water babbling through the grass. He is a wild Robin, leaping, jerking, lounging, smiling at the weather of the seasons.

Two, three! keep still, then go the rabbits. Move your foot amongst those dead leaves—magic, they are gone! Hush, hush! be in anger, fear, or defiance. Hush! the very earth vibrates in harmony with the animals' spirit. Over the entrance, on the three roots, a few long variegated bines of slimness white vegetation—whiter under there, against the earth—a soft quartz in a soft rock. That sapling is dead, nipped in its youth. Its leaves are golden, its vigorous beauty was green. All other trees are in their native garb. In its fall, its dying agony, its roots wrenched from the soil, the earth still adhering, it had groaning, fallen, clenched its comrade, and now petrified, its arms are rigid, death like. The bunnies burrow under the shelter of the upturned sapling, but otherwise its history is wrapped in unconcern. Only the bee, that in its flight catches the reddish glow, and halts to know the cause. The common blue butterfly, in its diurnal flight over the park in search of sweets, at times greets its wing, there exhibiting the rows of matchless pa-

imprinted on the border of its garment. The wren leaves not the tree in its misfortune, but twits its plaintive minstrelsy full from under the withered leaves and debris swept against its surface, accumulating with every fresh breeze.

Again the participating musical stumble of the blackbird comes from the tree branch on the copse margin—a male voice, a bass, with variations of chattering fluency. Late insects linger at the outskirts, and roam the extent of the park. The insect hum rises from the herbage here and there, a bee, trapped by the spider's snare, hums, buzzing vengeance on the lethal casting his silken net there. In the bushes, a slight fluttering—a leaf floats unheard to the ground, to mix use the mouldy earth. The repose is broken again and again—drowsy beetles, and the tinkling flight of the moths fluttering round the willows at the burn. The tawny owls hoot, throwing a weird enchantment on things adjacent, their muffled, softened wings carrying them from view along the forest edge. A solitary starry pearl, a snowdrop of the heavens, bursts the rust of the empyrean—then it is night.

IN ALL SHADES.

BY GRANT ALLEN,

AUTHOR OF "BABYLON," "STRANGE STORIES," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

When Nora and the doctor reached the door of Orange Grove, they found Edward Hawthorn waiting to receive them, and the servants already busy trying to remove as far as possible the signs of the wreck so lidly ill fitted the well motives. Several neighbouring planters who had come down from the hills above, stood in armed groups round the gate, and a few minutes black coachables, hastily summoned to the spot by the fire, were helping to extinguish the smouldering ashes. Only Delgados dead body lay untouched upon the soft, stiff and motionless, for not one of the negroes dare venture to set hands upon it, and in the room within Murray sat still, looking anxiously at Harry Nelson's pallid face and livid eyelids, and his blood stained shirt, that yet heaved faintly and almost imperceptibly upon his broad bosom at each long, slow drawn inspiration.

'He is living!' Nora asked, in a hushed voice of painful inquiry, and Murray answered under her breath, looking up at the bluff doctor. 'Yes, he's living still. He's breathing, quite regularly, though very feebly.'

As for Macfarlane, he went to work at once with the cool business like precision and rapidity of his practised profession, opening the blood stained shirt in front, and putting his hand in through the silk vest to feel the heart that still beat faintly and evenly. 'He's lost a great deal of blood, no doubt, Mrs Hawthorn,' he said cheerily, 'but he's a strong man, and he'll pull through yet, you needn't be too anxious—thanks to whoever put this handkerchief round his arm. It's a good enough tourniquet to use on an emergency.—Was it you, Miss Dupuy, or Mrs Hawthorn?'

A pale round spot of vivid colour flashed for a moment into Nora's white cheek as she answered quietly. 'It was me, Dr Macfarlane!' and then died out again as fast as it had come, when Macfarlane's eyes were once more removed from her burning face.

'You're a brave lass, and no mistake,' the doctor went on, removing the tourniquet, and stanching the fresh flow rapidly with a proper bandage, produced with no manical routine from his coat pocket. 'Well, well, don't be afraid about him any longer. It's a big cut, and a deep cut, and it's just gone and severed a good big artery—an ugly business, but you taken it in time, and your bandage has been most judiciously applied, so you may rest assured that, with a little nursing, the young man will soon be all right again, and sound as ever. A cutlass is a nasty weapon to get a wound from, because these nigger fellows don't sharpen them up to a clean edge, as they ought to do rightly, but just hack and mutilate a man in the most outrageous and unbusiness like manner, instead of killing him outright like good Christians, with a neat, sharp, workman like incision. But we'll pull him through—we'll pull him through yet, I don't doubt it. And if he lives, you may have the pleasure of knowing, young lady, that it was the tourniquet you made so cheerily that just saved him at the right moment.'

As Macfarlane finished the sing and binding Harry's wound, and Harry's eyes began to open again, slowly and ghastly, for he was very faint with loss of blood, Nora, now that the excitement of that awful evening was fairly over, seemed at last to reach within herself her great loss with a sudden revulsion. Turning away passionately from Harry's bedside, she rushed into the next room, where the women servants were already gathered round their mistress's body, keening and wailing as is their wont, with strange hymns and incoherent songs, where in stray scraps of Hebrew psalms and Christian anthems were mingled incongruously with weird surviving reminiscences of African fetichism, and mystic symbols of ab initio obeah. Fully awake now to the blow that had fallen so suddenly upon her, Nora flung herself in fierce despair by her father's side, and kissed the speechless lips two or three times over with wild remorse in her fresh agony of distress and isolation. 'Father, father!' she cried aloud, in the self same long drawn wail as the negresses around her, 'they've killed you, they've killed you! my darling—my darling!'

'Dem kill you—dem kill you!' echoed Rose and Nita and the other women in their wailing sing song. 'But de Lord oh hebben himself avenge you. De grabe yawnin' wide thus ebenin' for Louis Delgado. De Lord smite him—de Lord smite him!'

'Get away, all you wild crones!' the doctor said, coming in upon them suddenly with his hearty Scotch voice, that seemed to break in too harshly on the weird solemnity of the ghastly scene. 'Let me see how it was they killed your master. He's dead, you say—stone dead, is he? Let me see let me see, then.—Here you, there—lift up his head, will you, and put it down decently on the pillow.'

Nita did as she was told, mechanically, with a reproachful glance from her big white fringed eyes at the too matter of fact and common-sense

Scotchman, and then sat down again, squatting upon the floor, moaning and crooning piteously to himself, as decorum demanded of her under such circumstances.

The doctor looked closely at the clotted blood that hung in ugly tangles on the poor old man's gray locks, and whistled a little in a dubious undertone to himself, when he saw the great gash that ran right across Mr Dupuy's left shoulder. 'An awkward cut,' he said slowly—'a very severe and awkward cut, I don't deny it. But I don't precisely see, myself, why it need have positively killed him. The loss of blood mustn't have been so very excessive. He's hacked about terribly, poor old gentleman with their ugly cutlasses, though, luckily enough, to have done for a Dupuy, in my opinion. They're very tough subject indeed to kill, all the Dupuys in.'

As he spoke, he leant down cautiously over the body, and listened for a minute or two attentively with his ear at the heart and lips. Then he held his finger highly with close scrutiny before the motionless nostrils, and shook his head on or twice in a very solemn and mum fashion. 'It's a most singular fact,' he said with slow deliberation, looking over at Ian and one full of important psychical implications that the moral of every man's life I have ever had to deal with in the whole course of my professional experience—except only the Scotch people—have a most alienated and ridiculous habit of jumping at conclusions without sufficient data to go upon. The man's not dead at all, I tell you, not a bit of it. He's breathing, still breathing, mighty.'

Nora leapt up at the word with another sudden access of wild energy. 'Breathing!' she cried—'breathing, doctor? Then he'll live still. He'll live! breathing will be my darling!'

'Now we're jumping at conclusions a second time most unmistakably, Mistress,' he said with true Scotch caution. 'I will not say positively he'll get better again, for that's a question that's solely in the hands of the Almighty. But I do say the man's breathing—not a doubt of it.'

His discovery inspired them all at once with fresh hope for Mr Dupuy's safety. In a few minutes they had taken off his outer clothing and dressed his wounds, while Nora sat rocking herself to and fro steadily in the American chair, her hands folded tight with intertwining fingers upon her lap, and her lips trembling with convulsive jerks, as she mouned in a low monotone to herself, between suspense and hope, after all the successive manifold terrors of that endless evening.

By and by the doctor turned to her kindly and gently. 'He'll do,' he said, in his most fatherly manner. 'Go to bed, lass, go to bed, I tell ye. Why, we're tired and broken yourself too, pretty awkwardly! You'll need rest too to bed, an' he'll be better, we'll hope and trust, to-morrow morning.'

'I won't go to bed,' Nora said firmly, 'as long as I don't know whether he will live or not, Dr Macfarlane.'

'Why my lass, that'll be a very long watch for ye, then, indeed, I promise you, for he'll not be well again for many a long day yet, I'm thinking. But he'll do, I don't doubt, with care and nursing. Go to bed, now, for there'll be plenty to guard you. Mr Hawthorn and I will stop here to-night, and there's neighbours enough coming up every minute to hold the place against all the niggers in the whole of Trinidad. The country's roused now, the constabulary's alive, and the governor'll be sending up the military shortly to take care of us while you're sleeping. Go to bed at once, there's a good lassie.'

Marian took her quietly by the arm and led her away once more half fainting. 'You'll stop with me, dear?' Nora whispered, and Marian answered with a kiss. 'Yes, my darling, I'll stop with you as long as you want me.'

'Wait a minute,' the good doctor called out after them. 'You'll need something to make you sleep after all this excitement. I take it, ladies, there's nothing in the world so much wrong minded by the faculty under these conditions as a good stiff glass of old Highland whisky with some lime juice and a lump of sugar in it—we'll have some whisky in the house, no doubt, won't you, Lady Jackal?'

In a minute or two Uncle Jack had brought the whisky and the glasses and the fruit for the lime juice, and Macfarlane had duly concocted what he considered a proper dose for the young ladies. I have noticed, too, that besides the whisky the juice, and the sugar, he poured furtively into each glass a few drops from a small phial that he took out unperceived by all the others from his waistcoat pocket. And I saw as the two girls had gone off to their rooms the doctor whispered to him confidentially with all the air of a most profound empiricism: 'The poor ladies wanted a little sedative to still their nerves. I considered, after all this unusual and upsetting excitement, so I've just taken the liberty to give them each a drop or two of morphine in them, which, that'll make them both sleep as sound as a child till to-morrow morning.'

But all that night the negroes watched and prayed loudly in their own huts with strange distortions, and the white men and the constabulary watched—with more oaths than prayers, after the white man's fashion—round the death and the opposite side of Mr Dupuy's front gallery.

RECENT NOTES FROM THE LAND OF EGYPT

To those who are interested in ancient Egypt, and to the student of Biblical archæology, the last few weeks have given treasures of discovery. First, there was the unbinding and exposing to view of the mummies of Rameses II and III, and the identification of that of Queen Nofretari, then the discovery, by Mr Flinders Petrie, of 'El Kasr el Bint el Yahudi (the Castle of the Jew's Daughter), which throws a flood of light upon the few verses in Jeremiah xlii where we read that Johanan, the son of Kareah, followed by the captains of the forces, the remnant of Judah, and the Hebrew princesses, daughters of the

blinded and dethroned Zedekiah, fled to Tahpanhes, the court of Pharaoh Hophra, king of Egypt. Lastly, there was the interesting meeting of the Egyptian Exploration Fund (see *Chambers's Journal*, No 70), when an account of the finding of the Greek settlement of Naukratis was given, and specimens of the treasures found there were exhibited. To Professor Maspero we are indebted for the sight of the celebrated Pharaohs, and any one travelling in Egypt should not fail to visit the 'Hall of the Mummies,' in the Boulak Museum, near Cairo, where, in glass cases, they will see the faces of these kings exposed to view. First of all, before describing the appearance of the dead monarchs as they emerged from the endless folds of the mummy cloths, it may be worth while to glance cursorily at their history.

Ramses II—the Sesostris of the Greeks—was the third king of the nineteenth dynasty. He bears the name of Amaktu, the Conqueror, and in the rolls of the papyri he is also called Ba, Bestura, 'Sethous—who is called Ramses—and Setesu. He was a great builder, and a warrior as well. The land is filled with his buildings and with gigantic statues of himself and his family and the walls of the temples are covered all over with vivid pictures of his battles and victories. Not only in Egypt are these to be found, but also engraven upon the rock tablets at Beryrus in Syria, in records of his victories in Asia. He does not, however, appear to have allowed his architectural plans and his warlike expeditions wholly to engross his attention, for we find him dividing the land into nomes or provinces, and setting governors over them. He seems to have employed the prisoners of war in making canals for the use of those who lived at a distance from the river. He also remitted the scale of rents for land, and made the canal from the Nile to the Red Sea. In the fifth year of his reign we find him at Kadesh on Orontes, a fortified Syrian town, which had broken out with the Khita, a Semitic tribe, who had one of their strongholds there. After a desperate struggle, Ramses appears to have been victorious, and ratified his treaty with the conquered people by marrying their king's daughter. We find him afterwards waging war in Palestine, and it is certain that he conquered Ashdon. He transferred his court to San or Zoan, on the Tanitic arm of the Nile, and from thenceforth Tanis became the seat of government. By many, Ramses II is thought to be the Pharaoh of the oppression, for whom the children of Israel built the treasure cities of Pithom and Ramses. Certain it is that during this reign the literature and language of Egypt became impregnated with words borrowed from Semitic sources.

The chief buildings of Ramses II are the Rameseum or Memnonium, a Temple of Victory at Old Qurnah, dedicated to the god Amon, the rock temple of Ipsamboul, dedicated to the chief gods of Egypt, the completion of the Temple of Amon at Luxor, which was left unfinished by Amenhotep III, and the great hall in the Temple of Karnak. He erected two giant statues of himself and two beautiful obelisks, one of which is in Paris.

The king enjoyed a reign of sixty-seven years, part of which time he was associated with his father. He must have been nearly one hundred years old when he died, and from the temple walls at Abydos we learn that he had sixty sons and fifty-nine daughters. Thus is the merest outline of Ramses II, one of the greatest of the Egyptian kings, an essentially successful man, bold, enterprising, ambitious, and vain.

Now for his personal appearance, in so far as we can judge of it after its long repose in spices and linen bandages. For the sake of those whose faith may not be very strong, let us tell that the mummy was opened by Maspero and Brugsch—two of our greatest Egyptologists—in presence of a large number of people, English as well as Egyptian, who verified the official statement made by the high priest Pinetem on the coffin lid, and on the outer winding-sheet of the mummy, that this was in truth the body of Ramses II. The head is long, and small in proportion to the size of the body, the tip of it is bald, but elsewhere the hair is thick. At the time of death it was probably white, but the spices used in the embalmment have turned it a yellowish colour. The eyebrows, too, are white and thick, the eyes small and close together, the temples are sunken, and the nose, long, thin, and hooked, is also depressed at the tip. The tightness of the bandaging probably accounts for this. The chin is prominent, and the jaw bone massive, giving a look of determination to the face, which is covered with a thin beard and moustache. The skin is of a brown tone, with black marks on it, possibly owing to the bituminous matter used in embalming. The hands, which are crossed over the breast, are small, and dyed with henna; the legs and thighs flesh less, the feet long, slender, and although somewhat flattened, are well shaped. They also are stained with henna. The body is in a good state of preservation, and the corpse, which is that of a very old man, is also that of a strongly built and vigorous old man. The examination over, Professor Maspero returned the mummy to its glass case, where, with face uncovered, it may be seen, with the mummies of Pinotem and the priest Nehsoum.

Ramses III—surnamed Hat On—Prince of Heliopolis, was not the immediate successor of Ramses II, although he appears to have taken him for his model. When he came to the throne, Egypt had degenerated to a miserable condition, and he first turned his attention to the internal affairs of the kingdom, reorganizing the different castes and fixing their lines very firmly. He also started a navy, to trade with the countries near to Egypt. Many of the trees and shrubs in the valley of the Nile were planted by him, to encourage moisture in the atmosphere and give shade to the people. His buildings were not nearly so grand or so numerous as those of Ramses II. He erected several Ramseses and a new temple at Thebes. He also converted the treasure house at Medinet Abou into a Temple of Victory, bringing all that was most precious into it. From some of the papyri, we find that he was to have been the victim of a plot hatched in the harem, but it was discovered, and the conspirators punished. Ramses III reigned more than twenty-seven years, and had eighteen sons and fourteen daughters, to the former of whom he gave the names of the sons of Ramses II,

In his reign, the art of inlaying glass in alabaster was at its height.

Ramses III was altogether an inferior man to his predecessor of the same name, although probably more intelligent, and from the shape of the forehead, we might judge him to have had the intellectual capacities largely developed. But he was eaten up with vanity, and a desire to imitate in everything Ramses II. His buildings are less numerous than that monarch's, in style they are far inferior, and the construction is poor. His wars were chiefly fought close at home, either with the neighbouring Philistines or the tribes in the frontier of his country. This, condensed into a few sentences, is the outline of his life. In appearance, we see at Beni-Hasan, when the mummy was unrolled, he was a small man, much inferior in size and build to Ramses II, although his forehead is of better proportions. No hair is visible on either face or head, the cheekbones are not so high, the nose not so hooked, the chin and jaw less massive. Professor Wiedemann thinks that the eyes were larger than those of Ramses II, which were small, but it is difficult to be certain about this, as they have been extracted, and the lids even removed. The mouth is horribly large, and out of proportion to the rest of the face, the lips are thin, and many of the teeth are in a perfect state of preservation. The displaying of the mummies of Ramses III was indeed a proof of art, skill and patience on the part of the operators, for when the last covering were removed, the face was found to be completely hidden by a coating of bitumen which had to be chipped away piecemeal with the utmost care. The mummy, first uncovered, stand now in a glass case by the side of Ramses II, and the lid of the sarcophagus in which he was buried is in the Museum at Cambridge.

The mummy of Queen Nefertari was found with those of Ramses II and III in the hidden place at Deyr-el-Bahari, but it became in such a bad condition, and smelt so horribly, that it was necessary to put it rid of it. Accordingly, Professor Maspero decided to open it, and by doing so, settled a hitherto hotly mooted question. Who Nefertari, the popular and deeply revered queen of King Aahmes I of the eighteenth dynasty, a negress? On some of the monuments, she is represented with fine hair and yellow skin, on others, with a distinctly negro type of face. Truly, she was worshipped at Thebes under the form of Hathor, the black goddess of Death and the nether world. Did, then, the story of her belonging to one of the black races of mankind originate in this, or was there real ground for depicting her with a black complexion? The investigation of the mummy answered the question, for although, on being opened, it began to crumble away and dissolve into black matter, it was quite possible to ascertain that she was a woman of full size and middle height, and that she belonged to the white races of mankind.

The opening of these mummies was the last official work of Professor Maspero, and the description of them is gathered from his Report. Unfortunately for all Egyptologists, he has been obliged to resign his post of Director of the Excavations and Antiquities in Egypt.

We must now pass on from the interesting Hall of Mummies, and convey ourselves in thought to a dismal, dreary corner of the north-eastern Delta, where, in the neighbourhood of the mounds of Tell el Defenneh, Mr Flinders Petrie has discovered the remains of the ancient palace in which Apries Hophra gave shelter to the fugitive daughters of Zedekiah. This 'Castle of the Jew's Daughter,' as it is called by the Arabs to-day—the 'Pharaoh's house in Tahpanhes' of the Bible, was built by Psammetichus I. Under the corners of the building, Mr Petrie has dug out the foundation deposits, consisting of seals, small tablets, engraved with the king's name and royal titles, bricks, &c. It was probably the strong hold of those Carian and Ionian mercenaries to whom Psammetichus granted a permanent settlement at Daphne of Pelusium. The building itself was square, lofty, and of massive structure. It stands in the remains of a quadrangular courtyard, the whole covering an area of two thousand feet in length by one thousand feet in breadth. Originally, it must have been walled in the great boundary wall been, fifty feet in thickness. A gate on the north side opened towards the canal, another on the south, to the military road between Egypt, through Palestine, into Syria. The 'Kirr' also possessed a tower which has probably served at different times as an outlook, a guards headquarters, and a royal palace. Not can we assign one date only to it, it has been added to at various times, and to meet the requirements of the different owners. It is hopeless to conjecture in how many stories it was originally built, but the mean part of the building contained sixteen square rooms on each floor, with walls, both outside and partition, of immense strength. Now, the basements, which are all that is left, were the offices of the royal palace, and very interesting are the discoveries which Mr Petrie has made there. First of all, there is the kitchen, a big room with deep recesses in the sides, and containing a dozen or more large pots, which some how have managed to escape the general destruction, also two flat dishes, three small flat moulders, two combustibles, some weights, and a large knife made of iron. Then there is a room which we may suppose to have answered to the butler's pantry, for it was evidently the room where the wine jars were brought to be opened, but although there was not one amphora to be found, there were scores of bits lying scattered about, many of them stamped with the cartouche of Psammetichus I, and Necho, his successor. On a rubbish heap outside were found the broken amphoræ, some of them having the lute shaped 'neks' written on them in ink, a mark signifying 'good.' There is a tiny chamber containing a sink, and from the contents of that sink, it can only have served one purpose, and that the scullery. Mr Petrie describes it as being 'formed of a large jar with the bottom knocked out, and filled with broken potsherds placed on edge. The water ran through this, and thence into more broken pots below, placed one in another, all bottomless, going down to the clean sand four or five feet below.' These sherds were literally clogged with fish bones and animal matter.

Some small tablets engraved with the name

of Ashmes II, and a bronze seal of Apries, were also found, and in some of the other rooms were seen lying about several Greek vases, many of them well painted with representations of sphinxes, dancers, chariot races, harpies, &c. Amongst the debris, have been picked up amulets, two rings, a sword handle with wide carved guard, some scale armour, beads, seals, &c., and several large amphoræ, quite perfect, and a great many broken ones, although not so badly broken but that they can be mended. The once stately building is now a heap of blackened, flame scorched ruins, while the ground all round it is thickly strewn with the debris of its past treasures. It must have fallen into very revengeful hands before even it was set on fire, for it has evidently been ruthlessly hacked to pieces and dismembered, besides being burnt. But the king of Babylon, as is indicated in the book of Jeremiah, in bed spread his tent on the hard mud pavement in the square courtyard, and after giving over 'such as were for death to death, and such as were for captivity to captivity, and such as were for the sword to the sword,' commence the work of destruction! We cannot tell we know that he did come, and that, according to Babylonian accounts, he conquered. The Egyptians admit that he came, but say he was defeated. Anyway, there are three slabs in the British Museum inscribed with his names, titles, and parentage which there is every reason to believe were picked up by the Arabs near this place. Whether Nebuchadnezzar conquered or not, 'Pharaoh's house at Tahpanhes' is now but the wreck of a departed glory.

The recent meeting of the Egypt Exploration Fund was particularly interesting. At it, Mr Ernest Gardner gave a vivid account of Naukratis, for the excavation of which we are indebted to Mr Petrie and himself. Naukratis was an ancient Greek settlement in lower Egypt, whose site, until lately, was lost in obscurity. We know that it contained five celebrated temples—the Pan Hellenion, and the temples of Zeus, Hera, Apollo, and Aphrodite, of these, four are now discovered. During this present year, Mr Gardner has found the cemetery of Naukratis. It is a little distance from the town itself, and, unfortunately, cannot be wholly excavated, as there is a modern Arab cemetery exactly over it. The part already dug out is evidently the more modern of the two, as it only contains graves subsequent to the sixth century B.C. From a strictly antiquarian point of view, it is therefore the less interesting, although that date gives the most flourishing period of the history of Naukratis. There was not one single mummified body found, the funerals were evidently conducted strictly after the manner of the Greeks. Coffins of tile and wood, the latter adorned with terra cotta ornaments, were found in the graves, articles both of use and beauty were found buried with the dead. In one case, alongside of the deceased ladye's jewellery, was found her rouge-pot, still half full of rouge, and beautifully painted on the outside. Among the many things found in the town itself is a portrait head of the time of Berenike II, made in blue porcelain, a fine archaic statue of Apollo as a hunter, laden with spoils; and two very fine vases of large size. The ruins of the Temple of Aphrodite, built upon the foundations of two earlier ones, consist of little else than mud walls. In front of it is the altar, made of the ashes of the victims, bound together with mud cement. Thus, after centuries of burial, has the excavator's spade brought to light with Naukratis, once the most flourishing Greek settlement and trading-port in Lower Egypt.

A TALE OF TWO KNAVERIES.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

It was a melancholy and foggy November morning, and in its yellow gloom that lonely byway known as Southampton Buildings, Holborn, looked even more frowzy and less respectable than usual. That, at least, was the opinion of Mr Blackford, solicitor, who had no love for the scene of his daily labours, as he turned into his office at the usual hour, nodded to the clerk and the office boy who made up his modest staff, hung up his hat and coat on their peculiar pegs, and passing into his private room, proceeded to open and read the half dozen letters which lay on his desk. With one exception, these were not of a pleasing or cheerful nature. There was, in the first place, a rather peremptory reminder that the office rent was overdue, and must be paid forthwith. Then came a refusal to 'settle,' by the payment of a sum of money, and abatial compensation for injurious action against a Railway Company, which Mr Blackford had undertaken upon the very sporting principle of charging nothing unless he should succeed, in which happy event he would retain half the spoils. Beneath this lay a letter declining to make an advance on certain dilapidated house property belonging to a client, and commenting sharply on certain alleged misrepresentations, and then followed two or three more such epistolary missives.

Mr Blackford's face wore a very excusable expression of disgust as he took up the last of the pile, but he brightened a little as he read it through. This at anyrate meant 'business'—above all, business for which the payment, though not large or unpardonably rendered, would be certain and prompt. It was signed 'William Franklin,' and it contained a request that Mr Blackford would call on the writer that day, in order to take instructions for his will. Now, William Franklin was the lawyer's best client, a retired tradesman of some wealth, and of a litigious disposition which had for several years brought as much profit to the business as all the rest of the connection put together. The solicitor hastily replied to such of his correspondents as required that attention, glanced at his diary, which showed him plenty of leisure time for the day—a far too unusual circumstance with him, and was preparing to keep Mr Franklin's appointment, when his office-boy knocked and entered.

'A gentleman to see you, sir.'

'Who is it?' asked his master, rather ungenerously. Unexpected male visitors are not always welcome to a man whose finances are shaky.

'Won't give his name, sir—says he wants to see you on particular business. I think it's a new client, sir,' added the boy confidentially, understanding tolerably well the reasons of his employer's hesitation.

'Oh! Well—show him in, and don't forget to hand a chair.'

The visitor entered—a tall, dark, powerful man, with remarkably bright eyes—well dressed, as Mr Blackford, drawing comfortable inferences therefrom, at once observed.

'Take a seat,' said the solicitor. 'What can I do for you?'

The stranger sat down, glanced uneasily round the room, went back to the door, opened and closed it, and returned to his chair. 'First of all,' said he, speaking with the voice and manner of a gentleman—a voice and manner not too common in Mr Blackford's clients—'I must apologise for intruding my self in this mysterious way. I didn't give my name to your clerk, for a reason which you will appreciate presently. It is Willoughby. Charles Willoughby—and here is my card. I have also a letter of introduction from my landlord, a client of yours.'

'I wonder what he's done!' was Mr Blackford's silent comment as he took the proffered letter. 'Forgery, perhaps, or embezzlement. The last most likely—if either. I daresay it's only a trumpery County Court matter, after all.'

The letter simply stated that Mr Willoughby had for the last month occupied rooms in the writer's house, that he was a very quiet lodger, and quite the gentleman, that he seemed to have plenty of money, that he had asked the writer to recommend a solicitor to him and that the writer had acquainted Mr Blackford from whom, it was added in conclusion, a full communication on any points arising from the introduction would be expected by his zealous client.

'And what can I do for you, sir?' once more asked the solicitor, with the increased respect due to a man who was 'quite the gentleman' and 'seems to have plenty of money.'

The visitor fixed an anxious look on the lawyer, and replied: 'Well, the fact is, Mr Blackford, that I have of late been greatly worried and annoyed.'

'I am sorry to hear that. Not very pleasant in this depressing weather, is it?'

'It is not, indeed,' wounded the other, with a spasmodic and mirthless laugh, which began and ended in a peculiarly sudden manner.

'What is the nature of the annoyance?'

The visitor was looking round the room in a bewildered way, and did not seem to hear the question. On its being repeated, he came to himself with a start.

'The annoyance? Oh, it is just this—that I am being followed about by people who accuse and threaten me in a most unfounded and unjustifiable manner.'

'And of what do they accuse you?'

'Well, I hardly know, the accusations are so extremely vague. But they all point to horrible crimes committed in the past, without particularly specifying them. The threats are distinct enough. I am to be utterly ruined by exposure and denunciation.'

'Have you ever done anything which would be likely to give these people a hold on you? You can be perfectly frank with me, you know, we lawyers hear a great many curious things, but we never talk about them. Few men can say that their lives will bear very close inspection.'

'I declare to you solemnly that I can reproach myself with nothing which, if known, would produce the consequences with which I am threatened. But you know persistent slander is sure to make its mark sooner or later, it is impossible to say what harm may have been done already.'

'Who are the people?'

'I don't know.' Before again, this unexpected answer, Willoughby looked down on the floor and round the room with the same lost and puzzled air as before.

'You don't know who they are?' said Mr Blackford with incredulity. 'That's rather strange, isn't it?—Come, Mr Willoughby, we are quite alone. Who are they?'

'I can't tell you,' repeated the client, 'I wish I could.' He looked at the lawyer with a pitiably anxious expression, and beads of perspiration began to appear on his forehead.

'When and where do they attack you?'

'Incessantly and everywhere. I am never safe from them. Principally at my lodgings, and after I am in bed at night. They keep me awake with their outcry.'

Mr Blackford began to be puzzled. His new acquaintance continued to regard him with the same eager and helpless look, and wiped his forehead with a tremulous hand.

'But—but—bless me,' said the lawyer, 'if they come and annoy you in your lodgings, why don't you give them in charge?—How many are there?'

Willoughby shook his head gloomily. 'They are too cunning for that,' he answered. 'They are careful to keep out of my sight. I never set eyes on them, I only hear their voices. And they are in hundreds—in thousands, for all I can tell.'

Mr Blackford of course at once understood the true state of the case, and the discovery was not a pleasant one. He was by no means a nervous man, yet he experienced an electrical sensation in the scalp of his head at the idea that he was sitting within a yard of an athletic madman. Clearly, it would not do to contradict so opinionated a person as this was likely to be, he must be humoured, and induced, if possible, to go away quietly.

'That's awkward—very awkward,' said the solicitor in a reflective tone. 'If we can't see them, you know, how can we get at them so as to set the law in motion?'

'I can't tell what to do,' said the other despondently, 'that is why I have come to consult you. All I know is that they continue to denounce and threaten me night and day, and that it cannot go on without being noticed. In that case, my character will be materially injured, and they will have attained their object. Besides, they are killing me, Mr Blackford. A man

can't exist without sleep, and I have had but little for weeks past. And now I learn that they are contriving a plan to relieve one another at night, so as to keep me awake!

There was something inexpressibly grim in the earnest yet matter of fact way in which these impossibilities were related, with agitation, indeed, but with nothing in the nature of abnormal excitement or maniacal frenzy. He spoke as a man who found great matter for trouble, but none for astonishment, in the nightly irruption into his lodgings of hundreds or thousands of abusive persons, whose numbers were no hindrance to their remaining effectually concealed in the space of two small rooms. But he surveyed the walls and floor at more frequent intervals in his dazed manner, as though he suddenly found himself in a strange place, while his moist and shaking hands nervously and convulsively worked his handkerchief into a compact ball.

Actuated at first by the best motives, Mr Blackford began to question him cautiously as to his connections and private affairs. It seemed that, with the exception of some distant relatives at the Cape, he was alone in the world, nor did he appear to have any friends in England upon whom he could rely. Having elicited the further fact that he had an income of five hundred pounds a year, derived from funded property, the solicitor ceased his questions and divested himself up to reflection, while his client anxiously awaited the voice of the oracle.

There are many members of the junior branch of the legal profession who are of unbending uprightness and fastidious honour, there are a few downright knaves, and there are others who stand neither on the upper nor on the lower rungs of the moral ladder, but occupy a position somewhere about the middle. These last are equally prepared to be honest should honesty be made easy for them, or rogues in the face of difficulty or temptation, and among their number was Mr Blackford. He was not altogether favourably known to his brother practitioners, but neither could any definite charge be brought against him. He had done things which were certainly worthy of condemnation, but he had hitherto kept clear of any offence which would endanger his position on the rolls. He dressed neatly, he had a good manner and a correct accent, and he did not drink. His business was small, and not of a high class, lying mostly among the smaller sort of tradesmen, yet he had a certain connection, and even a few clients of means and fair position, and he was said to understand his work. He was quite without capital, and lived a hand to mouth life, and he had certain extravagant tastes of the lower kind. Money was always scarce with him, and he was prepared to acquire it in any way which offered, so that it was unattended with risk, for he was quite unburdened with scruples, considering all profit fair which could be safely gained. And he thought that in this case he saw a chance of such profit. Willoughby had answered all his questions, some of them bordering on impertinence, in the most open and unreserved fashion, he was evidently disposed to place the fullest confidence in his legal adviser, looking to him for sympathy and deliverance. Mr Blackford felt more at his ease in thus parleying with a probably dangerous lunatic, than a few minutes before he would have thought possible.

The upshot of his meditations was that he concluded to abandon, at all events for the present, his first very proper and humane purpose of communicating with the police, and trying to induce them to deal with the case as that of a lunatic at large, so that the poor fellow might be properly cared for until his friends could be communicated with. For this he substituted a different plan of action with admirable readiness, and with an entire absence of pity or compunction. It was clear that there was money to be made out of the man by judicious handling, and Mr Blackford was of opinion that no one could be better qualified to make it, or more deserving of it when made, than himself.

He accordingly advised that the threats and accusations should for the present be treated with contempt. No doubt they were made for the purpose of extorting money, any sign that they were producing an effect would only cause the man's mind to be redoubled. In the meantime he, Blackford, would use his wide experience and not inconsiderable abilities in his client's behalf, and had no doubt of the ultimate success of his endeavours to do over the offenders and bring them to justice. The poor madman, with tears in his eyes, thanked him for his kindness and attention, declared that a load had been lifted from his mind, and was about to withdraw, when the solicitor stopped him with an air of having suddenly recollected something.

'By the way,' said he, 'it is hardly worth mentioning—but cases of this nature involve considerable expense to begin with, in the way of inquiries and so forth. It is generally the custom—— Well, to put it plainly, I think I must ask you for a small present payment on account, say five pounds or so.'

'Of course, of course—certainly,' said the other, fumbling nervously in his pocket. 'I am much obliged to you for mentioning it, this is my first experience of the kind, I am happy to say. I have not quite the sum you mention with me at this moment. Would three pounds do as enough for the present? and I will send the rest by post.'

'O yes, that will do very well, only a matter of form, you know,' said the solicitor carelessly, but laying an eager grasp upon the coins. 'I hope to write to you satisfactorily before long—till then, good bye.'

So soon as his new client had left, Mr Blackford assumed his coat and hat and went off to keep his appointment with Mr Franklin, who lived in Camden Town with his married niece and her husband. As the solicitor strode rapidly along, he felt a different being from the man who, but a short half hour before, had been reading his letters in so despondent a mood. The sudden and unwonted accession of business from two quarters at once on the same day gave him a feeling of importance, and the consciousness of the four unexpected gold coins in his pocket thrilled through him with a comforting glow, like that of a glass of old ale on a frosty day. Willoughby, if properly managed, might prove a small gold mine before his madness should develop itself to an extent incompatable with attention to legal matters; and visions arose

before him of a possible inquiry *de lunatico*, with its expensive accompaniments of the appointment of a 'committee' and the administration of a nice little estate, all to be conducted, in the not distant future, to his great pecuniary profit, by that trustworthy and able man of law, James Blackford. His castle building extended to an important family connection thence to arise, to the hiring of more commodious offices in a better situation, necessitated by a rapidly increasing business, and by the time that he found himself at the end of his walk, the unpaid rent and the uncompromised compensation action had faded in a glow of splendid possibilities.

Mr William Franklin was a tall and gaunt old man, with a red face, on which dwelt continually a savage and sardonic smile, framed in a fleshless, fine of silvery white hair. His character might almost be summed up in the expressive phrase of certain of his acquaintance—friends he had none—by whom it was predicated of him that he was 'an ugly customer.' He was in fact an evil tempered and malicious bully, whose selfish and tyrannical disposition had been fostered by unlimited concessions of the twenty five thousand pounds which he had made in business, and by the assiduous court which his wealth caused to be paid to him by expectant relatives, with all of whom he took pleasure in quarrelling in turn, enjoying with a fiendish glee their subsequent pangs of self abasement.

'So, it's you at last!' said this amiable old gentleman, when Mr Blackford was shown into his presence. 'Thought you were never coming. What kept you?'

The solicitor, with great humility of manner, apologised for the unavoidable delay and alluded to the overwhelming pressure of business and the constant calls upon his time.

'Oh, I'm sure—I'm sorry to have put you about so,' said Mr Franklin with vast politeness. 'I could not think of detaining you when you are so busy. It's a matter of no consequence, after all. Pray, don't want I'll send to Jones and Crowder, I dare say they would be too much engaged to come at once.'

Greatly alarmed, Mr Blackford hastened to protest that his time was entirely at Mr Franklin's disposal.

'Then don't tell me a pack of lies!' roared the client with an instantaneous change of manner, facing round from the fireplace, poker in hand, with every apparent intention of committing a violent assault upon his solicitor. 'Mind, I don't know that it's just as much as you can do to keep body and soul together in that poky little hole of an office of yours!—*I am sure*, indeed! As if I wanted about the only decent client you have! And why I am your client, goodness only knows. It's compassion, I suppose. I always was too soft hearted for this world.'

His visitor could have furnished him with a better reason—namely, that no other lawyer had ever been found capable of putting up with his insolence and tyranny. But Mr Blackford had plenty of self control, and could bear a good deal where anything was to be got by doing so.

The soft hearted gentleman smote the coals violently, fulminating subdued anathemas the while with a dreadful grin. The solicitor, knowing his man, remained perfectly quiet, and presently Mr Franklin spoke again, abruptly, but in a quieter tone.

'Here! I want to make my will. I'm going to do it at last—in a fashion that will astonish some of 'em. They've been anxious enough about it these ten years and more. I hope it'll please 'em when it's done. A set of hungry hounds! Ready to lick the dirt off my boots for the money, and nothing too bad to say of me behind my back. I know it as well as if I heard it. Not a penny—not a penny for one of 'em! I'd rather take it into my grave with me—not but what they'd grub me up again, if I was in the middle of the earth.'

There was a short silence. Mr Blackford awaited his instructions.

'Then there's this young Tom Wellake been giving me his sauce, just because I spoke a word to that lazy young baggage of a wife of his—said he wasn't going to stand it—he wasn't going to stand it—the beggar! and if I didn't like it, I could go *to all!* I'll stay here, just to spite him. Besides, I'm so ill too comfortable to move. She wants I'd turn him out—the artful minx. "Dear uncle—lent he cross with me, dear uncle!" evil Mr Franklin with an access of fury, and a hideous mimicry of a feminine fold too. "Leave all your money to your niece, dear uncle, that's what you've got to do! Not a brass farthing, by Jove! He doesn't want my money, doesn't he? will he the impudence to tell me so? Very good, Mr Thomas Wellake, I'll take you at your word. I'll pay you out, you young rapscallion!'

The furious mood seemed to have spent itself out, so Mr Blackford ventured to say:

'Then I gather, sir, that you do not intend to leave any portion of your property to your nephew and niece—and I have no doubt you are exercising a sound discretion, is always. But as you are justly offended with your other relations, what disposition do you think of making?'

'Mind your own business!' was the unexpected retort.

Mr Blackford felt rather aggrieved, as the matter was clearly his business, but he said nothing. The old man continued his jerky discourse, addressed more to himself than to his visitor.

'You're right, though—What shall I do with it? I've been asking myself the same question ever since I wrote to you last night, and now you're here, I am no nearer the answer. It's a deal of money, hard got, and soon spent, and I don't know who it's to go to. Plenty hard to leave it at all. No good Franklins, about that, though. I won't give it to an hospital, or build a church, or endow almshouses. I've no patience with that sort of humbug. As if a man hadn't been robbed enough all these years, what with rates and what with taxes. I can't keep the money myself, and there's no one to give it to—no one.'

Perhaps, through that heart, all seared and scorched with evil passions, eaten through and through with corroding suspicion, there darted a momentary pang at the thought that there was not a human being from whom the gift of all his painfully acquired wealth would buy one tear

of sorrow, or even one grateful remembrance of the give.

He sat brooding with a gloomy brow, and this time the silence was so long that Mr Blackford was about to break it at the risk of another rebuke, when Mr Franklin smote his hand upon his thigh and laughed—a harsh and cackling laugh, devoid of mirth or geniality.

'Blackford,' said he, 'I'll leave it to you!'

Had the lawyer received a blow from the ready poker which stood in the nearest corner of the fireplace, he could hardly have been more thoroughly stunned. 'To me!' he managed to gasp out, after a moment's astounded silence.

'I'll leave it to you,' repeated Mr Franklin, nodding emphatically. 'Aint you willing, that you think like a stuck pig? It's not because of any regard for you—don't think it. I'll leave it to you, just because it will be about the worst kind of sell for them all I could anyhow invent. I hate em—every one! and the thought of their faces when they come to hear the will read, will be about the only consolation I shall have for being obliged to part with it at all. And mind you, I shall make it a condition that they do hear it read. You are to call them all together for the purpose, and you are not to breathe a word beforehand of the nice little surprise in store for em. Every man Jack will think he's been "remembered"—and so he has, I assure you! You'll have a nice time of it with em, Blackford! Do you quail at the thought of it—eh? If so, say the word, and we'll think of something else.'

'Not on my account, I beg,' said the solicitor, recovering his wits. 'I daresay I shall be equal to the occasion. But Mr Franklin, my dear sir, how am I to thank you for such munificence?'

'You'll better not thank me at all, if you're wise, and the executor testator. 'you may as kick me like the rest, and then I shall alter my mind. I don't know you well enough. You'll try to dodge the money as soon as you get it, and you'll either lose it all and bring yourself, or you'll get mixed up in some piece of roguery that will bring you to penal servitude. You have my instructions. Go and make the will and bring it here to-morrow, and I'll sign it. And look here! bring two witnesses with you. I don't want any one in this house to know what I've been about. There's a list of the entire. Do all! Good bye—get out!' And with this unceremonious dismissal, the interview came to an end.

As he hurried back to his office, Mr Blackford was able at last to realise the immensity of the good luck which had befallen him in this extraordinary manner. Twenty-five thousand pounds all invested in sound stock! Exchange securities! Good bye to the struggle for bread to the temporary of petty pecuniary embarrassments which resets and deadens effort at every struggle, to the haunting care which makes hard the nightly pillow and drives away slumber before the dawn, to the hand to mouth existence, and the thousand and one daily degradations of a struggling professional man. Good bye to one and all—if Mr Franklin's suddenly conceived purpose would but hold until he should in good time, the best of him, betake himself to a region where cabals are an impossibility. But one thought was present to the lawyer's mind at that moment—to get the will drawn and signed with all possible expedition, but one hope was his—that his client might thereafter make an edifying end with as little delay as possible.

AVALANCHES.

The word avalanche carries with it a sound of terror and dismay, which may well appal any mind. Happily, avalanches are unknown in Great Britain, but in Switzerland they are sadly too frequent. They are known also under other names in some parts of Italy and Germany. Avalanches consist of large accumulations of snow, set free by some means, descending from an elevated region to the valley. Their action is more or less twofold, chiefly by the mass of the snow sweeping away or overwhelming everything which comes in its course, but also, sometimes, by so violently disturbing the air as to cause a hurricane, which in its destructive force kills men and cattle, and tears up trees and even houses from their solid foundations.

Avalanches have been divided into four classes. There are powdery avalanches, in which the snow and ice break up into powder, forming a kind of silver cloud, sparkling like quicksilver, and making a noise like distant thunder. This kind is more dangerous by reason of the commotion produced in the air, than by its weight or power to overwhelm. There are what are called the pure avalanche. The mass of snow, being disengaged, moves down a more gentle slope, and on an inclined plane, and so is slightly in its course. Then there is the glacier avalanche, which consists of a large mass of ice detached from the glacier above, which descends to the valley. This is the least dangerous kind, and is more common in summer. Lastly, there is the avalanche proper, which is the most dangerous of all, and consists of vast accumulations of snow set free from above, which increase in force as they descend, overthrowing houses, and sweeping up trees, burying villages, and swallowing up forests, cattle, and human beings. Sometimes, however, an avalanche may change its character in its descent, as, for instance, a descending avalanche may reach a steep declivity, and the mass of snow falling on the sharp angles of a rock, it may be shattered, and its mass dispersed in a cloud of powdery snow. Cases occur sometimes which, instead of burying the objects with which they come in contact, they drive them into the valley, and deposit them at a considerable distance from their original position. A remarkable case of this kind occurred in 1806, an avalanche which fell in the Val d'Anniers, transferred an entire forest to the other side of the valley, and planted a fir tree on the roof of the rectory house.[1]

An instance may be given of the effects of a powdery avalanche which occurred in the Oberland, in the canton of Berne. It was on the 12th of December 1808, about six o'clock, that the avalanche descended on the village of Shamatt, sweeping away three houses, and carrying one of them fully three hundred yards, and some portions of it more than half a mile. In one house two persons were smothered by the snow,

and five in the other. The third house contained six children and their uncle. Some of the children were in bed, and the rest were sitting at a table learning their catechism. All at once the light was put out, a thick darkness surrounded them, they felt themselves enveloped in snow, and whirled along they knew not whither. Presently a deep ditch stopped the progress of the house. The uncle, soon recovering his presence of mind, began to grope about the snow for the children. After a long search, he found them—all alive, and not seriously injured. He took them to a barn near by, where they were obliged to spend the remainder of the night, some of them almost naked, though the cold was intense. The father of the children was engaged with his cows at a shed at some distance, and was horror-struck, when he returned to where his house had stood, to find it gone—swallowed up, as he supposed, with the whole of his family. But his fears were soon exchanged for joy, and the sight of the meeting of the father and his children and brother affected the roughest of the bystanders to tears.

On the same evening, a second avalanche fell, and was fatal to the inhabitants of another house. The only living thing which survived was a little dog, which had taken refuge in the cellar. As soon as the ruins of the house were removed, he jumped out of his hiding place, barking at the workmen.

In this case was an instance of the hurricane produced by the agitation of the air by means of the descending cloud of powdery snow. Several cattle houses, with the cattle, were torn from the ground and driven like chaff before the wind. There was also another instance of the wonderful power of the hurricane in the case of a barn full of hay, which was carried more than a quarter of a mile, and deposited on the opposite side of the river in its right position, with its contents uninjured!

It has sometimes happened that the snow has not fallen to a sufficient thickness to crush the houses, in which event the inmates have more chance of being saved, as the porous character of the powdered snow allows of sufficient air to sustain respiration. This was the case when, in 1749, the entire village of Tanetsch, in the Grisons, was one night overwhelmed by a powdery avalanche, which descended so noiselessly that the inhabitants were not aware of the calamity, and wondered in the morning why the day did not break. One hundred persons were covered in by the snow in their houses, many of whom were got out unhurt.

But perhaps the most remarkable instance of imprisonment in the snow of a descending avalanche occurred in the hamlet of Bergeletto, in the valley of the Upper Stura, at the foot of the Alps, near the fortress of Demonte, in Piedmont. Three persons survived an incarceration of five weeks. It was in the winter of 1755, when the falls of snow had been so very heavy that there was danger that its weight would break through the roofs of the houses. On the 19th of March, therefore, some of the people tried to avoid the danger by removing the snow from their house-tops. Among those so engaged were a man named Roccia, and his son, a lad of fifteen. The village clergyman was at this time leaving his house for his church, when he saw two avalanches descending. Calling to Roccia and his son, he returned speedily to his own dwelling. Father and son instantly fled towards the church. They had not run more than forty yards when the lad fell close behind his father, who, turning round to assist his son, was seized with horror on seeing that his own house and the houses of his neighbours were buried beneath an enormous pile of snow. His earthly all was swallowed up—his wife, his sister, his children, gone! The shock overcame him, and he fainted. His son soon recovered himself, and helped his father to the house of a friend, but he was five days before he was sufficiently restored to make any exertions in seeking his lost ones. Thirty houses were destroyed, and twenty-two persons were missing, among them the clergyman who gave the alarm. The snow lay over the village to a depth of more than forty feet, and extended its destruction some ninety yards in length by twenty broad.

The news of the disaster brought more than three hundred men from the neighbouring valleys. With iron rods, they sought to discover where the houses were, and then they commenced digging vigorously, but the depth of snow was so great (another heavy fall coming on) that they could make little or no progress, and were compelled to desist, after toiling for several days. No hope could they entertain of any one being preserved alive, and as the warm winds were expected to set in in less than a month, they resolved to wait until the mass should be partly melted.

On the 18th of April the men returned to their sad task. Roccia was among the most active of the workers. Though he had no hope that he should ever see any of his dear family alive, yet he laboured diligently, assisted by his son and a brother-in-law. After six days they advanced so far, that by breaking through two yards of ice they could touch the ground with a long pole. On the following day they were joined by another brother of his wife, who had been led to come and assist by a dream which he had, in which he saw his sister alive, begging of him to help her. Setting to work with new vigour, the four workers made their way into Roccia's house—but it was silent and tenantless. Thinking that those they sought might have taken refuge in a stable which stood in a sheltered position some thirty yards from the house, they renewed their energies in that direction. After burrowing through the snow for some time, one of them thrust a pole through an opening. On withdrawing it, they heard a faint voice say, 'Help, dear husband! help, dear brother!' They now worked away with redoubled industry, and soon made a considerable opening, through which one of the brothers descended. The spot was totally dark, and he could see no one. 'Any one here?' he cried. His sister answered in trembling and broken accents, 'It is I, dear brother. My sister-in-law and my daughter are alive too. I have always trusted in God that He would send me relief, and He has been graciously pleased to preserve me and deliver me.'

Her husband and other brother also descended; and there were joy and tears and thankfulness beyond expression.

The imprisoned women were too weak to move, and were shrunk almost to skeletons. With great tenderness they were removed to the house of a friend, where they were put to bed and nursed with care and affection. The daughter recovered soonest, and the unmarried woman was able to walk in a week or two, but Rogers's wife, who had been in a more cramped position than the rest, was the last to regain the use of her limbs, and her eyes were ever afterwards affected with dimness, from being suddenly brought out of her prison into the light of day.

We give a description of their imprisonment from the lips of Rogers's wife. When the dreadfully cold weather set in, she was in the stable with her sister. They had gone there with some intention of killing one of the goats which, on the evening before, had brought forth two dead kids. Rogers's daughter and young son were with the women, standing in a corner among the animals, waiting for the sound of the bell to go to church. In the stable were a donkey, six goats, and half a dozen fowl. Rogers's wife was about to leave the stable to go to her own house, secretly but she reached the stable door, when she heard the warning voice of the sentinel sounding up, she saw the descending avalanche, and heard a sound as of another at a little distance. She hurried back into the stable and told her sister and her children. In a few minutes, the snow descended upon the building, crushing in the roof and put of the cabin. To save themselves they got into the rack and manger, the latter being under the main posts of the building, and therefore able to bear the immense pressure. They occupied, however, a very uncomfortable position, crouching against the wall in a space only a little more than a yard in breadth. They had escaped instant death, but the more painful and lingering death by famine seemed certainly to await them. They were oppressed with the thought of how they could subsist under such circumstances. The children had not lost heart, they said they had had breakfast and could do very well until the next morning. The men had a few chestnuts in their pocket, and two each of these served for their supper, with snow water as a beverage. In the bakehouse near the stable was the whole produce of yesterday's baking. They made repeated attempts to force their way through the snow to the bakehouse, but all in vain. There was only one resource left, and that was the goat which had recently brought forth the two dead kids. This supply proved invisible. On the second day they felt the pangs of hunger, they divided the remaining chestnuts among them, and also a quart of goat's milk. The third day they made another effort to get to the bakehouse, but the weight of snow was too much for them, so they gave up all hopes of help from that direction. They were therefore shut up to the milk of the one goat.

To feed the goats was now one great object. Two of them were near the manger—the one already yielding milk, and the other, being with young, might be expected soon to do so, if they could only supply them with food. Over the manger where they lay was a hole into the hayloft, through this hole they pulled down the fodder into the rack, and when they could no longer reach it, the sagacious creatures climbed upon their shoulders and helped themselves.

At the end of the first week, the boy began to sink. He had complained of great pain in his stomach. His mother nursed him in her lap for a whole week, when he desired to lie his length in the manger. His hands and lips were cold, and his respiration feeble. His mother put a little milk to his lips, but he could not take it, and then with one faint cry, 'O my father in the snow! O father! father!' he expired.

Throughout the whole of this imprisonment they were in total darkness. For nearly three weeks the crowing of the cock enabled them to distinguish night from day, but at the end of this term chanticleer died, and the compositors followed him one by one. They then literally took 'no note of time.' The donkey and the other goats were very restless for some time, but at length they fell a prey to hunger and exhaustion. The milk of the first goat gradually diminished, but the killing of the second increased the supply, and as they killed the kids, though with great reluctance, the supply held out until the day of their deliverance. The poor goat became quite a pet to them, as it was so tame as to lick their hands and face. The poor creature was ever afterwards an object of great affection with the family.

We noted only all one or two interesting facts. During their five weeks imprisonment they suffered little uneasiness from hunger, after the first week. The effluvia from the dead animal were far more disagreeable, as also the vermin which infested the place, and the great coldness of the snow water which trickled down them. The constrained position was also one of great misery. During the whole of the time, Mrs Rogers had no sleep, but her daughter and her sister had intervals of repose equal to their nightly rest. Their deliverance was a matter of great thankfulness to all concerned, and many a winter evening was spent in relating around their humble hearth the sufferings, the miseries, and the deliverance of that eventful time.

A NIGHT IN AN INDIAN HILL-FORT

Some short time ago, I being then an insignificant member of the Army Headquarters staff at Simla, the hill capital of India, it became desirable to increase the number of hill stations for the summer accommodation of British troops. It was thought that the Chor mountain, the most prominent peak of which is some sixty miles from Simla, would on its lower ridges afford suitable sites, and accordingly, a Committee of officers was formed for the purpose of reconnoitring and making a report. This Committee consisted of a well known general, a major of Engineers, and myself, a humble sub. Somewhat trying work it was to get to the Chor, the road being of the most broken description, and the monsoon rains showing symptoms of bursting for our especial delectation. However, we trudged on manfully, climbed to the very topmost peak of the Chor, which by our aneroid we made over twelve thousand feet, and saw—

nothing, for, by evil chance, one of the most magnificent views in Asia was barred to us by clouds which shut out everything except the first mile or two of the hog-backed ridges below us. Disappointed, we descended, and that night it was arranged we should separate and return to Simla by different routes, so as to make the President's report as comprehensive as possible. In the execution of this idea, I found myself the next day at a place called Bhurogh, whence I proceeded on foot, for we had been obliged to send our ponies back, owing to the state of the road—to a village called Tali. Here at first I thought of camping as I had come some eleven miles up hill and down dale, but the place was so bare and I was so anxious to push on, being short of provision, that I suddenly determined to double my march and make for a fort called Dujarh, and described as being some twelve miles further on. Unfortunately, I was delayed in starting, the march, as usual, was longer than I had been led to suppose, the road was hilly, and it was not until about nine P.M. that I found myself pitching through the darkness in the vicinity of my destined camp.

Camp, did I say? It was very soon evident that there was to be no camp for me that evening, and, what was still more objectionable, no supper. Slowly as I had walked, my servant with whom was all my money, and the cooks with my tent and kit, were miles behind. It was too late for such an unkempt requisition as I undoubtedly was to disturb the garrison, so I shortly made up my mind to lie down peacefully under a tree just outside the fort, however, and close to the spot I had marked out for my resting place, two natives, by the light of a lantern, were hummering some metal vessel with such vociferation as to wholly preclude the possibility of sleep. To these enthusiasts I explained that I was a sahib, and suggested they should postpone their operations till next morning. They, naturally enough perhaps, demurred, and I wrangled, and they continued their metallic fantasia until I could stand it no longer. Thinking, perhaps, I could persuade the local headman to assist me in getting a night's rest, I presented myself at the gate of the fort, a square walled inclosure of no strength, and demanded admittance. After much pulverizing with the sleepy sentry, I was let in at the outer wall, but not into the inner fort, whereupon, I asked that the headman should be sent for, and further demanded for a chair. Seated upon this, and curiously scrutinized by a few promiscuous hill folk, I waited for some five minutes, wondering why nobody came. At last a gate in the inner wall was thrown open, and out poured a procession, lit with torches, and headed by an evidently high-class native in flowing white robes. After the interchange of salaams, this individual, who subsequently turned out to be the tehsildar (administrator of a district), said to me with much humility 'Is your honour sent by the government to see if troops can be encamped on our hills?'

I admitted the soft impeachment, whereupon the tehsildar smiled benignly, and a succession of happy grunts and 'It is he,' ran round the rest of the assembly, who had grouped themselves in an admiring circle round my chair.

'Ah, your honour, we are made very happy by seeing you.' The Deputy Commissioner of Simla wrote to our rajah to say that you and two other sahibs were coming, but we feared you had gone by another way.'

This was gratifying, but not to the purpose. I accordingly explained to my friend my situation, begged him to discourage the metal workers, and asked that my servants when they arrived might be directed to my whereabouts. At this, consternation reigned on every side, and the tehsildar nearly fainted.

'Your honour sleep under a tree?' he gasped. 'It is not to be thought of. I have given orders for a banquet to be prepared for your honour, and your sleeping room is by this time ready. Will your honour be pleased to come and see it?'

I followed the obsequious tehsildar, and inspected my proposed sleeping apartment, a small room, with no outlet but the door, and literally stuffed with carpets, quilts, and pillows, evidently collected hurriedly for the occasion. What pleased me most was the sight of a bed, which I at once ordered to be brought out into a sort of inner verandah, not wishing to be wholly suffocated. I then did justice to the 'banquet' as a man who had trudged some five and twenty miles over a difficult country might reasonably be expected to do. The surroundings were rather oppressive, and the civilities of my host and his companions rather overwhelming, but I was not in a mood to be critical, and it was with considerable satisfaction I eventually sought my couch, falling asleep almost simultaneously.

The next morning, I prepared to start on another march, and again I had an interview with the tehsildar and the rest of the garrison. I could not help noticing that though the man was perfectly polite and obliging, there was a change in his demeanour and in that of his following. No more was my every movement watched with eager curiosity, no more was my every mouthful accompanied by beaming smiles and grunts of satisfaction. This did not distress me greatly, but I thought it curious, and when I had said farewell and had fairly started on my journey, I asked my servant what it all meant.

The man smiled, and explained 'Deputy Commissioner Sahib he write to rajah this place and say "Very great general and two other sahibs coming see your country. Government want put soldiers in your country when hot time comes. Good for you if government do this, because government pay you well, and country getting plenty rich." Rajah he very pleased, and write to all his tehsildars and say: "When great general sahib comes, you make plenty show and big dinner." Last night you come to fort, and it rather dark; tehsildar he

not see very well, and he think you be very great general. This morning come, he see you not general, and he plenty sorry such big dinner make."

WHAT GOES TO THE MAKING OF A SILK GOWN.

Visitors to the International Exhibition at Edinburgh who have watched with wonder and admiration the deft fingers of the silk winder as she winds the delicate straw coloured threads from the cocoon, may be interested to know something of the rise and progress of the manufacture of this, the most beautiful and costly of all our textile fabrics.

The spinning of silk was first discovered in China, and is supposed to have been practised there almost two thousand eight hundred years before the birth of Christ. A Chinese empress, Seling, a native of India, is said to have discovered, probably by accident, that those wonderful cocoons which the silkworm prepares for its transformation might be pressed into the service of man in the same way as cotton and flax are. She unravelled the delicate fibres, and found them to be strong, though fine, and capable of being woven into a web. Prosecuting her researches, she learned how to breed and rear the worms so as to obtain an abundant supply of cocoons, and in this way initiated a new industry, which the empress who succeeded her delight to foster.

For a long time the weaving of silk was in the hands of the court ladies, then, by slow degrees, it passed from rank to rank, until it became the favourite occupation of all classes of women. It was introduced into Europe by way of Constantinople, and in 527 A.D., in the reign of Justinian, it had become so far common that garments of silk were the favourite wear of the Byzantine nobles. The origin and manufacture of this beautiful fabric seem, however, to have been very imperfectly understood, until two monks who had travelled through India and China astonished the emperor and his court by informing them that the shining silk garments which they admired so much owed their existence in the first place to the labours of a small worm. Justinian, like many crowned heads, was often in want of money, and it occurred to him, as he listened to the travellers' wonderful tales, that if he could introduce the manufacture of this costly cloth into his dominions, it would be a sure and increasing source of revenue. Thus judging, he offered the two monks a large reward if they would procure for him a supply of the eggs of this wonderful creature. The monks undertook the commission, and after much difficulty, succeeded in procuring a few ounces of the eggs of the silkworm moth. This treasure, which they had not obtained without danger, they hid in two hollow canes which they used as staffs. One of these precious staffs was lost; but the other was safely presented to Justinian, and the supply of eggs so curiously procured laid the foundation of a flourishing silk manufacture.

This, which was at first a close monopoly, guarded with the most jealous care, gradually became extended to other countries, in wave after wave of conquest swept over the Eastern Empire. One of these conquerors, Roger, King of Sicily, in 1140 transported a whole colony of silk-weavers, with a plentiful supply of eggs, from Constantinople to Palermo, where, for many centuries afterwards, a great manufacture of silk flourished. It was not until nearly a hundred years after the Sicilian kingdom was won of Constantinople that the enterprising citizens of Genoa and Venice succeeded in procuring a supply of the coveted eggs, and very soon in their countries famous for the manufacture of silk. In 1300, the velvets of Genoa were renowned throughout Europe, but there was always an attempt, more or less, to make the manufacture of silk a monopoly, and it was not until nearly two hundred years after the Italian cities had become famous centres of the silk industry, that the mulberry tree was introduced into France. When it did come, it was, as in the case of Roger of Sicily, in the train of a conqueror. Francis I., while pursuing his conquests in the north of Italy, became aware of the wealth and importance of this branch of industry, and succeeded partly by bribery, partly by force, in planting colonies of silk weavers in Lyons, Avignon, and Tours. In all the cities it flourished greatly in a short time, particularly in Lyons, which speedily became one of the centres of the silk manufacture throughout Europe.

In England, James I. made an effort to introduce it, but in spite of his fostering care, it did not at first take kindly to the soil, and, in fact, never thrived until it was introduced by the Huguenot refugees who were driven from France by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Under their care it became for a short time very prosperous, and England bade fair to rival either Italy or France, but the trade was from the first a close monopoly, from which all outsiders, either foreigners or natives, were jealously excluded. The consequence of this was that there was no improvement, the manufacture stood still in England, while in France it was making gigantic strides. It was in vain that successive acts of parliament were passed to foster and encourage it; it continued to decline until 1824, when it was at last freed from the swaddling bands which had so long impeded all its growth and progress. It has, however, been found impossible to recover its yet one lost ground, and the great proportion of the silk used in this country still comes from France. In the year 1877, our import of silk amounted to £12,631,828, of which by far the greater amount came from France. France, indeed, at this moment far surpasses in the production of silk, any other country in the world, the annual value of this manufacture being about thirty millions. Many causes have been at work in France to produce this result, one of which is undoubtedly the attention paid to technical education, and the extent to which it is taken advantage of by both men and women.

There are two distinct systems under which, across the Channel, this important manufacture

that they were nomads by habit and tinkers by trade, but that they were the little mixed representatives of a distinct racial type. A closer examination did reveal the presence of an infusion of white blood among a few of them, but nearly all were the darkest of all dark skinned Europeans. In no degree whatever did their tawny complexion result from long exposure to wind and sun, for, when one glanced at the skin which their half open shirts disclosed, or at the bodies of the all clad little creatures everywhere running about, one saw the same uniform dusky hue. The hair of all was jet black, but the colour of their eyes seemed to be invariably of a deep hazel shade, rather than the opaque black that may be seen in the eyes of many people of a fairer skin.

No sooner were their visitors descried, than several young children, and one girl of about seventeen, swooped down on them with pleading cries for money. Strikingly resembling the children of our itinerant Italians in their dress and appearance, they were also like them in their appealing tones and in the very words they used. 'Giovin, giovin, dah mi penn' [penny], 'mi dona' were the words they reiterated in various combinations, as they held out their dirty little hands beseechingly for the expected 'pens'. Whether they had become familiar with this Italian patois during their temporary residence in Italy, or whether—as is likelier—they had been always accustomed to it in their home among the Ionian Islands, it was clearly the favourite form of speech among the younger children. But that they also understood modern Greek became speedily clear, although they were far from appreciating the uses to which that language was put. For on this occasion the writer was accompanied by a Greek gentleman, a prosperous and eminent merchant of Liverpool, who had readily exerted himself on behalf of his otherwise friendless countrymen, and by his instructions all attempts at begging were sternly suppressed, not only because the thing itself was objectionable, but also because he foresaw that, if indulged in, it would further complicate the position of the gypsies, and counteract his efforts to arouse the sympathy of the American authorities. Accordingly, by a few rapid sentences in Greek, the supplicants were effectually repressed.

As soon as the leading man of the band who were then present—the chief himself had gone into town with two of his followers—understood that one of their visitors was a fellow countryman, representing their patron, they thronged around him with a hundred questions, gesticulating violently the while, and the burden of their complaint was 'How long must we remain here? Why should we be detained when our journey is half over? Why will the Americans not let us come?' Their case was really a hard one. Three hundred napoleons had they spent on their journey from Greece—on the clear understanding that they were to obtain a passage across the Atlantic from Liverpool, the money for which they had in their possession. Then came the word that they would not be allowed to land, when immediately the steamship companies unanimously refused to take them as passengers. Nor was Canada a bit more friendly than the States; so that only South America remained open to them. This, indeed, was where they specially wished to go—among the Southern Europeans and their fellow gypsies. But a voyage to Brazil means a great deal more money than the short passage to New York. The other alternative held up to them—to return to their native country—they indignantly repelled. They had left it for want of employment, and in the hopes of making more money in the New World, for the reasons, in short, which induce other people to emigrate, and they had no wish to waste their substance on a fruitless journey to and from Liverpool.

Although a motley gypsies, not very clean in their appearance and ways, it must be remembered that these people were, like many other gypsies, honest craftsmen. Some English gypsies who visited them came away with the impression that they were extremely well skilled in metal working, and the account given by one of their 'interviewers' a Roumanian gentleman, quite bears this out. 'Mr —— asked the chief why the tribe thought of going to America, and was answered that they wished to make a living. In Roumania they could "use the lead [solder], and they could make and clean pins [the pins being presumably of copper, since they were noted for their skill in copper working]. They were also builders, and carried bricks and mortar. They also tilled the soil. From his [Mr ——'s] knowledge of their habits in Roumania, he did not think the Americans need fear their advent, as they would strive to earn an honest living.' To all this favourable testimony may be added the statement made by the proprietor of the Gardens, that, so far as he could judge, they were absolutely free from the vice of drunkenness, which was more than he could say of many of the 'roughs' who came to look at them.

The passports which they produced from their pocket books were seen to be bilingual—French and Greek in several instances, French and Roumanian, apparently, in others. One run in the name of King Milan I of Servia. The French designation given to them was that of chaudronniers (tinker). Their Christian names, detailed in their respective passports, were various—such as Michael (the name of their chief), Constantin, Stefano, and Jonka; among the female names were Maria and Ghura (pron. Gewra). The passports, which had been duly viséd by the various consuls, frequently included a considerable number of individuals in each, thus covering one or more families. As already stated, these people came from all parts of Greece and European Turkey—from Corfu on the west, and Smyrna on the east, and also from the principalities of Servia, Bulgaria, and Roumania. Many of them, no doubt, are among the people particularly treated of in Dr Paspati's well known work on the Turkish Gypsies.

After their first expressions of indignation and annoyance at their mysterious detention had passed off, these men fell into a pleasanter humour, and accepted with gratitude a few cigars which their visitors offered them. They seemed great smokers, both men and women, their favourite pipe being about a foot in length, with a pendulous elastic tube. On learning that the present writer had come all the way from

'Scotia' (Scotland) to see them, they showed much gratification, to which their chief spokesman at once gave expression in modern Greek through the medium of our interpreter, and, pointing to the freshly lit cigar at which he was now puffing vigorously, he said with emphasis, '*Ti si, bon!*' in this case employing his Italian dialect as likely to be the most intelligible form of speech. This man was quite an accomplished linguist, and could speak Greek, Russian, Roumanian, and two or three other dialects of South-eastern Europe. The curious thing was that, while he seemed rather proud of his attainments, he never once included in his list his own mother tongue, the speech of the gypsy race. Neither would he admit that he was a '*rumika*,' not for a long time, at anyrate, but subsequently, both he and his comrades answered to the name of *Lesse*,* and the cigar was no longer '*bon*,' but '*lachi*'†.

The Greek gentleman and the visitor from Scotia had by this time made a tolerable inspection of the camp. The general effect of the people and their surroundings was undoubtedly disappointing. There was an almost total absence of colour in their attire, which—men, the men, at least—was very plain, and had little of a distinctive character about it. One, however, wore a broad leathern belt studded with brass headed nails, which had something about it suggestive of the picturesque, while the fingers of most of the men and women were adorned with many rings. The men wore their hair short, and some had moustaches and beards. There was more that was characteristic about the women. The general hue of their attire was 'subdued,' like that of the men, but one had a red, white-spotted kerchief around her head, gypsy fashion, and most of them had necklaces of coral or bead, and large silver coins disposed in strings round their neck and shoulders. Their raven tresses were braided in long plaits, which hung down on either side. But none of these gypsy women could be called handsome, and, indeed, were much inferior to the men in this respect. Among the children, however, there were one or two really pretty faces, one, a little girl of five or six, had quite a refined and sweet expression, as well as regular delicate features. In her case, an exception was made to the stern decree against dawdling, and it was amusing to see her shy hesitation as, with hanging head, and a side glance at the gypsy man beside her—who, with many oaths to right and left, had repressed all attempts at begging—she held out a tiny hand for the offered 'penny,' while her neat little mouth parted smilingly over a row of shining 'ivories'. The children, in fact, who numbered more than fifty, constituted the most attractive feature of the scene, and queer, impish little creatures they were. Even where they had no claims to beauty, they were still inexpressibly droll. Some possessed very little clothing wherewith to hide their small brown bodies. One marched gravely about with nothing on but a dilapidated shirt, while, in the distance, a nurse about eight years old was seen to pursue and capture a wholly naked little savage of half her age. Something in their semi-come-up and the tumbled together look of their garments, frequently reminded one of the odd little Bohemians in Callot's etchings.

In one tent lay an old and very dark-skinned, white-bearded man. Through some accident, he had lost the use of his legs, but he lay stolidly on the ground, smoking a cigar, indifferent, apparently, to the inquisitive looks of a dozen curious spectators. A baby was lying very still in a heap of swaddling clothes beside him—'dying,' said some of the onlookers, though the mother herself pronounced the illness to be nothing serious.

On leaving the camp, another incident in the checkered life of the sojourners presented itself. Two of their young women—girls, rather—had gone into the streets to do a little 'shopping,' and had attempted to enter a butcher's shop, with intent to purchase, but from the receipts of this body, suddenly or had by their appearance, they turned forth what Mr Shimpole would have described as 'the absurd figure of an angry butcher,' who, with furious mien and uplifted arm, drove the poor girls back into the street followed by a small crowd of street children, the two young damsels strode on, one with a splendid color on her face, as she flashed her angry glances on the jeering gaffers.* But a kind and compliant beast was at hand. The irate butcher, being questioned, explained that he did not drive them away for any attempted dishonesty, but because he knew, from the previous days experience, that they had only coppers to offer him for meat that was fully worth some silver. To do him justice, the good butcher began to abate his wrath as soon as he perceived that there was money to be made after all. The girls were recalled, and—a perfect mob of children looking in at door and windows—their aprons were filled with a goodly store of meat, with which they departed in happiness, blessing their kindly benefactor.

This unlucky visit had not been enough for the gentlemen from Scotia, who returned the same evening to the camp with a small party, one of the number being a famous 'world master' of Hymns. And now it became apparent that the correctly behaved people of the forenoon, freed from the check of their patron's influence, had dropped the mask, and stood boldly forth in their true colours. Not that they were very bad, even then, their only vice was that of begging. But how to describe that? From entrance to exit it was incessant, clamorous, importunate, and beyond all satisfying. Men, women, children, even babes begged! From every side came the *gra* as formula, and the newest petitioners would lift and kiss the hem of one's garments. Coppers vanished like smoke. Cigars and cigarettes were eagerly accepted on all sides, even by mere children. Nay, so free from shame were the supplicants, that, perceiving whence one of the ladies drew her store of cigarettes—thoughtfully laid in for their benefit—one of the young gypsies quietly thrust her hand into the folds of the dress and drew out

* *Rom* or *Rom*, the gypsy own name for a gypsy all the world over.

† *Lâsik*, otherwise *latcho*, 'good.'

* *Gaje* or *gaja*, Gentiles or non-gypsies.

† Romanes, the gypsy language.

the remaining two or three! There was not the slightest attempt at violence or furtive theft, only an incessant, plaintive begging by word and manner—of the most artistic order, evolved out of the practice of many generations. Although our own gypsies had long ago the reputation of practising this art, it is now quite dissociated from them—in this direct form.

Those English gypsies who had visited them had a good deal to say of their begging propensities. From one they had demanded tobacco to an unlimited extent, from others they had asked for sugar and soap. And while it was amusing to hear our own gypsies express their righteous indignation at the ways of their 'kin beyond sea,' it was very interesting to listen to their remarks upon their common language, for, although very imperfectly imbued, and only in a general words and phrases, they could understand each other a little—only a little, however, so great are the differences of intonation, inflexion, and vocabulary. Nevertheless, now that these Greeks had revealed themselves as their true cousins in gypsiness, it became clearly evident to their visit to Sheb—unlike their brethren in Montenegro—they still retained the language of their race. In the midst of the tumultuous crowd—not only of gypsies but of indescriminate *gaikpos*—it was impossible even for a *Lingo** to do more than exchange a few brief sentences with them. But, in that impatient way, it became clear that this was a camp of true Romany. *Romm*, or rather *Romm*, is the form they give to the more common *Rom*, in which pronunciation they resemble the *Romanes* of the Zaptie countries. Various words were thus obtained from them, corresponding generally with those which one finds in Dr Paspati's collection.

But patience has its limits, and a steady and persistent demand for *lavi* cannot be a steadily complied with, so, with words of farewell to the older men of the tribe, who had throughout restrained their lively—and indeed some of the youthful members, who were void of shame—the gypsy camp was left to become an interesting memory.

When these lines were written, the newspapers told of heavy rains and wet holidays; and further, of a proposal made by an enterprising showman to exhibit the gypsies through the music halls, with their ancestral games, dances, and craftsmanship. Mournful wanderers from the Hindu Kush, a time no better than before you than this!

BY ORDER OF THE LEAGUE

BY FITZ M. WHITE

IN TWENTY CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

The shadows of evening had commenced to fall, already the slanting sun shining through the open window, glittered on the rims of crystal glasses, turning the wine within them to a blood red hue. The remains of an ample dessert were scattered about the bare polished table, rich luscious looking fruits and juicy pears filling the air with their fragrance. A pleasant room, with its panelled walls and quaint curiosities, with here and there a modern picture framed, and a few other works standing upon easels or placed against the wainscot. From the Corso below came the sounds of laughter and gaiety, while within, the delicate scent of the pines was overpowered by the odour of tobacco which rose from the cigarettes of the three men sitting there. They were all young—artists evidently, and from the appearance of one of them, he was of a different nationality from the others. Frederick Maxwell was an Englishman, with a passion for art, and no doubt had he been forced to gain a living by his brush, would have made some star in the world, but being born with the traditional silver spoon in his mouth, his flirtation with the arts never threatened to become serious. He was leaving Rome in a few days, and the dessert upon the table was the remains of a farewell dinner—that custom dear to every English heart. A handsome fair haired man this Englishman, his clear bright cheek and blue eyes contrasting with the aquiline features and olive hued complexions of his companions. The man with the black moustache and old velvet painting jacket, a man with bohemian stamped on him indelibly, was Carlo Visca, also an artist, and a genius to boot, but cursed with that indomitable idleness which is the bane of so many men of talent. The other and slighter Italian, he with the melancholy face and earnest eyes, was Luigi Salvarini, independent in his means, and possessed, poor fool! with the idea that he was ordained by Providence for a second Garibaldi.

There is an infinite sense of rest and comfort, the desire to sit silent and dream of pleasant things, that comes with tobacco after dinner, when the eye can dwell upon the warlights flickering on glass and china, and on the artistic contour the conclusion of the repast produces. So the three men sat listlessly, idly there, each drowsily engrossed, and none caring to break the delicious silence, rendered all the more pleasant from the gay gulish laughter and the tap of little feet coming up from the Corso below. But no true Briton can remain long silent, and Maxwell, throwing his cigarette out through the window, rose to his feet, yawning, 'Hough hm! So this pleasant life is come to an end, he exclaimed. 'Well, I suppose one cannot be expected to be always playing.'

Carlo Visca roused himself to laugh gently. 'Did you ever do anything else, my friend?' he asked. 'You play here under sunny skies, in a velvet painting jacket, then you leave us to pursue the same arduous toil in the cold hat of Albion's respectability, in the land of fogs and snows. Ah! yes, it is only a change of venue, my philosopher.'

'Not now,' Salvarini corrected gravely. 'Remember, he has vowed by all in his power to aid the welfare of the League. That vow conscientiously followed out is undertaking enough for one man's lifetime.'

'Luigi, you are the skeleton at the feast,' Visca remonstrated. 'Cannot you be happy here for one brief hour without reminding us that we are bound by chains we cannot sever?'

'I do not like the mocking tone of your words,' Salvarini replied. 'The subject is too earnest for jesting upon.—Sandy, Maxwell, you have not so

* *Romo Lingoro*, 'great word maker,' that is, fluent speaker of the gypsy language.

seem forgotten the solemnity of the oath you took last night?'

'I do remember some gibberish I had to repeat, very much like the conspirators' chorus at the Opera,' Maxwell returned with a careless shrug. 'It is not bad fun playing at sedition.—But for goodness' sake, Luigi, do not keep harping on the same string, like another Paganini, but without that wizard's versatility.'

'You think it play, do you?' Salvarini asked almost scornfully. 'You will find it stern reality some day. Your hour may not come yet, it may not come for years, but if you are ordered to cut off your right hand, you will have to obey.'

'Oh, indeed. Thanks, most earnest youth, for your estimation of my talent for obedience.—Come, Luigi, do not be so dreadfully like. If the worst comes to the worst, I can pitch the thing into the Tiber.' He took a gold coin from his pocket as he spoke, making a gesture as if to throw it through the open lattice.

Salvarini stood up, terror written in every line of his face, as he arrested the outstretched arm. 'For heaven's sake, Maxwell, what are you thinking of? Are you mad, or drunk, that you can dream of such a thing?'

Maxwell laughed as he restored the coin to his pocket. 'All right, old fellow. I suppose I must honour your scruples, though, mind you, I do not consider myself bound to do anything foolish even for the League.'

'You may not think so, indeed, I hope not, but time will tell.'

Maxwell laughed again, and while the conversation, thinking, no more of the hitch upon the League, the coin, everything, was forgotten, but the time did come when he in his hour of need remembered Luigi's words, and vividly recalled the meaning of the look on his stern earnest face.

Vera looked on at the incident, totally unmoved, save by a desire to lead the conversation into more pleasant channels. 'When do you leave, Maxwell?' he asked. 'I suppose you are not going for a few days?'

'In about a week probably, not sooner. I did not know I had so many friends in Rome, till I was going to leave them.'

'You will not forget your visit to my little place? Genevieve will never forgive me if I let you go without saying good bye.'

'Forget little Genevieve!' Maxwell cried. 'No, indeed! Whatever my engagements may be, I shall find time to see her, though, I dare say, the day will come when she will forget me easily enough.'

'I am not so sure of that, she is a warm hearted child. I tell you what we will do, and perhaps Sir Geoffrey and his daughter will join us. We will go down the day after to morrow, and make a day of it.—Of course you will be one, Luigi?'

It was growing dark now, too dark to see the rich flush that mounted to the young Italian's cheek. He hesitated a moment before he spoke. 'With pleasure, Carlo. A day at your little paradise is not to be lightly refused. I will come gladly.'

'You make a slight mistake, Vera, when you speak of Genevieve as a child,' Maxwell observed reflectively. 'She is seventeen—a woman, according to your Italian reckoning. At anyrate, she is old enough to know the little blind god, or I am much mistaken.'

'I hope not,' Vera returned gravely. 'She is quick and passionate, and somewhat old for her years, by reason of the seclusion she keeps. But let the man live who lightly wins her heart, it would go hard with him if I crossed his path again.'

'There are serpents in every paradise,' Maxwell replied sententiously, 'and I fear that pretty little Gem is free from the curiosity of her original ancestress. But child or not, she has a woman's heart with the woman, in which assertion our silent friend here will join me.'

Luigi Salvarini started from his reverie. 'You are right, Maxwell,' he said. 'Many a man will be proud to wear her sash upon his arm. Even I——. But why ask me? If I was earn so happy I to rest under my own fig tree, there are men who hope dark such a blissful thought.'

Maxwell whistled softly, and muttered something about a man drawing a bow at a venture—the words audible to Salvarini alone.

'I am tired, as I told you,' he continued coldly. 'I do not know why you have drawn me into the discussion at all. I have scarcely work before me than dallying by a woman's side looking into her eyes——.

'And not anything like so pleasant, I dare swear,' Maxwell interrupted ironically. 'Come, Luigi, don't be so moody. If I have said anything in my foolish way to offend you, I am heartily sorry.'

'I am to blame, Maxwell, not you. You wonder why I am so taken up with this League, if you will listen, I will tell you. The story is old now, but I will tell you as best I can remember.'

'Then, perhaps you will wait till I have found a seat and lighted my cigarette,' exclaimed a voice from the background at this moment. 'If Salvarini is going to oblige, I cut in as a listener.'

At these words, uttered in a thin, slightly sneering voice, the two turned round suddenly. Had it been lighter, they would have seen a tall, well built figure, with head well set on square shoulders, and a perfectly cut, delicately pale face, lighted with piercing black eyes, and framed by a well waxed, pointed moustache. From his accents, there must have been some thing like a sneer upon his lips. But whatever he might have been, he seemed to be welcome enough now as he drew a chair to the open window.

'Better late than never,' Maxwell cried. 'Help yourself to wine, Le Gautier, and make all dispatch, I pray, for not forgetting, up to dinner.'

'I will do so,' the new comer said languidly. 'I was detained out of town.—No, you need not ask if a pair of bright eyes were the lodestars to my ardent soul, for I shall not tell you, and in the second place, I have been obtaining your permit as a Brother of the League. I offered up myself on the shrine of friendship; I lost my dinner, *voilà tout*,' and saying these words, he put a narrow slip of pasteboard in Maxwell's hands.

'I suppose I had better take care of this!' the Englishman answered carelessly. 'I got so exasperated with Salvarini, that I came near

pitching the sacred medals out of the window I presume, it would not be wise?

'Not if you have any respect for a sound body,' Le Gautier returned drily. 'I gather that Luigi has been talking largely about the sacredness of the mission. Well, he is young yet, and the gilt of his enthusiasm does not yet show the nickel beneath, which reminds me. Did my ears deceive me, or were we going to hear a story?'

'It is no story,' the Italian replied, 'merely a little family record, to show you how even patriots are not exempt from tyranny.—You remember my brother, Vieri, and his wife. He settled down, after fighting years for his country, not many miles from here. Living with him was his wife's father, an old man universally beloved—a being who had not a single enemy in the world. Well, time went on, till one day, without the slightest warning, the old fellow was arrested for complicity in some so-called plot. My brother's wife clung round her father's neck, and there, in my brother's sight, he saw his wife stricken brutally down by the ruffianly soldiery—dead, dead, mind—her only crime that little act of affection—killed by order of the officer in charge. Put revenge follows. Paolo shot three of the scoundrels dead, and left the officer, as he thought, dying. Since then, I have never heard of Paolo.—And now, do you wonder why I am a Socialist, with my hand against all authority and order, when it is tickled up by such cowardly, unprovoked outrages as this?'

For a time the listeners remained silent, watching the twinkling star as they popped out one by one, nothing to be seen now of each but the glowing tip of his cigarette as the blue smoke drifted from the resident.

'You do not think that your brother and Paolo Lucci, the celebrated bandit, are so much of, are the same men?' Vieri asked at length. 'People have said so, you understand.'

'I have heard such a tale,' Salvarini replied sententiously. 'The affair created quite a furore in the province at the time, but the peasants do me too much honour in connecting my name with so famous a character. Our Italian imagination does not rest at trifles.'

'I forgot for the officer who ordered them to strike down your brother's wife,' Le Gautier drawled, as he emitted a delicate curl of smoke from his nostrils. 'Did you ever hear the name of the fellow?'

'Curiously enough, his name is the same as yours, though I cannot be sure, as it is five years ago now. He was a Frenchman, like you.'

'Marvellous!' Le Gautier sprang out of Paolo Lucci's way, Maxwell exclaimed, rising to his feet. 'We do not pay you the compliment of believing you are the same man, but these brigands are apt to strike first and inquire after. Of course, this is always presumed.—Salvarini's brother and Paolo Lucci are one.—I am going as far as the Villa Salvarini.—Who says aye to that proposal?—The ayes have it.'

They rose to their feet with one accord, and after changing their coats for something more respectable, trooped down the stairs.

'You will not forget about Friday?' Vieri reminded. 'I shall ask Sir Geoffrey and his daughter to come. We are going down to my little place on that day.—Will you make one, Le Gautier?'

'A thousand thanks, my dear Vieri,' the Frenchman exclaimed, 'but much as I should like it, the thing is impossible. I am literally overwhelmed in the most important work.'

A general laugh followed this solemn assertion.

'I am sorry,' Vieri returned politely. 'You have never been there. I do not think you have ever seen my sister?'

'Never,' Le Gautier replied with an inexplicable smile. 'It is a pleasure to come.'

AN ATLANTIC VOYAGE—AS IT WAS AND AS IT IS

When Samuel Johnson said, 'A ship is a prison with a chance of being drowned,' he in that aphorism gave expression to the opinion generally entertained by landsmen in his day. In fact, the discomforts, and even privations, which sea travelling then involved were such that very few persons were willing to expose themselves to them, save when compelled by imperative circumstances to do so.

When I crossed the Atlantic in 1841, for the first time the conditions of things had, in the three quarters of a century which had elapsed since Johnson's time, measurably improved, but the *appurtenances* to which passengers were even then subjected were numerous. No regular steam communication between Great Britain and the United States was in existence. The *Sirius* and the *Great Western* had indeed crossed the ocean in 1838, and the latter vessel had continued her trips at irregular intervals. But for a no little time subsequently no other steamer attempted to follow her example; the Cunard line not having been established until 1842.

At the period of which I speak, the sailing packets which ran between London and New York, and between Liverpool and that port, were ships of five to six hundred tons burden. The staterooms—as the little cabins ranged on either side of the saloon were termed—were below the sea level. They were uncommodious, dark, and ill ventilated. In fact, the only light they enjoyed was that furnished by small pieces of ground glass inserted in the deck overhead, and from the tin lights in the door opening to the saloon, and this was so poor, that the occupants of the staterooms could not even dress themselves without making use of a lamp. The sole ventilation of them was that afforded by the removal of the saloon skylights, which, of course, could only be done in fine weather. The consequence was that the closeness of the atmosphere in the staterooms was at all times most unpleasant, whilst the smell of the bilge water was so offensive as to create nausea, independent of that arising from the motion of the vessel. In winter, on the other hand, the cold was frequently severe. There was, it is true, a stove in the saloon, but the heat from it scarcely made itself appreciably felt in the side-cabins.

In other matters there was the same absence of provision for the comfort of the passengers. The

fresh water required for drinking and cooking purposes was carried in casks, and when the ship had a full cargo, many of these were placed on deck, with the result that their contents were sometimes impregnated with salt water from the waves shipped in heavy weather. At all times, the water was most unpalatable, it being muddy, and filled with various impurities from the old worm-eaten barrels in which it was kept. Not only was the water bad, but the supply occasionally proved inadequate, and when the voyage was an unusually long one, the necessity would arise of placing the passengers upon short allowance.

There was always a cow on board, but there was no other milk to be had than what she supplied, no way of preserving it having then been discovered. Canned fruit and vegetables were equally unknown. There was commonly a fair provision of mutton and pork, live sheep and pigs being carried, but of other fresh meat and of fish the stock was generally exhausted by the time the vessel had been a few days at sea, refrigerators at that period not having been invented.

But the arrangements on board the ships were defective in much more important matters than in not providing a good table for the passengers. The boats—even when they were seaworthy, which frequently was not the case—were so few in number that, in the event of shipwreck, there was no possibility of their holding more than a third of the souls on board. The longboat, indeed, was practically useless in an emergency, as it was almost invariably filled up with stores for the accommodation for the crew, sheep, and pigs, and it would have been a serious hours' work to clear the boat and launch her.

The law did not then render it compulsory for every vessel carrying the Atlantic to carry a surgeon, and the owners of the various lines of American packets would not incur the expense of providing one. The consequence was that, if an accident occurred or there was serious illness on board, no medical assistance was available. When I was returning to Europe in the *Mediator* in 1842 a sailor fell from one of the yards, badly fracturing his right leg. The commander of the vessel was a Yankee—that is, a native of one of the New England States—and he had the ingenuity and resources of resource which characterise of the people of that section of the Union. He so admirably set the injured limb with splints, that, when the ship arrived at London and the man was taken to Bartholomew Hospital, the officials of that institution highly complimented Captain Morgan upon the workmanlike manner in which he had performed the operation. The fact, however, remains, that but for the purely fortuitous circumstance of the commander of the vessel having been able to deal with the case, the result of there being no surgeon on board must have been that the injured man would either have died, or been a cripple for life.

If the cabin passengers had good cause to complain that neither their safety nor their comfort was sufficiently studied, the condition of the steerage passengers was infinitely worse. Men, women, and children were huddled like sheep in the quarters assigned them, no separation of the sexes being attempted. The berths, which ran on either side of the vessel, were not inclosed, and were without curtains. The women were compelled to dress and undress before the eyes of the male passengers, and exposed to their coarse remarks and scurrilous jests. Indeed, the moral downfall of many a poor girl was to be attributed to her feelings of decency and modesty having been blunted by her painful experiences during the voyage.

The steerage passengers were required to both supply and cook their own provisions. There was commonly a fierce struggle for a place at the galley fire, in which the sick and feeble necessarily went to the wall, and sometimes several days would pass without any warm food being obtained by those who were most in need of it. Again, when there was a storm, or even when the ship experienced heavy weather, the hatches were closed, rendering the atmosphere of the steerage almost stifling. In fact, the condition and treatment of this class of passengers were simply abominable, and such as to reflect deep disgrace upon the government for allowing so many years to elapse ere any attempt was made to deal with the evil.

Now, all is changed. The steamers which at the present day cross the Atlantic are vessels ranging from four to seven thousand tons burden, and the arrangement on board of them are excellent in all respects. Besides the lifeboats—which are numerous, large, and built on the most approved models—there are rafts which, in case of necessity, can be cast adrift and launched in a few minutes. In the event, too, of a fire breaking out in any part of the ships, the appliances for extinguishing it are of the most thorough character. In fact, the provision made for the safety of the passengers would be all that could be desired if every ship carried a sufficient number of boats to accommodate, in case of disaster, every passenger, even when her complement was full. Note the like disaster to the *Oceanic*.

The comfort of the travelling public is now carefully studied. The cabins for the first class passengers are placed amidships, where the motion of the vessel is least felt, instead of, as formerly, at the stern. The staterooms are commodious, handsomely furnished, thoroughly ventilated, and heated by steam. The saloon, which is spacious and well lighted, contains a piano, a small library, bagatelle tables, chess, &c., for the use of the passengers. There are also smoking and reading rooms and bathrooms, supplied with hot as well as cold water. The table is so luxuriantly spread that there is scarcely a delicacy which can be obtained in the best hotels in London, found lacking on board these steamers. The supply of fresh water—furnished by condensers—is practically unlimited, whilst that which is required for drinking purposes is in summer cooled with ice, of which a large stock is provided. A surgeon is invariably carried, the law rendering it obligatory to do so, and his services are at the disposal of any of the passengers who needs them without the payment of any fee.

Nor have the steerage passengers failed to participate in the altered condition of things. Instead of their being crowded together in the badly ventilated and unhealthy quarters assigned to them, as was formerly the case, it is now

compulsory for a fixed cubic space to be allotted to each individual. Not only, too, are the berths inclosed—which is greatly conducive to the preservation of decency—but the single women occupy a separate compartment, in the charge of a matron. But one of the greatest improvements which has taken place in the condition of emigrants of the steerage has been effected by the Act, passed a few years ago, requiring cooked provisions being found by the owner of the ship, and although the passage money is necessarily higher than it was under the old system, this drawback is more than compensated by the comfort which results from the present arrangement.

In conclusion, I may say that, including in a retrospect upon my experiences for the last forty years—during which period I have crossed the Atlantic ten times—I have been forcibly struck by the contrast the peril, tedium, and inconvenience then attendant upon an Atlantic voyage offered to the safety, rapidity, and comfort with which it is now accomplished.

IN ALL SHADES.

CHAPTER XLIV.

Next morning, Tom Dupuy, Esquire, of Pimento Valley, Westmoreland, Jamaica, mounted his red haired chestnut pony Simbo Gal at his own door, unchained his famous Cuban bloodhound Sol from his kennel, and rode up, with eagerness and lover like anxiety, to Orange Grove, to inquire after Nora and her father's safety. Nora was up by the time he reached the house, pale and tired, and with a frightful headache, but she went to meet him at the front door, and dropped him a very low old fashioned obeisance.

'Good morning, Tom Dupuy!' she said coldly. 'So you've come at last to look us up, have you? It's very good of you, I'm sure, very good of you. They tell me you didn't come last night, when half the gentlemen from all the country round rode up in hot haste with guns and pistols to take care of papa and me. But it's very good of you, to be sure, now the danger's well over, to come round in such a friendly fashion and drop us a card of kind inquiries.'

Even Tom Dupuy, born boor and fool as he was, flushed up crimson at that galling taunt from a woman's lips. 'Now that the danger's well over!' To do him justice, Tom Dupuy was indeed no coward, that was the one military virtue of which no fighting Dupuy that ever lived could with justice be suspected for a moment. He would have faced and fought a thousand black rioters single handed, like a thousand fiends, himself, in defence of his beloved vacuum pans and deadly chemical sulphur matches and boiling houses. His devotion to molasses would no doubt have been proof against the very utmost terrors of death itself. But the truth is that exact devotion in question was the real cause of his apparent remissness on the previous evening. All night long, Tom Dupuy had been busy rousing and arming his immediate house servants, despatching messengers to Port of Spain for the aid of the constabulary, and preparing to defend the cut canes with the very last drop of his blood and the very last breath in his stalwart body. At the first sight of the conflagration at Orange Grove, he guessed at once that 'the niggers had risen,' and he proceeded without a moment's delay to fortify roughly Pimento Valley against the chance of a similar attack. Now that he came to look back calmly upon his heroic exertions, however, it did begin to strike him somewhat forcibly that he had perhaps shown himself slightly wanting in the affection of a cousin and the ardour of a lover. He bit his lip awkwardly for a second, with a sheepish look, then he glanced up suddenly and said with clumsy self vindication. 'It isn't always those that deserve the best of you that get the best praise or thanks, in this world of ours, I fancy, Nora!'

'I fail to understand you,' Nora answered with quiet dignity.

'Why, just you look here, Nora—it's somehow like this, I tell you plainly. Here was I last night down at Pimento. I saw by the flame that those nigger fellows must have broken loose, and must be burning down the Orange Grove canehouses, so there I stopped all night long, working away as hard as I could work—no manager could have worked harder—trying to protect your father's canes and the vacuum pans from those murdering, howling rebels. And now, when I come round here this morning to tell you, after having made sure the whole years crop of old Pimento, one of your fine English plants is all the thanks I get from you, miss, for my pains!'

Nora laughed—laughed in spite of herself—laughed about a simple, merry, fresh laugh of pure amusement—it was so comical. Their lives had all stood last night in imminent danger of their lives, and of what is dearer than life itself, surrounded by a frantic, yelling mob of half demented, rum maddened negroes—her father left for dead upon the piazza steps, Harry Noel hacked with cutlasses before her very eyes, her self trampled under foot in her room upon the drawing room floor by the naked soles of those negro rioters—and now this morning, Cousin Tom comes up quietly when all was over to tell her of his care how he had taken the most approved precautions for the protection of his beloved vacuum pans. Every time she thought of it, Nora laughed again, with a fresh little outburst of merry laughter, more and more vehemently, just as though her father were not at that very moment lying within between life and death, as still and motionless as a corpse, in his own bedroom.

There is nothing more fatal to the possible prospects of a suitor, however hopeless, than to be openly laughed at by the lady of his choice at a critical moment—nothing more galling to a man under any circumstances than patent ridicule from a beautiful woman. Tom Dupuy grew redder and redder every minute, and stammered and stuttered in helpless speechlessness, and still Nora looked at him and laughed, 'for all the world,' he thought to himself, 'as if I were just nobody else but the clown at the theatre!'

But that was not indeed the stage on which Tom Dupuy really performed the part of clown

with such distinguished success in his unconscious personation.

'How's your father this morning?' he asked at last gruffly, with an uneasy shuffle. 'I hear the niggers cut him about awfully last night, and next door to killed him with their beastly cutlasses.'

Nora drew herself up and checked her untimely laughter with a sudden sense of the demands of the situation, as she answered once more in her coldest tone: 'My father is getting on as well as we can expect, thank you, Mr Tom Dupuy. We are much obliged to you for your kind inquiries. He slept the night pretty well, all things considered, and is partially conscious again this morning. He was very nearly killed last night, as you say, and if it hadn't been for Mr Noel and Mr Hawthorn, who kindly came up at once and tried to protect us, he would have been killed outright, and I with him. But Mr Noel and Mr Hawthorn had happily no vacuum pans and no trash houses to engage their first and chief attention.'

Tom Dupuy sneered visibly. 'Hm!' he said. 'Two coloured fellows! Upon my conscience! the Dupuys of Trinidad must be coming down in the world, it seems, when they have to rely for help in a danger rising upon two coloured fellows.'

'If they'd had to rely upon white men like you,' Nora answered angrily, flushing crimson as she spoke, 'they'd have been burnt last night upon the ashes of the cane house, and not a soul would have stirred a hand or foot to save them or protect them.'

Tom laughed to him. It a sharp, short, malicious laugh. 'Hi, hi!' he said, 'my fine English lady, so that's the way the wind blows, is it? I may be a fool, and I know you think me one'—Nora bowed immediately a scornful acquiescence—'but I am not such a fool as not to see through a woman's face into a woman's mind like an open window. I heard that that woolly headed Hawthorn man had been over here and made a most cowardly time serving speech to the confounded niggers, giving way to all their preposterous demands in the most outrageous and ridiculous fashion, but I didn't hear that the other coloured fellow—your fine spoken English friend Noel'—he hissed the words out with all the concentrated strength of his impotent hatred—'had been up here too, to put his own finger into the pie when the crust was burning. Just like his impudence! the conceited coxcomb!'

'Mr Noel is lying inside, in our own house here, this very moment, dangerously wounded,' Nora cried, her face now like a crimson peony, 'and he was cut down by the negroes last night, standing up bravely, alone and single handed, with no weapon but a little riding whip, facing those mad rebels like an angry tiger, and trying to protect me from their insults and their cutlasses, while you, sir, were stopping snugly away down at Pimento Valley, looking carefully after your canes and your vacuum pans. Tom Dupuy, if you dare to say another word, now or ever, in my hearing against the man who tried to save my life from those wild wretches at the risk of his own, as sure as I'm standing here, sir, I give you fair notice I'll chastise you myself, as soon as I'll look at you, you cowardly backbiter!—And now, Mr Dupuy, good morning.'

Tom saw the game was fairly up and his hand outwitted. It was no use arguing with her any longer. 'When she is in this humour,' he said to himself philosophically, 'you might as well try to reason with a wounded lioness.' So he whistled carelessly for Sit to follow, lifted his hat as politely as he was able—he didn't pretend to all that fine new English town bred ways of Harry Noel—mounted with awkward agility upon his diminutive pony, turned its head in the direction of Pimento Valley, and delivered a parting anathema shot from a safe distance, just as he got beyond the garden gateway. 'Goodbye, Miss Nora,' he said then sarcastically, raising his hat a second time with sarcastic courtesy. 'Good bye for ever. This is our last meeting. And remember that I always said you'd finish in the end, for all your fine English education, an unmarried confounded woolly headed brown man!'

CHAPTER XIV.

All day long Mr Dupuy lay speechless and almost in tonics on his bed, faint with loss of blood, and hovering between life and death, but gradually recovering by imperceptible degrees, as Marian fancied. The brain had certainly stricken, and there were some symptoms of stunning and concussion. But the main trouble was merely the excessive drain on the vascular system from the long continued drunken kettle drum. At noon day he became hot and feverish, with a full pulse, delirious, and ruddy. Mr Durham, who had remained in the house all night, ordered him at once a strong mixture of sal volatile, bismuth, and whisky. 'And whatever you do,' he said emphatically, 'don't forget the whisky—a good wineglassful in half a pint of cold water.'

Mr Dupuy was raised in the bed to drink the mixture, which he swallowed mechanically in a half unconscious fashion, and then a bladder of pounded ice was applied to his shaved and leeches were hastily sent for to Port of Spain to reduce the inflammation. Long before the leeches had time to arrive however, Nora, who was watching by his side, heard that his eyes began to pain more frequently than before, and that glasses of water seemed to come over them every now and again at brief intervals. 'Give him some more whisky,' Marjoribanks said in his decided tone, 'there's nothing like it, nothing like it—in these cases—especially for a man of Dupuy's idiosyncrasy.'

At that moment Mr Dupuy's lips moved feebly, and he tried to turn with an effort on the pillow.

'Hush, hush!' Nora cried, 'he wants to speak. He has something to tell us. What is it he's saying? Listen, listen!'

Mr Dupuy's lips moved again, and a faint voice proceeded slowly from the depths of his bosom. 'Not fit to hold a candle to old Trinidad rum, I tell you, doctor!'

Marjoribanks rubbed his hand against his thigh with evident pleasure and satisfaction. 'He's wrong there, he murmured, 'undoubtedly wrong, as every judicious person could easily tell him.

but no matter He'll do now, when once he's get life enough left in him to contradict one It always does a Dupuy good to contradict other people Let it be rum, then—a wine glassful of Mr Tom's best stillin,'

Almost as soon as the rum was swallowed, Mr Dupuy seemed to mend rapidly for the passing moment He looked up and saw Nora 'That's well then,' he said with a sigh, recollecting suddenly the last night's adventures 'So they didn't kill you after all, Nora?'

Nora stooped down with unwonted tenderness and kissed him fervently 'No, papa,' she said, 'they didn't, nor you either'

Mr Dupuy paused for a moment, then he looked up a second time, and asked, with extraordinary vehemence for an invalid's man 'Is this not put down? Have they done off the niggers? Have they taken the ringleaders? Have they hanged Delgado?'

'Hush, hush Nora cried, a little appalled in her cooler mood, after all that had happened, at this first savage outcry for vengeance 'You mustn't talk, papa, you mustn't excite yourself Yes, yes, the riot is put down, and Delgado—Delgado is dead He has met with his due punishment'

'That's well!' Mr Dupuy exclaimed, with much gusto, in spite of his weakness, and him, his hands feebly underneath the bedclothes 'Serves the villain right I'm glad they've hanged him Nothing on earth comes up to martial law in these emergencies, and hang em on the spot, say I, as fast as you catch em, red handed! Flog em first, and hang em afterwards!'

Marian looked down at him speechless with a shudder of horror, but Nora put her face between her hands, overwhelmed with awe, now her own passion had burst itself out, at that terrible outburst of the old bad barbarous spirit of retaliation 'Don't let him talk so, dear,' she cried to Marian 'O Marian, Marian, I'm so ashamed of myself! I'm so ashamed of us all—us Dupuys, I mean I wish we were all more like you and Mr Hawthorn

'You must not speak, Mr Dupuy,' Mr Fulmer said interposing gently, with his rough and ready Scotch tenderness 'You're not strong enough for conversation yet, I'm thinking You must just take a wee bit sleep till the fever is reduced We've had a narrow escape of your life, my dear sir, and ye must not excite yourself the minute you're getting a trifle better

The old man lay still for a few minutes longer, then he turned again to Nora, and without noticing Marian's presence, said more vehemently and more venomously than ever 'I know who set them on to this, Nora It wasn't their own doing, it was coloured insinuation They were put up to it—I know they were put up to it—by that scoundrel Hawthorn—a seditious, rascally, malevolent lawyer, if ever there was one. I hope they'll hang him too—he deserves it soundly—flog him and hang him as soon as they catch him'

'O papa, papa!' Nora cried, growing better and redder in the face than ever, and clutching Marian's hand tightly in an agony of distress and shamefacedness, 'you don't know what you're saying! You don't know what you owe to him! It was Mr Hawthorn who finally pacified and dispersed the negroes, and if it hadn't been for his coolness and his bravery, we would not one of us have been alive to say so this very minute!'

Mr Dupuy coughed uneasily, and muttered to himself once more in a vindictive undertone 'Hang him when they catch him!—hang him when they catch him! I'll speak to the governor about it myself, and prove to him conclusively that if it hadn't been for this fellow Hawthorn, the negroes'd never have dreamed of kicking up such a hullabaloo and bobbery!'

'But, papa,' Nora began again, her eyes full of tears, 'you don't understand You're all wrong about it If it hadn't been for that dear, good, brave Mr Hawthorn'——

Marian touched her lightly on the shoulder 'Never mind about it, Nora, darling she will

[illegible]

[illegible]

letter, he'll come to hear the facts, and then he'll know what Edwards said was in the whole matter Don't distress yourself about it, darling, now, when all that has happened I know your feelings too well to take amiss anything he may happen to say in the heat of the moment

If you speak a word more before we school, to night, Dupuy Mcfulmer put in with stern determination, 'I'll just clear every soul that I know yet out of the room at once, and leave you alone to the tender mercies of old Aunt Clemmy Turn over on your side, man, when your doctor tells you to, and try to get a little bit of refreshing sleep before the evening'

Mr Dupuy obeyed in a fretful fashion, but he still muttered doggedly to him if a he turned over 'Catch him and hang him! I'll see it to the governor!'

As he spoke, Edward beckoned Marian out into the drawing room through the open door, to show her a note which had just been brought to him by a mounted orderly He was a few hasty lines, written in pencil, that very morning by the governor himself, thanking Mr Hawthorn in his official capacity for his brave and considerate conduct on the preceding evening, whereby a formidable and organised insurrection had been nipped in the bud, and a door left open for future inquiry, and redress of any possible just grievances on the part of the native and discontented negroes 'It is to your firmness and address,' the governor wrote, 'that the white population of the island of Trinidad owes to day its present security from fire and bloodshed'

Meanwhile, preparations had been made for preventing any possible fresh outbreak of the riot that evening, and soldiers and policemen were arriving every moment at the smouldering site of the recent fire, and forming a regular plan of defence against the remote chance of a second rising Not that any such precautions were really necessary, for the negroes, deprived of their head in Delgado, were left utterly without cohesion or organisation, and Edwards promises to go to England and see that their grievances were properly ventilated had had far more effect upon them tuneful and excitable natures

tion the display of ten regiments of soldiers in marching order could possibly have produced

under the most apparently incongruous circumstances, had made them all settle down at once into their usual listless *laissez faire* condition, as soon as the spur of Delgado's fiery energy and exhortation had ceased to stimulate them. 'It all right,' they chattered persuasively among themselves. 'Mistah Hawtorn gwine to speak to Missy Queen for de poor nayger, an' de Lord in heaben gwine to watch over him, an' see him doesn't suffer no more wrong, at de heavy hand of de proud buckra!'

When the time arrived to make preparations for the nights watching, and nursing, Nora came to Marian once more with her spirit vexed by a sore trouble. 'My dear, she said, 'this is a dreadful thing about poor Mr Noel having to go on stopping here. It's very unfortunate he couldn't have been nursed through his illness at your house or at Captain Cuthbertson's. He'll be down in bed for at least a week or two in all probability, and it won't be possible to move him out of this until he's better.'

'Well, darling,' Marian answered, with an impatient smile.

'Well, you see, Marian, it would be so awkward, of course, if poor papa wanted all to go, because then, if I liked, I could go over and stop with you at Mulberry until Mr Noel was quite recovered. But as I shall have to stay here, naturally, to nurse poor papa, why ——

'Why, what then, Nora?'

Nora hesitated. 'Why, you see, darling, she went on timidly at last, 'people will say that as I've helped to nurse Mr Noel through a serious illness ——

'Yes, dear?'

'O Marian, don't be so stupid!' Of course in that case, everybody'll expect me—to—to—accept him.

Marian looked down deep into her simple, little, pinkish eyes with a curious smile of such womanly tenderness. 'And why not, Nora?' she asked at last with perfect simplicity.

Nora blushed. 'Marian—Marian—but Marian,' she said at length, after a long pause, 'you are so good—you are so kind—you are so helpful to me. I wish I could say to you all I feel, but I can't, and even if I did, you couldn't understand it—you couldn't fathom it. You don't know what it is, Marian, to be born a West Indian with such a terrible load of surviving prejudices. O darling, darling, we are all so full of wicked, dreadful, unjust feelings! I wish I could be like you, dear, I wish indeed I could, but I can't, I can't, I can't, somehow!'

Marian stroked her white little hand with austerly tenderness in perfect silence for a few minutes, then she said, rather reproachfully: 'So you wish Mr Noel want going to be nursed under your fathers roof at all, Nora? That's a very poor return, isn't it, my darling, for all his bravery and heroism and devotion?'

Nora drew back like one bitten suddenly by a

deep dra

isn't that, Marian—it isn't that, darling. You know what it is, dear, as well as I do. Don't say it's that my sweet, oh don't say it's that, or you'll kill me, you'll kill me with remorse and anger! You'll make me hate myself, if you say I'm ungrateful. But I'm not ungrateful, Marian—I'm not ungrateful! I admire, and—and love him, yes, I love him, for the way he acted here last evening.' And as she spoke, she buried her head fervidly, with shame and fear, in Marian's bosom.

Marian smoothed her hair tenderly for a few minutes longer, this time again in profound silence, and then she spoke once more very softly, almost at Nora's ear, in a low whisper. 'I went this morning into Mr Noel's room,' she said, 'darling, just when he was first beginning to recover consciousness, and as he saw me, he turned his eyes up to me with a beseeching look, and his lips seemed to be moving as if he wanted over so much to say something. So I stooped down and listened to catch the words he was trying to frame in his feverish fashion. He said at first just two words—"Miss Duppy," and then he spoke again, and said quietly—"Nora." I said, and nodded at him to tell him it was all well, and he spoke again, quite quietly. "Have they hurt her? Have they hurt her?" I said "No, she's as well as I am!" and his eyes seemed to grow larger as I said it, and filled with tears. And I knew what he meant by that—Nora—I knew what he meant by them. A little later, he spoke to me again, and he said: "Miss Hawtorn, I may be dying, and if I die tell her—tell Nora—that last night, when she stood beside me there so bravely, I loved her, I loved her better even than I had ever loved her!" He went on Nora, but still I'll break his confidence, darling, and tell it to you this evening,—O Nora, Nora! you say you wish to goodness you hadn't got all those horrible, wicked West Indian feelings. You are brave enough—I know that—no woman braver. Why don't you have the courage to break through them, then, and come away with Edward and me to England, and accept poor Mr Noel, who would gladly give his very life a thousand times over for you, darling?'

Nora burst into tears once more, and nestled, sobbing, closer and closer upon Marian's shoulder. 'My darling,' she cried, 'I'm too wicked! I only wish I could feel as you do!'

SWIMMING

The extent to which the power of swimming is cultivated amongst Englishmen is scarcely credible to the citizens of a country which boasts both that it is the greatest naval power, and that it possesses infinitely the largest mercantile marine on the face of the earth. It is only within recent years that it has been anything but a rare exception for a sailor to be able to swim. Amongst old naval officers it is still remembered as a notable occurrence that some fifty years ago, Lord Ingestre, when in command of a ship on the Mediterranean station, refused to rate as an able seaman any man who could not swim, and that from time to time other captains followed his example. That this should be still recalled

to mind shows how rare an accomplishment swimming was amongst sailors in past times; and if this has now been remedied in the royal navy, where, at the present day, swimming is taught, a similar improvement has by no means taken place in the mercantile marine, in which a seaman who can swim is still a curiosity. Probably the same remark would apply to our 'long shore' population, to our lighthermen and professional watermen, and to the inhabitants of our numerous canal boats. And yet English people of both sexes and of the average type seem to take to the water as naturally as a duck. The difference is that they delight to disport themselves on the waves instead of in them. Every seaport, every suitable stretch of river, every lake, has its Rowing Club, Cockneys, whose ideas of rowing are original if not elegant, and whose notions of boat management constitute a minus quantity, in the summer hundreds and the August Bank Holiday hideous on the Thames in the neighbourhood of Hampton Court, and if 'Arry takes his 'Arriet for a day's excursion to some one of the seaside resorts which they patronise, the enjoyment of both is incomplete if they do not court the woes of seasickness by going for a sail.

In face of this national taste for aquatic pursuits, it is a painfully suggestive reflection that comparatively few Englishmen, and still fewer Englishwomen, possess sufficient knowledge of swimming to save their own lives if they were suddenly plunged into deep water, and were called upon to support themselves for, perhaps, five minutes by their own exertions. No doubt, the power of swimming is a far more common accomplishment amongst men than it was a quarter of a century ago. Swimming has shared in the athletic revival which has marked the period, and has found its devotees amongst the practical adherents of muscular Christianity, but it, as some seem to think, there are not wanting signs that the rage for athletic pursuits has passed its meridian, and has begun its decline, swimming will probably suffer, in common with other sports, from the reaction. No doubt, too, our chameleon English climate, our cold waters, are against this particular form of exercise. In the tideless, sun-warmed Mediterranean, in the coral-bound lagoons of the Southern Ocean, or by the grove-clad banks of Burmese rivers, swimming becomes both a luxury and a second nature. Let those testify who remember the multitudinous urchins flinging themselves from the bows of boats in Malta harbour to dive for and secure the coins flung from the deck of some newly arrived vessel, or disporting themselves day after day in the fetid, drain-polluted waters of the Dockyard Creek. Let travellers bear witness who, with possibly some humorous exaggeration, have told us how, in Burmah, toddling infants can swim at least as soon as they can walk, and how a mother, too busy for the time to look after her youngest born, will cheerfully and confidently place it in the river, to amuse itself with its playmates, and then, when she has leisure, will swim about among the gambolling children until she has found her own and brought it to land. In such a case as this there can be but little teaching, swimming must come almost naturally—shall we say from hereditary instinct, developed by the constant calls made upon it, and transmitted from generation to generation?

The lower temperature of the sea, or of fresh water fully exposed to the air, in our latitudes will doubtless always prevent Englishmen, as a nation, from becoming expert swimmers; but the common sense of a people which prides itself on its possession of the quality should suffice to evade or overcome this natural obstacle so far as to release us from at least a large proportion of the grim death tribute which we pay every year to our national ignorance. To anyone who has noted the characteristic recklessness with which people intrust themselves to frail craft with whose management they are ludicrously unacquainted, it may perhaps be a matter for surprise that this tribute is not more heavy than it is, but certainly not a few of the deaths by drowning that go to swell our annual calendar of disasters can only be properly called accidents if we extend the signification of the word so as to include those misfortunes which, though unforeseen, arise from perfectly preventable causes. The climate of Paris and the north of France is not warmer than that of England, but the proportion of Parisians—perhaps even of Frenchmen in general—who can swim is certainly greater than that of Englishmen. When it was pointed out to the librarian at Boulogne-sur-Mer that the library did not possess a single work on swimming, he replied good-humouredly, 'Ah! c'est comme ça, Monsieur—on apprend naturellement ici,' and in Thevenot's *Art de Nager, démontré par figures, avec d'Avis pour se baigner utilement*, published in Paris in or about 1696, some of the plates represent ladies swimming, and would thus seem to show that with French women it has been a custom for centuries. In the year 1859, Miss Powers, the secretary to the Ladies' National Association for the diffusion of sanitary knowledge, published a twopenny pamphlet entitled, *Why do not Women Swim?—a Plea from many Writers*, but the question thus propounded was not satisfactorily answered, and an Englishwoman who can swim still remains a rarity—how great a one, any one may easily ascertain for himself by watching the small crowd that speedily assembles to watch a lady swimmer at any seaside resort.

In extenuation of our national ignorance of swimming, we have not even the excuse that the acquisition of the art is difficult. On the contrary, it is one of the most easily acquired of accomplishments. The one secret of it is confidence, though, like most other things, it is best learned young. There is no reason why it should not—on the contrary, on the ground both of health and of saving of life, there is every reason why it should—be made a necessary part of the education of young people of both sexes and of all classes. At Eton and in some other schools, it is systematically taught, but it would be far cheaper and more useful than many of the things for which parents cheerfully pay as 'extras' in private establishments, whilst in these days, when we are concerning ourselves so greatly about the education of the masses, and paying such a price for the privilege, swimming would certainly be a far more useful subject to form one of the items of Board School education than many of

the things for which the long suffering ratepayer is now compelled to put his hand in his pocket. As a certain William Woodbridge remarked in a manual published by him in 1964:

> To swim with ease and confidence and grace
> Should in Great Britain have acknowledged place
> Of recreations and by law decreed
> Be taught as fully as we are taught to read,
> Forming a part in education's rule,
> In every college and in every school.

This is the merest doggerel. In fact, the recommendation of this book is not its literary merit, for it possesses none, but the fact that it is what it professes to be—in itself a matter of congratulation. After the nonsense which, from time to time, it has been sought to palm off upon the public by utilising the names of various prominent swimmers who were far too ignorant to have written a line of the compilations with which their names have been associated—and that the instruction conveyed in it is thoroughly sound, practical, and to the point. Woodbridge died in 1968, and the little manual has, I believe, been long out of print, so that in giving this I may be acquitted of the desire to give my own a gratuitous advertisement. I come back, however, to my point. Why, provided there be water at hand, should not every one be taught to swim during the period of his or her school career, and how can parents reconcile it to their conscences, to permit their children to run a perfectly needless risk by failing to have them taught what they ought to learn as regularly and easily as they learn to walk.

A TALE OF TWO KNAVERIES

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAP. II.

Tom and Lucy Wedlake were two young people who had loved one another well enough, and had had sufficient courage to marry on two hundred pounds a year in the south of their respective families, both of which were highly respectable, extremely proud, but very poor. Tom was a Civil Servant clerk, aged twenty-eight, whose salary had reached the above annual sum, and it was insisted by all their relations that the young people ought to wait until he should get his first class—which he might hope to do about forty—and be in receipt of three hundred a year, that being the smallest income upon which any lady and gentleman could contrive to support existence together. The pair declined to accept this view, so they got married, and Tom took his pretty gentle wife to live in a little house on the north-east of the Regent's Park, which he had furnished with money lent him, free of interest, by a well-to-do friend. For the rest, they were content to trust to youth, health, and determination to keep from absolute destitution themselves and any little folks who might hereafter come.

They did not, after all, find the struggle so terrible as it had been described to them. They were not blessed—or burdened—with children until they had been some time married, nor until circumstances had put it into their power to maintain and educate them without difficulty, and they had no expensive tastes. They were extremely fond of one another, and lived in great happiness for one year. Then Uncle Franklin took up his abode with them, and their happiness was for a time considerably clouded. Mr Franklin was Lucy's maternal uncle. In his business—that of a wine merchant—he had made money, which he had increased by successful speculation. But in proportion as his purse grew bulky, his manners deteriorated. The latter fact was forgiven in consideration of the former, and by the time he retired, the master of a moderate fortune, the family toleration of him had developed into positive affection. Yet he was as we have seen him—rough, harsh, coarse, selfish, and overbearing, faults which were easily overlooked by the half dozen sons of brothers and sisters, plentifully garnished with nephews and nieces, who remembered only that Uncle Franklin was old, rich, and a bachelor, and forgot the wine merchant's business, and the continual snubs and insults which it had always been the old gentleman's pleasure to inflict upon his affectionate relatives. So that, when he began to lament the decline of his age, and to hint at his longings for the comforts and pleasures of family life, quite a number of hospitable doors flew open to him on the instant. Uncle Franklin entered all the houses and left each of them before many weeks were over, shaking the dust off his feet against the inhabitants. In every house which he honoured with a brief sojourn, he compelled himself more like a fiend than a human being. His selfishness, his ill temper, his insolence, his tyrannies, his tyrannies, his general powers of exasperation, would have been unendurable by any save possible legatees, whose meekness, however, instead of disarming, the old savage, seemed to incite him to yet greater cruelties. The end was the same in every case. He would fasten some perfectly unreasonable quarrel upon his hosts, and then, out of the house in a furious passion, subsequently amusing himself by sending, from his great absolute, injurious replies to the petitions for pardon and reconciliation which pursued him.

One day a cab drove up to Tom Wedlake's door, and Uncle Franklin, alighting therefrom, walked into the parlour, flung himself into the most comfortable arm chair, and announced his intention of remaining, adding that his luggage would arrive shortly. Lucy, in consternation, entertained him as well as she could, which did not appear to be very well, until her husband came home and they were able to take counsel together.

Tom was at first entirely opposed to the whole thing, and, being himself of a somewhat fiery temper, hinted at forcible expulsion as a means of solving the difficulty. But Lucy begged him to do nothing hastily, and suggested that the self-invited guest might at all events remain for a few days, until that should be able to see for themselves whether he were in reality so black as he

had been punted. And whether it was the excellence of the little dinner which Lucy dished up, or the bright though homely comfort around him, or certain indications in Tom's look and manner, the dreadful uncle, having come in like a lion, seemed disposed to remain in the character of a lamb. He actually tried, in the course of the evening, to pay Lucy a compliment on her good looks, which only missed fire because no one could possibly have understood it.

Before he went to bed, Uncle Franklin repeated his proposal, offering very liberal terms, and he lamented his lonely old age and the evident disposition of all his relatives to quarrel with him, in a way which went to Lucy's soft heart. Even Tom, than whom there was no better fellow breathing, was taken in so far that he forgot much that he had heard of the woes attending Uncle Franklin's irruption into any household. It so happened that he had never troubled Lucy's own family circle, who alone of all his relatives lived at some distance from London. The young couple sat late that night, discussing the matter from all sides, and at last determined to make the trial. Lucy was influenced partly by pity, partly by the hope, which had in it little indeed of the mercenary element, that her uncle might leave her some small legacy, so that her darling husband might not, after all, have an altogether undowered bride. Tom, on his side, thought only of the wife he loved, the additional income would enable her to keep another servant, would relieve her from hard and menial labour, and would even afford her some few little feminine luxuries which had hitherto been beyond her reach. So each, for the other's sake, was willing to bow the back for the burden.

For a time all went well. The old man seemed to have undergone a sudden and vast amendment. True, he was generally irritable, always selfish, and sometimes expressed himself in rather old language. But these, after all, were mere eccentricities, infirmities of old age, results of a life spent from all refining influences. They were not insupportable by two people who had youth, health, and good spirits to them. And it was evident that Uncle Franklin had taken a fancy to his niece. He liked to have her attending him at work, and she made an exemplary listener while he fought over again the battles of business, or indulged in tirades against the business and ingratitude of mankind in general and his other relations in particular. To Tom he was civil, and even friendly after his fashion; altogether, he was an endurable inmate, and his entertainers began to believe that the tales which they had heard must at least have been highly coloured.

But after a month of this, Tom and Lucy began to discover that very little present advantage was likely to result to them from the arrangement, which was also unwonted in many ways. Uncle Franklin paid well, but then his ideas on the subjects of eating and drinking and minor luxuries were on an even more liberal scale. In fact, after his requirements in this way were provided for, and the expense of the necessary additional servant met, there was little or no margin of profit remaining. And the demands upon Lucy's time and energies were considerable. Uncle Franklin liked attention, and was unsparing in exacting it; he was, in truth, something of an invalid, which perhaps partly accounted for his temper and other peculiarities, so that Tom began to think seriously of inviting to his nest that it was hardly convenient to entertain him longer, when one evening the old man, being alone with his host and in an unusually equable frame of mind, made an explicit declaration of his intentions. Having first mentioned all his other relations in a general but very hearty manner, he vowed that his niece and her husband were so far the only people with whom he had been able to get on, that he found himself more comfortable with them than he had ever been in his life, and that, with their permission, he proposed to end his days in their company. Tom looked a little awkward, but Mr Franklin, as if guessing at what was in his mind, went on to say that on this condition he should make Lucy his sole legatee, there being, as he considered, no one who had a little claim upon him, or to whom he would willingly leave a fraction of his wealth. Of course Tom could only express his grateful acknowledgments. He was too poor, his prospects were too uncertain for him to be justified in standing in the light of his wife and possible children, so Uncle Franklin was given to understand that his proposal was accepted.

Lucy was full of delight when her husband told her what had passed, but Tom himself was by no means disposed to be sanguine.

'It's all very well, little woman,' said he, 'and so far he has behaved with tolerable decency. But I don't think he's exactly a person to be trusted. You see, he is very comfortable here, thanks to you, and he is uncomfortably sick. Naturally, he would like to stay, and some men will say or promise anything, to get what they want at the moment. Let him stay, by all means, we must not throw away such a chance. But don't allow your self to build too much on his promises, my dear. I, for my part, shall not be at all surprised if he cuts us adrift, and quarrels with us, as he has with the rest, and even if we find, after he has died, that his money is left elsewhere.'

Lucy said little, but she could not bring herself to believe in the existence of such duplicity, and in her heart she was convinced of her uncle's loose faith. She even felt a little shocked that her husband, who she so loved and admired, could entertain such unkind and unworthy suspicions, and she resolved that, so far as it depended on her, the old man should have no just cause to recall his testamentary intentions.

But it is to be feared that this attack of amiability, coupled with the recession of the past few weeks, had put a strain upon Uncle Franklin, which he was unable to bear. Perhaps he thought that his munificent promise entitled him to relax a little, perhaps he considered that he had now made his footing in the house absolutely. However that may have been, within a very few days after this conversation, the old Adam began to appear in him once more. In Tom's presence, he was still on his good behaviour, having an instinctive fear of him, as one not likely to submit tamely to oppression. But Tom was absent all day at his office; and

when Uncle Franklin had no one to withstand him but a woman, and a very timid and gentle one to boot, he began to 'let himself out.' His powers of fault finding were perfectly microscopic, he passed his time in devising vexations and enjoying them with the keenest relish. As for his language, it daily increased in majesty and ornament. He spoke to the servants in such a manner that one of them—the new one—threatened to give warning, and was with difficulty persuaded to remain, and Lucy was obliged to keep them as much as possible from contact with her guest. He would begin with a grumble at some trifle, round which he would gradually crystallise his grievance, and work himself up by their contemplation into a condition of insane rage, in which he would rumble about the room like an angry baboon, knocking down chairs and scattering verbal brimstone all around. On these occasions, his liking for Lucy seemed to disappear altogether, and he would indulge in the most unpleasant criticisms on her appearance, her intellect, and her housekeeping abilities. Neither would he spare her husband, whom he was accustomed to sum up with similarly unemphatic result, inviting Lucy to report his comments to them objected—a course which, he understood very well, nothing would induce her to take.

She bore it all heroically. She knew what the consequence would be if the slightest hint of the treatment to which she was subjected should ever reach Tom's ears, so she contented herself with uncomplaining good temper so long as that was possible, and tears—which all I fled to her uncle's wrath—when endurance was pushed beyond its limit. Of her own point she thought little, or rather, the loss of her expectations would have seemed to her humble and contented nature but a small price to pay for relief from her sufferings. But for Tom's sake—in the hope of seeing him relieved of that anxiety for her future which she knew to be always present to his mind—for the sake of those who might hereafter clin around her knees—she was prepared to endure silently the worst that Uncle Franklin could do to her.

This state of things, however, came to a sudden end in a manner to her most unwelcome. He had to come home one afternoon much earlier than usual. He had thought of late that his wife looked rather pale and worn, and had resolved to treat her to a little dinner at a restaurant, and to take her afterwards to the theatre, in the hope that the outing might give her a much needed fillip. The consequence was that he met her unexpectedly, as she came out of the drawing room. Could she have had a few moments' time, she would have utilised it in sponging her eyes and generally smoothing down her ruffled plumage, for this was one of the days on which she had given way under Uncle Franklin's infliction; her face was all blurred with tears, and she was sobbing so that she could not immediately stop. All that he had heard of the old man rushed into Tom's mind, and he expected at once the state of the case. He took her up stairs, and then and there had it all out of her, with that gentle and perfectly unbending firmness which she could never resist. He said no more than to bid his little wife dry her eyes and be comforted, kissed her, and went down stairs, quite deaf to her feeble efforts to excuse the offender. Uncle Franklin had a bad half hour of it that afternoon; he probably heard more solid truth than he had been favoured with for many years. It was never exactly known what Tom said to him, but before bedtime that night, it was quite understood by all the household that their guest was under orders to quit within a week. Uncle Franklin did not utter a word all the evening, but sat in his armchair, blinking furtively at his host, feeling guilty and detected, but yet unrepentant. Before he went to bed, he announced his intention of keeping to his own room for the remainder of his stay, and requested that a fire might be lighted there in the morning. Also, he wrote a letter, and sent a servant to post it. This letter it was which occasioned Mr Black's visit.

That worthy solicitor prepared the will, which was very short and simple, with the care demanded by a document of such importance to his own interests. He even took the precaution to furnish a copy of it for signature himself, so as to pay strict regard to the desire of the testator that no making of its purport should leak out prematurely, and with it he next day repaired to Camden Town, taking with him, as requested, two witnesses—his own clerk, and a waiter in the employ of his law stationer.

Mr Franklin chuckled a great deal as he wrote his name. 'You can take it away and keep it yourself, Blackford,' said he, after the witnesses had done their part and retired, 'I'll warrant you to take good care of it.—By the way, I don't think the date is wanted.'

The solicitor began to unbutton the greatcoat, in an inner pocket of which he had buried the precious piece of paper.

'Oh, bother that! Do it when you get back. It's your concern—not mine. I've had enough of you for one while, and I feel confoundedly queer. I suppose this business has upset me, though I don't know why it should. It wouldn't have done so, once on a time.—Good day.' And, nothing loth, Mr Blackford took himself off with his treasure.

The prize was his, but only conditionally. This unreliable testator might alter his mind at any moment and undo his freak. Mr Blackford, with all his faults, was not murderously minded, but it is to be feared that if some burglar in the pursuit of his calling had found it necessary to eliminate Mr Franklin that night, and had carried his intentions beforehand to the solicitor, something would have happened to prevent that gentleman from warning the police. He re-entered his office with a sigh. Never had it appeared to him so gloomy as at this moment, when, with the possibility of future wealth in his pocket, he found himself still confronted with the necessity of solving that difficult and importunate hard and chosen problem.

Uncle Franklin had rightly estimated his chances of returning an inmate of the Wedlake nest. On the morning after the execution of his will, he came down to the dining room at breakfast time, and then and there ate humble pie with the best grace he could assume. He

apologised formally to Lucy, and promised never to repeat his behaviour. He pleaded to Tom his failing health and increasing age, and drew a moving picture of himself as an outcast upon the world, at the mercy of landlords, and he did this with a certain tough pathos which produced its effect. Tom was very short and stern in his replies, and would commit himself to nothing definite, but promised to think the matter over during the day. And when he returned at night, Lucy the soft-hearted met him with an appeal, before which he gave way.

'He has been very humble and quiet all day,' said she. 'I think, my boy—so sorry about his little wife!—has quite broken the poor old man's spirit. I don't think we ought to send him away. Of course, there is the money, and it's nonsense to pretend that we shouldn't be glad if he were to leave us a little. We can't afford to despise it, Tom. I am sure he likes me, though he is so cross, and I am not much afraid that this affair will make any difference in the end. But besides all that, he is so friendless and alone, rich as he is.—We will try to keep him, won't we, Tom dear?'

'He must be on his good behaviour, then,' said Tom, only half mollified. 'I'll stand no more nonsense, let him be as rich as Croesus.'

'Leave him to me,' said Lucy, 'there will be no more trouble with him. It was my own fault for giving way so much. I shall be wiser now, and so will he.'

'As you like, dear,' said her husband. 'I have no right to oppose you in this matter, if you are willing to sacrifice yourself. I am very much afraid you will be disappointed. I have no of inquiries is not in your dear uncle's nature, or I am much mistaken. He likes me like pisn n w of course, and he can't benefit you without in, the sam ly me, to some extent.'

'I don't know,' return d Lucy thoughtfully. 'I think you will find him very different in future. He seems t me as if he had had a shock. No one has ever stood up to him before, you know, and the treatment may have a good effect.'

It did not occur to either of them to attach any importance to the visits of Mr Franklin, of whose profession they were ignorant. Uncle Franklin, though he had retired from trade, continued his speculative investments, and the visits of gentlemen of unmistakable 'business appearance' were of such common occurrence, that they had also ceased to attract notice in the household, the master and mistress of which were two of the least curious people in the world.

The old man certainly was altered, suddenly and strangely. His ill temper had disappeared, he even refrained from swearing when, on one occasion, a mishap in the kitchen ruined his lunch. He became remarkably silent, he gave up his morning walk, seldom read his paper, and moped all day in his own chair, following Lucy about the room with his eyes whenever she was present. She was rather anxious about him, and did her best, by redoubled kindness and attention, to soothe what she supposed to be his mortification under the sharp rebuke which he had received. For a long time he scarcely noticed her efforts, remaining sullen and unresponsive, but after a while she found that he still liked her to be near him, and got restless and uneasy if she were long absent. He seemed to have something on his mind, and would gaze into the fire and mutter anxiously to himself for hours together. For Tom he entertained a hearty and unconcealed aversion, never speaking to him unless obliged to do so, and glaring at him with no doubtful expression whenever his back was turned. Of this Tom was almost oblivious, and entirely careless, for no 'expectations,' however important to himself or to others, could have enabled him to dissemble his real feelings towards any one whom he either loved or disliked.

DREAM-FANCIES.

Whence are ye that come to me
In the stilly night?
Wherefore do you torture thus,
Thus me of delight?
Say if ye are only fancies,
Why your presence so entrances—
So decoyed on night?

Where oh where is your stronghold, tell,
In what fairy hall?
Does what mists of Asphodel
Spent your elan hold?
Tell me truly, fitting fancies,
Where you hold the fairy dances,
On what sunny strand?

When you with your sable steed,
Hold our senses fast,
Absent are we with us dwell,
Present seems the Past.
Say if we are ill fancies,
Why when conjured the trances,
Ye impression fast?

Wherefore then, before us still
Those from whom we were?
Mean you that you vermin will
Intent illusion never?
Say if ye are dreams and fancies,
Why in dreams yours, Cupid's lances
Strike as deep as ever?

Tell me who your power confers,
Say from whom ye borrow
All your magic—harbingers
Unknown, joy or sorrow,
Why if ye be but fickle fancies
These dream faces, these dream glances
Haunt us so to morrow?

Mortal mind may never know,
Mortal wisdom can
Whence ye come or whither go,
Spirits of the night
Yet your mystery enhances,
And your witchery entrances
More than pen may write.

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, 47 Paternoster Row, London, and 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

All rights reserved.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL
OF
POPULAR
LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART
Fifth Series
ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832
CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)

No. 142.—Vol. III. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1886. Price 1½d.

MASSAGE

A MODE OF MEDICAL TREATMENT

Massage as a hygienic agent was practised from the earliest times, and is probably as old as surgery itself, or, it would be more exact to say, as old as mankind. The word is derived from the Greek to knead, and the Arabic to press softly. A Chinese manuscript, the date of which is the eighteenth century, shows that the Chinese, centuries ago, performed operations similar to those of the present day—friction, kneading, manipulation, rolling,—all the procedures now grouped together under the name of massage. The translation of this curious record, a French missionary at Pekin, finds it to include all the characteristics of an ancient scientific mode of treatment, and it has been wittily remarked, that however it may repugnate those who submit to its influence, the wrinkles of time cannot be removed from its own ancient visage.

With the Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans, a form of massage was the common accompaniment of the bath, and was used as a luxury, as a means of hastening tedious convalescence, and to render the limbs supple and enduring. Rubbing and mounting were sometimes done by medical practitioners themselves, or by the priests, or sometimes by slaves. Herodicus, one of the masters of Hippocrates in the fifth century B.C., first proposed gymnastics as a cure for disease. He was the superior officer of the gymnasium at Athens, and by compelling his patients to undergo various exercises and to have their bodies rubbed, is said to have lengthened their lives, insomuch that Plato reproached him for protracting that existence, in which, as years advanced, they could have less and less enjoyment. He himself by the practice of his own remedies, attained the age of a hundred.

The earliest definite information regarding massage comes from Hippocrates, who says 'The physician must be experienced in many things, but assuredly also in rubbing, for things that have the same name have not always the same effects, for rubbing can bind a joint that is too loose, and loosen a joint that is too rigid.' He used the word *anatripsis*, the process of rubbing up and not down, although not understanding the reason of it, as it was not till five hundred years later that Galen pointed out that the veins were not filled with air, as their name would seem to imply. As Rufus was probably not far wrong, when he founded his school at Rome on the belief that diet, bathing, exercise, and friction should keep the body with its disease, and Celsus thinned that he owed as much of his health to his masters as he did to his physician. Plutarch tells us that Julius Cæsar had himself put bit all over daily, as a means of getting rid of a general neuralgia. Celsus, at the beginning of the Christian era, advised that rubbing should be applied to the whole body, 'when an invalid requires his system to be replenished' and Pliny avowed himself of a mode of treatment which was evidently much in fashion in his day, and derived so much benefit from the remedy, that he obtained for his physician, who was a Jew, the privilege of Roman citizenship. It is related of the Emperor Hadrian that in his warm, as a veteran soldier, rubbing himself against the marble at the public baths, he asked him why he did so. The veteran answered 'I have no slave to rub me.' Whereupon, the emperor gave him two slaves and sufficient to maintain them. It is quaintly added to this story, that the next day several old men rubbed themselves against the wall in the emperor's presence, when, perceiving their object, he shrewdly directed them to rub one another.

The works of Plato abound in references to the use of friction and numberless passages might be cited from celebrated writers describing the hygienic exercises of the gymnasium, and the manner in which children were led by degrees to execute the most difficult evolutions without fear or risk of fracture. In describing the course pursued, friction, pressure, malaxation, are all in turn noticed by different authors, and strongly

recommended. The Egyptians were probably the first among civilised nations to put the system into practice, and they were copied by the Greeks and Romans. Savary, in his *Lettres sur l'Egypte*, describes part of the process. 'After the bath and a short interval of repose, while the limbs retain a soft moisture, an attendant presses them gently, and when each limb has become supple and flexible, the joints are cracked without effort. Il masse et semble pétrir le chaire sans que l'on éprouve le plus leger douleur.'

In the fifteenth century, Henry II of France decreed that a treatise should be written upon the hygienic exercises of ancient Rome. Six years later, Mercurialis took up the question from a medical point of view, after which, Ambroise Paré, the most renowned surgeon of the sixteenth century, dilated on the value of the works of Oribasius, written in the time of the Emperor Julian, and he distributed three kinds of friction and the effects of each, and was thought so skilful, that although a devout Huguenot, he was spared at the massacre of St Bartholomew.

To Pehr Henrik Ling is given the credit of having instituted the 'Swedish movement cure.' He was even thought to have invented it, but he simply founded his system on the *Kong Fou* manuscript, which is not only the Chinese system, but that of the Brahmins, the Egyptian priests, and the Greek and Roman physicians. M. Dally has characterised his theory and practice as nothing more than a diminutive copy of the *Kong Fou* of Lao, and called it a splendid Chinese vase with its Chinese figures clothed in European colours. Lebaudre, moreover, proves that in the *Sanitas tuenda*, published at the end of the sixteenth century, there is to be found a collection of engravings representing anatomical figures and gymnastic exercises, among these are figured frictions, pressures, percussions, vibrations—massage itself, in fact. These movements the Pekin missionaries affirm to have been in use from time immemorial, and were employed to dissipate the rigidity of the muscles occasioned by fatigue, spasmodic contractions, and rheumatic pains. The operators who practised this calling had no fixed dwelling, but used to walk about the streets, advertising their presence by the clanking of a chain or by some sort of musical instrument.

Lepage, in his historical researches on Chinese medicine, relates that massage was a particular practice borrowed from the Indians, and that it was by such means that the Brahmins effected their miraculous cures. The word shampooing is of Hindu origin, but it must be borne in mind that these Old world practices were only a faint foreshadowing of the present scientific method. In his *Dictionnaire des Sciences Médicales*, Fiorry remarks that the simplest form of massage prevails wherever the people have hardly outgrown their primitive state, and travellers describe it as universally common in countries where nature alone dictates the remedy for accident or disease. Captain Cook, in his voyage to Tahiti, describes that on arriving they were hospitably received, and that in the corner of a hut, carefully closed over with reeds, a large piece of matting was spread on the ground for them, and that their legs and arms were rubbed and the muscles softly pressed until all signs of fatigue had disappeared. The *Gazette des Hôpitaux*, in 1839, relates how massage is practised in the island of Tonga. 'When a person feels tired with walking or any other exercise, he lies down, and his servants go through the various operations known under the names of Toogi toogi, mili, or fota. The first of these words expresses the action of beating constantly and softly, the second, of rubbing with the palm of the hand, the third, of pressing and kneading the muscles between the thumb and fingers. When the fatigue is very great, young children are set to tread under their feet the whole body of the patient.'

The lomi lomi of the Sandwich Islanders is much the same thing, the process is spoken of as being that of mere kneading, squeezing, nor rubbing, but now like one, and now like the other. Dr N. B. Emerson relates that the Hawaiians are famous race of swimmers, and to a foreigner seem amphibious. When wrecked, they sometimes swim long distances, and if one of their number becomes exhausted, they sustain him in the water and lomi lomi him. When perfectly refreshed, they proceed upon their watery way.

Kalm, in his *Travels in North America*, relates that the Indians who have the greatest influence among the savages are the *mahgrees* *doctors*, or medical charlatans. A mahgree look is regarded as possessing power over the elements either to cause wind and rain, or to call down tempests on the heads of those who come under their displeasure. In order to calm a storm, he stands in the open air, spreads out his arms, shakes his mantle, made of skins, and gesticulates violently for a considerable time. In order to effect a cure he proceeds much in the same way, but with rather less noise. He practises a mode of rubbing, and sometimes lets the patient with green reeds which have first been heated at a fire, stopping at intervals to let the pain pass away. The Africans follow the same fashion, and with the Russians, flagellation and friction by means of a bundle of birch twigs are resorted to. After the subject has been well purbolled in a vapour bath, a pailful of cold water is then dashed over him, the effect of which is described as electrifying. After this, he plunges into the snow, and thus prepares himself to endure the rigour of the climate with impunity. The Siberians and Kamschatdales also are said to indulge in these luxuries.

To France belongs the credit of giving to modern medicine a scientific system of massage, in fact, in spite of many able works, and various discussions at the Academy of Sciences and other learned societies, it remained a sort of secret practice, almost wholly under the domain of empiricism, but with the waning interest of

French physicians, the Germans and Scandinavians took up the subject and about ten years ago, Dr Mezger of Amsterdam brought massage to be acknowledged as a highly valuable method. He placed it upon the basis of practical knowledge, thus taking it out of the hands of ignorant charlatans. He did not write much about it, but simply employed the teaching of facts. To physicians who wrote to him for an explanation of his treatment, he only said, 'Come and see'. To Professor von Mosengeil is owing the present accurate and scientific knowledge of the subject, by his careful and painstaking observations he has brought massage into high esteem, so that it is now acknowledged as a special branch of the art of medicine.

There is, however, a pitfall to be avoided. Dr William Murrell, in his recent practical work, *Massage as a Mode of Treatment*, gives a very necessary warning to those who would use it ignorantly. He admits that it is not free from the taint of quackery, and that the so-called massage practised in some of our hospitals and under the auspices of some institutions is a painful exhibition of ignorance and incompetence, being simply a disguised form of rubbing or shampooing. Having lately witnessed the progress of a number of cases under the care of Professor Mosengeil in Germany, he remarks that the massage of 'medical rubbers' is not massage at all, as the term is understood on the continent, and has little or nothing in common with it. It is quite a mistake to think we can take John from the stable and Billy from the washtub, and in one easy lesson convert either into a safe, reliable, or efficient manipulator. Dr Murrell has found it successful in various kinds of paralysis in writer, painters, and dancers cramp, and in the cramp of telegraph office operatives, who, just as they have strained to the highest point of dexterity, find that every movement is painful with effort and pain, until at last no movement is possible at all.

The chief advocates of massage have been men of note, and although it is only recently that it has gained an extensive scientific consideration, it is gradually but surely obtaining a wider circulation and a higher place as a worthy therapeutical agent.

BY ORDER OF THE LEAGUE

CHAPTER II

Without the city walls, hidden by the umbrella pines, and back from those secluded walls where young Rome takes its pleasure, stood the Villa Salvarino, almost under the shade of the walls, and hard by the gate of San Pancrazio. In the more prosperous days of the Eternal City, it might have been, and indeed was, the residence of some great Roman family, but aristocracies decline and families pass away, and the haughty owners were by no means averse from making a few English pounds by letting it to any traveller who had the inclination or the means to spend a few months there. The present tenant at this bright Easter time, Sir Geoffrey Charteris, of Grosvenor Square, London, W., and Haverham Park, in the county of Dorset, Baronet, Deputy lieutenant, and Justice of the Peace, was a man of long descent. The pale azure blood in his veins was not the blood of us poor mortals, his blue young stream had been transmitted through an endless generations from a long line of gallant warriors and gentle dames, from fearless mariners who followed their sovereign at the call to arms, marched with Richard of the Lion heart to the Holy Sepulchre, and maybe crossed swords with the doughty Saladin himself. His title, conferred upon Charteris by the Duke Lime in place after the glorious fall of Cloy, had known no tarnish as it passed down the long line of gallant and good men, soldiers, statesmen, and divine, to the present worthy representative of all these honours. Not that he had greatly distinguished himself in my field, save in an undistinguished short lived nightmare Ministry, where he had made a lasting name as the most incompetent individual ever appointed to office, though he dined every subsequent event and justified every after dinner story by an allusion to the time when he was in the Earl of Muddletons Ministry.

The reception rooms of the villa were crowded when an hour arrived. It was a kind of informal affair dinner reception, attended by most of the English visitors in Rome, after the Carnival, with some sprinkling of the resident aristocracy, for Sir Geoffrey liked to gather people round him, both and consequently equally welcome. Sir Geoffrey looked every inch an English gentleman, standing there among his guests. He was apparently about fifty years of age, full and strong, though red from his staff gray hair to the small shapely foot, as yet untouched by the family gout. His eyes were pale blue, and somewhat weak, his face, clear cut and refined with an aquiline nose and a high white forehead, but the whole marred by a mouth weak and nervous to the last degree. A connoisseur of art, a dabbler in literature, and last but not least, a firm believer in spiritualism.

And Charteris, his only daughter and heiress, a girl about eighteen, must be taken for granted. Imagine in all your dreams of fair women what a golden bronze haired girl should be, and you have found, with all her charms of manner and person, with that perfect expression without which the most classic features are cold. She smiled brightly as the new comers entered. It is not given to every one to be able to disguise their likings and antipathies, and it did not escape a practised eye to see her cold greeting for Le Gentes, and the instantaneous glance for Maxwell.

'I really began to think you were going to fail me,' she said, 'and this is the last of our receptions too. I shall always have pleasant recollections of my visit to Rome.'

'We have been dining with Maxwell, Miss Charteris,' Vasi explained. 'Could we forget you, if we tried?' And now, before you are so engaged that you can have no word for poor me, I want to ask you a favour. We are going to my country retreat on Friday, and my sister Genevieve is dying to see you. Do persuade Sir Geoffrey to come.'

'Here he is to answer for himself,' she replied,

as the baronet sauntered up to the group—'Papa, you must promise to take me to see Signor Vieri's country house on Friday—Do you hear?'

'Anything, you say is law, my dear,' Sir Geoffrey meekly with comic resignation. 'Anything you desire—Le Gautier, I wish to speak to you,' he whispered quickly, 'come to me presently—Salvarini, you here! I thought you had forsworn guitars of all descriptions. Glad to see you are thinking better of your misanthropy.'

Le Gautier turned off with the baronet somewhat impatiently, leaving the rest together. Salvarini, looking on somewhat thoughtfully, almost fancied there was a look of relief in Emile's face as the Frenchman left, certainly, she was less constrained.

'We shall look forward to Friday with great pleasure, then, Signor Vieri,' she said. 'I have heard you speak so much of the Villa Matteo, that I am expecting to see a perfect paradise.'

'With two Eves,' Maxwell whispered in English. Vieri was not a man to misunderstand the meaning of fine compliments, so, with a bow and a little complimentary speech, he turned aside, taking Salvarini by the arm, and plunged into the glittering crowd.

'I do not understand the meaning that,' Salvarini remarked as they walked through the rooms. 'If Maxwell means——'

'Orange blossoms,' Vieri interrupted laconically, 'and right, too—Let us get into the music room. Le Gautier is going to play.'

Maxwell remained by Emile's side toying with her fan and discoursing in their native language in a low voice. From the expression in his face and the earnest ring in his voice there was no doubting the power of the attraction that chained him there.

'When do you leave Rome, Miss Chartaris?' he asked, abruptly changing the conversation. 'This is your last reception, I know.'

'We shall leave in the middle of next week for certain. I shall be very sorry for some reasons, for I have been happy here.'

'I shall partially return with you,' Maxwell observed. 'I have delayed my departure too long already. It would be pleasant to leave together!'

'After learning everything that Rome could teach you,' laughed Emile. 'Then the Eternal City has no more artistic knowledge to impart!'

'Yes, I have learned some lessons here,' Maxwell replied with a tender inflection, 'besides artistic ones. I have been learning one lesson that I am never likely to forget. Am I presumptuous, Miss Emile?'

'Really, Mr Maxwell, you are too mysterious. If I could understand you——'

'I think you do understand me, I fervently hope you do.'

For a moment, a little wild rose bloom trembled and flushed on the girl's cheek, then she looked down, playing with her fan nervously. No reason to say she did not understand now. Maxwell did not follow up his advantage, some instinct warned him not, and adroitly changing the conversation, he told her of his life in Rome, each passing moment linking his chains the firmer. Gradually, as they sat talking, a group of men gathered round, breaking in upon their tête-à-tête, laughing and talking after the most approved drawing room fashion.

In a distant corner, Sir Geoffrey had button holed Le Gautier, and was apparently deep in conversation on some all absorbing subject. The Frenchman was a good listener, with that rare faculty of hearing all that was worthy of note, and entirely ignoring the superfluous. He was not a man to talk much of himself, and consequently heard a great deal of family history, details and information that astute young man had found valuable on occasions. He was interested now, Maxwell thought, as he idly speculated upon his face.

'Yes, Sir Geoffrey was saying, 'I am firmly impressed with that belief.' He had got upon his favourite topic, and was talking with great volubility. 'There are certain gifted beings who can call spirits from the vasty deep, and, what is more, the spirits will come. My dear sir, they have been manifested to me.'

'I should not wonder,' Le Gautier replied, stifling a yawn in its birth. 'I think you are quite right. I am what people call a medium myself and have assisted at many séances.'

'Of course you believe the same as I. Let me have a little scoff at they will, I shall always believe the evidence of my eyes.'

'Of course,' Le Gautier returned politely, his thoughts wandering, foolishly in the direction of nightmare, and looking round for some means of escape. 'I have seen ghosts myself, or thought I have.'

'It is no imagination, Le Gautier,' Sir Geoffrey continued, with all the glow earnestness of a man with a hobby. 'The strangest coincidence happened to me. My little brother Sir Ughtred, who has been dead nearly twenty years, manifested himself to me the other night. Surely that implies some coming evil, or some duty I have neglected?'

'Perhaps he charged you with some commission,' Le Gautier observed, and pinching up his eyes for any scrap of useful information.

Not that I remember, indeed, I did not see him for years before he died. He was an eccentric man, and an extreme politician—in fact, he got into serious trouble with the authorities, and might even have been arrested, had he not removed himself to New York.'

'New York!' queried Le Gautier, wondering vaguely where he had heard of this Ughtred Chartaris before. 'Was he connected with any secret society—any so called conspiracy?'

'Do you know, I really fancy he was,' Sir Geoffrey whispered mysteriously. 'There were certainly some curious things in his effects which were sent to me. I can show you some now, if you would like to see them.'

Le Gautier expressed his willingness, and the baronet led the way into a small room at the back of the house, half library, half studio. In one corner was an old ebony cabinet, and opening the front, he displayed a multitude of curious things such as a man will gather together in the course of years. In one little drawer was a case of coins. Le Gautier turned them over carelessly one by one, till, suddenly starting, he eagerly lifted one and held it to the light. 'Where did you get this?' he asked abruptly.

Sir Geoffrey took it in his hand It was a gold coin, a little larger than an ordinary sovereign, and bearing on the reverse side a curious device 'That came with the rest of my brother's curiosities—But why do you ask? You look as if the coin had burnt you'

For a moment, Le Gautier had startled back, his pale face aglow with suppressed excitement, but as he noticed the baronet's wondering eyes upon him, he recovered himself by a violent effort 'It is nothing'—with a smile 'It is only the coincidence which startled me for a moment If you will look here, you will see that I wear a similar coin upon my watch chain'

Sir Geoffrey looked down, and, surely enough, on the end of Le Gautier's pendant was the facsimile of the medal he held in his hand

'Bless me, what an extraordinary thing!' the startled baronet exclaimed 'So it is! Perhaps you do not mind telling me where you procured yours?'

'It was given to me,' Le Gautier replied, with an enigmatic smile 'It could not help you, if I told you—Sir Geoffrey, may I ask you to lend me this coin for a short while? I will tell you some time what I want it for'

'Some other time, perhaps'—Le Gautier threw the coin into its place—'You see, I regard it as a valuable curiosity and relic, or perhaps I might part with it You will pardon me—But I forgot all about our spiritualistic discourse As you are a medium, I will ask you ——

'At some future time, with all the pleasure in life,' Le Gautier interrupted hastily 'Meanwhile, it is getting late—past eleven now'

As they walked back to the villa, the French man was busy with his thoughts 'What a lucky find!' he muttered 'It is the missing insignia, sure enough, and the ill fated Walter Chartaris is mine heir's brother I wonder what I can make out of this? There ought to be something in it, with a feeble minded man who believes in spiritualism, if my hand has not lost its cunning *Nous verrons!*'

He showed nothing of his thoughts, however, as he parted from Lind with a smile and a courtly turned compliment It was getting late now, the streets were empty as the friends turned homeward, Salvarini bidding the others good night and turning off in the direction of his apartments

'You had better change your mind, and come with us on Friday, Hector,' Vivi urged Le Gautier 'The baronet and his daughter are to be of the party Throw work to the dogs for the day, and come'

'My dear Carlo, the thing is impossible Do you think I should be charmed here this lovely weather, if stern necessity did not compel? If possibly I can get over later in the day, I will not fail you'

'I am very sorry,' Vivi replied regretfully, 'because this is the last time, in all probability, our friends will meet together for some time'

'I am sorry too, Carlo, but I cannot help it Good night'

Le Gautier watched his friend along the moonlit street, a smile upon his face not pleasant to see 'Ah, yes,' he murmured, 'it is quite impossible. Genevieve is a good little girl, but good little girls are apt to cloy. It is getting dangerous If Vivi should find out, it would be a case of twelve paces and hair triggers, and I cannot sacrifice myself yet—not even for Genevieve'

ULSTER PROVINCIALISMS

The people of Ulster may fairly claim a larger share of public attention than has usually been accorded to them they have rendered their province prosperous in a country which is a stranger to prosperity, they have established and maintained great industries in a country of decayed trade and ruined commerce In the colonies, they have risen in a remarkable degree to positions of affluence and authority, and in all the British dominions, Ulstermen are found in the van of commercial and professional life

The Ulsterman comes of a very mixed descent Just as the Englishman was originally a compound of Saxon, Norman, and Dane, so in the Ulsterman's veins flows the blood of Irish, Scotch, and English progenitors The relative proportion of each element varies much according to locality and religion On the shores of Antrim and Down, the population is in many places almost as purely Scotch as in Ayrshire or Lanark In Belfast, Scotch blood predominates, but there was originally a large English element In Donegal and Fermanagh, the Celtic element is in excess Everywhere, the Protestant derives more from Scotland and England sources, the Roman Catholic, from Ireland

From the earliest times, there has been a large emigration from Scotland to the opposite Irish shore During the reigns of Henry VIII and James I the chief settlements from England took place, and the settlers from both countries gradually pushed back the original Irish inhabitants to the mountains and into the interior To this day, there is a secluded district in County Antrim, known as the Glens of Antrim, where the Irish language may still be heard, although it has long departed from other portions of the same county As we travel westward, Irish is not frequently meets the ear, and in many parts of Donegal it is the prevailing tongue

It is not surprising that in a province of such mixed lineage, provincialisms should be numerous and curious To guard against misconception, let it be understood that the educated Ulsterman speaks like educated people elsewhere—namely, with perfect correctness and scarcely appreciable accent The peculiar words and phrases about to be enumerated are heard almost exclusively among the poorer ranks, or, if employed at all by the educated classes, it is only in jest and with a recognition of their provincial character The majority of them are of Scotch origin, some are found in colloquial and provincial English, while others are of Hibernian extraction*

As might have been expected, proverbs and

* We are indebted for much of the information contained in this article to an excellent glossary compiled by Mr W. H Patterson, M R I A, of Belfast.

proverbial expressions form a large class of these provincialisms. 'All to the one side, like Cloghen,' is an allusion to a town in County Tyrone where all the houses and shops are on one side of the thoroughfare, the opposite side being a private demesne. 'That beats (surpasses) Banagher' is an allusion to the great fair held at that spot. When the Ulsterman wishes to imply that a certain event is extremely improbable, he says that it will happen at 'Tibbs Eve,' adding the humorous information that this is 'neither before nor after Christmas.' This expression is a curious conscious caricature of the Latin phrase about the Greek Kalends. 'As blunt as a bottle' refers to a species of heavy wooden mallet to which Shakspeare alludes. 'As busy as a miller,' 'As clean as a new pin,' 'As crooked as a ram's horn,' are common Ulster expressions, which do not call for any explanation. A more mysterious expression is the curious phrase, 'As sure as a mustard pot'—used to express preternatural solemnity. People of both complexion are often described with more force than elegance as being 'As yellow as a dog's foot.'

The Ulsterman has no special repute for gallantry, yet has simile for anything exceptionally simple, 'As easy as kiss.' His favourite phrase when about to impart some very confidential information is, 'Between you and me and the post.' A person who is equally in open to question is often described as 'Wanting a square of being round'—a curiously inexact expression. A person who opens with wide mouthed wonder is said to look 'like a duck in thunder.' Similarity of political or religious opinion is expressed in a bear by saying that two people 'Dig with the same foot.' 'A dead man's plunge' is a peculiar Ulster expression, it is applied to the short, sudden, and rather hollow sound made by a smooth flat pebble when it is tossed into the mud and falls into water upon its edge.

A large class of provincialisms are made up of a coordinative expressions. The Ulsterman often parts his remarks by 'Assey' (I say) or 'A m sayin (I'm saying)' 'May I never stir' introduces some peculiarly solemn assertion. 'A month of Sundays' and still more strongly, 'All my days,' are emphatic expressions for long periods of time. 'Deil help your wit' expresses commiseration for the innocence and simplicity of the person addressed.

Ulster aspirations are numerous and lively. 'Heth and 'Feth being frequently used. 'By Jammine Kane' is a curious expression often heard in County Tyrone. 'Holy Farmer' is another obscure form of oath. 'Hokey oh' is a phrase implying astonishment and alarm. 'Hoker' is used by Chaucer to express frowardness, and 'Hoca' in Anglo Saxon meant a reproach. These words probably contain the clue to the origin of this obscure Ulster provincialism.

Expressions conveying contempt or endearment are common. 'Bad scran to you' is a phrase of angry contempt. 'Skran in Icelandic means 'relics.' Milton used the word 'scrannel' ('scrannel pipes') to express poor or mean, and 'scranny' still survives in provincial English in this sense. 'Bad cess to you' is another Ulster form of similar meaning, of which the origin is more doubtful, possibly 'cess' is a contraction for success. 'Give me none of your back talk' is said by a superior to an inferior, meaning, 'Don't presume to argue the question with me.' A 'Tory rogue' is still commonly used in Ulster in the sense of a scamp, but it is often applied to children in a playful sense. It is an interesting relic of the original meaning of the word Tory—an Irish outlaw or freebooter. A 'tongue thrashing' is a vigorous phrase for a severe rebuke. 'Carnaptious' means quarrelsome and fault finding.

Some salutations are characteristic of the northern province. 'How do you get your health?' often takes the place of the more vague, 'How do you do?' 'The top of the morning to you' is a cheery way of saying 'Good-morrow.'

As might have been expected, there is a long array of peculiar botanical and zoological expressions characteristic of Ulster. Every district has its local names for flowers, plants, birds, and animals, and in these Ulster is peculiarly rich. Potatoes are known as 'spuds,' 'billet' means water cress, 'dillydowndillies' is a lengthened form of daffodils, 'marylowar' is the marsh marigold or *Caltha palustris*. The heads of the common plantain are called 'cocks' or 'hitting cocks,' because children make a game of striking them off in mimic warfare. The dock plant is called the 'dockan' (Scotch), and its leaf is a popular remedy for nettle sting, the wood sorrel is known as 'cuckoo sorrel.'

A still longer list of zoological terms might be made out. The bottle nosed whale is known as the 'herring hog,' the pollack is called 'lythe,' the lobworm used by fishermen for bait is called the 'ling,' the stickleba k has its name corrupted into 'sprickleybag,' the gudgeon is known as the 'cle,' (which is also its Scotch name), 'yellow yoldrin' (also Scotch) is the yellow hammer, the 'redwing,' the 'peewee' (Scotch form) means the lapwing, the 'ano scheper' is the titlark, the cormorant is known as the 'scart.'

We now turn to some provincialisms which do not admit of a ready classification. 'Bas' is often used for 'is,' and 'bresent' for 'is not.' Here we have an instance of a very common phenomenon—an archaic form surviving as a colloquialism or provincialism. A vast number of our common vulgarisms which we are inclined to regard as breaches of grammar are simply good grammar out of date, in this case, the provincialism almost exactly preserves a very ancient form of the verb. The Anglo Saxon verb 'to be' present tense indicative mood was 'beom, bist, bith, whence no doubt come 'bis' and 'bresent.' 'Biard,' often used in Ulster, as in Scotland, of the young sprouting grain, is the Anglo Saxon 'biord,' meaning the first blade. 'Buffer' in the sense of 'beater' is from the old French word 'buffe,' meaning a blow.

'Chew, sir,' is a form of rebuke applied to a snarling dog. 'Dwamish means faint and sick, from 'dwam,' a Scotch word signifying a swoon or a sudden attack of illness. 'Dunt' means a blow, and is old English and Scotch. Burns says, 'I'll tak dunts that naebody.' A 'foundir,' according to our dictionaries, is a term in farriery to indicate lameness caused by inflammation within the hoof of a horse. In Ulster, the word is often used to express a chill or wetting followed

by illness. A man after being exposed to the vicissitudes of weather becomes seriously ill without knowing what is the matter, and he expresses his condition by saying that he has got 'a regular foundin.' 'Head beetler' is used in the same vulgar sense as 'Head cook and bottle washer' in some localities. The beetle was a machine for producing figured fabrics by the pressure of a roller, and 'head beetler' probably means the chief director of this class of work. A 'beetler' is a cock which strikes out well with his heels. In Ulster, the word is sometimes used for a bold forward woman.

When a child begins to nod and look sleepy, he is told that 'Johnny Nod is coming up his back,' which is understood as a signal for going to bed. 'Potatoes and point' is a curious phrase in which the poverty of the lower classes in Ireland finds unconscious expression. The idea is, that the potatoes before being eaten are 'pointed' at a herring, which is hung up to serve as an imaginary relish to the simple fare, but too precious to be freely consumed. 'Dib in the stool' is another expression referring to eating customs: salt is placed upon a stool, and each individual, as the potatoes are taken out of the pot, takes one and 'dibs' it at the stool, to get a portion of the salt. 'Power and poucey' mean dust and dusty, but by a common perversion of language, 'poucey' comes to mean a person in a flax mill who is exposed to the irritation of dusty particles, and becomes in consequence short winded and bronchitic. 'Roughness,' as in Scotland, means plenty. 'Rantum' signifies a row, a disturbance, probably it is a contraction of rantipole, from the Latin verb *vastar*. 'Skelly,' to squint, is from the Scotch, and is found in Scott. The Danish is 'skele.' 'Smittle,' also used in Scotland, means infectious, and is connected with the verb to smite. 'Think long' means to be homesick.

We thus see how much curious information and how many relics of the past are found in the despised vulgarisms of a provincial patois. They are the fossils of language, and speak to us of vanished peoples and of ages long gone by.

IN ALL SHADES.

CHAPTER XLVI.

The days went slowly, slowly on, and Mr Dupuy and Harry Noel both continued to recover steadily from their severe injuries. Marian came over every day to help with the nursing, and took charge for the most part, with Aunt Clemmy's aid, of the young Englishman, while Nora's time was chiefly taken up in attending to her father's manifold necessities. Still at odd moments she did venture to help a little in taking care of poor Harry, whose gratitude for all her small attentions was absolutely unbounded, and very touching. True, she came comparatively seldom into the sick-room (for such in fact it was, the crushing blow on Harry's head having been followed by violent symptoms of internal injury to the brain, which made his case far more serious in the end than Mr Dupuy's), but whenever he woke up after a short doze, in his intervals of pain, he always found a fresh passion-flower, or a sweet white rose-bud, or a graceful spray of climbing Martinique clematis, carefully placed in a tiny vase with pure water on the little table by the bedside, and he knew well whose dainty fingers had picked the pretty blossoms and arranged them so deftly, with their delicate background of fine like wild West Indian maiden hair, in the tiny bouquets. More than once, too, when Aunt Clemmy wasn't looking, he took the white rose-buds out of the water for a single moment and gazed at them tenderly with a wistful eye, and when, one afternoon, Marian surprised him in the very act, as she came in with his regulation cup of chicken broth at the half hour, she saw that the colour rushed suddenly even into his brown and bloodless cheek, and his eyes fell like a boy's as he replaced the buds with a guilty look in the vase beside him. But she said nothing about the matter at the time, only reserving it for Nora's private delectation in the little London half an hour later.

As Mr Dupuy got better, one firm resolve seemed to have imprinted itself indelibly upon his unbending nature—the resolve to quit Trinidad for ever at the very earliest moment, when convalescence and Malfalina would combine to allow him. He would even sell Orange Grove itself, he said, and go over and live permanently for the rest of his days in England. 'That is to say, in England for the summer,' he observed casually to Nora, 'for I don't suppose any human being in his right senses would ever dream of stopping in such a wretched climate through a whole dreary English winter. In October, I shall always go to Nice, or Pau, or Mentone, or some other of these new-fashioned continental winter places that people go to nowadays in Europe, some chance, I suppose, of seeing the sun once and again then, at anyrate. But one thing, I've quite decided upon: I won't live any longer in Trinidad. I'm not dead, but I object on principle to vivisection, especially conducted with a blunt instrument. At any time of life, a man naturally dislikes being cut up alive by those horrible cutlasses. You and your cousin Tom may stop here by yourselves and manage Pimento Valley, if you choose, but I decline any longer to be used as the *corpus vile* for a meager experiment that to exercise his skill upon. It doesn't suit my taste, and I refuse to submit to it. The fact is, Nora, my dear, the island isn't any longer a fit place for a gentleman to live in. It was all very well in the old days, before we got a pack of Exeter Hall demagogues sent out here by the government of the day on purpose to create our own servants to rebellion and insurrection against us. Nobody ever heard of the niggers rising or backing one to press bodily in those days. But ever since that man Hawthorn, whose wife you're so thick with—a thing that no lady would have dreamt of countenancing in the days before these new-fangled doctrines came into fashion—ever since this man Hawthorn was sent out here, preaching his revolutionary cut-throat principles broadcast,

the island hasn't been a fit place at all for a gentleman to live in, and I've made up my mind to leave it at once and go over to England'

Meanwhile, events had arisen which rendered it certain that the revolutionary demagogue himself, who had saved Mr Dupuy's life and all the other white lives in the entire island, would also have to go to England at a short notice Edward had intended, indeed, in pursuance of his hasty promise to the excited negroes, to resign his judgeship, and return home, in order to confer with the Colonial Office on the subject of their grievances But before he had time to settle his affairs and make arrangements for his approaching departure, a brisk interchange of messages had taken place between the Trinidad government and the home authorities Meetings had been held in London at which the whole matter had been thoroughly ventilated questions had been asked and answered in parliament, and the English papers had called unanimously for a thorough sifting of the relations between the planters and the labourers throughout the whole of the West Indian Islands In particular, they had highly praised the courage and wisdom with which young Mr Hawthorn had stepped into the breach at the critical moment, and single handed averted a general massacre, by his timely influence with the infuriated rioters More than one paper had suggested that Mr Hawthorn should be forthwith recalled, to give evidence on the subject before a Select Committee, and as a direct result of that suggestion, Edward shortly after received a message from the Colonial Secretary, summoning him to London immediately, with all despatch, on business connected with the recent rising of the negroes in Trinidad

Mr Dupuy had already dined on the date on which he should sail, but when he heard that 'that man Hawthorn' had actually taken a passage by the same steamer he almost changed his mind, for the time in his life, and half determined to remain in the island, now that it was safe to do so at least from the pelting presence and influence of this terrible fire eating known revolutionist Perhaps, he thought, when once Hawthorn was gone, Trinidad might yet be a place fit for a gentleman to live in The Dupuys had inhabited Orange Grove, father and son, for nine generations, and it would be a pity indeed if they were to be driven away from the ancestral plantations by the meddlesome interference of an upstart radical coloured lawyer

In this indecisive frame of mind, then, Mr Dupuy, as soon as ever Macfarlane would allow him to mount his horse again, rode slowly down from Orange Grove to pay a long meditated call at Government House upon His Excellency the governor In black frock coat and shiny silk hat, as is the religious etiquette upon such occasions, even under a blazing tropical noontide, he went his way with a full heart, ready to pour forth the vials of his wrath into the sympathetic ears of the Queen's representative against this wicked intriguer Hawthorn, by whose Machiavellian machinations (Mr Dupuy was justly proud in his own mind of that numerous alliteration) the happy and contented peasantry of the island of Trinidad had been spurred and flogged and slowly roused into unwilling rebellion against their generous and paternal employers

Judge of his amazement, therefore, when, after listening patiently to his long and fierce tirade, Sir Adalbert rose from his chair calmly, and said in a clear and distinct voice these incredible words 'Mr Dupuy, you unfortunately quite mistake the whole nature of the situation This abortive insurrection is not due to Mr Hawthorn or to any other one person whatever It has long been brewing, we have for months feared and anticipated it, and it is the outcome of a widespread and general discontent among the negroes themselves, sedulously fostered, we are afraid'—here Mr Dupuy's face began to brighten with joyous anticipation—'by the unwise and excessive severity of many planters, both in their public capacity as magistrates, and in their private capacity as employers of labour' (Here Mr Dupuy's face first fell blankly, and then paused itself up suddenly in a perfectly comical expression of profound dismay and intense astonishment) 'It is to Mr Hawthorn alone,' the governor went on, glancing severely at the astounded planter, 'that many unwise proprietors of estates in the island of Trinidad owe their escape from the not wholly unprovoked anger of the insurgent negroes, and so highly do the home authorities value Mr Hawthorn's courage and judgment in this emergency, that they have just summoned him back to England, to aid them with his advice and experience in settling a new *modus vivendi* to be shortly introduced between negroes and employers'

Mr Dupuy never quite understood how he managed to reel out of the governor's drawing room without fainting, from sheer astonishment and horror, or how he managed to restrain his legs from lifting up his toes automatically against the sacred person of the Queen's representative But he did manage somehow to stagger down the steps in a dazed and stupefied fashion, much as he had staggered along the path when he felt Belgrade kicking him about the body at the blazing cane houses, and he rode back home to Orange Grove, red in the face as an angry turkey cock, and convinced than ever in his own mind that Trinidad was indeed no longer a fit place for any gentleman of breeding to live in And in spite of Edward's having taken passage by the same ship, he determined to clear out of the island, by, and bye, at the earliest possible opportunity

As for Harry Noel, he, too, had engaged a berth quite independently in the self same steamer Even though he had rushed up to Orange Grove in the first flush of the danger to protect Nora and her father, if possible, from the frantic rioters, it had of course been a very awkward position for him to find himself an unwilling and uninvited guest in the house which he had last quitted under such extremely unpleasant circumstances Mr Dupuy, indeed, though he admitted, when he heard the whole story, that Harry had no doubt behaved 'like a very decent young fellow,' could not be prevailed upon to take any notice of his unbidden presence, even by sending an occasional polite message of inquiry about his slow recovery from the adjoining bedroom So Harry was naturally anxious to get away from Orange Grove as quickly as possible, and he had made up

his mind that before he went he would not again ask Nora to reconsider her determination. His chivalrous nature shrank from the very appearance of trading upon her gratitude for his brave efforts to save her on the evening of the out break, if she would not accept him for his own sake, she should not accept him for the sake of the risk he had run to win her.

The first day when Harry was permitted to move out under the shade of the big star-apple tree upon the little grass plot, where he sat in a cushioned bamboo chair beside the clump of waving cannas, Nora came upon him suddenly, as if by accident, from the Italian terrace, with a bunch of beautiful pale blue plumbago and a tall spike of scented tuberose in her dainty, gloveless, little fingers. 'Aren't they beautiful, Mr Noel?' she said, holding them up to his admiring gaze—admiring them, it must be confessed, a trifle obliquely. 'Did you ever in your life see anything so wildly lovely in a tiff, tied up, stuccoed conservatory over yonder in dear old England?'

'Never,' Harry Noel answered, with his eyes fixed rather on her blushing face than on the luscious pale white tuberose. 'I shall carry away with me always the most delightful reminiscences of beautiful Trinidad and of its lovely—flowers.'

Nora noticed at once the significant little pause before the last word, and blushed again, even deeper than ever. 'Carry away with you?' she said inquiringly, echoing his words—'carry away with you? Then do you mean to leave the island immediately?'

'Yes, Miss Dupuy—immediately, by the next steamer. I've written off this very morning to the agents at the harbour to engage my passage.'

Nora's heart beat violently within her. 'So soon!' she said. 'How very curious! And how very fortunate, too, for I believe papa has taken berths for himself and me by the very same steamer. He's gone to drive to call on the governor, and when he comes back, he's going to decide at once whether or not we are to leave the island immediately too.'

'Very fortunate? You said very fortunate? How very kind of you. Then you're not altogether sorry, Miss Dupuy, that we're going to be fellow passengers together?'

'Mr Noel, Mr Noel! How can you doubt it?'

Harry's heart beat that moment almost as fast as Nora's own. In spite of his good resolutions—which he had made so very firmly too—he couldn't help ejaculating fervently. 'Then you forgive me, Miss Dupuy? You let bygones be bygones? You're not angry with me any longer?'

'Angry with you, Mr Noel—angry with you! You were so kind, you were so brave! how could I ever again be angry with you?'

Harry's face fell somewhat. 'After all, then, it was only gratitude. 'It's very good of you to say so,' he faltered out tremulously—'very good of you to say so. I—I—I shall always remember—my—my visit to Orange Grove with the greatest pleasure.'

'And so shall I,' Nora added in a low voice, hardly breathing, and as she spoke, the tears filled her eyes to overflowing.

Harry looked at her once more tenderly. How beautiful and fresh she was, really! He looked at her, and longed just once to kiss her. Nora's hand lay close to his. He put out his own fingers, very tentatively, and just touched it, almost as if by accident. Nora drew it half away, but not suddenly. He touched it again, a little more boldly this time, and Nora permitted him, unreproving. Then he looked hard into her averted tearful eyes, and said tenderly the one word, 'Nora!'

Nora's hand responded faintly by a slight pressure, but she uttered nothing.

'Nora,' the young man cried again, with sudden energy, 'if it is love, take me, take me. But if it is only—only the recollection of that terrible night, let me go, let me go, for ever!'

Nora held his hand fast in hers with a tremulous grasp, and whispered in low, almost inaudible. 'Mr Noel, it is love—it is love! I love you—indeed I love you!'

When Macfarlane came his rounds that evening to see his patients he declared that Harry Noel's pulse was deadedly feverish, and that he must have been somewhat over-exciting himself, so he ordered him back again ruthlessly to bed at once till further notice.

A LEOPARD HUNT.

It was my good fortune, a great many years ago, to be quartered at Jubbulpore. I say 'good fortune,' for so I considered it, but I am afraid, if you had asked at our mess for votes as to whether I ought to qualify the word fortune with the adjective 'good' or 'bad,' I should have got very few to vote for my word. Good fortune I considered it, nevertheless, for I was an ardent sportsman, Jubbulpore was almost untried ground, and the neighbouring jungles abounded in game of many kinds, among which the rhinoceros, the tiger, and the leopard were by no means few and far between. And yet I cannot deny that for any one who was not a sporting man, Jubbulpore was about as slow a station as could be picked out in all the length and breadth of our vast Indian empire. It was situated in an out of the way corner of Bengal, and there was no large station within a couple of hundred miles of us which a man with social and gregarious tastes could go for a few days to get rid of the oft-told tales and well-threshed out politics of the limited circle of our small mess table. Jubbulpore was also a single cups station, and except a Civil officer or two, the whole society consisted of the gallant British officers of the distinguished 7th Native Infantry, a nice set of fellows enough, I allow, but still the best of listeners must in time grow imitative to Smith's ideas on the comparative merits of Arab and English horses, and it is difficult to wage any real warfare with Jones as he challenges you for the hundredth time to defend Lord Gough's tactics at Chillianwallah.

At the time of which I write, our society was at a peculiarly low ebb. The drill season was over, the hot weather was coming on, and the leave season had begun. There was so little work to be done, that our colonel had taken pity on our isolation, and had leave unusually, perhaps almost unauthorisedly, liberal in the

matter of leave, and our mess, small enough at its best, had dwindled and dwindled, until now not more than half a dozen unfortunates daily stretched their legs beneath its well spread mahogany. For me, the approaching heat had no terrors, the emptiness of our society no ennui, and the prospect of escape from Jubbur no charms; for the beginning of the hot weather is the very time when the best shooting can be obtained, and I had long been watching the drying up of the grass in the jungles, and had been looking forward to the time when we might start a tiger with some chance of bagging him. There was one thing in which we were particularly fortunate: we had attached to our regiment nine elephants as a part of our regimental transport. I need scarcely say that it was not long before we had the elephants and their mahouts (drivers) thoroughly trained for shooting. The largest elephants we trained to carry our howdahs, and the smaller we used to form a line to beat the jungles and drive out the game. With these elephants we had lots of fun, and there were few weeks after the shooting season began in which some of us did not go out two or three times. We generally took it in turns, four of us went out, and two remained behind to look after the regiment and the station.

We kept three or four shikaries (native hunters), who were constantly going about the villages and jungles within a radius of six or seven miles of cantonments, and as soon as they heard of a tiger having killed a bullock or any other animal, or as soon as they discovered the fresh footmarks of any animal worth going after, they would come in and give the *khabr* (news), and then those whose turn it was would send the elephants and their mahouts on towards where the game had been seen, and would follow themselves on horseback as quickly as possible. The best kind of *khabr* was when a bullock or any other large animal had been killed. The tiger usually prowls round some village or some place where cattle is pastured and kept for the night, and when he sees his opportunity, will spring on some unfortunate animal which has got separated from the rest of the herd, or has remained out too late in the jungle, heedless of the herdsman's call home, will kill it with a blow of his paw, and drag it into some neighbouring jungle thicket and devour it in that immediately around the village.

Nothing shows more the marvellous strength possessed by the tiger than the way in which he carries his victim away. I remember the first time I was shown where a tiger had dragged a full grown bullock. I could not believe it possible, and it was not until after we had killed the robber—only an ordinary sized tigress—and I had carefully gone over on foot the ground where she had dragged her prey, that I found that she had not only dragged the dead bullock—an animal, I should think, considerably beyond her own weight—over very rough ground and through a dense cane brake, but that in some places, as the marks showed, she must actually have lifted the fore-quarters of the bullock off the ground in her mouth, and have walked several yards with it in that position. When the victim has been dragged to what the tiger considers a position of security, it will sit down and make a good meal, and then retire a short distance from the prey to some particularly thick bush or tuft of grass, and there remain until the following night, and then return for another meal. In consequence of this well known habit, 'a kill,' as it is called, is the best of all *khabr*, and in such cases, if the tiger has not been disturbed, the sportsman is almost sure to find him lying somewhere close to the carcass, and if his arrangements are well made, is pretty sure to get a shot at him.

Our shikaries, stimulated by liberal backsheesh when their news resulted in a big, need often to bring us in *khabr*, but sometimes the news was not very good, and when this was the case, the less ardent sportsmen of our number would frequently refuse to go out, and would make over their turn to me. I never refused, for I was young and enthusiastic enough to love the fun and the excitement of the hunt, even when our expedition resulted in no big, and did not care for the chaff with which my soldier comrades would greet me on my return. Sometimes, however, the laugh was on my side, but I was wise enough, with a view to future contingencies, not to indulge in it too much.

We had been having very fair sport on and off for about six weeks, and the animals in the jungles close round the station seemed to have been all killed off or driven away, for a whole week passed, and no *khabr* good enough to tempt even me did our shikaries bring. It was the seventh blank day, and as we sat at our *chota hazri* (early morning cup of some invigorating but harmless beverage), in the shade of a splendid mango tree, which grew conveniently close to our messhouse verandah, my chum and I were discussing the necessity of taking a week's trip across the river which skirted our station, and were trying to cajole our companions into letting us have the use of the elephants for so long a time. We had nearly succeeded in persuading them of the uselessness of expecting to get any more shooting close to Jubbur, and two of the least enthusiastic of our Nimrods had actually given in, when into the compound and right up to our table who should dash but Jumla, the very best and most trustworthy of all our shikaries! Almost breathless, he stammered out 'Sahib, sahib, two such big tigers! Their paws are so big, is that,' and he described with the end of the stick he held in his hand a figure in the dust, intended to portray the size of their footprints, which would have done credit to a well grown mammoth. 'They have killed a bullock in the Kala jungle, only six miles off, and I am sure they were still there when I left half an hour ago. I ordered the elephants to be got ready as I passed the lines.'

Here was news with a vengeance; but also, it was my turn to stay in cantonments; and with such splendid *khabr* as this I could not, of course, even hint the suggestion of an exchange. It was the custom of those going out, to borrow all the firearms of those remaining behind; so I and Castleton, who was my comrade in misfortune, made over our Joe Manton guns and our Purdeys to our luckier companions, and wished them good speed with the best grace we could muster, and if we betrayed our feelings a little by throwing after them the parting exhortation,

Mind you don't miss the fifteen footer,' well, I really think we ought to be forgiven.

Castleton was a married man, and I must save the ladies' pardon for omitting in my list of our Jubbaru residents the really charming Mrs Castleton and her fascinating sister, Miss Jervons. As soon as the hunters had gone, Castleton turned to me, and said 'You had better come over and lunch with us, Watson. You'll only be breaking your heart over visions of those two fabulously footed tigers, if you lunch at mess alone.'

I thanked him, and two o'clock found me receiving the commiserations of the two fair ladies, while they pressed upon me the world proteus hospitality of an Indian luncheon. We had reached the dessert stage, and Mrs Castleton was just pressing me to taste some specially delicious plantains which a neighbouring raja had sent her the day before, when the bearer came in, and making a salaam, said to Castleton 'A man has just come from that little hamlet of Gorro, he wants the sahib log to go out and shoot a leopard which has just killed one of his kids, and is now lying eating it in a small patch of jungle. Gorro is only a mile and a half from here.'

We stared blankly at each other.

'What can we do?' said Castleton.

'Do? Why, go and shoot it, of course!' exclaimed the enthusiastic Miss Jervons.

'But hold on,' broke in Mrs Castleton with widely sympathetic, 'the elephants are all away, and how can they shoot it?'

'Oh, I am not thinking about the elephant,' replied Castleton, 'but Watson and I have lost all our rifles and guns, and we haven't a single thing of any kind left.'

'There are the sepoys' rifles,' I suggested. 'We could take one of them apiece, and, you know, we can't let the poor pard get off without having a stay for him, can we?'

'Yes, there are the sepoys' rifles, certainly,' replied Castleton rather doubtfully, 'but ——

'And I have got a couple of spears,' I interrupted. 'Oh, do let us go at once, before he is disturbed.'

'Well—all right, we'll try it,' said Castleton hesitatingly.

I lost no time in running home and changing into a shooting costume. Castleton sent his orderly off to the lines for our weapons, and by the time I had returned with the spears the orderly reappeared with a couple of rifles and a packet of cartridges. So, in very short time saw us mounted on our horses and following our guide out to the little village of Gorro.

'I am not very sure about the wisdom of this business,' said Castleton.

'Oh, it will be all right,' I replied. 'We must be careful not to fire until we are pretty sure to kill—that's all.'

'Hm, yes, I suppose so,' assented my comrade somewhat doubtfully.

As a matter of fact, it was not an overwise business. Our regiment was armed in those days with the short two-grooved Brunswick rifle, a muzzle loader, of course, and one in which the bullet had to be hammered into the muzzle with a small wooden hammer carried for the purpose, before it could be rammed down with the ramrod. This rendered the process of loading so dreadfully slow that practically it would make it quite impossible for either of us to get more than one shot, and it is no easy matter to kill a leopard with one bullet, however well placed. If he were not killed, he would be pretty certain to charge, and we should be in an awkward plight.

Matters did not look much more encouraging when we reached Gorro. The *thubber* was good enough, there was the place where the kid had been stunck, and there were the drops of blood and footprints of a large leopard leading into a patch of dense cane jungle about one hundred yards long and sixty yards broad, and we had very little doubt that he was in there sure enough. We arranged, somewhat rashly, that we would enter the jungle from nearly opposite ends of the patch and work towards the centre. If either of us saw the leopard, we were, if possible, first to whistle and then to call out before shooting. We did this with a double object first, that we might not shoot each other, and secondly, that if one of us wounded the beast and he came towards the other, we might be on the lookout for him, and not be taken unawares. So we separated, and I cautiously entered the left end of the patch, while Castleton made his entrance on the right. My end of the jungle was thicker than Castleton's, but the edge was fairly clear, and by pacing under the trees, I could see four or five yards in front of me. Very soon, the cane and bushes became so dense that I had to clear away the leaves with one hand while I held the rifle ready to hot in the other. We had each a sepoy accompanying us and carrying our second weapon, the spear. To my man I gave instructions that the moment I fired, I would hand him back the rifle, and he was to give me the spear. Of course I kept him behind me, so that he should be in no danger. We had not begun our advance more than two or three minutes, and had not penetrated, at our slow and cautious pace, more than about twenty yards, when Castleton whistled. I at once stood still. After a slight pause, he called out in a sort of stage whisper 'I see him, but it's a nasty shot. I can only see his hind quarters, and there is a lot of jungle in the way. Shall I shoot?'

'Fire away,' I replied, in an equally stage dramatic tone, heartily wishing that his chance had been mine. In about half a minute the report of Castleton's rifle rang out. It was followed by an angry roar somewhere from my right front, and there was a dead silence. The smoke from Castleton's rifle came floating over my head, but though I listened intently with my rifle half raised to my shoulder, not the sound of a footstep or the cracking of a twig could I hear. At last Castleton called out 'I've hit him, but not badly, I think, and he has gone off in your direction.'

Giving Castleton time to reload, I again began moving forward with even greater caution than before. I had advanced only a few paces, when on pushing aside a screen of leaves with more than usual, and thrusting my head into a bush, I met a sight that made my heart jump. There, within about six feet of me, crouched the leopard, his eyeballs glowing like balls of green fire in the dark jungle, a look of the most savage mischief on his face, and evidently just on the

point of springing straight at me My first impulse was to throw my rifle to my shoulder and fire at once, but more quickly than a flash of lightning came the conviction, like a living voice speaking in me 'If you do, and if you don't kill him dead, he'll kill you' My nerves seemed to grow steady at once, and I checked my first rash impulse Then keeping my eye fixed on him, I raised my rifle slowly and deliberately, took a steady aim, and fired A dull groan and a desperate convulsion followed, and then in half a minute all was still My faithful sepoy had duly obeyed my instructions, he had taken my rifle and had given me the spear, and with this spear held at the charge, ready to receive the leopard if he came my way, we waited until the convulsion subsided Then peering in again, we found that the leopard had gone back, and it was not until we had advanced some ten yards that we came upon him lying dead It shows the marvellous vitality of the feline race for though the bull was a heavy one, and had crashed right through the brain, yet he had managed to go fully eight yards from where he was crouching Had the bull been turned aside at all by a twig, or had it glanced off his skull, he would almost certainly have made his spring, and in a jungle so dense I could hardly have hoped to keep him off or defend myself

I called up Castleton at once, and we soon pulled the leopard out of the thicket We found Castleton's bullet had hit him in the side, but far back, so as not to interfere in any way with his powers of attack I congratulated myself on a lucky escape The villagers were delighted at the death of a creature which had made more than one foul their flocks under cover of night, and pressed their services on us to carry him home A procession was soon formed, and we returned to Jullerum in triumph with the leopard swung on a pole in front of us The other hunters had not returned, so we had ample time to exhibit our prize to the sympathetic eyes of Mrs Castleton and Miss Jervons In about an hour, the others returned, weary and dispirited The tigers had been disturbed before their arrival, and had betaken themselves to some very hilly jungle, whence, in spite of their best efforts, they were unable to dislodge them It required a lot of good feeling on their part to make them congratulate us as heartily as they did, and I hope our sympathy with their ill luck showed itself quite untainted with any sense of our own better fortune

A TALE OF TWO KNAVERIES

IN FOUR CHAPTERS—CHAPTER III

In the course of the next three months, Mr Blackford's relations with his crazy client Willoughby entered upon a somewhat uncomfortable phase He had continued his heartless game with the poor wretch, entertaining him with purely imaginary accounts of the superhuman exertions which were being made on his behalf, and bleeding him with a rapidity which grew with each successive extortion He had in this way obtained nearly a hundred pounds, when something happened which he might have foreseen had he not been blinded by his greed, and which caused him to entertain very unpleasant misgivings Had Willoughby been a sane man, pursuing a sane object, these repeated demands for money, unaccompanied by any tangible performance, would have aroused suspicions which would have manifested themselves in the usual manner But being as he was, his disease coloured everything which happened to him, and the perfectly natural suspicions which arose in his mind made themselves heard only by the mocking voices of his airy persecutors So one morning he informed Mr Blackford that the persons who followed him wherever he went had adopted fresh tactics

'They have managed to find out what I come here for,' said he, 'and they are trying to frighten me out of doing so in a very curious way In fact,' he continued with an uneasy laugh, 'they have taken to slandering you as well'

'And what are they good enough to say about me?' inquired the solicitor, in much surprise

'Of course I pay no attention to it I have every confidence in you, I am sure you are doing the best you can for me—as you are, are you not?' added the unfortunate client, with a look of pitiful appeal, which would have softened the heart of any but a necessitous and perfectly unprincipled man As it was, Mr Blackford experienced an unpleasant spasm in the place where his conscience used to be, before it had dwindled away like an unused muscle

'Of course I am, he replied 'I hope you don't doubt it?'

'Oh, certainly not, on the contrary,' returned Willoughby, with a courtly bow 'But last night they mentioned your name in a most unpleasant way 'He went to the wrong man when he went to Blackford' That was what one of them said And another answered "Yes, I believe he is altogether on our side If he spend all his money on Blackford, and get no good whatever" And they said—they said—— I can't remember everything, but it was all to the same effect Of course that kind of thing makes a man uneasy—naturally Isn't it disgraceful that the law can do nothing to protect one from such persecution?

Mr Blackford thought it best to humour the matter off 'Well' said he jocularly, 'if we can but catch sight of them, I'll soon disabuse them of any such idea—Don't you pay any attention to their nonsense Of course they would like to put you off the scent The rascals! I'd give a good deal to get fairly at them It won't be long now, before I do so We are well on their track, and once we have them before the magistrate, we'll pay them out for all the trouble they've given us

Willoughby rose to go 'I hope, as you say, that it will not be long now,' said he, with a doubtful and dissatisfied air 'You see, it is wearing me out, and I have spent a good deal of money over it, besides One of them threatened to kill me last night If anything of that kind is to be attempted, they won't find me an easy victim, Mr Blackford! I shall try to be before hand with them, at anyrate I'm not a man to be played with too long'

And there was a look in the madman's eyes

as he spoke, and a kind of quiver through his brawny muscles, which seemed to say that the moment was not approaching when playing with him would be a very risky amusement indeed.

'By George!' said the solicitor to himself, wiping his forehead, when he was once more alone, 'this is getting rather too warm. The fellow gave me quite a turn. He takes *that* notion into his head, thus, it may become awkward.' And Mr Blackford decided that the time had arrived for communicating with Willoughby's friends in Cape Town. He would have tried to induce the police to move in the matter at once, but this remedy, as he knew, was difficult and uncertain, and should it fail, would but add to the danger. He went off then and then representing in feeling language the condition of his unfortunate client, which he stated he had only just discovered, and urging that some one should come to England immediately, with a view to putting the lunatic's person and property under proper control. Of course he said nothing about the money he had extracted for his phantom services. Fortunately, it was against his principles to give receipts unless they were demanded, which in this case they had not been, and all the payments had been made in cash, so he felt it to be inferred that his exertions had been gratuitously rendered entirely from a sense of duty, and delicately hinted at their continuance on a different footing. Patience 'in Lunacy' is very humanizing, and Mr Blackford was not the man to neglect such chances as came in his way.

After this owing to certain instructions which Mr Blackford gave to his staff, Willoughby found it surprisingly difficult to obtain a satisfactory interview with his solicitor. If he made an appointment by letter, Mr Blackford had always been unavoidably called out, and the time of his return was certain only in that it would be very late. If the client called unexpectedly, he always found the lawyer putting on his hat and gloves in a violent hurry, to attend some important appointment, and the interview was restricted to a short conversation as they walked through the streets with steady assaying at hand on all sides. Willoughby's manner under this treatment grew more and more unsatisfactory. Gibson, the clerk, who knew nothing of the business in hand, never suspected the visitor's peculiar condition, and cheerfully assured him, according to orders, that all was going on well. But this did not satisfy him, and on the few occasions of his seeing the lawyer in person, he made that gentleman extremely uncomfortable by the growing gloom and wildness of his looks, and by persistent references to the hints of treachery which his mysterious foes continued to throw out.

Suddenly, he discontinued his visits. A fortnight went by, during which he made no sign, and then something happened which drove him entirely out of Mr Blackford's mind. This was the receipt of a letter written by Lucy Wedlake, at the request of her uncle, who wished to see his solicitor at once on important business. It was added that Mr Franklin had been seriously ill, but was now much better, and it was hoped that with care he would soon recover.

Mr Blackford found his client in his bedroom, propped up with pillows in a chair by the fire side. It was evident at the first glance that he had received a heavy blow. His face was anxious and worn-look, like that of one who expects from hour to hour the advent of a dreaded enemy, and fears to be taken unprepared. It was with little trace of his ordinary rough irritability, and with a tremulous and feeble voice, that he bade the solicitor sit down, for there was deal to talk about. He had had 'an attack,' he said, the doctors tell him it was the heart, and he must be very careful. They had to say something for their money, of course, still, it might be true. We must all go some time, and his time might be short. He had committed an injustice, which must be put right at once. His niece had done her duty by him, and he had broken his promise to her. It was his wish to make a fresh will at once, leaving her the whole of his property, according to his original intention.

'I've planned it all in my mind,' said he. 'It is to be for her alone, mind you, her husband shall never touch a penny that I can keep from him. He's an impudent upstart. He spoke to me as no man ever ventured to speak before, and I doubt he's likely to me my grave, though being upset the way I was I did that pen and paper, I believe, and set it down just as I tell you. The money is to be invested, and the income is to be paid to my niece Lucy Wedlake as long as she lives, after her death, the capital is to be divided equally among the children. If she has no children, it is all to go to the Vintners' Company. That cuts out Tom Willoughby, doesn't it? That's all right.—Now about yourself. I suppose you consider that you're an injured man, don't you—hey?'

To this question, put with some approach to Uncle Franklin's usual manner and tone, Mr Blackford found it difficult, in the then state of his emotions, to make any reply whatever. He managed to stammer out, with a ghastly attempt at a smile, that he was aware that he had no right to expect——

'No more you had,' interrupted Mr Franklin, 'that's very true, so there's little harm done. Though I don't say but what I'll do something for you too. That has happened to me which makes a man think of things he doesn't mind. Maybe I've no right to disappoint you this time, after what I led you to expect. I might have employed another lawyer to make this will, but I thought you were entitled to have what business was to be got out of the thing. And you shan't say I was unhandsome. Put yourself down for a thousand pounds.'

Mr Blackford expressed his gratitude as well as he could, which was not very well, but it was a great deal more than he felt under the circumstances.

'You have named no trustees,' said he, recovering himself a little, 'it will be necessary to do so. I myself should be very happy'——

'No,' said the old man, 'I don't care for lawyers as trustees, they never seem to run straight. Let me see—put down William Brown, of the Stock Exchange, and James Harbarton, of Leadenhall Street merchant. Give them cash a hundred pounds for their services. They won't

refuse to act when they find their names in the will, if they were to be asked beforehand, they'd say no, so don't you tell either of them till I'm gone. And talking of that—don't let my niece or any one else hear a word about this. I shall keep the will myself this time, and you will be the only person to know where it is to be found. Otherwise, they'll all be scrabbling after it as soon as the breath is out of me—perhaps before, and it may be a whim, but I don't like the notion. Lucy's a good girl, but then she is only a woman, and curious, like the rest of 'em. I shall tell her to send for you when the right time comes, and then you can lay your hand upon the will and do what's needful—which will bring a little more grist to your mill, to consoole you. Get the thing ready by to-morrow at this time, and bring it here with two witnesses, as before. Bring the old will as well, I wish to destroy it myself.'

'That is hardly necessary,' said the solicitor, catching at he knew not what straw of hope, 'it will be effectually revoked by the later document.'

'Don't you argue with me, do as I tell you. I say I shall destroy it with my own hands, then there can't be any question about it—Don't fail to come to-morrow, I want to get it over. I don't think there's much time to waste. If you were to take me anywhere near a churchyard and lay me down, I doubt I shouldn't be in a hurry to get up again.'

Mr Blackford attempted a politely deprecatory murmur, but was totally interrupted. 'Oh, I dressy you won't be sorry to get your money. I'm tired talking. Mind you do just as I have told you—Good day.'

It was not until he found himself sitting in his own room, staring blankly at the opposite wall, that the solicitor realised the full weight of his misfortune. He had no feeling of anger, the blow though he had all along, had a lurking presentiment of it, was too crushing, stunning, now that it had fallen, to arouse any such emotion. He was bitterly disappointed. A thousand pounds! But a few months ago, a thousand pounds would have seem'd a fortune, and the windfall would have set him planning numerous ways of turning it to the best advantage. But what was it now to him, who had been deprived of the expectation of a sum which would have rankled all planning unnecessary, only to be resented to as a recreation, for the remainder of his life? Nothing, and worse than nothing—a mere tantalising bank of the good fortune which ought in justice to it really appeared to him—to have been his. And must he now give up all his hopes? Must he remain for ever a mere plodding man of business of doubtful reputation—even with a thousand pounds of capital? Were the delights of unlimited leisure, of freedom from the night for the morrow, of unstinted gratification of mental appetites, of worldly consideration not to be his, after all? He was fast approaching middle life, the time remaining to him for the enjoyment of all these things was growing shorter and shorter. To the purer pleasures of honest labour, to the noble ambition of building up a modest fortune by dauntless perseverance and unswerving rectitude, in the hope that some day, with folded hands, he might fearlessly await the end in the quiet of an old age free from reproach—to all this he was utterly a stranger, nor would the prospect, had it been suggested, have at all allured him. His life had been one of poverty tempered by knaveries too petty to attract punishment, his dream of success had been one of sudden and unearned wealth, coming without effort, to be applied only to selfish gratification. To such men, crime, as crime, presents nothing repulsive, they abstain from it only so long as it offers no advantage commensurate with the risk. Given advantage and opportunity, crime follows with the certainty of a mathematical demonstration. He would not give way without a struggle. He could not. Something must be done. But what?

He opened his safe, and took out the will which was to have made him rich, and by that time to-morrow would be a mere piece of waste paper. He read it through, dwelling on every word with the lingerings of one who takes leave of hope for ever. When he came to the end, he gave a slight start of surprise—the date was blank. It had been left blank, he remembered, when the document was signed. He had intended to fill it in on his return to the office, but he had forgotten to do so. It should have been the 29th of November. What did it matter now? He threw the will on his desk with a despairing gesture, and walked up and down, trying to think. His brain was in a whirl, he could see no loophole of escape from the impending sacrifice. Then he remembered—and it came to him as an additional stab—that he had his bread to earn, whatever else he might do, he must at present carry out his clients' instructions. He must with his own hands prepare the instrument which was to rob him—so he put it to himself—of his just expectations.

As he turned to the table, his eye again fell upon the blank space at the end of the will where the date should have been inserted, and at that moment, the crime which was to come to his aid stepped up softly behind him and whispered its first hint into his ear.

It was a revelation. Mr Blackford, as he sat and thought out the details, though by no means a religious man, almost considered it to be providential. No shrinking from the cruel wrong he was about to commit, no sentiment of justice or compassion interfered with his determination to avail himself of it to its fullest extent. He set to work at once. His first step was to walk across to the law stationer and inform him that the writer who had witnessed a will on a former occasion would be required for a like service to-morrow. The testator, he explained, was the same, he was making a fresh will, he was an eccentric old gentleman, who insisted that the very persons who had attested the old will should also attest the new one, and he took the precaution of seeing the writer himself and making sure of his attendance. As he went back to the office, he warned Jobson that he, too, would be required for the same purpose.

He got down his books and set to work. He drew the new will with the greatest care and accuracy, according to the instructions which he

had just received. Everything was vested in the trustees named, in trust to pay the income to the testator's dear niece Lucy, the wife of Thomas Wellike, for her life, for her separate use free from the debts, control, or engagements of her present or any future husband; after her death, the fund was to be divided amongst her children as she should direct, in default of children, the whole to be paid to the Ventnors Company of London. Nothing was neglected, all the usual and proper power and provisions were inserted with careful attention to detail.

The previous will he had fair copied with his own hand, instead of handing it to his clerk or law stationer. He did the same in this case, though the document was longer and the transcription involved considerable labour. His next proceeding, in the eyes of another lawyer, would have seem a very curious, for lawyers are extremely particular about the preservation, for future reference, of the draft of any deed or other document which they prepare, but the draft of this will Mr Blackford tore to fragments, which he afterwards burned in the grate. He was taking unusual pains, in fact, to carry out the testator's wishes, that no one beside himself and his solicitor should be aware of the contents of the will.

It was now past his usual lunch time, and he strolled into the outer office, and sent his boy to get him a dry biscuit and a glass of brandy and water. Until this arrived, he stood chatting to Jobson on indifferent subjects, and then intimating to him that he was going to be extremely busy with private affairs, and must not be disturbed on my account whatever, he retired with his spare meal. He locked the door of his room behind him, he was about to enter on an important part of his operation. He took up the old will—that which was to be destroyed on the morrow—and examined it carefully as he ate and drank. It was copied on a piece of the paper known as 'demy,' it occupied the whole of the first page and four lines of the second. Then followed the long, and cumbrous attestation clause, with Mr Frankling's signature, and his singular signature against it. Taking a paper of the same size, shape, and quality, the solicitor made an exact and laborious copy, or rather facsimile. It had the same number of lines, and each line contained the same words as in the original. One or two unimportant creasures and carelessly formed letters were faithfully reproduced. The signature, 'Wm Frankling,' was transferred by means of tracing and carbonised paper, and then gone over and touched up with the pen, until a most successful imitation was produced. Two small blots, or rather splatters, had been made by the testator in writing his name. Their positions were accurately ascertained by measurement, their outlines transferred with the tracing paper, and then filled in with ink, a final touch of which Mr Blackford was reasonably proud, as indicating real genius. The result was a duplicate, which only a very careful scrutiny could have distinguished from the original of the will which was in his own favour. This ended his labours for the present.

Next day, Mr Blackford presented himself and his two witnesses before his client with the new will for signature. The old man, who was in much the same condition, read it through for himself and expressed his approval. The usual formalities were gone through, and the witnesses dismissed.

'Now, sir,' Mr Frankling, 'have you brought the other will?'

'I have, as you requested me to do so,' said the solicitor, producing it, 'though, as I said at the time, it was not necessary.'

'Never mind,' said his client, taking it from his hand, 'it's just as well out of the way. How do I know what tricks a lawyer might be up to?'

To this speech, in Mr Frankling's best style, the solicitor made no reply, he was conscious of being 'up to tricks' of a rather elaborate nature. His client read the revoked will through, with the same care as he had bestowed on that which superseded it. When he came to the signature, something about it seemed to arrest his attention, he turned it to the light and inspected it closely. Mr Blackford's heart thumped uncomfortably against his ribs.

'Curious,' said Mr Frankling slowly, 'I never knew myself to miss dotting an i before.'

He continued to pore over the signature, making grumbling comments, in an undertone, for some seconds, during which Mr Blackford felt an almost irresistible desire to snatch the document from him and knock his venerable head against the wall. At last, to the solicitor's intense relief, he tore it across and across and threw it upon the fire, where it was quickly destroyed.

'That's done with,' said Mr Frankling. 'The next thing is to put this one away where no one but you and I will know where to find it. I put it to keep it here, because then I shall know it's all safe. As to the last, it didn't so much matter, you were the person most interested in its safety, so it was very well that you should have the custody of it. It's sufficient now.—D'ye see that half dozen of books on the shelf in the room? At this end, you'll find a big old illustrated Prayer book. Put the will in there, and remember the page.'

Mr Blackford took down the book, which opened of itself—commodiously enough—at the service for the Burial of the Dead. He did not mention this circumstance, but put the folded paper in its place and closed and replaced the volume.

'That's well,' said Mr Frankling in a weary voice. 'I am weaker than I thought, all this has tired me out.—Good bye, Blackford, shake hands. You'll do your part at the proper time, I shall tell 'em to send for you. Don't forget—the old Prayer book at this end of the shelf.'

'I won't forget,' replied the lawyer, 'but I hope it may be many a long day yet before I am called on to remember.—Good-bye, sir.'

Uncle Frankling did not reply, he was lying back on his pillows with closed eyes, and so Mr Blackford left him.

The first steps of his scheme had been well planned, well carried out, and had met with entire success. He had been obliged, it is true, to forge a duplicate of the former will, but the forgery had just been put out of evidence by the testator himself. There was nothing to bear witness against him on that score. There were now two wills in existence, both bearing the

testator's genuine signature, both attested by the same witnesses, and both dated—or silently to be dated—on the same day, the only difference between them being the trifling one, that the will which was between the leaves of the old Prayer Book was in favour of Lucy Wellaby, while that which remained in Mr Blackford's possession constituted him the sole legatee. The witnesses, having merely signed their names to two documents of very similar appearance on two different occasions, would be quite unable to say which they had last attested, for they knew nothing of the contents of either.

So far, so good. What was to be the next step? That, as Mr Blackford perceived, was a matter requiring very careful consideration.

— — — — — —

BIG UNDERTAKING.

Nothing seems too big for the present age, for we are continually being startled with something new and something immense, which has either been just completed, or is about to be carried out, or, at anyrate, is projected or proposed. Within the last few weeks three new schemes have been either commenced or suggested in Switzerland, Greece, and Canada. The first named scheme in Switzerland is proposed by an Italian engineer named Agutho, of Milan, for making a way through the Simplon, which he declares he can do by a tunnel of only six thousand and fifty metres, the traction and haulage being done by hydraulic power. He says that by this means from three to four thousand tons of goods could be safely transported without any breaking up or transshipment of trains, while the cost of the whole proceeding would be only twenty eight millions of francs.

Number Two project consists of the bold but practical scheme of draining the Lake of Copais, near Thebes, in Bœotia, by which an area of a hundred square miles will be added to the territory of Greece. The acquiring of so very large a piece of land, which may be put to useful purposes, though undoubtedly one of vast importance, is not the only object intended to be effected by the proposal—the other being the destruction of one of the greatest fever producing places in the country by reason of the pestilential malaria always arising from the waters of this lake. This done would be an unspeakable blessing to the country round, and money should be readily forthcoming for the carrying out of so beneficent an undertaking. The rivers now flowing into the lake would be employed for irrigation and other purposes of practical utility.

Number Three project proposes to connect Prince Edward Island with the Canadian mainland by means of a submarine railway tunnel, by which all communication can be kept open with the inhabitants of the island during the winter, a circumstance at present almost impossible, from the terribly rigorous nature of the winter climate of Canada, but Canada is bound legally to do everything that is possible to keep open a communication with this island at all times and by all means, for the accommodation and assistance of the hundred and twenty five thousand persons who constitute the present population. The distance of the island is only six miles and a half, and the bed of the Northumberland Straits, under which the railway will be carried, presents no very apparent difficulties. The depth of water is on the island side thirty six feet, and ten feet six inches on the New Brunswick side, and about eighty feet in the middle. The tunnel will be eighteen feet in diameter, and will be made of 'chilled white cast iron,' in sections, these latter being bolted together with inside flanges, exactly in the same way in which the little tunnel for foot passengers under the Thames, and known as the 'Tower Subway,' was constructed some years ago. The cost of this undertaking is estimated at about one million sterling. It has been well considered and highly commended, and will be brought before the Canadian parliament very speedily, when the scheme will no doubt be fully sanctioned, as it has many warm supporters in the Legislative Assembly. Canada will therefore have her 'submarine railway' long before her illustrious 'mother' on this side the Atlantic.

AUTUMN DAYS.

A wealth of beauty meets my eye—
Yellow and green, and brown and white,
In one vast blaze of glory fill
My happy sight.

The rich ruled trees, the ripening corn,
Bright coloured with September sun—
Fulfilment of the farmer's hope,
And poor's desire.

Sweet in the air are joyous sounds
Of bird and bee and running brook,
And plenteous fruits hang ripening round,
Where'er I look.

The mellow spikes are softly falls
On morning, noon and evening dews,
And colours trees and flowers and clouds
With thousand hues.

O drowsing clouds with silver fringe!
I watch you sailing, side by side,
Like names in the sun shine,
In stately pride.

I love the woods, the changing woods
Last lingering down to russet glow,
When Autumn like a humble Queen,
Rules all below.

The veil of Beauty haunts the heavens,
Nor leaves for long the warm fond Earth,
And like a mother the kind air
To life gives birth.

But Death rides past upon the gale,
And lifts the rustling golden leaves,
They whirl and fall, and rot and die,
And my heart grieves.

Farewell! O Autumn days—farewell!
You go but we shall meet again,
As old friends, who are parted long
By the wild main.

WILLIAM COWAN.

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, 47 Paternoster Row, London, and 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

All Rights Reserved.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL
OF
POPULAR
LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART
Fifth Series
ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832
CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)

No. 143.—Vol. III. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1886. Price 1½d.

A YEAR'S POSTAL WORK.

Government Blue-books, to an ordinary reader, are tedious and uninteresting enough; but even to the most ordinary of readers, the annual Report of the Postmaster-general is at once curious and interesting. Baron von Liebig once affirmed that the commercial prosperity of a country was to be gauged by the sale of chemicals. This may or may not be true; but we think the growth of the postal system in all its multifarious branches—the amount of the deposits in the savings-banks; the purchase of annuities and life policies; the amount of money transmitted by means of postal orders; the correspondence, growing by leaps and bounds, with all parts of the globe; the countless telegrams—those flashing messengers of joy and despair, good and ill—and last, but by no means least, the thousands of millions of letters annually delivered in the United Kingdom alone—all these are a sure index, not only of the commercial growth and prosperity of the nation, but also of the spread of education. A brief résumé of the Postmaster-general's Report for the year ending March 31, 1886, may prove interesting to our readers.

The number of letters delivered in the United Kingdom alone reaches the astounding total of 1,403,547,900, this being an increase of 3·2 per cent., and giving an average to each person of 35·6. If we add to this the post-cards, book-packets, circulars, newspapers, and parcels transmitted by the postal authorities, we have a grand total of 2,091,183,822, an increase of 4·2 per cent.; and an average to each person of 57·5. Of this total, 84 per cent. were delivered in England and Wales (27·4 per cent. being delivered in the London postal district alone), 9·6 per cent. in Scotland, and 6·4 per cent. in Ireland. It will be at once seen that the necessary staff for the successful carrying out of such a colossal undertaking must be on a like scale; and this is the case, the total number of officers on the permanent staff being about 51,500, showing an increase during the past year of 3310. Of this small army 3456 are women. In addition to these there are, it is estimated, about 45,000 persons of private occupations, who are employed to assist in carrying on the operations of the department during a portion of the day. An increase of business brings a decrease in charge, this again inducing a fresh increase; thus, it has become possible to reduce the rate of postage on letters exceeding twelve ounces in weight, from one penny per ounce to a halfpenny per two ounces; a letter thus weighing fifteen ounces formerly cost 1s. 3d., whereas it can now be sent for 5d. The natural result is a large increase in the number of such letters.

We now come to the latest branch from the parent stem—the parcel post. It is highly satisfactory to learn that there has been an increase in the parcels carried of about three and a half millions, giving an increase in money of £84,000. In England and Wales, 22,198,000 parcels were despatched; in Scotland, 2,690,000; and in Ireland, 1,527,000. The list of provinces and countries to which parcels can be sent has also been enlarged. We learn that the first despatch of foreign and colonial parcels took place on the 1st of July 1885; and by the 1st of January 1886, arrangements had been completed for the interchange of parcels with twenty-seven different countries. The total number despatched up to the 31st of March was 71,900, and the number received, 40,800. The largest business was transacted with Germany, with which country in six months 46,000 parcels were exchanged. India shows a business at the rate of 36,000 parcels in the six months; and the smallest business recorded is one parcel in three months for the island of Tortola.

An amusing article might very well be written on postal curiosities, and the authorities might make a most interesting museum of the various articles committed to their care. This museum, we venture to suggest to the Postmaster-general, might be thrown open to the inspection of the public at a small fee, and might help to swell the

receipts of the department. We read that at the commencement of the parcel post with Belgium, several cages of live birds were received; but the despatch of live birds being contraband, a veto was put upon the practice. On other occasions, a live pigeon, a live fowl, and no fewer than a hundred and fifty live frogs, passed through the postal hands; while such unpleasant, not to say aggressive, passengers as wild bees and snakes were transmitted in numbers apparently 'too numerous to mention.' In all these cases the contents of the parcels were detected and retained; but it is fair to assume that many other packages containing other curiosities passed through unchallenged. Among the contents of parcels received in the Returned Letter Office in Dublin, having been stopped as contraband, were two hens, eight mice, and two hedgehogs. One of the hens was an invalid, and in a bad state of health; and was addressed to a veterinary surgeon in London, whom, doubtless, she wished to consult. Every possible care was taken of the interesting invalid, but all efforts were unavailing;—she died in the office! Let us turn to the brighter side of the picture—the remaining hen, as also the mice and hedgehogs, were delivered to their owners 'safe and sound in wind and limb.' Possibly the moribund fowl was sent to the 'Dead Letter' Office.

A few amusing incidents which have occurred in the Returned Letter Office are given in the Report. They are so curious and few, that they but serve to whet our appetite. The number of returned letters, &c., received in the office was 12,822,067, an increase of 4·7 per cent. over the previous year. Of this number, 441,765 were hopelessly unreturnable, as many as 26,928 being posted *without any address*, and of the latter number, 1620 contained in cash and cheques the astonishing amount of £3733, 17s. 5d. This reveals a carelessness which is as extraordinary as it is culpable. Should any letter or package go astray, the department is invariably blamed, and the honesty of the letter-carriers impugned; but the following instance shows where the blame should sometimes be laid. 'Complaint was made last year at Liverpool that a packet containing a bottle of wine and a box of figs had been duly posted, but not delivered. Upon further inquiry, the sender ascertained that the person to whom the packet was intrusted to post, had eaten the figs and drunk the wine.' Again, the department was blamed because a certain letter addressed to 'Mrs Jones, Newmarket, near Blyth,' did not reach its destination. It appeared, however, that no less than twenty-nine ladies residing at that place, owned that interesting but by no means uncommon name, and the postal authorities were unable to decide which was *the* Mrs Jones. Another letter was received in Glasgow addressed as follows: 'Mrs ——, 3 miles from where the cattle is sold on the Duke of Buccleugh's ground.'

Two letters were alleged to be missing in Scotland. Inquiry was made at the address of the first letter, which, being registered, was undoubtedly delivered; when, after half an hour's search, it was discovered amongst an accumulation of twelve months' letters heaped upon a desk. The second letter was put into the box at the correct address; this box was cleared by a charwoman every Monday. Having failed to notice it one Monday, it lay till the following Monday. Another charge was more serious. A letter containing a cheque for a considerable sum of money and duly posted was missing; the postal authorities were accused of the theft. The charge was, however, cleared up, and the letter-carrier's honesty vindicated in so strange a manner, that we quote the Report itself for authority. 'It was ultimately found amongst the straw of a kennel, torn into fragments, but no pieces missing. The postman had duly delivered the letter, having, at the request of the addressee, pushed it with others under the front-door; and some puppies had carried it to the kennel and torn it.' Moral—Do not be quick to accuse, lest thereby you condemn the innocent; and be careful to have a proper letter-box.

Perhaps, to the political economist, the most interesting portion of the Report is that which deals with the Post-office Savings-bank. It is highly satisfactory to learn that the business of this department shows a considerable increase during the year. The total amount due to depositors on the 31st of December was £47,697,838, an increase of £2,924,066 over the previous year. In addition to this, the balance of government stock held by depositors at the close of the year was £2,452,252; making the total amount due to depositors £50,150,090, this being distributed over 3,535,650 separate accounts. The greatest *number* of deposits made in one day was 48,568, on the 31st of January, amounting to £99,913; but the largest *amount* deposited in one day was on the 1st of January, and amounted to £124,813. The greatest number of withdrawals in one day, 20,835, amounting to £60,643, was on the 22d of December; but the largest amount, £66,981, was withdrawn on the 16th of December. The average amount of each deposit was £2, 6s. 5d.; of each withdrawal, £5, 15s. 10d. The number of accounts remaining open at the end of the year is thus divided:

	Number.	Prop. to Pop.	Av. balance due to each depositor. £ s. d.
England and Wales	3,272,701	1 to 8	13 10 8
Scotland	127,172	1 to 31	7 12 6
Ireland	135,777	1 to 36	17 19 2

The life-insurance business shows an increase during the year of 109 in number, and of £13,003 in amount.

The inland money-order business continues to diminish; this is owing to the introduction of postal orders, which took place in 1880, since which date the annual number issued has been decreased by about six millions. On the other hand, with the colonies, and in both directions with foreign countries, there has been a 'satisfactory increase.' The Report recommends the use of money orders in preference to postal orders, in spite of their involving more trouble, on the ground of the greater security. It appears there is 'a frequent or almost universal omission on the part of the public to take so ordinary a precaution as to fill in the name of the person to whom the order is payable, and the office at which it should be cashed.' It goes on to add that a proposal to reduce the rates will shortly be under consideration. The orders issued in India and the colonies show an increase of 29,000 in number, amounting to £18,000;

while the increase in the orders issued on board Her Majesty's ships is as many as 67,900, or, in cash, £43,400.

The telegraph department's figures do not so readily lend themselves to comparison, as during the last six months the sixpenny rate has been in force. Comparing the last six months with the corresponding period in the year 1884-85, we have an increase of 48 per cent., and a decrease of £40,233 in the revenue; but against this loss must be placed the sum of £18,214 received on account of the large additional number of abbreviated telegraph addresses; this reduces the loss caused by the reduced rate to £22,019. The increase in the number of local messages in London alone was no less than 74 per cent. The twenty-seven telephone exchanges have now 1255 subscribers; and since the 1st of April 1883 we are told that some 1400 miles of line have been laid, for which some 29,000 miles of wire and £64,000 worth of red fir poles from Norway have been used. The pneumatic-tube system, too, is coming still more into use, and a rate of speed has been attained varying between seventeen and thirty-four miles an hour according to circumstance.

The gross revenue for the year was £10,278,865; while the gross expenditure was £7,569,983; the net revenue, therefore, was £2,708,882, being an increase of £62,584 on the previous year.

New post-offices have been opened in 371 places in the United Kingdom, and about 860 letter-boxes been added. Not only have Her Majesty's liege had their letters carried and their parcels delivered with speed and almost unfailing accuracy, but, after all expenses have been deducted, the postal arrangements have been so satisfactorily carried out, that the public purse has been swelled by a profit of over £2,700,000.

IN ALL SHADES.

CHAPTER XLVII.

When Mr Dupuy heard from his daughter's own lips the news of her engagement to Harry Noel, his wrath at first was absolutely unbounded; he stormed about the house, and raved and gesticulated. He refused ever to see Harry Noel again, or to admit of any proffered explanation, or to suffer Nora to attempt the defence of her own conduct. He was sure no defence was possible, and he wasn't going to listen to one either, whether or not. He even proposed to kick Harry out of doors forthwith for having thus taken advantage in the most abominable manner of his very peculiar and unusual circumstances. Whatever came, he would never dream of allowing Nora to marry such an extremely ungentlemanly and mean-spirited fellow.

But Mr Dupuy didn't sufficiently calculate upon the fact that in this matter he had another Dupuy to deal with, and that that other Dupuy had the indomitable family will quite as strongly developed within her as he himself had. Nora stuck bravely to her point with the utmost resolution. As long as she was not yet of age, she said, she would obey her father in all reasonable matters; but as soon as she was twenty-one, Orange Grove or no Orange Grove, she would marry Harry Noel outright, so that was the end of it; and having delivered herself squarely of this profound determination, she said not a word more upon the subject, but left events to work out their own course in their own proper and natural fashion.

Now, Mr Dupuy was an obstinate man; but his obstinacy was of that vehement and demonstrative kind which grows fiercer and fiercer the more you say to it, but wears itself out, of pure inanition, when resolutely met by a firm and passive silent opposition. Though she was no psychologist, Nora had hit quite unconsciously and spontaneously upon this best possible line of action. She never attempted to contradict or gainsay her father, whenever he spoke to her angrily, in one of his passionate outbursts, against Harry Noel; but she went her own way, quietly and unobtrusively, taking it for granted always, in a thousand little undemonstrative ways, that it was her obvious future rôle in life to marry at last her chosen lover. And as water by continual dropping wears a hole finally in the hardest stone, so Nora by constant quiet side-hints made her father gradually understand that she would really have Harry Noel for a husband, and no other. Bit by bit, Mr Dupuy gave way, sullenly and grudgingly, convinced in his own mind that the world was being rapidly turned topsy-turvy, and that it was no use for a plain, solid, straightforward old gentleman any longer to presume single-handed upon stemming the ever-increasing flood of revolutionary levelling sentiment. It was some solace to his soul, as he yielded slowly inch by inch, to think that if for once in his life he had had to yield, it was at least to a born Dupuy, and not to any pulpy, weak-minded outsider whatever.

So in the end, before the steamer was ready to sail, he had been brought, not indeed to give his consent to Nora's marriage—for that was more than any one could reasonably have expected from a man of his character—but to recognise it somehow in an unofficial dogged fashion as quite inevitable. After all, the fellow was heir to a baronetcy, which is always an eminently respectable position; and his daughter in the end would be Lady Noel; and everybody said the young man had behaved admirably on the night of the riot; and over in England—well, over in England it's positively incredible how little right and proper feeling people have got upon these important racial matters.

'But one thing I will *not* permit,' Mr Dupuy said with decisive curtness. 'Whether you marry this person Noel, Nora, or whether you don't—a question on which it seems, in this new-fangled order of things that's coming up nowadays, a father's feelings are not to be consulted—you shall not marry him here in Trinidad. I will not allow the grand old name and fame of the fighting Dupuys of Orange Grove to be dragged through the mud with any young man whatsoever, in this island. If you want to marry the man Noel, miss, you shall marry him in England, where nobody on earth will know anything at all about it.'

'Certainly, papa,' Nora answered most demurely. 'Mr Noel would naturally prefer the

wedding to take place in London, where his own family and friends could all be present; and besides, of course there wouldn't be time to get one's things ready either, before we leave the West Indies.'

When the next steamer was prepared to sail, it carried away a large contingent of well-known residents from the island of Trinidad. On the deck, Edward and Marian Hawthorn stood waving their handkerchiefs energetically to their friends on the wharf, and to the great body of negroes who had assembled in full force to give a parting cheer to 'de black man fren', Mr Hawtorn.' Harry Noel, in a folding cane-chair, sat beside them, still pale and ill, but bowing, it must be confessed, from time to time a rather ironical bow to his late assailants, at the cheers, which were really meant, of course, for his more popular friend and travelling companion. Close by stood Nora, not sorry in her heart that she was to see the last that day of the land of her fathers, where she had suffered so terribly and dared so much. And close by, too, on the seat beside the gunwale, sat Mr and Mrs Hawthorn the elder, induced at last, by Edward's earnest solicitation, to quit Trinidad for the evening of their days, and come to live hard by his own new home in the mother country. As for Mr Dupuy, he had no patience with the open way in which that man Hawthorn was waving his adieux so abominably to his fellow-conspirators; so, by way of escaping from the unwelcome demonstration, he was quietly ensconced below in a corner of the saloon, enjoying a last parting cigar and a brandy cocktail with some of his old planter cronies, who were going back to shore by-and-by in the pilot boat. As a body, the little party downstairs were all agreed that when a man like our friend Dupuy here was positively driven out of the island by coloured agitators, Trinidad was no longer a place fit for any gentleman with the slightest self-respect to live in. The effect of this solemn declaration was only imperceptibly marred by the well-known fact that it had been announced with equal profundity of conviction, at intervals of about six months each, by ten generations of old Trinidad planters, ever since the earliest foundation of the Spanish colony in that island.

Just two months later, Mr Dupuy was seated alone at his solitary lunch in the London club to which Harry Noel had temporarily introduced him as an honorary guest. It was the morning after Nora's wedding, and Mr Dupuy was feeling naturally somewhat dull and lonely in that great unsympathetic world of London. His attention, however, was suddenly attracted by two young men at a neighbouring table, one of whom distinctly mentioned in an audible tone his new son-in-law's name, 'Harry Noel.' The master of Orange Grove drew himself up stiffly and listened with much curiosity to such scraps as he could manage to catch of their flippant conversation.

'O yes,' one of them was saying, 'a very smart affair indeed, I can tell you. Old Sir Walter down there from Lincolnshire, and half the smartest people in London at the wedding breakfast. Very fine fellow, Noel, and comes in to one of the finest estates in the whole of England. Pretty little woman, too, the bride—nice little girl, with such winning little baby features.'

'Ah!' drawled out the other slowly. 'Pretty, is she? Ah, really. And pray, who was she?'

Mr Dupuy's bosom swelled with not unnatural paternal pride and pleasure as he anticipated the prompt answer from the wedding guest: 'One of the fighting Dupuys of Trinidad.'

But instead of replying in that perfectly reasonable and intelligible fashion, the young man at the club responded slowly: 'Well, upon my word, I don't exactly know who she was, but somebody colonial, any way, I'm certain. I fancy from Hong-kong, or Penang, or Demerara, or somewhere.—No; Trinidad—I remember now—it was certainly either St Kitts or Trinidad. Oh, Trinidad, of course, for Mrs Hawthorn, you know—Miss Ord that was—wife of that awfully clever Cambridge fellow Hawthorn, who's just been appointed to a permanent something-or-other-ship at the Colonial Office—Mrs Hawthorn knew her when she was out there during that nigger row they've just been having; and she pointed me out the bride's father, a snuffy-looking old gentleman in the sugar-planting line, over in those parts, as far as I understood her. Old gentleman looked horribly out of it among so many smart London people. Horizon apparently quite limited by rum and sugar.—O yes, it was a great catch for her, of course, I needn't tell you; but I understand this was the whole story of it. She angled for him very cleverly; and, by Jove, she hooked him at last, and played him well, and now she's landed him and fairly cooked him. It appears, he went out there not long before this insurrection business began, to look after some property they have in the island, and he stopped with her father, who, I daresay, was accustomed to dispensing a sort of rough-and-ready colonial hospitality to all comers, gentle and simple. When the row came, the snuffy old gentleman in the sugar-planting line, as luck would have it, was the very first man whose house was attacked—didn't pay his niggers regularly, they tell me; and this young lady, posing herself directly behind poor Noel, compelled him, out of pure politeness, being a chivalrous sort of man, to fight for her life, and beat off the niggers single-handed for half an hour or so. Then he gets cut down, it seems, with an ugly cutlass wound: she falls fainting upon his body, for all the world like a Surrey melodrama; Hawthorn rushes in with drawn pistol and strikes an attitude; and the curtain falls: tableau. At last, Hawthorn manages to disperse the niggers; and my young lady has the agreeable task of nursing Noel at her father's house, through a slow convalescence. Deuced clever, of course: makes him save her life first, and then she helps to save his. Has him both ways, you see—devotion and gratitude. So, as I say, she lands him promptly: and the consequence is, after a proper interval, this smart affair that came off yesterday over at St George's.'

Once more the world reeled visibly before Mr Dupuy's eyes, and he rose up from that hospitable club table, leaving his mutton cutlet and tomato sauce almost untasted. In the heat of the moment, he was half inclined to go back again immediately to his native Trinidad, and brave the terrors of vivisection, rather than stop in this atrocious, new-fangled, upsetting England,

where the family honours of the fighting Dupuys of Orange Grove were positively reckoned at less than nothing. He restrained himself, however, with a violent effort, and still condescends, from summer to summer, fitfully to inhabit this chilly, damp, and unappreciative island. But it is noticeable that he talks much less frequently now of the Dupuy characteristics than he did formerly (the population of Great Britain being evidently rather bored than otherwise by his constant allusions to those remarkable idiosyncrasies); and some of his acquaintances have even observed that since the late baronet's lamented decease, a few months since, he has spoken more than once with apparent pride and delight of 'my son-in-law, Sir Harry Noel.'

It is a great consolation to Tom Dupuy to this day, whenever anybody happens casually to mention his cousin Nora in his presence, that he can rub his hands gently one over the other before him, and murmur in his own peculiar drawl: 'I always told you she'd end at last by marrying some confounded woolly-headed brown man.'

THE END.

REBEL-CATCHING.

We were in camp, and our chief was a very distinguished officer of middle age, who had won his first spurs in the Indian Mutiny, and had been winning additional spurs ever since. We were a small party, which perhaps partly accounted for the chief's communicativeness, for to induce him to narrate any of his own experiences under ordinary circumstances was well nigh an impossibility. Be this as it may, on this occasion he did abate a little of his habitual reserve, and though he would not even hint at one of the score of incidents in which his coolness and gallantry had been almost historical, still, what he did tell us may be of some general interest. Moreover, to the best of my knowledge—and I can claim something more than a nodding acquaintance with the literature of the Sepoy Revolt—the two following stories have never been even alluded to in print. I am sorry I cannot recollect the exact words in which they were told; but I will do my best, and will only ask that any deficiencies in the narrative may be attributed to me, and not to the anonymous speaker.

'Talking of catching rebels reminds me that I had a good deal to do in that line in the Mutiny days. I was only a youngster, not much more than a boy at the time; but I suppose I was rather zealous and active, for I was given a small independent command, a troop of native cavalry and a handful of infantry, and posted near the Nepal frontier to look out for rebels. This was quite at the fag-end of the Mutiny; and my chief duty was to catch, if possible, one or two noted scoundrels who had hitherto escaped, and who, it was supposed, might try to take refuge in the Nepal valley. Amongst the objects of my especial solicitude was a subahdar [native officer] who had taken a prominent part in the massacre of women and children at Cawnpore. I had full permission to shoot this hound if only I could catch him; and I waited longingly for some tidings of his whereabouts. At last, one evening a native arrived at my post, and declared that the subahdar was lying hid in a village some little distance off, on the Nepal side of the frontier. I had got my chance, and I was not going to lose it by delay. Getting together my troop of cavalry, I made a night-march to the village, and in the very early morning, before any of the inhabitants were astir, I drew a *cordon* round it, and waited. When day broke, I sent a message to the head-man of the village and explained matters. I called upon him to deliver up the subahdar, and pointed out that I was master of the situation. To my disgust, the head-man declared that he could not give up the subahdar, for the simple reason that he was not in the village at all. However, my information had been trustworthy, and I did not like the idea of having had a long and troublesome march for nothing, so I ordered a search. This was accordingly made, but with no results except that of putting me into a rather bad temper. Finally, I said to the head-man that every single inhabitant of the place should turn out by a given time that day, or I would burn the village over their heads. The head-man sorrowfully consented; and man, woman, and child evacuated the huts, after which the troopers scoured the village in their endeavours to find their man. But not a sign of him was present, and I began to feel that I had been befooled. Somewhat sick at heart, I ordered my troopers to stop searching and to prepare for the return march.

'As the troopers were trotting up to fall in, one of them happened to pass a small hut in which was a heap of most innocent-looking but not very savoury rubbish. Through the doorway the trooper casually poked his lance at this heap, more for swagger or to show his zeal than with any hope of making a discovery. Suddenly, up from the rubbish jumped a scared figure, who was promptly caught and brought to me. It was the subahdar!'

The speaker went on to say that they made short work of the scoundrel, who had reddened his foul hands with the blood of English ladies and children. He had his trial; but the evidence was conclusive, and mercy was out of the question. The subahdar was shot; and when one reads the details of the two massacres at Cawnpore, one is tempted to think that the death was too good for him. Our chief concluded this episode by noting that he subsequently had no difficulty in explaining to the Nepalese authorities his conduct towards the villagers, which had been, to say the least, somewhat brusque. These authorities looked upon the matter as rather humorous than otherwise, and certainly not worthy of serious notice.

'Another curious thing happened to me,' continued the chief, 'during the time that I was rebel-hunting. One day I caught a criminal with a very peculiar face, one that I could not help remembering rather more clearly than I generally remember the countenances of natives. This particular rebel had done something particularly bad, and had to be shot without delay. I gave the necessary orders for a firing-party to be formed, and the execution was duly carried out. Something prevented me from being actually present on the ground, but there was a native officer, and my men were presumably to be

trusted. I remember distinctly hearing the volley delivered by the firing-party, and when I subsequently inquired whether everything had been all right, it was reported to me that the man was dead.

'About a fortnight afterwards, a man was brought in to me whose face seemed strangely familiar. Suddenly it flashed on my mind that this was the very man whose death-knell I had heard only a few days ago. Looking at him closely, I said: "How is this? Who are you? Surely I had you shot a fortnight ago?"

"It is true, sahib," said the poor wretch. "I am the man your soldiers caught, and I was brought before your honour, and you ordered me to be shot. I was taken out, and they stood me on the edge of a *nala* [a dried-up water-course], and fired. Sahib, they hit me; but I was not dead, and I dropped into the *nala* and crept away. Your soldiers never came to look for me, and I escaped. By evil chance, I have been captured again. But, sahib, do not order me to be shot again."

"No," said I; "I will not do that—not this time, at anyrate. You are free, and had better make the best use of your legs. But if I catch you again, I shall really be obliged to have you shot in downright earnest. Be off, and take care you don't fall a third time into my hands."

'And he didn't.'

Our chief commented on the native's tale of his hairbreadth escape as being what Yankees would call 'rather thin.' He seemed himself to think that the firing-party had been tampered with, a contingency which he had, in his subsequent rebel-catching adventures, taken care to avert.

BY ORDER OF THE LEAGUE.

CHAPTER III.

Le Gautier was not far wrong in his estimate of Carlo Visci. The game the former was playing was a dangerous one. He had met the youthful Genevieve in one of his country excursions, and, struck by her beauty, conceived the idea of finding some slight amusement in her society. It was not hard, in that quiet place, with his audacity and talents, to make himself known to her; nor did the child—for she was little more—romantic, passionate, her head filled with dreams of love and devotion, long remain cold to his advances. Friendship soon ripens into love in the sunny South, where temperaments are warmer, and the cold restraints of northern society do not exist. The Frenchman had no sinister intentions when he commenced his little flirtation—a mere recreation *pour passer le temps* on his side; but alas for good intentions; the moth may not approach too near the flame without scorching its wings. Begun in playfulness, almost sport, the thing gradually ripened into love—love such as most women never know, love encountered by keen wit and a knowledge of the evil side of life. When the story opens, Genevieve had known Le Gautier for six months—had known him, loved him, and trusted him.

But Le Gautier was already tired of his broken toy. It was all very well as a pastime; but the gilded chains were beginning to chafe, and besides, he had ambitious schemes into which any calculations of Genevieve never entered. He had been thinking less of dark passionate eyes lately than of a fair English face, the face of Enid Charteris; so in his mind he began to revolve how he could best free himself from the Italian girl, ere commencing his campaign against the heart and fortune of Sir Geoffrey Charteris' heiress. Come what may now, he must file his fetters.

Filled with this virtuous and manly resolution, he set out the following afternoon for the Villa Mattio. It was Visci's whim to keep his sister there, along with a younger sister, a child as yet, little Lucrece, both under the charge of a sleepy old *gouvernante*. In spite of his faults, Visci was a good brother, having too sincere an affection for his sister to keep her with him among the wild student spirits he affected, fearing contamination for her mind. And so she remained in the country; Visci running down from the city to see her, each time congratulating himself upon the foresight he had displayed in such an arrangement as this, little thinking he had thus caused the greatest evil he had to fear.

Le Gautier walked on till the white façade and stucco pillars of the villa were in sight, and then, striking across a little path leading deep into a thick shady wood, all carpeted with spring flowers, threw himself upon the grass to wait. There was a little shrine here by the side of a tiny stream, with the crucifix and a rude stone image of the Virgin in a dark niche; evidently a kind of rustic woodland sanctuary. But Le Gautier did not notice these things as he lay there; and there was a frown upon his brow, and a thoughtful, determined look upon his face, which boded ill for some one.

He had not long to wait. Pushing the branches of the trees aside and coming towards him with eager, elastic step, was a girl. She was tall and slight; not more than seventeen, in fact, and her dark eyes and clear-cut features gave promise of great beauty. There was a wistful, tender smile upon her face as she came forward—a smile tinged with pain, as she noted the moody face of the man lying there, but nevertheless a smile which betokened nothing but perfect, trusting, unutterable love. Le Gautier noted this in his turn, and it did not tend to increase his equanimity. It is not easy for a man, when he is going to commit a base action, to preserve his equanimity when met with perfect confidence by the victim. For a moment she stood there, looking at him, neither speaking for a brief space.

'How ridiculously happy you look, Genevieve,' Le Gautier said irritably. 'It is a great compliment to me, but'——

The girl looked at him shyly, as she leant against a tree, the shafts of light through the leaves playing upon her lustrous coronal of dusky hair and showing the happy gleam in her eyes. 'I am always contented when you are here, Hector,' she answered softly.

'And never at any other time, I suppose?'

'I cannot say that. I have many things to do, but I can always find time to think of you. I dwell upon you when you are away, and

think what I should do if you were to leave me. Ah, yes, I know you will not do that; but if you did, I should die.'

Le Gautier groaned inwardly. Time had been when he had dwelt with pleasure on these outpourings of an innocent heart.

'You are not one of the dying order of heroines, Genevieve. By no means. And so you often wonder what you would do if I were to leave you?'

The girl half started from her reclining position, with her scarlet lips parted, and a troubled expression on her face. 'You speak very strangely to-day, Hector,' she exclaimed. 'What do you mean?'

'Precisely what I say. You are anxious to know how you would feel if I left you. Your curiosity shall be gratified. I am going to leave you.'

'To leave me! Going away, Hector, and without me?' Genevieve wondered vaguely whether she heard the words aright. She started and pressed her hand to her heart, as if to still its rebellious beating. Going away? The warmth seemed to have departed from the scene, the bright light grew dim as gradually the words forced themselves upon her; and the cold numbness of despair froze her trembling limbs.

'Yes, I am going away,' Le Gautier repeated in a matter-of-fact manner, but always with his eyes anywhere but on the girl's face. 'Indeed, I have no alternative; and as to taking you with me, it is impossible.'

'I have dreamt of something like this,' Genevieve intoned in a low vague voice, her look seemingly far away. 'It has been forced upon me, though I have tried not to think so, that you have been growing colder day by day. And now you come and tell me that you are going to leave me! There is no regret in your voice, no sorrow in your face. You will go away and forget, leaving me here in my sorrow, mourning for my lost love—leaving me here heartbroken—deceived!'

'You should go on the stage,' Le Gautier replied sardonically. 'Your talents are wasted here. Let me assure you, Genevieve, speaking as a man who has had a little experience, that if you can get up a scene like this upon the boards, there is money in it.'

'You are cruel!' the girl cried, dashing her tears away impetuously—'you are cruel! What have I done to deserve this from you, Hector? You wish to leave me; that you will not come back again, my heart assures me.'

'Your heart is a prophetic organ, then, *caro mio*. Now, do look at the thing in a rational light. I am under the orders of the League; to disobey is death to me; and to take you with me is impossible. We must forget all our little flirtations now, for I cannot tell when I may be in Italy again. Now, be a sensible girl; forget all about unfortunate me. No one possibly can know; and when the prince appears, marry him. Be assured that I shall tell no foolish tales.'

Gradually, surely, the blood crept into the girl's face as she listened to these mocking words. She drew herself up inch by inch, her eyes bright and hard, her head thrown back. There was a look of infinite withering scorn upon her as she spoke, sparing not herself in the ordeal. 'And that is the thing I loved!' she said, each word cold and clear—'that is the thing to which I gave all my poor heart! I understand your words only too well. I am abandoned. But you have not done with me yet. My turn will come, and then—beware!'

'A truce to your histrionics,' Le Gautier cried, all the tiger aroused in him now, and only too ready to take up the gage thrown down. 'Do you think I have no occupation, nothing to dwell upon but romantic schoolgirls one kills pleasant hours with in roaming about the world! You knew well enough the thing could not last. I leave for London to-morrow; so, be sensible, and let us part friends.'

'Friends!' she echoed disdainfully. 'You and I friends! You have made a woman of me. From this moment, I shall only think of you with loathing!'

'Then why think of me at all? It is very hard a man cannot have a little amusement without such a display of hysterical affection as this. For goodness' sake, Genevieve, do be sensible!'

Stung to madness by this cruel taunt, she took one step towards him and stopped, her whole frame thrilling with speechless, consuming rage. It would have gone hard with him then, could she have laid her hand upon a weapon. Then all at once she grew perfectly, rigidly calm. She stepped to the little sanctuary, and took down the wooden cross, holding it in her right hand. 'Before you go, I have a word to say to you,' she said between her clenched white teeth. 'You are a man; I am a poor defenceless girl. You are endowed with all the falseness and deceit that flesh is heir to; I am ignorant of the great world that lies beyond the horizon. You fear no harm from me now; I shall evoke no arm in my defence; but my time will come. When you have nearly accomplished your most cherished schemes, when you have your foot upon the goal of your crowning ambition, when fortune smiles her brightest upon your endeavours—then I shall strike! Not till then shall you see or hear of me; but the hour will come. Beware of it!'

'Perfection!' Le Gautier cried. 'You only want'——

'Not another word!' the girl commanded. 'Now, go!—mean, crawling hound, base deceiver of innocent girls! Go! and never look upon my face again; it shall be the worse for you if you *do*! Go! and forget my passionate words; but the time will come when they shall come back to you. Go!' With steady hand she pointed to the opening in the wood; and without another word he slunk away, feeling, in spite of his jaunty air, a miserable, pitiful coward indeed.

As he turned to go, Genevieve watched him down the long avenue out of sight, and then, sinking on her knees, she sobbed long and bitterly, so full of her grief and care that she was oblivious to her surroundings. Her face was deadly pale, her white lips moved passionately, as she knelt there weeping, half praying, half cursing herself in her despair.

'Genevieve!'

The word, uttered in a tone of wonder and alarm, was repeated a second time before the

agitated girl looked up. Salvarini was standing there, his usually grave face a prey to suspicion and alarm, a look which did not disguise entirely an expression of tenderness and affection. Genevieve rose to her feet and wiped away her tears. It was some moments before she was calm enough to speak to the wondering man at her side.

'I have chosen an unfortunate moment for my mission,' Salvarini mournfully continued; 'I am afraid my presence is unwelcome here.—Genevieve, there is something behind this I do not understand. It must be beyond an ordinary grief to move you like this.'

'There are some sorrows we dare not think of,' Genevieve replied with an air of utter weariness.—'Luigi, do not press me now. Some day, perhaps, I will ask you to help me.'

'I am afraid a brother is the fittest confidant in a case like this. Pardon me, if I am wrong; but when I hear you talking to a man—for his voice came to me—and then I find you in such a plight as this, I must think.—'O Genevieve! my only love, my idol and dream since I first saw your face, to have given your heart to some one unworthy of you. What will Carlo say, when he hears of it?'

'But he must not hear,' Genevieve whispered, terrified. 'Luigi, you have surprised me; but you must keep my secret—I implore you.'

'I can refuse no words of yours. But one thing you must, nay, shall do—you must tell me who this man is; you must have an avenger.'

'Luigi,' the girl said, laying her hand gently upon his arm, 'I shall be my own avenger—that I have sworn by the cross I hold in my hand. If it is for years, I can wait—and hope.'

'That is a wrong spirit,' Salvarini replied sorrowfully. 'You are mad just now with your wrongs. Stay here at home, and let me be your champion. I love you too well to admire such sentiments from you yet. I shall not press you now; but all time, for good or for evil, I shall wait for you.'

'Luigi, you are a good man, far too good for me. Listen! I must gratify my revenge; till then, all must wait. Things alter; men change; but when the time comes, and you are still the same, say "Come to me," and I shall be by your side.'

'I shall never change!' he replied as he touched the outstretched hand with his lips gently.

Slowly and sadly they walked back towards the house—Genevieve calm and collected now; Salvarini, mournfully resigned; pity and rage—pity for the girl, and rage against her deceiver—alternately supreme in his heart. For some time neither spoke.

'Will you come in?' she asked.

'Not now,' he replied, feeling instinctively that his presence would only be an unwelcome restraint. 'I had a message to bring from Carlo. He and Sir Geoffrey and Miss Charteris are coming to-morrow.—And now, remember, if you want a friend, you have one in me.—Good-bye.'

'Good-bye, Luigi,' she said mechanically. 'You are very good. I shall remember.'

Strangers coming to-morrow. The words bear on her brain like the roar of countless hammers. Strangers coming; and how was she to meet them now, with this wild sense of wrong burning within her vengeful Italian heart, bruised but not crushed? She walked slowly up-stairs and sat down in her room, thinking, till the evening light began to wane, and the lamps of distant Rome to twinkle out one by one. The very silence of the place oppressed her.

'Are you coming down to supper, Genevieve?'

She aroused herself at these words, and looking up, saw a child standing there before her. She was regarding her sister somewhat curiously, and somewhat pitifully too; the latter, child as she was, did not fail to notice the pale face and dark-ringed eyes. She approached the older girl, throwing her arms round her neck and kissing her gently. 'What is the matter, *caro?*' she asked in her soft liquid Italian. 'Have you one of your headaches again, sister? Let me comfort you.'

'I have something more than headache, Lucrece—some pain that no soft words of yours can charm away. Run away down-stairs, child; I am not fit to talk to you now.'

'Please, Genevieve, I would rather stay with you.'

Genevieve looked out again across the landscape, lit here and there now by twinkling lights, reflected from the happy firesides, till it was too dark any longer to see aught but the ghostly shadows.

'Lucrece!' she exclaimed suddenly, 'come here.'

The child hesitated for a moment, and obeyed, taking her sister's cold damp hand in her own, and waiting for her to speak.

'Do you remember, Lucrece, the Golden City I used to tell you about when you were a little one, the blessed place far away, where there is no strife and no care, and every heart can rest?'

'Yes, I remember, sister.'

'And should you care to go with me?'

'O yes, please. I would go anywhere with you and not be afraid.'

'Then you shall go. When you go to your room to-night, do not take off your clothes, but lie awake till I come for you. Only, mind, if you say a word of this, you will not see the beautiful city.'

Through the rest of the hours, Genevieve moved about mechanically, getting through the evening meal she scarcely knew how. Gradually time passed on, one by one the members of the household retired. It was an hour later when Genevieve entered her little sister's room. 'Lucrece, are you awake?' she whispered.

'Yes, sister; I am waiting for you. Are we going now?'

'Yes, we are going now. Walk softly, and hold my hand. Come, let us hasten; we have far to go, and the way is weary.'

Silently they passed down the stairs, and out into the night-air, along the path to Rome, walking on till they were lost in the darkness of the night; Genevieve's face stern and set; the little one's, bright and hopeful.

Gradually the east flushed with the golden splendour of the coming dawn; the birds awoke to welcome up the sun; and after them, the laggard morn. The orb of day saw strange things as he rose in the vault of heaven: he saw two tired wayfarers sleeping on the roadside; and then, later, the anxious faces of a

party gathered at a pretty villa by the Tiber. As he sank to rest again, he went down upon a party searching woods and streams far and near; and as he dipped behind the shoulder of the purple hills that night, his last red glimpse flushed the faces of the stern sad-visaged group on their way to Rome. When he rose again there were no wayfarers by the roadside, but a brother on his knees praying for his lost darlings and strength to aid him in his extremity. In Sol's daily flight he saw hope lost, abandoned in despair; but as came each morn, he brought a gentle healing, but never Genevieve back to the Mattio woods again!

And so time passed on, bringing peace, if not forgetfulness.

(*To be continued.*)

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE armour-plated ship *Resistance* was lately the subject of some interesting and highly practical experiments at Portsmouth. The ship's armour is four and a half inches in thickness, and this armour was backed up in various places—for the purpose of experiment—with india-rubber and asbestos, in order to see how far these materials might be relied upon as automatic leak-stoppers. A little fleet of gunboats now fired upon the vessel at short range, sending shot after shot completely through the armour, and penetrating the india-rubber backing, which measured an inch and a half in thickness. The armour when protected with an outer jacket of india-rubber fared no better. Much the same results were obtained when the shots were directed to that part of the hull of the vessel which had been provided with a backing of asbestos. The water poured so freely through the shot-holes, that they had to be plugged, to obviate the risk of the vessel sinking. In the sequel, it was unanimously agreed that both india-rubber and asbestos are quite valueless as additions to armour-plating.

Mr Mallet, of the University of Virginia, describes a most unusual phenomenon which occurred in the laboratory of that institution last winter, in the shape of explosive ice. The ice in question formed in the glass vessel of a gasogene—the familiar apparatus for charging water with carbonic acid gas. The expansion of the ice burst the vessel, after which the ice itself exploded repeatedly, and threw off fragments with a crackling sound. The effect is attributed to the pressure of the gas contained in the ice, which in the case of water would appear as simple effervescence.

Steel sleepers for railways, in lieu of the rough wooden ones formerly employed, are now coming into greatly extended use, and there are few railways where they are not being tried either experimentally or adopted permanently. In the underground workings of collieries, the maintenance of wooden sleepers forms an important item of expense, and there is every hope that steel sleepers will take their place. Mr Colquhoun, the general manager of the Tredegar Iron and Coal Company, has invented a form of steel sleeper for this particular purpose. Its sides are corrugated, and it has two projecting fangs at each end, which clutch the ground upon which it is laid. The complete weight of the sleeper and its fittings is only sixteen and a half pounds. It has been on trial in some of the South Wales collieries, and has given every satisfaction.

The *Lancet* lately called attention to a singular tradition bearing upon infant mortality, which is widely circulated and believed in. An inquest was held upon a child five weeks old which had been found in bed suffocated beside her mother. Death was attributed to a cat getting on the bed and sucking the breath of the child. There seemed to be no evidence against the cat; indeed, the animal did not appear upon the scene. The *Lancet* points out that death was no doubt due to overlaying by the parent, and that 'breath-sucking' is probably a myth, or it would ere now have been proved by observation.

An American inventor, Mr A. Hardt, has patented an arrangement for using very small slack coal as fuel for boiler-firing. The apparatus consists of two fireclay retorts—very much after the pattern of the retorts used in gas factories—which are placed immediately above the ordinary firebox. Each retort has a slide in the bottom, which can be withdrawn so as to empty it of its contents. In addition to this, each has a tube of fireclay reaching from the back part of the retort into the fire beneath. The action of the apparatus is as follows: The retorts are charged with slack, which by the heat of the fire is gradually coked, while the gas evolved from it is carried to the fire beneath. When all the gas has been driven off, the sliding bottom of the retort is withdrawn, and the coke falls into the furnace, to form fresh fuel. Two retorts are employed, so that one can always remain at work while the other is being recharged.

Mr F. Siemens has invented a new method of repairing furnace-linings while at a white-heat, which will be found very useful in steel and glass furnaces where high temperatures are necessarily employed. Under such temperatures, the sides of furnaces become softened, and quartz powder or sand projected against the soft places will readily adhere. Mr Siemens' apparatus for compassing this end consists of a small wagon, upon which are mounted a fan and a movable pipe like a fire-hose, which can be made to direct a blast in any required direction. The nozzle attached to the pipe is introduced into the furnace-doors, and the sand is blown against the particular part of the furnace-lining which may require reparation.

The tricycle is being gradually applied to so many different purposes, that it can no longer be regarded as a means merely of healthy exercise. Traders use it largely for the delivery of small parcels; postmen in country districts depend upon it as a useful steed; the military genius of the Germans is turning it to account for the battle-field; and in many ways its value is receiving increased recognition. Its last application is in the form of an auxiliary to the fire brigade. The tricycle in question embodies the following parts: It contains a hosereel, with a quantity of hose specially constructed to wind up into a very small compass; a light double-pump fire-engine, capable of throwing twenty-five gallons of water per

minute; a collapsible cistern to hold water; and a simple fire-escape with descending ropes and bag. Two men can run the tricycle at full speed, and the pedal action can afterwards be applied to pumping. The apparatus has been introduced by Mr Glenister, chief of the volunteer fire brigade of Hastings, in conjunction with Mr J. C. Merryweather of London.

The French scientific journal *La Nature* describes and illustrates a machine for making a product which is coming into favour in various different employments under the name of wood-wool. As its name implies, this material is simply wood cut into such fine shavings that it answers many of the purposes to which wool is commonly applied. Although it was at first intended merely as a packing material, it was soon found that it had a much more extended field of usefulness. It is being employed for stuffing mattresses, as bedding for cattle, for the filtration of liquids, &c. It is elastic like horsehair, and is beautifully clean in use. The wood used by preference is Riga fir; and the machine will produce, without any necessity for skilled labour, more than fifteen hundred pounds of 'wool' per day of ten hours.

A cart-wheel without axle, axle-boxes, grease-boxes, and journals, seems to be something akin to an impossibility; but such a thing has been produced and exhibited at the Palace of Industry, Paris, by M. Sue. Its principle is this: Suppose that we have two grooved rails, and that we place one on the ground with its groove uppermost. In this groove we then place a number of steel balls, and above them we place the other rail with its groove downwards. Thus placed, the two grooves are facing one another, while the balls are embraced by both, so that if we push the upper rail, it will slide over the lower one, owing to the simple rotation of the balls. Imagine the two rails to be bent into a circle, with the balls still between them, and we have the principle of M. Sue's axleless wheel. The inner part is fixed to the wagon; and the outer part, consisting merely of a grooved rim, works round it with the balls between. The thing seems to be wonderfully ingenious; but we doubt whether it would work so well as the old-fashioned form of wheel. A dusty road would try its powers to the utmost.

A somewhat elaborate plan for keeping railway foot-warmers hot has been devised by M. Tommasi, a French electrician. He proposes that after the foot-warmers have been charged with their hot solution of acetate of soda—as is commonly done on the French railways, and on some few lines in Britain—the heat should be kept up by electricity. The current to maintain this heat would be obtained from a dynamo driven off an axle of the carriage-wheels, and would be carried to all the foot-warmers throughout the train. We should think that it would be a far easier and less expensive plan to utilise some of the waste heat from the locomotive, which might be applied to the carriages by means of pipes. Has this plan ever been tried?

The cultivation of tobacco in Kent is an experiment which many agriculturists are observing with keen interest. So far, the experiment has been a success, and this in spite of very unfavourable weather, and the presence of unusual quantities of destructive pests in the shape of insects. We are told that earwigs have done a great amount of damage to the plants, for they have been chewing tobacco ever since the leaves came to maturity. According to the opinion of experts, Kent is the most suitable place in this country for the culture of tobacco. Not only is the soil suited to the growth of the plant, but the same oast houses which are used for drying the hops, and whose conical tops form such a noteworthy feature of the Kentish landscape, can be readily adapted to drying the tobacco leaves. It is thought, indeed, that hops and tobacco might be grown on the same land, and form a combined industry which would pay well.

M. l'Hoste, the French aëronaut who recently crossed the Channel by means of a balloon, made use of a piece of apparatus which seems to represent some advance in the art of aërial travelling. This contrivance was dragged in the water of the Channel from a rope attached to the balloon. By this means the aërostat was kept at a certain height above the water. But it served a further purpose than this. By its means water was drawn up into the car and utilised as ballast. Formerly, ballast once thrown out of the car could not be recovered; but by this invention it can be picked up when the balloon is travelling over water. We may note that Mr Green, one of the most celebrated balloonists, made use of an inverted cone, attached to a rope, when travelling over water. This cone acted as an anchor to the balloon, keeping it a certain height above the water, and at the same time allowing it to drift along.

A Report was lately read at the French Academy of Medicine referring to an operation which was successfully conducted by the help of a magnet. A patient who was by profession a sword-swallower at fairs, had, while at a restaurant, amused some companions by hiding a steel fork in his throat. By an accident, the fork reached to a lower point than the experimenter had reckoned for, and a surgical operation became imperative. By means of a strong magnet, the fork was moved to a position, where a simple incision soon relieved the sufferer of this unwelcome intruder.

The divers employed on the wreck of the ill-fated *Oregon* have almost finished their labours. Six men have been at work upon the wreck, each man remaining under water for from half an hour to one hour at a time. The cargo of the vessel chiefly consisted of bales of cotton; and the divers were furnished with hooks, like workmen employed in the same business on dry land, with which they could grasp and handle the bales. These were attached to steam pulleys, and hauled on board the wrecking vessel. To get at the mail-room, the side of the submerged vessel had to be blown in with dynamite, but much of the mail-matter was spoilt by the water before this was done. The divers report that the vessel is fast breaking up; her bow has fallen over into the sand, and she is broken in two between the mainmast and the foremast, although some of her spars are still visible above water.

Dr H. J. Fox announces in the *St Louis Medical Journal* that creosote is almost a certain cure for erysipelas, for he has treated some hundreds of cases with only one fatal result.

The affected parts are kept constantly covered with cloths soaked in a solution of creosote in water—six to twenty drops of creosote to one ounce of water; or a poultice may be formed by stirring ground elm into the solution so as to make a paste.

At the Birmingham Art Gallery, a new method of illuminating the pictures is being tried. In the centre of the room is a suspended ring of ninety-six Swan incandescent lamps, each of twenty candle-power. Within this ring is a series of silvered glass reflectors bent to such a curve as will insure the pictures being well illuminated without any reflection from their surfaces. The arrangement has been devised by Messrs Chamberlain and Hookham.

A Report has recently been published by Mr Verbeek, who was deputed to inquire into the origin and character of the terrible volcanic outburst at Krakatoa, in the Straits of Sunda, two years ago. He calculates that the amount of matter ejected from the volcano was equal to a mass measuring at least ten cubic miles, and that the velocity with which this matter was thrown into the atmosphere was greater than the projecting power of the biggest of big guns. He considers that the ejected matter must have reached a height of thirty miles; that is, about six times the height of the highest mountain in the world. The explosions were heard over a fourteenth part of the earth's surface; and an atmospheric wave travelled from the scene of disturbance, and spread itself over the surface of the globe in thirty-six hours.

We are glad to see that a Society for the Protection of Birds has been instituted in New York. It seems to be akin to the Plumage League recently incorporated in our own country, while its aims are more comprehensive. Its chief object is to protect birds not used for food from destruction for mercantile purposes, and it will also endeavour to secure and publish information relative to the present enormous destruction of birds for the purposes of dress, decoration, and general adaptation to fancy articles. It will also point out in its teachings the bad results which must in time accrue to agriculture from the wanton destruction of birds which prey upon insect life. The robbing of birds' nests and the destruction of eggs will also be discouraged by the Society.

Among the papyri which have recently been brought to Vienna from El Fayoum was one which, according to those who have deciphered it, mentioned the existence of a city in Lower Egypt which seems to have completely vanished. The document in question is a papyrus four feet long by one foot wide. It contains a marriage contract between one Theon and his bride Maria, with the signature of witnesses and a notary. All these people are described as belonging to the city of Justianopolis. No mention of this place can be found among any lists of places which exist. The papyrus is supposed to date from the sixth century.

The dispute as to the permanence or non-permanence of water-colour drawings has received a fresh contribution from the pen of Mr E. A. Goodall, whose father engraved a certain drawing of Turner's which is now in the national collection. It had been pointed out, as a proof of the fugitive nature of the pigments which the great painter employed, that many details which appear in the engraving in question are not now visible in the original drawing. Mr Goodall, however, says that these details never were visible in the painting, it being the custom of Turner, when proofs were submitted to him for approval, to touch up those proofs and to introduce new effects—clouds, figures, &c., which were not in the original work.

Mr W. A. Gibbs, whose name in connection with hay-drying apparatus will be remembered, has lately turned his attention to a machine for 'withering' tea after the leaves have been curled and twisted in the rolling-mill. This is brought about by submitting the damp leaves to a current of dry air, which speedily desiccates the mass. The machine consists of a revolving fan in an iron casing mounted on a pair of wheels, with a small coke-fire in a box in front of it. There is a hand-wheel to drive the fan, and handles attached to the casing, so that the contrivance can readily be moved from place to place. There is an inlet and outlet for the air, the latter passing over the fire. In front of the inlet there is a cage, in which are placed lumps of chloride of calcium, a salt which has the property of absorbing all moisture within its reach, and which when saturated can easily be restored to its former state by heating. It can thus be used over and over again, so that first cost is the only expense. By this apparatus a dry air can be delivered without the employment of any excessive heat, and such conditions give the best results in the desiccation of tea. Mr Gibbs has also devised a machine for the rapid drying of fibrous materials, which will doubtless be found valuable in many branches of trade and manufacture.

A TALE OF TWO KNAVERIES.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CONCLUSION.

Uncle Franklin drew towards his end. It soon became evident that that grim churchyard experiment which he had suggested would in his case be entirely unnecessary. As he sank lower and lower, and the cruel, icy grasp clutched his labouring heart more often and more fiercely, Lucy found herself almost a fixture at his side. He could hardly bear her absence, however short; and when the fits of palpitation were upon him, he seemed to hold on to life by her hand alone. He would talk to her when he was able—talk of business, nothing but business and money, always money, until the gold seemed to jingle in her brain as though it were the inside of a till. It was very trying and wearing; but tenderness of heart and compassion for this unloved and desolate old money-worshipper, whose idol had failed him at his need, this spoiler whom a hand more ruthless than his own was spoiling, kept her staunch to her post. She thought little of her expectations, and that only for her husband's sake; in the presence of this aimless, endless money-babble from the lips of a suffering and dying man, the idea of her possible and probable inheritance had grown almost distasteful to her; and Uncle Franklin had not as yet broached the subject of his will.

There came, however, a day when, with the last words he ever spoke, he for the first time broke his silence in this respect. The doctor had paid his daily visit, and had gone away with that shake of the head and significant look which tells that human skill has done its utmost. The patient was lying in a half-doze, and Lucy was sitting by the bedside, when he suddenly opened his eyes and fixed them full upon her. 'It's nearly over, my girl,' he said. 'You have done your duty by me, and I thank you. You'll find I have kept my promise. When the time comes, send to my solicitor, Blackford of Southampton Buildings—he'll know what to do.' He closed his eyes after speaking these words, and seemed to sleep again. That night he died, quietly and without a struggle. It was in the third week after the making of the second will.

Those were days of anxious reflection for Mr Blackford. Business was more than commonly 'slack' with him, so that he was able to give his undivided attention to his little scheme. Even Willoughby had failed to renew his visits, a circumstance which almost escaped the lawyer's notice, so preoccupied was he with things of greater moment.

What course should he now adopt? How should he best use his advantage? Nobody save himself knew of the hiding-place, or even of the existence of the later will, unless the testator should have altered his mind. Somehow or other, he must manage to substitute the earlier will for the later. But how? There appeared to be but one way in which to do what must be done; it was a way which demanded courage, self-possession, and unflinching nerve; for a moment's faltering or bungling would in all probability bring about a shameful and disastrous failure. That way Mr Blackford determined to take; and so waited as patiently as he might for the news of Mr Franklin's death and the expected summons to the house.

Both came together; the latter in a form which he did not expect, and which discomposed him a good deal—in the form, namely, of an invitation to the funeral. Lucy said in her letter that Mr Franklin had stated that his solicitor would know how to act with reference to his affairs; and that both she and her husband felt that it would be more seemly to defer any such action until the dead man had been laid in his grave. But on reflection, Mr Blackford was less dissatisfied than at first with this arrangement. It was a delicate and difficult operation which he had to perform; possibly it might be carried out with greater ease in the confusion and excitement of a crowd, than under the undistracted scrutiny of only two pairs of eyes. All that he had to do was to slightly amend his plan of action to suit the altered circumstances. He replied to the letter with graceful condolence, asking that, in pursuance of the testator's wishes as communicated to himself, all the family might be summoned to hear the will read after the funeral.

This was done accordingly; and when the company had returned from the ceremony, Mr Blackford found himself in the presence of a tolerably numerous and not too good-tempered assemblage, in Tom Wedlake's dining-room. By this general invitation, vanished hopes had been revived, almost forgotten jealousies and suspicions had blossomed anew; and in every face, repressed truculence and ready defiance were thinly varnished over with the expression proper to the occasion. The general hostility brought itself to a focus upon Tom and Lucy, who were treated by all but the latter's own parents with severely guarded affection.

The solicitor rose from his chair and addressed the expectant relatives with decorous gravity. He had carefully weighed and rehearsed every word which was to be spoken, for he had to pass through an ordeal which would test his coolness and readiness to the utmost. It was necessary in the first place to clear his way—to make sure that there was no unsuspected information in the possession of any present which might upset all his calculations in a moment.

'It is now my duty,' said he, 'to read the will of the late Mr Franklin. But may I first ask, whether any one here happens to be aware of the intentions of the deceased with regard to the disposition of his property?'

There was no reply. All eyes were turned significantly and mistrustfully upon Tom and Lucy; but neither felt inclined to speak the word which should let loose upon them the pent-up storm.

'Mr and Mrs Wedlake,' said the solicitor—and a preparatory tremor of indignation ran through the listening group—'were, as we know, in closer communication of late with their uncle than any other members of his family; perhaps they would be able to tell us something?'

Tom answered by a shake of the head, which might signify either refusal or unwillingness. But there was an air of composure about him and his wife which was in marked contrast with the flushed expectancy generally prevalent, and which was calculated to give rise to exasperating auguries.

Mr Blackford proceeded: 'I regret this very much, for it renders my task all the more difficult and unpleasant. But that I cannot help. It is by no fault or interposition of my own that things are—as they will presently appear. Neither is it for me to question the testator's wisdom or his right to do as he pleased with his own. I can only say that I used all my powers of persuasion to divert Mr Franklin from his purpose, but unavailingly; therefore, I could only act as I was instructed.'

Curiosity was excited by these words to the highest pitch; it was evident that they portended some disaster, and an angry buzz began to make itself heard.

'The first thing to be done,' continued the solicitor, 'is to produce Mr Franklin's will. It is in his bedroom; and, with the permission of Mr and Mrs Wedlake, I will now go and fetch it.'

The words were hardly out of his mouth when, with a brisk and business-like step, he left the room, and was half-way up the stairs before any one had the presence of mind to follow him. As he went, he drew a paper from his breast-pocket and carried it cautiously just within his coat. He was in the room scarcely a quarter of a minute before Tom and Lucy, followed by the whole of the company, came hurrying after him; but those precious seconds served his purpose. They found

him looking up at the shelf of books in the recess, rather pale, a little out of breath, but entirely self-possessed. The master of the house was about to comment sharply on his strange behaviour; but the solicitor gave him no time.

'The will,' said he, 'is in one of the largest of these books; but upon my word I don't exactly remember which. Cruden's *Concordance*—yes, I think it must have been Cruden's *Concordance*. I think I should prefer, under all the circumstances, that some one else should make the search.—Mr Wedlake, perhaps, would oblige us by trying Cruden's *Concordance?*'

Tom took down the big book, held it by its covers, and shook it vigorously, producing no other result than a shower of dust.

'Dear me!' said Mr Blackford, 'it is very strange.—Will you try the next book, Mr Wedlake? It is a Prayer-book, I think.'

The same process was repeated; this time a folded paper fell to the floor. The solicitor picked it up.

'We are right this time,' he answered, reading the indorsement. 'Will of William Franklin, Esquire.—And now, I think, we may go downstairs again.'

The excited crowd, angrily expectant of they knew not what, rustled and fluttered down the stairs once more, and settled on the dining-room chairs like a flight of crows. Standing at the table, Mr Blackford opened and read the will with dignified deliberation, but with a slight tremor in his voice, and an almost imperceptible catching of the breath which he could not control, and which were perhaps excusable under the circumstances.

It is not easy to describe the scene which followed. Decency was thrown to the winds; poor human nature stood out in startling nudity from under the conventional trappings of woe. There was a perfect storm of ejaculations and threats; the women cried, the men raved; one reverend gentleman of hitherto irreproachable behaviour actually shook his fist in Mr Blackford's face.

'It is a fraud, a forgery!' cried Dr Franklin, a younger brother of the deceased. 'William would never have made such a will. He might have left his money to some public body, rather than to his own flesh and blood; but to a lawyer—never!'

Meanwhile, Tom Wedlake, who, having consistently expected nothing, was the less disappointed, and therefore able to keep his head, had taken the document in his own hands and carefully inspected the signature. He now raised his voice above the general hubbub.

'Gentlemen, gentlemen! I think we are rather forgetting what we have been doing to-day. If you have no respect for the dead, perhaps you will be good enough to show a little for my wife's dining-room.'

These words, sharply spoken, produced a sudden lull, of which Tom took advantage.

'One thing is certain—this is no forgery. Most of you know Mr William Franklin's writing better than I do. Look for yourselves. It is a perfectly genuine signature.'

A dozen necks were instantly craned over the paper. There was nothing to be said. Every one had to confess that Tom was right; but the fact only added fuel to the family wrath, as rendering their chances all the more desperate.

Tom continued: 'My wife's uncle has lived with us, as you know, for some months past, and my wife has taken care of him and nursed him in his last illness. He was grateful, or seemed so; and he promised to provide for her. He repeated his promise in the last words he ever spoke.'

'I suppose, sir, that *you* will consequently consider yourself entitled to contest the will?' fiercely interrupted the angry clergyman.

'One moment, if you please. I shall do nothing of the kind; neither will my wife, with my consent. Mr Franklin had a right to do as he chose with his money; and I must say I never put any faith in his promises. This gentleman is welcome to what he has got, if he can arrange with his conscience—which I daresay he can. How and why he has got it, I don't profess to understand; but I shall certainly not endanger my peace of mind by trying to take it from him.'

Mr Blackford had felt himself a little overborne by the general animosity; but he did not want for spirit, and now spoke up coolly and defiantly. 'If anybody thinks fit to waste his time and money in trying to upset this will, he is quite welcome. I shall defend my rights.—And my conscience is quite easy, thank you, Mr Wedlake.' Mr Blackford, having fired his shot, took himself off with his prize.

Tom had to devote the rest of the day to consoling his wife, who was fairly broken down by the revelation of Uncle Franklin's cruel duplicity.

'I can't think he would have done it, Tom,' she said. 'I really believe he did get to like me at last; and what object could he have had in behaving in such a wicked way? I am quite certain that that Mr Blackford has cheated us, somehow. Did you notice how his voice shook, and how pale he was? and what made him run up-stairs as he did, without waiting for our leave?'

Tom was silent for a few seconds. 'There is a great deal about the whole business that is strange and unaccountable,' said he—'a great deal that I can't understand—and I don't mean to try, Lucy dear. We needn't break our hearts about Uncle Franklin's money. We love one another—we are young and strong—let us put all this away from us like a bad dream, and settle down once more in the old happy way.'

Meanwhile, Mr Blackford was walking fast and far through London streets in a perfect delirium of self-gratulation, unshadowed by one thought of remorse or any dread of retribution. All was safely over; everything had fallen out well for him and his wicked scheme. The prize was fairly in his clutches at last, apparently beyond the power of any man to wrest it from him. The will by which he benefited was no clumsy forgery; it bore the testator's genuine signature; it had been executed in the presence of disinterested witnesses, and, for all those witnesses could say, on the very date which it purported to bear.

No wonder that Mr Blackford exulted in the impregnability of his position, and indulged in castle-building to a considerable extent. He could not bring himself to return at present to

his dull and dingy office, gloomy with the recollections of failure and poverty. In a very short time he would leave it for ever; he would continue his career in more cheerful quarters and under very different conditions. A professional man with plenty of money has no need to run after patients or clients; they, on the contrary, will run after him. His fortune should double and treble itself in his careful hands; municipal distinctions should be his; some day, perhaps, a seat in parliament. He would make a good marriage; he would shake hands with lords—most fascinating of dreams to him as a professed Radical—his working hours should be spent in easy and pleasant labour, and his leisure in carefully regulated dissipation. And so he strode through the lighted streets, intoxicating himself with the pleasures of imagination.

Another man, at the same time, was prowling about London streets, not through the broad and blazing main thoroughfares, but by gloomy byways, half lit by the feeble glimmer of thinly scattered lamps, where only an occasional footstep sounded upon the flags—a man who shrank from the presence of his kind, whom he insanely imagined were all leagued in a cruel and inexplicable conspiracy against his reputation and his life—a man accompanied wherever he went by mocking persecutors, who dinned into his ears, themselves unseen, furious denouncings, hideous blasphemies, fiendish jests; daring him to face them, and eluding his every effort to do so; threatening him continually with exposure and punishment for impossible crimes; taunting him with the universal enmity of mankind. And one name formed the ever-recurring burden of this diabolical chant—the name of the man in whom he had trusted, and who had betrayed him to his foes; the name of the man who was in their secrets, and was helping them to bring their victim to ruin; who had taken his money for pretended aid, only to join his persecutors in laughing at his misery.

The unhappy wretch stood still and listened, like a hare to the yelping of the pack. Presently he turned and went away, no longer with the uneven and desperate gait which had caused several passers-by to look curiously after him, but with the rapid and determined step of a man who had a thing to do and was on his way to do it.

Mr Blackford dined sumptuously in a well-known restaurant. Afterwards, he thought, he would go to his office, there in secrecy and safety to put the finishing stroke to his fortunes by destroying, carefully and completely, the second will. He had not cared to do this anywhere else; something might be seen and suspected; a bird of the air might carry the matter. Where so much was at stake, it was not worth while to leave anything to chance. When he had dined, he sat awhile and smoked his cigar with the air and sensations of a millionaire; while his visions of the future grew yet more roseate under the influence of a bottle of old Tokay. At last he took his hat and coat and departed.

The outer door of the house in which his offices were situated was closed; all the other occupants, with the exception of the old housekeeper, had long since gone home. He knocked and rang.

'Law! Mr Blackford, sir, I couldn't think who it could be at this time o' night,' said the woman, as she peered into his face by the light of her flaring and guttering candle. 'Are you goin' to your rooms? I'm afraid the fire's out, some time. Shall I light it up again, sir?'

'No, thank you, Mrs Smith,' returned the solicitor. 'I shall not be very long; I have a few letters to write, that's all. Give me two or three matches to light the gas; I shall want nothing else.'

'There's been a gentleman here for you, about half an hour ago, sir,' said Mrs Smith, as she lighted him up the stairs. 'He seemed disappointed that you were gone; but I told him you wouldn't be back to-night, and he went away.'

'I should think he might have known that this was no time to find a man at his office. What sort of gentleman was he?' inquired Mr Blackford carelessly.

'Well, sir, I really couldn't say; the wind blowed out my candle as I opened the door,' said Mrs Smith. 'He was a tallish gentleman, I think; but I didn't notice no more than that.'

'Ah—well, I dare-say I shall know him when I see him. I suppose he will call to-morrow.' And the solicitor entered his office and closed the door. He opened it again almost directly.

'Mrs Smith, what has become of the key?' he called sharply.

'Mr Jobson took it away with him, sir, to get a new one made. The lock is that stiff, he twisted the handle off the key trying to turn it, and he had a job to get it out again.'

Mr Blackford seemed much annoyed. 'Very careless of him. The lock has always gone well enough before. However, it can't be helped.—Mind, you don't come up here to disturb me, do you hear? My letters are important, and I want to be very quiet while I write them.'

'I'll take care, sir,' answered the housekeeper humbly; and the door closed once more.

The old woman set down her candle and put her head out into the street. A sudden desire had come over her to solace her loneliness with the luxury of a bloater for supper. There was a dried-fish shop just round the corner. She could get there and back in a minute, and she would leave the door on the latch, to save herself the trouble of fetching her key. No harm could come to the house in that time; so she set off at a shuffling run along the pavement.

A tall figure came from the shadow of the opposite houses into the middle of the road. It paused and looked up for a moment at the now lighted windows of the solicitor's office; then it advanced to the door, cautiously pushed it open, and disappeared within.

The housekeeper returned almost immediately. She did not notice that the door was a little wider ajar than she had left it; had she done so, the same high wind which had already extinguished her candle once that evening would have sufficiently accounted for the fact. Taking her light, she vanished into the subterranean

region where she lived, whence presently arose the savoury odour of the toasting bloater.

Mr Blackford, on entering his inner room, sat down at his table. He left the door slightly open behind him, in order that he might hear any footstep on the landing, any attempt to enter the outer office. Taking both the wills from his pocket, he spread them before him. Again a wild feeling of exultation surged through his brain and made his pulses bound; he could not resist the pleasure of reading through the document so unavailingly designed to rob him of his hopes, before he put it for ever beyond the power of mischief. After that, he read the will which was in his favour; then he fell once more into a delicious reverie. There was no reason for hurry; he was quite alone and in safety.

He was so absorbed that he did not hear the outer door open with a caution which might well have escaped greater watchfulness. Neither did he hear the catlike step which crossed the floor of the clerks' office, nor the tiny creak as his own door was pushed open. After this, the silence was deathlike; it was only accentuated by the slight hiss of the burning gas over his head.

Mrs Smith had long finished her bloater, and sat yawning by the dying fire in the nether regions, wondering how long it would be before 'her gentleman' took his departure, so that she might lock up and go to bed. Once already she had heard, as she thought, a footstep on the stairs, and the street door quietly closed; so sure had she been of this, that she had gone up to the first floor to see that all was right. But Mr Blackford's gas was still burning; and through the outer and inner doors, both of which, a little to her surprise, were open, she could see the figure of the solicitor seated in his chair with his back towards her, bending low and intently over his desk; so she had concluded that her old ears had deceived her, and mindful of Mr Blackford's warning, had stolen back to the basement. That was nearly two hours ago, and her patience was becoming exhausted.

At last she thought that he must either have fallen asleep over his writing, or that he had left without her hearing him; so she once more went up-stairs.

He was sitting just as she had last seen him; but this time she thought that there was something strange about his unaltered posture. He must certainly be asleep. She walked gingerly into the outer office, and spoke to him—no answer. She spoke louder—still silence. Then she went up to the motionless figure and touched it on the shoulder. The next instant, she jumped back with a ringing shriek, stumbled out on to the landing, and got herself down the stairs and into the street with an agility which would have done credit to a younger and lighter woman; and in fifteen minutes the house was in the occupation of the police.

Mr Blackford had fallen forward on his desk, the papers on which were spattered with his blood. The top and back of his head were smashed in by blows from some heavy blunt instrument. He had been horribly murdered; and before dawn the murderer was in the hands of the police—a raving maniac, flourishing the blood-incrusted life-preserver with which he had done the deed, and boasting of having silenced for ever the most dangerous of all his foes. It was ascertained that his name was Charles Willoughby; and from the papers found at his lodgings, it was easy to communicate with his friends. He is now in a lunatic asylum, hopelessly incurable, and his property is in the hands of trustees.

Both wills were found on the dead man's table; and before many hours were over, Tom and Lucy Wedlake were informed of the interposition which had taken place in their favour. When the first shock at the terrible nature of that interposition was over, Lucy could not help triumphing a little over her husband at the complete fulfilment of her prophecy, and Uncle Franklin's exoneration from the suspicion of ingratitude and treachery. Tom was beyond measure astonished, and confessed to his wife's superior acumen.

They lost no time in putting themselves in competent professional hands; and the will which constituted Lucy sole legatee was established without much difficulty. There was a little trouble at first with the dead man's relations; but they were fairly respectable people, and when the hopelessness of their case was made apparent to them, they withdrew their opposition to the document which bore the clear impress of the testator's real intentions.

Tom Wedlake has purchased a partnership in a flourishing commercial house, and is now richer than Uncle Franklin ever was, and a far greater object of respect to his own and his wife's families. Towards them, however, he by no means enacts the old gentleman's ill-conditioned part, being open-handed and generous to the last degree; and he is at this moment the head of as happy a household as can be found within the four-mile radius or outside it, a fact which he prizes far beyond all his wealth.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE HESSIAN FLY.

The following suggestions have been prepared by Mr Charles Whitehead, F.L.S., F.G.S., at the request of the Lords of the Committee of Council for Agriculture, for the information of agriculturists:

The Hessian fly is terribly destructive to corn crops in the United States, Canada, and parts of Germany. In some years it has almost entirely destroyed the wheat crops in large districts in these countries. In the upper counties of Georgia Packard States 'the fly has committed such ravages upon the wheat as scarcely to leave enough seed for another year.' It had not been found in Great Britain until this present year, though in 1800 fears were entertained that it had been introduced. In 1788 the importation of wheat from America was prohibited by the British government until it was ascertained that it was not likely that the insect could be brought over in this way. Now, however, without any doubt it has appeared here, and all effort must be made, and at once made, to stamp out this dangerous intruder. To effect this, if possible, information is given below as to the nature of the attack of the Hessian fly, and a

description of it in its various stages, as well as methods of preventing it from spreading in this country.

The plants of wheat and barley infested with this insect turn yellow, and become stunted and unhealthy. Plants upon sharp gravelly patches, 'pinnocky places,' 'stone-brash,' or 'stone-shatter,' and upon the poorest parts of fields, show the attack first and most seriously. As the plants ripen, the straw becomes root-fallen and scrawled, the ears are small, and the grains misshapen and shrivelled. Corn-plants thus affected should be carefully examined, especially their leaves or blades, just at the points where they cover the second points of the stems from the ground. Upon corn-plants thus injured, either the larvæ of the Hessian fly or its pupæ will be found close to the lower joints between the stems and the leaves or blades. The larvæ, which are the authors of the mischief, as they suck out the juices of the plants, are clear, white, or translucent maggots about the fifteenth of an inch long, having stripes of a greenish hue under their skins. They remain in this state from four to six weeks, and then assume the pupal or semi-pupal form. The pupæ are called 'flax-seeds' in America, because they are like small elongated flax-seeds. They are a little longer than the larvæ, and are of a chestnut colour. It is in this state alone that the Hessian fly has been seen in England. These pupæ are unmistakable, and when once discovered, immediate steps should be taken to prevent them from transforming into flies, which would lay eggs upon the corn-plants either in the coming autumn or in the spring.

Crops of wheat and barley in whose straw the 'flax-seeds' have been found should be cut above the second joint, either by setting the reaping-machines high, or by reaping them by hand, so as to leave a long stubble. Where barley is short and must be cut with scythes, the mowers should be instructed to keep them as high as possible. Land upon which the crops have been infested should be cultivated or broad-shared immediately after harvest. The stubble and rubbish should be collected most carefully and burnt; after this the land should be deeply ploughed, or the stubble might be ploughed in at once deeply. Straw from infested fields should be closely inspected when thrashed. If pupæ are found, the straw should be used on the spot if possible for litter, and all passed through 'mixens,' that heat may destroy them. The chaff and 'cavings' from such straw should be burnt, and the corn screened in the most careful manner. Corn from infested fields should on no account be used for seed. Where manure is obtained from the cow-sheds and stables of London and other cities and towns, it should be 'mixened' for some time, as it is very probable that the pupæ of the insect might be imported in packing-cases and with straw crates from America and Canada. Wheat-plants and barley-plants that show yellowness and other signs of disorder in the autumn or spring should be closely examined for larvæ or pupæ of the Hessian fly. Should it be discovered that the larvæ or maggots are injuring young wheat-plants in November, or that pupæ—'flax-seed'—are present upon these, it would be well to feed them down hard with sheep.

THEORIES OF DEW.

Referring to our recent article on 'A New Theory of Dew' (No. 126), a correspondent at Beaumaris writes as follows:

'You will see from the following experiment, one of many carried out by Mr Du Fay in Paris towards the end of last century, that Mr Aitken's ideas regarding the origin of dew are not strikingly new, and only go to prove the old adage that "There is nothing new under the sun."—"Mr Du Fay, at Paris, placed two ladders against one another, meeting at their upper ends, and spreading wide asunder below. Their height was thirty-two feet. To the several steps of these he fastened large panes of glass, so disposed as not to overshade one another. With this apparatus exposed to the air, he found that the lower surface of the lowest pane of glass was first wetted with dew, then its upper surface, then the lower surface of the pane next above it was wetted, and so on, until all the panes to the very top of the ladders became covered with dew. Mr Du Fay maintained that this was an unanswerable proof that dew was formed from vapours ascending from the earth during the night, rather than from the descent of such as had been raised in the course of the day." Dr Wells's theory is doubtless the more generally accepted; but many men, more especially such as have sojourned in tropical climes, hold to Du Fay's opinion, namely, that the moisture causing dew emanates more from the soil than from the circumambient air.'

SOLITUDE.

Not in the deepest tangles of the wood,
The turtle's haunt, the timid squirrel's lair;
Not on the ocean beaches, rough and bare
With never-ending battles, unsubdued
In war of winds and waters hoar and rude;
Not in the mountain-passes, where the air
Sobs low, and life is like a long despair—
Thy home is not in these, O Solitude!
But in the busy concourse, long and loud,
Where not one pulse of human sympathy
Beats through the grasping spirits of the crowd—
Where each is rapt in snatching greedily
His brother's portion—'neath a shallow shroud,
We know thy truest haunt, and weep for thee.

ARTHUR L. SALMON.

The Conductor of CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL begs to direct the attention of CONTRIBUTORS to the following notice:

1st. All communications should be addressed to the 'Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2d. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3d. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

4th. Offerings of Verse should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

If the above rules are complied with, the Editor will do his best to insure the safe return of ineligible papers.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

All Rights Reserved.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL
OF
POPULAR
LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART
Fifth Series
ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832
CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)

No. 144.—Vol. III. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1886. Price 1½d.

TRUTH IN THE MARVELLOUS.

Antiquarian research, conducted in the prosaic spirit of the present day, has dealt cruel blows at many time-honoured traditions. We are taught that the story of the siege of Troy was a mere romance—that Troy itself never existed; that Arthur's Round Table was a myth; that the accidental appearance of a Countess's garter at a ball was not responsible for the institution of the highest order of knighthood; that a certain other Countess never freed the citizens of Coventry by riding through their streets with innocence for her only dress; that the Maid of Orleans was never burned, but married, and lived happy ever afterwards. We hardly know what historic relation we are to be allowed to believe. While, however, historical inquiry has discredited many pleasant stories, hard science has come to the aid of romance, and has testified to the veracity of some narrators who have been accused of imposing on the credulity of the ignorant and superstitious by the relation of wonders unworthy of credence in enlightened times. The stories of the appearance in the heavens of blazing sceptres, fiery serpents, and swords of fire dipped in blood, when read in the light of the calm and unbiased observations of some meteors in recent times, are descriptions of physical phenomena sufficiently rare to be accounted supernatural by nations whose acquaintance with the heavenly bodies did not extend beyond the regular movements of the sun, moon, and planets. There is no doubt that the authors of these accounts related truthfully what they saw, employing the language which best conveyed their impressions.

With what awe the visit of a meteorite may be regarded, even in this nineteenth century, by unlearned country-folk, may be gathered from the account of one which fell at Juvenas, in Ardèche, on the 15th of June 1821, and which formed the subject of a curious *procès verbal* drawn up by the mayor of the commune. It was first seen at three P.M. as a fireball, in a clear sky, while the sun was shining brightly; and it sunk five feet into the ground. The inhabitants were so alarmed, that it was more than a week before they could make up their minds to search for this strange visitant. 'They deliberated for a long time whether they should go armed to undertake this operation, which appeared so dangerous; but Claude Serre, the sexton, justly observed that if it was the Evil One, neither powder nor arms would prevail against him—that holy-water would be more effectual; and that he would undertake to make the evil spirit fly;' after which reassuring speech, they set to work and dug up the aërolite, which weighed over two hundred pounds.

We read in the classic poets that on certain momentous occasions, statues have been so affected as to perspire, as if they were living human beings. These stories have been passed over as mere poetic fictions; but probably they rest on a substantial foundation. The phenomenon is doubtless that which is observed when a fire has been lighted for the first time in a room which has for a lengthened period been allowed to remain cold: the walls and other objects are seen to run down with moisture, which appears as if exuded from their surface. The same thing occurs when a long-continued frost is succeeded by mild weather. The appearance is familiar enough to us, who are accustomed to sudden variations of temperature; but in warmer and more equable climates, the requisite conditions are probably rare; and the appearance of copious moisture on statues composed of substances on which dew is not commonly found, may well have been accounted a prodigy.

We may not be disposed to admit that the fiery cross seen by Constantine was a miraculous intimation; but we cannot set aside the account as necessarily apocryphal; for a celestial cross was seen in Mignè, near Poitiers, in December 1826. It was observed during a religious service, and the preacher in his sermon had referred to the cross of Constantine. The awe-struck

congregation, on perceiving the visible cross in the sky, of shining silver, edged with red, immediately fell upon their knees, accepting the sign as a divine testimony to the truth of what had just been told them. The source of the phenomenon was afterwards found in a wooden cross which had been erected near the chapel, the shadow of which had been cast by the declining sun on a rising mist.

The Flying Dutchman was obviously another instance of atmospheric reflection, and similar phantom ships have been described by modern travellers. The Enchanted Island, or Isle of Ghosts, which had its place in old charts in the mid-Atlantic, and so perplexed the mariners of the middle ages by its varying appearance, defying all attempts to reach its shores, has since been recognised as a fogbank.

Among the wonders recorded in the reign of William Rufus, it is said that on a night in 1095, the stars seemed falling like a shower of rain from heaven to earth, or, according to the Chronicle of Reims, were driven like dust before the wind. A tradition is recorded as prevailing in Thessaly that on a certain night in August the heavens were opened and burning torches were seen through the aperture. These are clearly but highly coloured accounts, by persons of limited knowledge of natural phenomena, of specially brilliant displays of shooting-stars. The last corresponds with the August meteors.

Bartholin, in his *History of Anatomy*, speaks of a patrician lady of Verona, Catherine, wife of J. Franciscus Rambaldus, whose skin sparkled with fire when slightly touched. 'This noble lady,' he says, 'the Creator endued with so stupendous a dignity and prerogative of nature, that as oft as her body was but lightly touched with linen, sparks flew out plentifully from her limbs, apparent to her domestic servants, as if they had been struck out of a flint, accompanied also with a noise that was to be heard by all. Oftentimes, when she rubbed her hands upon the sleeve of her smock that contained the sparks within it, she observed a flame with a tailed ray running about, as fired exhalations are wont to do. . . . This fire was not to be seen but in the dark or in the night, nor did it burn without itself, though combustible matter was applied to it.' This description of electric sparks is such as would be given by a person who saw the phenomenon for the first time and was ignorant of its cause. The same appearance is sometimes seen by persons of the present generation when divesting themselves of tight-fitting underclothing, and especially when combing their hair with a vulcanite comb; but probably it shows itself only with persons of peculiar constitution.

It is hardly necessary to advert to the part which comets have played in the annals of supernatural manifestations. In classic times, however low the state of knowledge may have been in other departments of physical science, the celestial bodies were never without intelligent observers, and the ancient astronomers no doubt acknowledged comets as having their place in the planetary or sidereal economy. But this knowledge was confined to the learned; to the common people, comets were chariots of fire conveying departed heroes to the abode of demigods. A splendid comet luckily appeared after the death of Julius Cæsar, and confirmed his title to divine honours. In the dark ages, comets were celestial portents, presages of revolution or pestilence. Throughout the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, it was accounted profane scepticism to attribute their appearance to natural causes; and even as late as the beginning of the eighteenth century, we find an intelligent writer on the natural curiosities of the world adopting the view that these bodies are not allowed to appear except with the special permission of Divine providence, for a specific purpose, in opposition to the theories of astronomers, who are twitted with assigning long periods to the orbits of comets in order that the predictions of their reappearance may not be falsified in the lifetime of the persons making them.

Whether it was owing to the improved means of spreading intelligence afforded by the invention of printing, or to the excitement of men's minds consequent upon the political and social events of the time, the sixteenth century was prolific in stories of wonderful sights in the heavens and on the earth. Of the many marvellous accounts then circulated, we select the following, which forms the subject of a tract by Abraham Fleming, and purports to have been taken from the evidence of eye-witnesses. The account is titled, 'A Straunge and Terrible Wunder wrought very late in the Parish Church of Bungay—namely, the fourth of this August in the yeere of Our Lord 1577 . . . with the appearance of an horrible shaped thing sensibly perceived of the people then and there assembled.' The account is couched in terms appropriate to the solemnity of a special manifestation from the spiritual world, and is interspersed with ejaculations expressive of the awe which filled the people's minds at their witnessing the occurrences described; but the incidents, briefly told, are as follows: A storm of extraordinary fury was raging while the congregation were assembled at divine service; rain came down like a deluge, lightning flashed, and thunder pealed, so that not only dumb creatures were disquieted, but 'senseless things void of all life and feeling shook and trembled;' in other words, the fabric and furniture of the building were shaken by the violence of the storm. While the tempest was at its height, a visitor from the lower regions (as the narrator evidently believed) made his appearance in the midst of the congregation, in the form, 'as they might discerne it,' of a dog, of a black colour; 'the sight whereof, together with the fearful flashes of fire which then were seene, moved such admiration in the mindes of the assemblie that they thought doome's day was already come.' The 'Evil One in such a likenesse' ran with extraordinary speed down the body of the church among the people. Passing between two persons who were on their knees apparently engaged in prayer, he wrung the necks of both of them in an instant, so that they died where they knelt. As he passed by another man he 'gave him such a gripe on the back that therewithal he was presently drawen togither and shrunk up as it were a piece of lether scorched in a hot fire; or as the mouth of a purse or bag drawn togither with a string.' This man,

however, did not die. Meanwhile, the parish clerk, who was cleaning out the gutter of the church, also saw the 'horrible shaped thing,' and was struck to the ground with a violent clap of thunder, but beyond his fall, was not harmed. The stones of the church and the church door, on being afterwards examined, bore evidence of the power of the demon in the marks of his claws or talons; and all the wires, the wheels, and other things belonging to the clock, were wrung in sunder and broken in pieces.

A similar occurrence is stated to have been witnessed the same day at Blibery, a village seven miles from Bungay. In this case, the demon planted himself upon the rood-loft, from which he flung himself down into the church, and after killing two men and a lad, and burning the hand of another person, flew out of the church 'in a hideous likeness.'

Before dismissing this story as a fable, bred of the imagination of people terror-stricken by the storm, let us compare it with the account of an occurrence which took place on Malvern Hills on the 1st of July 1826. A party had taken refuge in an iron-roofed hut from an impending storm, and were about to partake of refreshment when the storm came on. A gentleman who was standing at the eastern entrance—the storm had come from the west—saw what seemed to him to be a ball of fire moving along the surface of the ground. It came up and entered the hut, forcing him, as it did so, several paces forward from the doorway. An explosion followed, described by the inhabitants of the village at the foot of the hill (Great Malvern) as terrific. On going in, as soon as he had recovered from the shock, to look after his sisters, he found them on the floor, fainting, as he thought, from terror. Two of them had died instantly; and a third lady, with others of the party, were injured. An examination of the hut showed a large crack in the side opposite to that at which the fireball had entered, leading up to a window, and the iron roof above this was indented.

The correspondence of the leading circumstances of this account with Fleming's story is remarkable; and had the Malvern incident occurred in the superstitious sixteenth century instead of the scientific nineteenth, it would no doubt have been regarded as a supernatural visitation, and have furnished just such a marvellous story as that of Bungay. In both cases, something was seen to enter a building during a thunderstorm, killing two persons instantly and injuring others, disappearing with a noise described in the one case as a violent clap of thunder, and in the other as a terrific explosion, and leaving behind visible marks of its progress in the material of the building. In each instance, too, a person stationed outside saw something which drove him from his place, but otherwise did not harm him; and in both cases the body, whatever it was, which seemed to be the immediate source of the mischief had a progressive motion, which, though swift, could be followed by the eye. The chief point of difference is in the appearance presented by the vehicle of the destructive agent. In the one case it is likened to a black dog, and in the other to a ball of fire, and it may be said that no two things could be more unlike. As to the form of the so-called dog, little need be said. It is admitted that the church at the time was in such a state of 'palpable darknesse' that one person could not perceive another; and in the dark, any ill-defined object that can be perceived at all has a tendency to assume a fantastic shape. It was accompanied by 'fearful flashes of fire,' which seem to be distinguished from the lightning, and the effect on those who were touched by it was that of scorching or burning. Whether the vehicle which brought the destructive force into the church, and which was thought to be a fiend, was a mass of highly charged smoke or dust, or a miniature cloud of the kind which, on a grand scale, passed over Malta on the 29th of October 1757, the effects described correspond so entirely with those known to result from a particular kind of thunderstroke, that we cannot accuse the author of writing otherwise than in good faith. The supernatural colouring may fairly be ascribed to want of knowledge in regard to a subject which, even now, is but imperfectly understood. The Malta storm-cloud, which destroyed nearly two hundred lives, and laid in ruins almost everything in its way, is described by Brydone as being at first black, afterwards changing its colour till it became like a flame of fire mixed with black smoke; but he reports that despite the scientific explanations of this extraordinary storm-cloud, the people declared with one voice that it was a legion of demons let loose to punish them for their sins. There were, says he, a thousand people in Malta that were ready to take their oath that they saw the fiends within the cloud, 'all as black as pitch, and breathing out fire and brimstone.'

Besides those mentioned above, many other strange stories might be instanced which, at the time, were accepted as true accounts of supernatural appearances; and afterwards, when the general belief in spiritual manifestations declined, were denounced as false, because contrary to nature, but have since been recognised as consistent with natural laws. By taking into account the surrounding circumstances, the state of knowledge at the time, the customary modes of expression, &c., we may, from many stories at first sight incredible, arrive at a substratum of truth which may form a valuable addition to the sum of human knowledge. Imbued with a sense of their own superior wisdom, learned men, and others who have thought themselves learned, have sometimes rashly pronounced as impossible, and therefore untrue, phenomena which have since been accepted as facts. In Arago's *Popular Astronomy* is an account of a meteorite which struck the earth at Lucé, in the year 1769. It was perceived in the sky by several persons, who watched its progress until it reached the surface of the earth, when it was at once picked up and preserved; but the Academy of Sciences pronounced it impossible for a solid body to have fallen from the heavens. On the 24th of July 1790, a quantity of these stones fell at St Juliac—in the fields, on the roofs of the houses, and in the streets of the village. The fall was preceded by what is described as the passing of a great fire, after which was heard in the air a very loud and extraordinary noise. The facts were certified by the

municipality of the place and by some hundreds of the inhabitants; but the affair was treated in the public journals as a ridiculous tale, calculated to excite the compassion not merely of savants, but of all reasonable persons.

Modern scientific research, while continually giving us fresh revelations of that order in nature which is its supreme law, is at the same time constantly narrowing the domain of the impossible. Even the wild dreams of the alchemist appear, to the chemist and physicist of to-day, less groundless than they did eighty or a hundred years ago. The present century, the age of the railway, the electric light, the telegraph and telephone, is certainly not less replete with marvels than any of its predecessors. Many of the achievements of applied science, to which we have now become habituated, if they could have been related to a person living in the middle ages, would make as great demands upon his credulity as the most wonderful stories of past times do upon ours, and problems which have baffled the genius of all past ages, and the insolvability of which had come to be regarded as a matter of faith, have been solved in our own time. And yet we have no ground for assuming that we have approached a limit in the field of discovery, or for claiming finality in our interpretations of nature. We have lifted a corner of the curtain, and are enabled to peep at some of the machinery by which her operations are effected, but much more remains concealed, and we know not what marvels may yet in course of time be made clear to us. There are doubtless more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of—even in our philosophy.

BY ORDER OF THE LEAGUE.

BY FRED. M. WHITE.

IN TWENTY CHAPTERS.—CHAP. IV.

Five years have passed away, bringing strange changes and startling revolutions—years, to some, fraught with misery and regret; years, to others, which have been pregnant with fame and honour; but to the suffering, patient world, only another step nearer to eternity. Five years later, and night in the small German town where honour is wrecked and lives are lost on the hazard of a die. The Kursaal at Homburg sparkling with the glitter of ten thousand lights. Men of all nations were gathered there, drawn together by the strongest cords which bind human destiny—the power of gold. No type of face was wanting; no passion, no emotion that the human visage is capable of, but had its being there: rage, despair, misery, exultation—the whole gamut of man's pasions and triumphs. Women were there too. The bluest-blood recorded in the *Almanach de Gotha* did not disdain to rub elbows with the last fancy from the Comédie Française; my lord, cold, indifferent, and smiling, sat side by side with the reckless plunger who would have bartered his honour, had that commodity remained to him, for the gold to place upon the colour. On the long green tables, the glittering coins fell with a subdued chink sweeter than the finest music to the hungry ears; a republic the most perfect in the universe, where rich and poor alike are welcomed, with one great destiny—to lose or to gain. There were no wild lamentations there; such vulgar exhibitions were out of place, though feeling cannot be disguised under the deepest mask, for a tremor of the eyelid, a flash of the eye, a convulsive movement of the fingers, betray poor human nature. As the game proceeded with the monotonous cry of the croupier, it was awful to watch the intentness of the faces, how they deepened in interest as the game was made, bending forward till at length 'Rouge perd et couleur' came from the level voice again.

The croupiers raked in the glittering stacks of gold, silently, swiftly, but with as much emotion as a child would gather cowslips, and threw the winning on each stake as calmly, knowing full well that in the flight of time it must return. The piles were raked up, and then arose a murmur, a confusion of tongues, reminding the spectator of what the bewilderment at Babel must have been, a clamour which died away to silence at the inthralling 'Faites votre jeu.'

How the hands clawed at the sparkling treasure; eager, trembling avarice in every finger-tip; from the long, lean, yellow claw of the old withered gamester, to the plump little hand of the bride, who is trying her fortune with silver, fearful lest, driven by despair, some less fortunate player should lay felonious fingers upon the piled-up treasure.

Standing behind the all-absorbed group was a young man with pale, almost ghostly features, and a heavy dark moustache. From his attitude and smile, it was hard to say how fortune had served him, for his face was void of any emotion. He held one piece of gold in his hand, placed it on a colour, waited, and lost. A trifling movement of his lips, pressed tightly together under the dark moustache—that was all. Then for a moment he hesitated, pondered, and suddenly, as if to settle the matter quickly, he detached a coin from his watchchain and leaned forward again. Under him, seated at the table, was a woman winning steadily. A pile of gold was before her; she was evidently in the luckiest vein. The man, with all a gambler's superstition, placed the coin in her hand. 'Stake for me,' he whispered; 'you have the luck.'

Mechanically, she took the proffered coin, and turned it in her hand; then suddenly a wave of crimson, succeeded by a deathly whiteness, came across her face. She held the coin, then put it carefully aside, and staked another in its place. Then, apparently forgetting her emotion in the all-absorbing interest of the game, she looked at the table. 'Rouge gagne, et couleur perd,' came the chant of the croupier. The stakes were raked in, and the money lost. Under his breath, the man uttered a fervent imprecation, slightly shrugged his shoulders, and turned to watch the game again. From that moment the woman lost; her pile dwindled away to one coin beyond the piece of metal tendered her to stake,

but still she played on, the man behind watching her play intently. A little varying luck, at one moment a handful of napoleons, at another, reduced to one, the game proceeded. At length the last but one was gone, save the piece tendered to her by the man behind the chair; that she never parted with. As she sat there, words came to her ears vaguely—the voice of the man behind her, and every time he spoke she shivered, as if a cold breath were passing through her heart. A temporary run of luck came to her aid, and so she sat, listening and playing.

The new-comer was another man, evidently an Italian, fine, strong, with an open face and dark passionate eyes. He touched the first man upon the shoulder lightly, speaking in excellent English.

There were four actors there, playing, had they but known it, a ghastly tragedy. The two men were players; the listening woman was another; and across the table, behind the spectators, stood a girl. She had a dark southern face of great beauty—a face cleanly chiselled, and lighted by a pair of wondrous black eyes—eyes bent upon the two men and the woman, playing now with the keenest interest. She shrank back a little as the new-comer entered, and her breath came a little quicker; but there she stayed, watching and waiting for some opportunity. Her look boded ill for some one. Meanwhile, the unconscious actors fixed their attention on the game. The last arrival touched the other man upon the elbow again, a little roughly this time.

'You have been playing again, Hector?' he said.

'I have been playing my friend—yes. It is not in my nature to be in such a place without. What would you have me do, Luigi? I am dying of ennui from this inaction—kicking up my heels here waiting for orders.'

'I should have thought you could have found something better to occupy your time,' the man addressed as Luigi returned. 'Our work is too stern, too holy, to be shared with such frivolity as this. Gold, gold, with no thoughts of anything but this maddening scramble!'

'My dear Luigi, pray, control yourself. Are you not aware that this sort of thing has been done to death? Do not, as you love me, descend to the level of the descriptive journalist, who comes over here to coin his superlative condemnatory adjectives into money—to lose at this very interesting game. John Bull holds up his hands in horror as he reads the description in his *Telegraph*, and then he comes to try his luck himself. I, Hector le Gautier, have seen a bishop here.'

'How fond you are of the sound of your own voice,' Luigi Salvarini returned. 'Come outside; I have something important to say to you.'

'Something connected with the League, I suppose,' Le Gautier yawned. 'If it was not yourself I was talking to, I should say, confusion to the League.'

'How rash you are!' Salvarini returned in a low tone, accompanied by an admiring glance at his companion. 'Consider what one word spoken lightly might mean to you. The attendants here, the croupier even, might be a Number in the League.

'Very likely,' Le Gautier replied carelessly; 'but it is not probable that, if I should whisper the magic words in his ear, he would give me credit for a few napoleons. I am in no mood for business to-night, Luigi; and if you are the good fellow I take you for, you will lend me'——

'One Brother must always aid another according to his means, says the decree. But, alas! I have nothing.—I came to you with the intention'——

'Oh, did you?' Le Gautier asked sardonically. 'Then, in that case, I must look elsewhere; a few francs is all my available capital.'

'Hector,' the Italian exclaimed suddenly, in a hoarse whisper, 'where is the?'—— He did not finish his sentence, but pointed to the watchchain the other was idly twirling in his fingers.

Le Gautier smiled sarcastically. 'It is gone,' he said lightly—'gone to swell the bloated coffers of the bank. Fortune, alas! had no favour even for that mystic coin. Sacred as it should have been, I am its proud possessor no more.'

'You are mad, utterly mad!' Salvarini exclaimed. 'If it were but known—if it has fallen into the hands of the bank, or a croupier happens to have a Number, think of what it means to you! The coin would be forwarded to the Central Council; the signs would be called in; yours missing'——

'And one of these admirable German daggers would make acquaintance with my estimable person, with no consolation but the fact of knowing what a handsome corpse I shall make. Bah! A man can only die once, and so long as they do not make me the posthumous hero of a horrible tragedy, I do not care. It is not so very serious, my Luigi.'

'It *is* serious; you know it is,' Luigi retorted. 'No Brother of the League would have had the sublime audacity, the reckless courage'——

'L'audace, l'audace, toujours l'audace,' Le Gautier returned. 'I sigh for new temptations; the sight of the gaming-table is to me what the smell of battle afar off is to the war-horse. I came here intending to risk a louis; I have lost everything. There is nothing like courage at the tables; and as it had a spice of danger in it, I risked'——

'Your life! You do not seem to comprehend the danger.'

'But, my dear friend, it is exactly that spice of danger that gives the thing its nameless charm. Come, you are hipped, out of sorts. You see the duties of the Order in every action; you see the uplifting of the avenging dagger in every shadow that trembles on the wall. Be a man!'

'I am all the more disturbed,' Salvarini observed with moody, uneasy face, 'that the orders have come. That is the principal reason I am here to look for you. We are translated to London.'

'That is good news, at anyrate,' Le Gautier exclaimed briskly. 'I have been literally dying to get back there. By the bright eyes of Enid—— What is that?'

Above the clamour of tongues and the rattle of the gold pieces, a low laugh was heard distinctly close to the speaker's elbow. He turned sharply round; but there was no one within a

few feet of them. Apparently, it had not disturbed the inthralled players, though the croupier swept his cold eye around to discover the author of this unseemly mirth.

'Strange!' Le Gautier observed. 'I seem to have heard that laugh before, though I cannot remember where.'

'And so have I,' Salvarini whispered hoarsely—'only once, and I hope that I may never hear it again. It is horrible!'

Le Gautier looked at his companion, amazed to see the agitation pictured on his face. It was white and drawn, as if with some inward pain. Salvarini wiped his damp brow as he met the other's piercing gaze, and tried to still the trembling of his limbs.

'A passing fancy,' he explained—'a fancy which called up a remembrance of my boyhood, the recollection of a vengeance as yet unpaid.—But I am idling; let us get outside. The orders have come, as I tell you, for London. We are to meet the Head Centre at the old address.'

'And how did the orders come?' Le Gautier asked.

'The old mysterious way,' was the impatient reply; 'secrecy and darkness; no trust in any one, however worthy he may have proved—the old suspicion, which drags us down, and holds our hands even in the act of striking. I found them on my table when I got in. You and I are to get to London, and there await orders. Our instructions bear the crossed daggers, indicating extreme secrecy and a mission of great danger.'

In spite of his *sang froid*, Le Gautier could not repress a slight start; and a smile of covert sarcasm, pity almost, rose to his lips as he looked in his companion's eager, enthusiastic face; the same sort of pity the sharper feels for his unconscious victim when he has him within the toils. Not that the younger man noticed this; his eyes were full of some far-away project, something noble, by their expression.

'The old story of the monkey and the chestnuts,' Le Gautier observed with his most sinister smile; 'the puppets run the risk, and the Head Centres get the glory. If we fall, it is in freedom's name. That is sufficient epitaph for us poor, silly, fluttering moths.'

'But the glory of it!' Salvarini cried—'think of that!'

'The glory, yes—the glory of a felon's grave! The glory lies in the uncertainty. What do we gain, you and I, by the removal of crowned heads? When the last tyrant fell at our leader's dictate, how much did we benefit by the blow? He was not a bad man; for a king, he was just.'

'You are in a bitter mood, to-night, Hector,' Salvarini answered. 'What will you say when I tell you the appointment has come with your nomination as a Deputy, with a seat at the Council of the Crimson Nine?'

'My appointment at last! You are joking, Luigi. Surely they had need of better men than I. What of La Fontaine?'

'Dead,' Salvarini responded grimly. 'Treachery was suspected, and it was necessary to remove him.—But what I tell you is true; you are ordered to be present at the next Council at Warsaw, two months hence, when you will give up your badge as an Avenger, and take the premier order.'

'And I have staked it to-night on the hazard of a die!' Le Gautier exclaimed, pallid even beyond his usual deathly whiteness. 'Fool, fool that I was! How can I prevent it becoming known? I am undone!'

'You do not know the worst,' Salvarini replied. 'Come closer, and let me whisper in your ears; even the walls carry such tidings. The Supreme Director is here!'

Le Gautier turned faint and sick as he looked furtively round the room, with its long mirrors and barbaric splendour.

'Suppose you lend me yours?' he suggested. 'You will not want it now. What a mad fool I have been! I wonder if there is any way of recovering it? for I must have it, come what will. With a penalty of'——

'Death!'

The word, abruptly, sternly uttered, was followed by the same low mocking laugh they had heard before. They looked around in alarm, but no trace of any one could be seen. Standing in the recess of a window, they looked out; but no sign of the mysterious warning, so strangely given.

'Let us get away from this,' Le Gautier groaned. 'I am stifled! Come outside into the open air. My nerves must be unstrung to-night.'

They walked out through the high folding-doors, and disappeared in the darkness. As they left, the woman who had been playing rose from her seat and followed them. Apparently, she was too late, for they had vanished; and with a sigh, she abandoned her evident intention, turning into the Kursaal gardens and throwing herself into a seat. Directly she quitted the saloon, the woman with the dark eyes followed, and tracked the other to the quiet retreat. For some time she stood behind the shadow of a tree, watching her. It was a brilliant moonlight night—clear, calm, and peaceful. Without there, the lighted windows of the gambling saloon could be seen; and ever and anon the murmur of the croupier, the scrape of the rakes, and the subdued clink of the gold, might be heard. But the figure on the seat did not heed these things; she was looking at a coin in her hand, making out as she best could the devices that it bore, strange and puzzling to her.

It was merely a gold coin, in fine a moidore of Portugal; and upon the reverse side, the figure had been rubbed down, and an emblem engraved in its place. There was a figure of Liberty gazing at a rising sun, her foot upon a prostrate dead body, and underneath the words, 'I strike.' Over the rising sun, in tiny letters, was the device, 'In Freedom's name;' and at the top, two letters in a monogram. The seated figure noted these things, but, from the expression on her face, they represented nothing to her. Behind the shadow of the tree, the watcher crept closer and closer, trying in vain to get a glimpse of the golden coin. As the seated figure bent over it, tears began to gather in her eyes, overflowing at last, and the passion of sorrow seemed to rise, till her frame was shaken with the sobs she did not strive to master. The woman looking on stepped out from her shelter and crossed the open grass

to the other's side. Her face, on the contrary, was eager, almost hopeful, as she bent forward and touched the weeper on the shoulder. She looked up, surprise mastering her grief for a brief moment.

ARMY PANICS:

BY ONE WHO HAS BEEN IN THEM.

Few men have gone through a campaign of any duration without having experienced some one or more of those strange incidents of warfare which are known under the name of Panics. Those who have been in them know but too well their peculiarity—how a sudden access of fear seizing upon a body of troops, and communicating itself from man to man with a rapidity that can only be compared to a conflagration in a city built of wood, spreads so quickly that it is impossible to detect its cause, and the coolest observer cannot tell whence the contagion had its origin. Amongst raw levies or young and inexperienced soldiery, such panics are naturally more frequent than amongst tried troops; but history tells us that even the oldest veterans are not proof against their attack.

Napier, in his *Peninsular War*, devotes but some eight or nine lines to an account of the most remarkable recorded incident of this nature, in which Robert Crauford's celebrated Light Division—consisting of those three distinguished regiments, the 43d, the 52d, and the 95th—were seized and put to flight by an attack of fear so sudden and causeless that the historian makes no attempt whatever to ascribe a reason for it. 'The Light Division,' he writes, 'encamped in a pinewood, where happened one of those extraordinary panics attributed in ancient times to the influence of a god. No enemy was near, no alarm given, when suddenly the troops, as if seized with a frenzy, started from sleep and disappeared in every direction; nor was there any possibility of allaying this strange terror, until some persons called out that the enemy's cavalry were amongst them, when the soldiers mechanically ran together, and the illusion was dissipated.' It seems odd that so diffuse a writer should have seen fit to say so little of so extraordinary an occurrence, more especially when we remember that this same Light Division was the flower of the British army in the Peninsula, and that he writes of it not many pages before as 'composed of three regiments singularly fitted for difficult service. Long and carefully disciplined by Sir John Moore, they came to the field with such a knowledge of arms, that six years of warfare could not detect a flaw in their system, nor were they ever overmatched in courage and skill.'

The public has been made acquainted with a goodly number of panics during the last few years, the military annals of which have been so replete with the warlike operations of the British arms. Many of us have thrown up our hands and sighed over the decadence of the pristine virtue of our soldiers, or prophesied darkly the downfall of the whole British race. The reason why the world nowadays is more familiar with many of the shortcomings and failings of our troops is not very difficult to find. As, before Agamemnon, lived many brave men whose virtues have not been handed down, so too, perhaps, many little indiscretions on the part of the soldiers of Marlborough and Wellington have passed into oblivion through want of a 'special war correspondent.' In spite of press censorship on the part of military officers, sooner or later these lynx-eyed gentlemen, being in the midst of the fighting-men, have seen and recorded in the columns of the daily press very many incidents, the seriousness of which has not been lessened in the telling. Amongst soldiers themselves, a natural pride would make them reticent in such matters; and *l'esprit de corps* has probably caused more than we know of to be buried in the bosoms of the members of some particular corps.

This reminds us of an unrecorded case of 'panic' pure and simple, which was communicated to us, years after its occurrence, by an officer in the regiment concerned. When he spoke of it, he did so with the air of a man fearful of breaking a sacred trust, which even then he seemed to feel hardly justified in betraying, though the regiment had changed its title, and scarcely one of the members in it at the time still remained. Suffice it to say that the regiment was a distinguished infantry one, composed almost entirely of veterans, who had added lustre to their former glories by the courage and bravery with which they had behaved throughout the trying times of the Indian Mutiny. It was shortly after this terrible outbreak had been quelled that the regiment in question was marching from the scene of some of the bloodiest outrages to a new station in a comparatively undisturbed portion of India. Then, as now, marches in that country were usually carried out at night, the sun in the hot season rendering exposure to its influence more or less unsafe to Europeans. They had almost reached the spot where they were to halt for the night—which, by-the-bye, was an exceptionally dark one—in fact, the advance-party had already arrived, when suddenly some sort of commotion and press of men from the rear was noticed by the officers. Before they could divine the cause, the confusion increased, and the regiment, without paying any heed to the commands of the officers, broke its ranks, and fled precipitately into the jungle on either side of the road. As usual, the officers, and even the senior non-commissioned officers, had not shared the general terror, and some few of the privates had at first called upon their comrades to remain steady—but all to no avail. They were regularly broken, and scarcely a man remained. Very soon, an explanation was forthcoming. A number of loose horses came galloping down the road. It was the noise of their hoofs over the hard ground, breaking the stillness of the Indian night, that had mysteriously magnified itself into a vague but all-mastering terror. How complete the panic was may be imagined from the fact that many of the men had fled so far into the jungle that they did not return till the following morning. Every inquiry was made by the colonel into the case; but no one was ever made responsible as the originator; and the regiment mutually agreed to keep the whole affair a profound

secret. So well did they do so, that it never leaked out till years afterwards, when time had blunted the sting of publicity.

In South Africa, the disaster of Isandlhwana gave the soldiers' nerves a severe shaking, and it often happened that false alarms at night led to the rousing of whole camps, and sometimes even to a reckless discharge of firearms. In some cases, friendly natives or even comrades were taken by the excited imagination of a sentry for enemies; in others, unoffending cattle, even a bush or a shrub, became the innocent cause of a fusilade sufficient to have dealt widespread destruction to a host of Zulus.

An odd incident, illustrative of the slightness of the cause—or even, perhaps, of the absence of any cause at all—that gives rise to a panic, occurred on the night of Tel-el-Kebir, amidst a small corner of the force that was bivouacking on the battlefield. The narrator had crawled into a marquee in which, with other commissariat stores, were the rum casks from which the troops had received their liquor ration after the fatigues and excitement of the day's fight and previous night-march. Besides one or two commissariat issuers in charge of the stores, several 'odds and ends' of other corps had found their way into the marquee, preferring to rest under its shelter amidst the casks and biscuit-boxes, than under the open sky with the sand for a bed. Suddenly, in the middle of the night when all were sleeping, a noise and commotion began in the bivouac outside. Before the inhabitants of the tent were sufficiently awake to understand its cause, the curtains were thrust aside by a red-coated soldier, who shouted to us to get up: 'The Arabs are in the camp—they are upon us!' Then he disappeared as rapidly as he had come. Every one sprang to his arms, and probably experienced that especially uncomfortable sensation that is caused by a vague feeling of an unseen though imminent danger against which one is ignorant how to guard. Outside, every one around was aroused and up, eagerly striving to discover from what quarter attack was to be expected. Nothing, however, more unpleasant occurred than the advent of a staff-officer asking the cause of the confusion. Probably the truth never did reach headquarters. Afterwards, however, a report gained ground—no other or better reason was ever forthcoming—that the alarm arose from the screams of a sleeping soldier, who, overwrought perhaps by the horrors of the day, had been fighting his battle over again in his dreams!

It is perhaps as well that all cases of panic should be brought forward and investigated. Hushing them up may be satisfactory to those who feel that the credit and reputation of their particular regiment or corps are at stake; but, like all undeclared and secret evils, they are best dealt with by being dragged to light. How else can the soldier learn their absurdity—how else learn to recognise them and reason on the moment whether he be in the presence of a causeless panic or a real danger?

One lesson certainly the few lines of Napier quoted above teach us. The cry of some one that the enemy's cavalry were amongst them caused the Light Division to rally—it was the dissipation of a vague terror by the substitution for it of a substantial danger.

Enough has been said to show that panics will occur. It is easy to see how fatal may be their results, and how detrimental they are to the *morale* of an army. A recognition of this fact must convince us of the necessity that exists for neglecting no step that may tend to minimise their occurrence, or, if they must occur, to most efficaciously and speedily counteract their effects. Long since, sailors learnt by experience that real or imagined outbreaks of fire on shipboard were too apt to cause panic and confusion, and thereby increase tenfold the horrors of the situation. To provide against this, the fire-alarm is frequently sounded, with a view to accustoming the crew to take up rapidly their allotted posts, when fire actually does occur, with the calmness and despatch bred of familiarity. This system of accustoming men to sudden alarms of attack was practised with success in the Marine Camp round Suakim, and they probably owed the idea in some measure to their naval training. At any rate, their camp was particularly free from needless night-alarms, and their sentries earned the somewhat rare distinction of never having been forced throughout the whole campaign.

GEORGE HANNAY'S LOVE AFFAIR.

CHAPTER I.—TOO LATE!

There was a sharp but not unpleasant smell of frost in the air; the small shrubbery around the way-side station of Lochenbreck was covered with a slight coating of hoar-frost, which was being gradually dissipated by the golden rays of the sun, now two or three degrees above the horizon. The bustle of the Twelfth had passed. The 'knowing ones' who prefer Wigtownshire moors to those of the West and North Highlands, as being lower rented and yielding quite as good sport, had come and gone, for it was now the latter end of September. It was about eight o'clock A.M.; the South train was due, and it was timed to stop here for five minutes; not so much on account of any passenger or goods traffic it might deposit or receive, as to allow the iron horse to take a huge drink, sufficient to carry it in comfort to Stranraer. That this particular morning, however, there was some passenger traffic expected was evident. Outside the station stood a wagonette, a pony-cart, and a smart ostler in charge of both; inside was the station-master, a porter, and a young lady. The two former were listening for the clang of the signal-bell announcing the train; the latter, in prosaic truth, was endeavouring to keep her feet warm, by pacing rapidly up and down the limited platform. She was a very pretty girl, with a clear, pinky freshness of complexion, a finely chiselled nose, and a small, sweet, though firm mouth.

The signal-bell clanged, and the train came grandly sweeping in. There was but one passenger, but that was the one the young lady was

waiting for. When he alighted, she ran forward and gave him her hand, which he shook heartily.

'Alone?' she cried.

'Yes, Nan, alone this time! You're not sorry, are you?'

'Oh, no, no! I'll have you all to myself! And you'll have such lots of new London stories to tell, and none of your awfully clever city friends to laugh at me.'

The new arrival's portmanteau, fishing-rods, &c., were put in the pony-cart, and assisting the young girl into the wagonette, he took the reins and started at a smart trot towards Lochenbreck Inn, some eight miles away over the purple moor.

While they are enjoying the heather-scented air, and the delightful moorland scenery, from which the sun had now dispelled the early morning's mist, it may be as well that the reader should know who the occupants of the wagonette were. *Place aux dames;* Anne Porteous, aged nineteen, was the daughter of Robert Porteous, innkeeper at Lochenbreck. Robert, however, was not an ordinary innkeeper. He certainly took in guests for bed and board, and, as was said by some, charged very highly for the accommodation; but beyond this, he was proprietor of a loch, and most of the moor encircling it, and could thus give free angling and shooting privileges to his guests. He was quite independent of innkeeping as a means of living; but his father and grandfather before him had kept the inn, and why should not he? Early in life he was left a widower, and Anne was his only daughter. She received an excellent education at S—— Academy, and really took charge of the inn business, for her father was crippled with rheumatism. Her management, however, was an unseen one, for she did not come personally in contact with the guests. But there were exceptions to that rule. One of them was her present companion, George Hannay, the editor of the London magazine, the *Olympic*. But then the case with him was different from that of an ordinary guest. Her father and he were old friends, and he had been coming about the place since she was a girl in short frocks. The editor was a very keen angler, and as the sport could best be pursued off a boat, when Anne grew older and strong enough, it was her whim and pleasure to row him about while he wielded the rod. Thus they grew great friends; and his autumn visit was looked forward to with joyous expectancy by little Nan. Little, she was not now; years had glided away, and she had almost emerged into womanhood; but still the old friendly relations were kept up between the two. Last summer she had spent with her father's sister, who kept a *pension* in Brussels, and it is about her experiences there that the pair are chatting gaily as the vehicle rolls homewards over the leaf-bestrewn road.

As for the editor, he was a tallish, well-developed man, with dark hair, whiskers, and moustache considerably more than sprinkled with gray. At first sight you would guess his age at about fifty. But having regard to his light springy step and genial smile, you might have set him down at about forty, and still have been wrong, for in truth he was only thirty-eight. It was a grand relief for him to leave the Metropolis and his editorial worries behind once a year, and spend a glorious autumn holiday at Lochenbreck—fishing, talking with his old friend Robert, and—well—yes! (of late years, that is to say) enjoying a chat with his pretty little daughter. It was not accidentally that he came alone this time. Usually he brought a roistering squad of literary bohemians, who made the ceiling of the private parlour ring with jest and song till unseemly hours of the morning. And the reason was, he came prepared to offer his heart and hand to the fair Nan! He did not imagine for a moment he was in love with her. Oh, no! he was too old and sedate for such nonsense as that. In his professional capacity he had dissected and analysed so many excruciatingly sentimental love tales, that he imagined himself Cupid-proof. But things had driven his thoughts towards matrimony. He had got tired of his lady-housekeeper, with her Cockneyfied vulgar airs. Now, if he could only get rid of her, he thought, pension her off, or get another situation for her, and place this Scotch girl at the head of his table, how much brighter life would seem to him! Would she take him? Well, he thought she would. Of one thing he was certain, she was really fond of him; there was no rival in the way; and the father was certain to favour the match. He did not care for girlish gush; sound lasting affection, and purity and singleness of mind, were what he wanted.

The wagonette had now arrived at the inn—a quaint old crow-stepped edifice, half covered with ivy, and surrounded by a garden-wall. Old Mr Porteous was at the door, and bade his guest a hearty welcome. Then Anne set to work, and in less than half an hour there was a tempting breakfast smoking on the private parlour table, which Mr Hannay did excellent justice to. To keep him company, his host and hostess sat at table with him, and made believe to partake of the dainties before them; while the truth was, they had had a hearty breakfast three hours before. The sun, which till now had brightened up the room, became overcast, and a few drops from a passing shower rattled against the diamond-panel window. Mr Hannay rose from his chair and looked out. A splendid day for fishing. 'Come, Nan, my lass,' he said, 'let's to work. It's a shame to sit here idling, with the loch in such fine trim for trouting.'

'Well, sir, I suppose I must obey orders,' she rejoined, and tripping up-stairs, soon returned arrayed in an old frock, and a head-piece of stiff white calico, resembling in design a sou'wester, and suited to protect from sun, rain, or wind. Half an hour later they were floating on the loch; Nan slowly paddling along, her companion industriously whipping the water; both keeping up a desultory conversation. Her experiences at Brussels naturally formed the chief topic. On this subject she spoke with enthusiasm. She had never seen Paris, therefore its miniature presentment impressed her all the more vividly. Hannay was pleased to hear scenes described with her fresh girlish fervour, to which he had long been *blasé*.

Apart from the warm feelings he had towards her, her conversation had a literary charm for him, for she was a born narrator. She took him with her in all her rambles and escapades, and her six months' residence in the gay little capital seemed exposed to his mental vision as clearly as if he had been her companion. Yet the sly little damsel forgot, quite innocently of course, to tell him of sundry moonlight walks with a certain Scotch student, under the linden trees of the Boulevard des Alliers.

The fishing was progressing but slowly. Perhaps there was thunder in the air; or possibly the angler's mind was abstracted, and he was thinking of matters of weightier import, than the capture of a few silvery trout. After missing excellent 'offers' on two or three occasions, his companion burst into a merry laugh, and asked him if his wits had gone a wool-gathering, 'I am afraid,' she continued, gravely shaking her head, 'that you are still in love with that wicked Mademoiselle Sylvestre.'

Now, the lady referred to was an aged ex-prima donna of the English opera, and a warm friend of his. It pleased Nan, however, to make-believe that their relationship to each other was of a strongly amorous nature, and she missed no opportunity of teasing him about her. Now was a chance to broach the matter he had at heart. For, strange to say, this experienced man of literature and society, this ornament of London drawing-rooms, felt oddly embarrassed in his new relationship of suitor to a simple country girl. True it was, she had no idea of the terrible designs he had on her heart and liberty; but that seemed only to make the matter worse in his eyes. There was not an atom of self-consciousness about her. Her clear gray eyes were crystalline; he fancied he could read every thought of her soul in their transparent depths. No thoughts of love there evidently. It looked almost brutal to disturb their sweet maidenly repose—almost like shooting a trusting, tame rabbit. If there had been but the least spice of coquetry about her, it would have been so much easier for him to have unburdened himself of his heart's secret—at least so he thought. He never felt so morally limp in all his life, and it was with the courage of despair that he wound up his reel and determined to know his fate then and there. A few intermittent drops of rain began to fall, and seating himself beside her on the thwarts, he shared his waterproof with her. He never yet had spoken, save in the language of raillery; how on earth was he now to address her in accents of love and sentiment? However, it must be done; and he took 'a header.'

'My dear Nan,' he began, 'it is really too bad of you to mention that estimable old lady. I like her very much, as I am sure would you if you knew her. But she might easily be my mother! Ah, Nan,' he continued, slipping his arm round her waist underneath the waterproof—'ah, Nan, there is only one girl in all the world I care a pin for, and it is your own sweet self! Nan—will you be my wife?'

As he spoke the last few words, Nan's face grew deadly pale; then the truant blood rushed back to her cheeks tumultuously, flushing them carmine.

'Oh, no, no!' she piteously cried as she shrunk from him, and gently disengaged his arm from round her waist; 'oh, no! Mr Hannay, that can never, never be! O how stupid and foolish I've been. Forgive me, forgive me, my dearest of friends! But—but—indeed I never looked on you in any way like that. I have been very imprudent—I have been far too free with you—but it was all thoughtlessness. Tell me you don't for a moment believe I was so wicked as to have done it purposely.'

She put her hands over her face, and sobbed aloud. Here was a nice position for a lover to be in, who an hour ago was confidently dreaming of years of sweet companionship with her who now told him in language not to be misunderstood that such could never, never be. These were not the simulated tears and sobs of a heartless coquette; the honest simple girl had evidently never dreamed of the possibility of him being a wooer. He was too old—that was it. And what a fool he had made of himself! Well, he would just require to swallow it all, and comfort himself with the reflection that no one knew of his folly, for he knew *she* would never tell. His heart went out in pity to her. He told her never to mind. He even went the length of pretending that he was almost glad she had refused him, for he was so wedded to city life, with its clubs, greenrooms, and what not, that he was certain he would have been a very careless, inattentive husband, and she a neglected, heart-broken wife. In such wise did he comfort the girl, who dried her eyes and tried to look quite gay and cheerful. There was no more fishing; they rowed slowly back to the hotel. Nan insisted on taking the oars; her rejected lover sat musing at the stern. Suddenly he raised his head, and said with a sedate smile: 'Some one else, eh, Nan?'

His question was not very intelligibly put; but she understood well enough what he meant. Drooping eyelids, a face slightly averted, and a faint blush for answer. After a pause, 'Papa does not know—at least not yet,' she timidly said; 'you'll not tell him?'

'Oh, of course not!' he answered, and biting the end of a fresh cigar, began smoking vigorously. A few minutes, and they were at the Inn jetty, and to old Mr Porteous' extreme astonishment, without a fin to show for their three hours' work.

Dinner past, father and daughter and guest adjourned to the private parlour. Anne retired early under the plea of headache. Host and guest continued to enjoy a cheerful glass and gossip all to themselves.

'By-the-bye, Mr Porteous,' said the latter as he was lighting his candle preparatory to going up-stairs to bed, I forgot to say my stay this time will be but a brief one. I am expecting every day to have a letter from a friend at Lucerne who wants me to join him in the fishing there. He says the sport is excellent, and I promised to go if he found such to be the case. Good-night!'

The landlord was astonished, but was too well bred to press him to stay. The truth is, our friend had been far more seriously 'hit' by simple Nan than he had supposed, or was even yet inclined to admit. Try as he would, sleep

refused to come to his tired brain; mocking visions of 'what might have been' flitted through his waking dreams; and he arose in the morning more tired than when he went to bed. The post brought him two letters; one of them, he said, required his instant presence in London on an important matter of business; after that, he would go to Switzerland to join his friend in the fishing; and meantime, he would have reluctantly to bid them farewell. Portoous was both surprised and vexed; his daughter was neither, for she felt it would be happier for them both to be apart—at least for the present.

LANDSLIPS.

Scarcely less alarming than the fall of an avalanche, and sometimes, indeed, far more destructive, are those sudden descents of earth and other materials commonly known as landslips. The cause of these remarkable calamities—for such they commonly are—may be briefly described. The strata of a mountain or lesser elevation are often found to deviate considerably from a horizontal position; and if shale or any other substance pervious to water forms the lowest stratum, a landslip may take place. For instance, if there be an abundance of rain or melted snow, which percolates down so as to soften the lower stratum, the upper strata are liable to be loosened, and, in process of time, to slide away. Such was the case in Shropshire towards the close of last century, as related by Mr Fletcher of Madeley. This took place at a spot on the Severn between the Grove and the Birches. 'The first thing that struck me,' says Mr Fletcher, 'was the destruction of the little bridge that separated the parish of Madeley from that of Buildwas, and the total disappearing of the turnpike road to Buildwas Bridge, instead of which, nothing presented itself to my view but a confused heap of bushes and huge clods of earth, tumbled one over another. The river also wore a different aspect; it was shallow, noisy, boisterous, and came down from a different point. Following the track made by a great number of spectators who came from the neighbouring parishes, I climbed over the ruins and came to a field well grown with ryegrass, where the ground was greatly cracked in several places, and where large turfs—some entirely, others half-turned up—exhibited the appearance of straight or crooked furrows, as though imperfectly formed by a plough drawn at a venture. Getting from that field over the hedge into a part of the road which was yet visible, I found it raised in one place, sunk in another, concave in a third, hanging on one side in a fourth, and contracted as if some uncommon force had pressed the two hedges together. But the higher part of it surprised me most, and brought directly to remembrance those places of Mount Vesuvius where the solid stony lava had been strongly marked by repeated earthquakes; for the hard beaten gravel which formed the surface of the road was broken every way into huge masses, partly detached from each other, with deep apertures between them, exactly like the shattered lava. This striking likeness of circumstances made me conclude that the similar effect might proceed from the same cause, namely, a strong convulsion on the surface, if not in the bowels, of the earth.'

This conjecture was not confirmed by facts and circumstances related by others; indeed, the latter part of his description proves, almost beyond question, that the various results described were occasioned by a landslip, and not by a shock of an earthquake, of which no one heard anything.

He continues: 'Going a little further towards Buildwas, I found that the road was again totally lost for a considerable space, having been overturned, absorbed, or tumbled, with the hedges that bounded it, to a considerable distance towards the river. This part of the desolation appeared then to me inexpressibly dreadful. Between a shattered field and the river, there was that morning a bank, on which, besides a great deal of underwood, grew twenty-five large oaks; this wood shot with such violence into the Severn before it, that it forced the water in great volumes a considerable height, like a mighty fountain, and gave the overflowing river a retrograde motion. This is not the only accident which happened to the Severn, for, near the Grove, the channel, which was chiefly of a soft blue rock, burst in ten thousand pieces, and rose perpendicularly about ten yards, heaving up the immense quantity of water and the shoal of fishes that were therein.'

John Philips in his work on *Cider* alludes to Marcley Hill as the scene of a landslip:

> I nor advise, nor reprehend, the choice
> Of Marcley Hill; the apple nowhere finds
> A kinder mould; yet 'tis unsafe to trust
> Deceitful ground; who knows but that, once more,
> This mount may journey, and, his present site
> Forsaking, to thy neighbour's bounds transfer
> The goodly plants, affording matter strange
> For law debates.

Marcley Hill is near the confluence of the Lug and Wye, about six miles east of Hereford. In the year 1595, it was, says Mr Brown, the editor of White's *Selborne*, 'after roaring and shaking in a terrible manner for three days together, about six o'clock on Sunday morning put in motion, and continued moving for eight hours, in which time it advanced upwards of two hundred feet from its first position, and mounted seventy-two feet higher than it was before. In the place where it set out, it left a gap four hundred feet long, and three hundred and twenty broad; and in its progress it overthrew a chapel, together with trees and houses that stood in its way.'

That interesting naturalist, Mr White of Selborne, gives at length, in one of his letters to the Honourable Daines Barrington, an account of an extraordinary landslip in his own neighbourhood, at a date corresponding with that of the landslip in Shropshire. He says: 'The months of January and February 1774 were remarkable for great melting snows and vast gluts of rain, so that, by the end of the latter month, the land springs, or *levants* [eastern; so called, I suppose, because of the prevalence of easterly winds at this season], began to prevail, and to be near as high as in the memorable winter of 1764. The beginning of March also went on in the same tenor, when in the night between the 8th and 9th of that month, a

considerable part of the great woody hanger [a local term for an overhanging woody cliff] at Hawkley was torn from its place and fell down, leaving a high freestone cliff naked and bare, and resembling the steep side of a chalk-pit. It appears that this huge fragment, being perhaps sapped and undermined by waters, foundered, and was ingulfed, going down in a perpendicular direction; for a gate which stood in the field on the top of the hill, after sinking with its posts for thirty or forty feet, remained in so true and upright a position as to open and shut with great exactness, just as in its first situation. Several oaks also are still standing [written in 1775 or 1776] and in a state of vegetation, after taking the same desperate leap.

'That great part of this prodigious mass was absorbed in some gulf below is plain also from the inclining ground at the bottom of the hill, which is free and unencumbered, but would have been buried in heaps of rubbish, had the fragment parted and fallen forward. About a hundred yards from the foot of this hanging coppice stood a cottage by the side of a lane; and two hundred yards lower, on the other side of the lane, was a farmhouse, in which lived a labourer and his family; and just by, a stout new barn. The cottage was inhabited by an old woman, her son, and his wife. These people, in the evening, which was very dark and tempestuous, observed that the brick floors of their kitchens began to heave and part, and that the walls seemed to open and the roofs to crack; but they all agree that no tremor of the ground indicating an earthquake was ever felt, only that the wind continued to make a tremendous roaring in the woods and hangers. The miserable inhabitants, not daring to go to bed, remained in the utmost solicitude and confusion, expecting every moment to be buried under the ruins of their shattered edifices. When daylight came, they were at leisure to contemplate the devastations of the night. They then found that a deep rift, or chasm, had opened under their houses, and torn them as it were in two, and that one end of the barn had suffered in a similar manner; that a pond near the cottage had undergone a strange reverse, becoming deep at the shallow end, and so *vice versâ*; that many large oaks were removed out of their perpendicular, some thrown down, and some fallen into the heads of neighbouring trees; and that a gate was thrust forward with its hedge full six feet, so as to require a new track to be made to it. From the foot of the cliff, the general course of the ground, which is pasture, inclines in a moderate descent for half a mile, and is interspersed with some hillocks, which were lifted in every direction, as well towards the great woody hanger as from it. In the first pasture the deep clefts began, and running across the lane and under the buildings, made such vast shelves that the road was impassable for some time; and so over to an arable field on the other side, which was strangely torn and disordered. The second pasture-field, being more soft and springy, was protruded forward without many fissures in the turf, which was raised in long ridges resembling graves, lying at right angles to the motion. At the bottom of this inclosure, the soil and turf rose many feet against the bodies of some oaks that obstructed their further course, and terminated this awful commotion.'

Passing by a number of catastrophes of this nature occurring at earlier dates, we propose to give some interesting particulars concerning one which took place in the early part of this century in Switzerland, where they are very frequent.

In one corner of the canton of Schweitz are the lakes Wallenstadt, Zug, and Lowertz. Near the last is a mountain called the Righi, and a smaller one, the Rossberg. The latter is composed of strata of freestone, pudding-stone—a conglomeration of coarse sandstone, with silicious pebbles, flints, &c.; and clay, with frequent blocks of granite, in the lower part. On the 2d of September 1806, a large portion of this mountain—a mass about a thousand feet in width, a hundred feet in depth, and nearly three miles in length—slipped into the valley below. It was not merely the summit or a projecting crag which fell, but an entire bed of strata extending from the top to nearly the bottom. A long continuance of heavy rains had softened the strata of clay, which sloped downwards; and so the mass was set free, and slipped into the valley, a chaos of stones, earth, clay, and clayey mud. For hours before the catastrophe there had been signs of some convulsion approaching. Early in the morning and at intervals during the day there were noises as if the mountain were in the throes of some great pang, so that it seemed to tremble with fear; so much so, that the furniture shook in the houses of the villages of Arth and St Ann. About two o'clock, a superstitious farmer, who dwelt high up the mountain, hearing a strange kind of cracking noise, and thinking it was the work of some demon, ran down to Arth to fetch the priest to exorcise the evil spirit. There were new openings in the turf, and stones were ejected in a few instances. In the hamlet of Unter Rothen, at the foot of the mountain, a man was digging in his garden, when he found his spade thrust back out of the soil, and the earth spurted up like water from a fountain. As the day advanced, the cracks in the ground became larger, portions of rock fell; springs began to flow, and frightened birds took wing in confusion, uttering discordant screams.

About five o'clock, the vast mass of material set loose began to move. At first the movement was slow, and there were repeated pauses. An old man sitting at his door smoking his pipe, was told by a neighbour that the mountain was falling. He thought there was plenty of time, and went indoors to fill his pipe again; but his neighbour ran down the valley, falling repeatedly by reason of the agitation of the ground, and escaped with difficulty. When he looked back to the village, the old man's house had disappeared. In the space of about three minutes, the vast mass, separated into two portions, had descended three miles, sweeping everything before it. The smaller portion took a course towards the foot of the Righi, destroying the hamlets of Spitzbuhl, Ober and Unter Rothen. Its velocity was such as to carry enormous fragments to a great height up the opposite mountain. A peasant who survived the calamity, was engaged in cutting down a tree near his house, when a noise like thunder arrested his attention; he felt

the ground tremble under his feet, and he was immediately thrown down by a current of air. Retaining his presence of mind, a dreadful scene presented itself; the tree he had been cutting down, his house, and every familiar object, had disappeared, and an immense cloud of dust enveloped him.

The ruin effected by the descent of the larger portion was more terrible. It took the direction of the Lake of Lowertz. Among its first victims were nine persons belonging to a party which had come from Berne to climb to the top of the Righi. Besides the village of Goldau, the adjacent villages of Bussingen and Hussloch, and three-fourths of the village of Lowertz, were overwhelmed. But the destruction did not stop here. The larger of the two portions filled up nearly one-fourth of the Lake of Lowertz. The body of water thus displaced formed a wave which swept over the little island of Schwanau in the lake, rising to the height of seventy feet, besides doing a great deal of mischief along the shore, especially to the village of Seewen.

By this disaster nearly five hundred persons lost their lives, and damage was done to the amount of one hundred and twenty thousand pounds. Of all the inhabitants, about twenty were taken alive from the ruins. Two out of a family of seven were saved as by a miracle. At the moment of the catastrophe the father was standing at his own door with his wife and three children. Seeing the mass rolling towards him, he caught up two of the children, bidding his wife follow him with the third. Instead of doing so, however, she turned back into the house to fetch the remaining child, Marianne, and Frances Ulrich, the servant-maid. Frances seized the little girl by the hand, and was leading her out, when the house, which was of timber, seemed to be torn from its foundations, and to turn over and over like a ball, so that she was sometimes on her head and sometimes on her feet. A storm of dust made the day dark as night. The violence of the shock separated her from the child, and she hung head downwards. She was squeezed and bruised a good deal, and her face was much cut and very painful. After some time she released her right hand, and wiped the blood from her face. She then heard Marianne groaning, and calling 'Frances, Frances!' The child said that she was lying on her back among stones and bushes, unable to rise; that her hands were at liberty, and that she could see the daylight and the green fields. Frances had imagined that they were buried a great depth under ground; and thought that the last day was come.

After remaining in this state some hours, Frances heard a bell, which she knew to be that of the village church of Steinen, calling the survivors to prayer. The little girl was now crying bitterly from pain and hunger; and the servant-maid tried in vain to comfort her. From sheer exhaustion, however, the cry became weaker, and then ceased entirely. Meanwhile, Frances herself was in a most painful position, hanging with her head downwards, enveloped in the liquid clay, and cold almost beyond endurance. By persevering in her efforts, she at length got her legs free, and so obtained partial relief. A silence of some hours followed. When the dark hours of that terrible night had passed and morning came, she had the satisfaction of knowing that the child was not dead, but had fallen asleep. As soon as she awoke, she began to cry and complain. The church bell now went again for prayers; and Frances heard also the voice of her master making lamentations over his loss. He had succeeded in escaping and rescuing the two children he had with him, though one was for a time partly buried in the fringe of the landslip. Seeking for the other members of his family, he had found the lifeless body of his wife with the child she had taken in her arms, at a distance of more than a quarter of a mile from where his house had stood. All of her that was visible was one of her feet. While digging out her body, he heard the cries of little Marianne. The child was at once disinterred from her living grave; and though one of her legs was broken, she seemed more anxious for the release of Frances than for her own comfort. The maid was soon extricated; but she was bruised and wounded in a frightful manner. For a long time her recovery was very doubtful. Even after she was out of danger, she was unable to bear the light, and was for a lengthened period subject to convulsions and seasons of extreme fear and terror.

A traveller who visited the district about a week after the catastrophe has given an interesting description of his visit: 'Picture to yourself a rude and mingled mass of earth and stone, bristling with the shattered remains of wooden cottages, and with thousands of heavy trees torn up by their roots and projecting in all directions. In one part you might see a range of peasants' huts, which the torrent of earth had reached with just force enough to overthrow and break in pieces, but without bringing soil enough to cover them. In another were mills broken in pieces by huge rocks, separated from the top of the mountain, which were even carried high up the Righi on the opposite side. Large pools of water were formed in different places; and many little streams, whose usual channels had been filled up, were bursting out in various places.'

THE WHITEBOYS OF SIXTY YEARS AGO.

There is living in our neighbourhood an old man, the son of a once famous 'Whiteboy.' As such, his bringing-up must have been strangely in keeping with the moonlighting propensities of the present day, and of which we unfortunately hear so much. But not so. 'Barry,' as we shall call him, has a horror of Land-leagueism, and will have nothing to do with it. His experience of the Whiteboys, or Moonlighters of sixty years ago, is interesting—at least to me; and I hope the following account will prove so to those who are not quite *au fait* with the doings of these confederations in Ireland sixty years ago.

Some time since, on the death of a relative, besides other effects willed to me, was a box containing several *curios*. Amongst them was a genuine letter written in 1823 by Captain Rock, in those days the Moonlight leader of

the Whiteboys. Knowing from Barry that his father had been not only an admirer of Captain Rock, but a follower of his, I showed him the letter, hoping that in doing so I would also verify its authenticity. It was as follows:

[1] PEREVIL OF THE PEAK. [1]

Notis.

Notis to Mistres H—— And all Whoo it May consarn that Whin Capton Rock and His Adiconge visot you next you Will take Kare to Have plenti of Mate and Pratees not Forgeting a Smol drop of the Crater.*

Sind—J. ROCK. R.T.L.

given at our counsil this 10th day of April 1823.

'Sure, and that's a real letter, and no mistake,' said Barry, handing it back to me after perusal. 'I remember when I was a gorsoon [boy], my father writing letters just like it, when he and the Boys would meet of nights at our house. Many is the queer thing I heard them plan, when they thought I was asleep in bed; and though I forgets most of their doings now, I remembers a few; and I'll tell them same to you and welcome, if you likes to hear them. The Whiteboys, and the Bloodsuckers, and the Molly M'Guires resembles the Moonlighters of the present day; though they were not, so to say, as bad entirely, still they were fidgety creatures enough. 'Tis nigh on sixty years since my father died, and I was a tidy bit of a lad then. He was a follower of Captin Rock, the leader of what we called one kind of Whiteboys, in those days. Captin Rock was, you know, only an imaginary name, just as Captin Moonlight is in these times. I would not say as the Whiteboys in my father's time was as bad as those as followed them. *They* said nothing against paying the rent; and a good drop of the *crater* would do wonders with Captin Rock and his followers. Sure, 'twas hard in name he was, as my father used to say, and not in nature.

'The Bloodsuckers, who came next, were frightful creatures. They were so called because they took money to inform. 'Twas the price of blood, you see.

'The famine of 1845 had a demoralising effect on the people, and many and many the poor creature breaking stones on the roadside had a pistol or some weapon of defence hid in the heap beside them. There was one gentleman you would like to hear about, maybe, who met with great troubles at the hands of the Boys. I knew him well, for many a pocketful of apples he gave me; and he was as hard-working and honest a creature as you'd meet with in a day's walk. The Boys had no ill-will against himself personally; but they thought to frighten him from taking a farm as was "useful to them," said Barry, with a knowing wink. 'The first thing they did was to send him a threatening letter. Then a man as I knew full well—for many 's the time he and my poor father laid their plans together—he was turned off to shoot him. He stood inside the road-wall where there was an old archway half built up—a mighty convenient place, as he afterwards said, to rest a gun on. But for all that, he didn't fire the shot that night, for reasons which you'll hear presently. The Boys were so disappointed, that two of them went at dusk one evening to the gentleman's own hall door and knocked. Sure enough, just as they thought, he opened it himself for them. On doing so, he saw the two Boys, one with a pistol, the other with a blunderbuss.

"Come out; you are wanted," says they to him.

"Yes," replied he; "but wait till I get my hat."

"Don't mind your hat," was the answer; "you'll do for us without it."

'Just then the Missis came into the hall, and hearing the noise, off they went.

'Weeks afterwards, these men told the Master (as I shall call him, seeing I never likes to mention names) that had he gone in for his hat as he wanted to, they'd have shot him dead just where he stood, for they would have been afraid he was going for help.

"Why didn't you shoot me the night you were behind the old archway on the old Moiveen road?" he asked one of them.

"The night was cold," replied the Boy; "and the drop of the *crater* as the Captin sint me was that strong that it set me to sleep. I axes your pardon now for going to shoot you at all, for you are such a 'dacent' [plucky] man, you might be one of the Boys yourself. And to show you I has no ill-will agin you, if there is any little job as you wants done before marning" (meaning murder, of course), "I'll do it for you meself and welcome."

'However, this didn't see the poor Master at the end of his troubles; there was more before him. A short time after, as the man was ploughing in the field, four of the Boys came and told him to stand aside. Then two of them held him, while the other two put a bullet through the head of each horse, and the poor creatures died the same night. The Boys broke the plough afterwards and warned the man away. They tied notices on it forbidding any one to plough for the Master till he gave up the idea of taking the farm, as Captin Rock wanted it for his own use.

'But the Master, he was an iligant man surely. Many 's the time, gorsoon though I was, I'd have given my two eyes to help him; but though I was no Whiteboy, and I hated their dirty work, I was the son of one, and you know, "There is honour among thieves."—Well, as I was saying, the Master was an iligant, foine man. Being a bit handy, he mended his plough, took it in his own hands, and with his loaded gun laid across it, did all the ploughing himself. Maybe you won't hardly credit me when I tell you that he did most of the work with a mule; and sometimes, to help the poor baste, when the ground was light, he yoked himself with her, whilst an old man who lived with the Master guided the plough. After this, the Boys,

* Irish poteen whisky.

seeing they could not frighten him, let him alone.

'When the Bloodsuckers had had their day, next came the Molly M'Guires. 'Twas them as had the big blunderbuss called "Roaring Mag," which maybe you have heard tell of. There was an Englishman who came over to Ireland and laid down a weir to catch our salmon; but the Molly M'Guires would not have any foreigners come a-fishing to our shores, so they cut away the nets and destroyed the weir. Whenever they performed a bould feat such as this, they made poetry of it, writing it out, and giving a copy to the principal Molly M'Guire Boys. 'Tis many a year ago since four of the Boys, long since dead, wrote the piece I allude to; and I doubt if there is any one alive but meself who could repeat it for you; but I always had a good mimory,' concluded Barry proudly.

MOLLY M'GUIRE.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED FOR THE BOYS, BY FOUR OF 'EM.

approved of by our counsil | Sind—MOLLY M'GUIRE.

'Twas of a Sunday morning,
All by the break of day,
When Molly M'Guire and her army
Came sailing down the say.
She heard 'Tom Spratt's' got down a weir
The salmon to insnare,
But soon she did them liberate,
Once more to sport and play.

When Molly M'Guire came into the weir,
The salmon to her did say:
'If you don't us liberate,
We 'll surely die this day.'
But Molly bein' a commander bold,
She soon did give them orders
The salmon to liberate.

Pat Munster the spy
He scampered the police to bring down,
Sayin', there is an armed party
Come sailin' to this town
With their guns and bagnets screwed and fixed,
Besides the 'Roaring Mag;' *
For they surely will cut down the weir;
They seem to be all mad.

The sargint cries: 'Come on, me boys;
We 'll fire at them some shots.'
But Molly M'Guire made them soon retire,
Her army stood so brave.
She chases the poliss to their dens,
Like dogs that lost their tails;
For Molly M'Guire will rise the hire,
An' cut away the weirs.

'That's a fine piece of poetry, isn't it?' asked Barry, as he concluded this extraordinary medley, which cannot, I fear, be dignified by the name of rhyme, much less poetry. 'A grain of powder and shot and a glass or two of the *crater* would make a Molly M'Guire your friend for life, maybe. Sure, and many's the curious thing I've known, and many's the plan made in my hearing by the Boys and my father; but I would never tell on them, though I never had ought to do with their intrigues, as I calls them. But though my poor father was a real Whiteboy, he never had, as I knows of, the dark deeds on his conscience that some of them Moonlighters of the present days has. These is no times to be talking, leastways I keeps my thoughts to meself; but as you seemed anxious-like to hear of them that went before the Moonlighters, I am glad to oblige you. I have been able to do that without mentioning names; and there isn't many alive who could tell you as well as meself of the doings in Old Oireland of sixty years ago.'

* The big blunderbuss taken in Clare.

CONCISE AND TO THE POINT.

SPARTAN brevity of speech is still sometimes amusingly illustrated. A most worthy man, unaccustomed to public speaking, being suddenly called upon to address a Sunday school, rose to his feet, and, after vainly struggling for utterance, at last hoarsely muttered: 'Dear children, don't ever play with powder.'—The following gallant toast was lately given at a military dinner in Carolina: 'The ladies—our arms their protection—their arms our reward.'

'Don't eat stale Q-cumbers. They will W up,' is the terse advice of some wit.—Announcements on shop-signs expressed in the succinct style of one connected with a certain restaurant in New York, should serve as startling advertisements: 'Lunch, 75 cents; square meal, 1 dollar; perfect gorge, 1 dollar 25 cents.'—In the same city, a shopkeeper is said to have stuck upon his door this laconic advertisement: 'A boy wanted.' On going to his shop next morning, he beheld a smiling little urchin in a basket, with the following pithy label: 'Here he is!'—A penny-a-liner would hardly find much employment on the Kansas paper which informed the public that 'Mr Blank of Missouri got to owning horses that didn't belong to him, and the next thing he knew he couldn't get his feet down to the ground.' Lynched, probably.—A Western writer, speaking of a new play just written by a gentleman of Cincinnati, says: 'The unities are admirably observed; the dullness which commences with the first act, never flags for a moment until the curtain falls.'

The characteristics of several nations have been summed up in the following concise form: The first thing a Spaniard does on founding a colony is to build a gallows; a Portuguese, to build a church; an Englishman, a drinking-booth; and a Frenchman, a dancing-floor.

A cobbler visited one of the large manufactories the other day, and for the first time in his life saw shoes made by machinery. 'What do you think of that?' asked the foreman.—'It beats awl,' was the laconic and significant reply.—A 'sensible' woman, as Dr Abernethy would have called her, was discovered by a shy man, who made her a rather original proposal. He bought a wedding ring, and sent it to the lady, inclosing a sheet of notepaper with the

brief question, 'Does it fit?' By return of post he received for answer: 'Beautifully.'

It is related that Makart, the great Viennese painter, is even more taciturn than Von Moltke, the man who is silent in seven languages. An American, who had been told that the best way to get on friendly terms with the artist would be to play chess with him at the café to which he resorted nightly, watched his opportunity, and, when Makart's opponent rose, slipped into his chair. At last his dream was about to be realised, he was to spend an evening in Makart's society. The painter signed to him to play, and the game began, and went on with no other sound than the moving of the pieces. At last the American made the winning move, and exclaimed, 'Mate!' Up rose Makart in disgust and stalked out, saying angrily to a friend who asked why he left so early: 'Oh, I can't stand playing with a chatterbox!'

The expressions used by some boys and girls if written as pronounced would look like a foreign language. Specimens of boys' conversation like the following may be called shorthand talking: 'Warejego lasnight?' 'Hadder skate.'—'Jerfind the ice hard'ngood?' 'Yes; hard'nough.'—'Jer goerlone?' 'No; Bill'n Joe wenterlong.'—'Howlate jerstay?' 'Pastate.'—'Lemmeknow wenyergoin, woneher? I wanter go'nshowyer howto skate.'—'H—m, ficoodn' skate better'n you I'd sell out 'nquit.' 'Well, we'll tryerace 'nseefyercan.'

The well-known answer of the Greeks to the Persian king before the battle of Thermopylæ, was rivalled by the despatch of General Suvaroff to the Russian Empress: 'Hurrah! Ismail's ours!' The Empress returned an answer equally brief: 'Hurrah! Field-Marshal!'

The message from Lord Charles Beresford to his wife from the fort near Metemmeh was pithy enough: 'Quite well and cheerful. Privations have been severe; thirst, hunger, battles desperate; but things look better.'

There are some quaint and pithy epistles on record. Quin, when offended by Rich, went away in resentment and wrote: 'I am at Bath.' The answer was as laconic, though not quite so civil: 'Stay there.'

Sibbald, the editor of the *Chronicles of Scottish Poetry*, resided in London for three or four years, during which time his friends in Scotland were ignorant not only of his movements, but even of his address. In the longrun, his brother, a Leith merchant, contrived to get a letter conveyed to him, the object of which was to inquire into his circumstances and to ask where he lived. His reply ran as follows: 'DEAR BROTHER—I live in So-ho, and my business is so-so.—YOURS, JAMES SIBBALD.'

Concise and to the point was the curious letter sent by a farmer to a schoolmaster as an excuse for his son's absence from school: 'Cepatomtogo-atatrin.' This meant, kep' at 'ome to go a-taterin' (gathering potatoes). A Canadian freshman once wrote home to his father: 'DEAR PAPA—I want a little change.' The fond parent replied by the next post: 'DEAR CHARLIE—Just wait for it. Time brings change to every one.'

Briefer than these was an epistle of Emile de Girardin to his second wife, with whom he lived on most unfriendly terms. The house was large enough to permit them to dwell entirely separate from one another. One day, Madame de Girardin had an important communication to make to her husband. Taking a small sheet of paper she wrote: 'The Boudoir to the Library: Would like to go to Switzerland.'—M. de Girardin, imitating her concise style, responded: 'The Library to the Boudoir: Go.' That was all.

One of the most laconic wills on record ran thus: 'I have nothing; I owe a great deal—the rest I give to the poor.'—A similar terse epitaph to the following would have suited that willmaker: 'Died of thin shoes, January 1839.'

PARTED.

Once more my hand will clasp your hand;
  Your loved voice I shall hear once more;
But we shall never see the land,
  The pleasant land we knew of yore;
Never, on any summer day,
  Hear the low music of its streams,
Or wander down the leafy way
  That leadeth to the land of dreams.

Still, borne upon the scented air,
  The songs of birds rise clear and sweet,
As when I gathered roses there,
  And heaped their glories at your feet;
And still the golden pathway lies
  At eve across the western sea,
And lovers dream beneath those skies,
  Which shine no more for you and me.

No more, ah, nevermore! and yet
  They seem so near, those summer days,
When Hope was like a jewel set
  To shine adown Time's misty ways;
I sometimes dream that morning's light
  Will bring them back to us once more,
And that 'tis but one long dark night
  Since we two parted by the shore.

We parted with soft words and low,
  And 'Farewell till to-morrow,' said;
From sea and sky, the sunset's glow
  A golden halo round you shed;
Then as you went, I heard you sing,
  'Haste thee, sweet morrow:' parting thus,
How could we dream that life would bring
  Not any morrow there for us?

We parted, and that last farewell
  Its shadow on our life-path cast;
And Time's relentless barriers fell
  Between us and our happy past;
And now we meet when cares and tears
  Have dulled the parting and the pain,
But never can the weary years
  Bring back our golden dreams again.

D. J. ROBERTSON.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

All Rights Reserved.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL
OF
POPULAR
LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART
Fifth Series
ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832
CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)

No. 145.—Vol. III. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1886. Price 1½d.

HOUSES WITH SECRET CHAMBERS.

Though we have on former occasions referred to houses with lurking-places, or secret chambers, the subject seems to be of such interest as to warrant our giving some further examples.

Plowden Hall, county of Salop, with 'its gable ends, high chimneys, its floors, staircases, and doors of solid oak, and walls covered with oak panelling,' is described as being full of nooks and corners. There is a hiding-hole in the closet of one of the bedrooms, where the boards of the flooring are so arranged as to be easily moved; and underneath is a trap-door, by which a small ladder leads down into a dark hole where there is just room enough for a man to change his position with ease from a standing to a sitting posture. There is a shelf, on which the concealed person could eat his food. Tradition states that a priest was actually concealed there for a fortnight whilst Cromwell's soldiers were posted outside the gates; and that these were obliged to leave without having discovered him. Besides this hiding-place, there is an escape about the width and form of a chimney, reaching from one of the bedrooms down to the ground-floor of the house, to which a man might be lowered by means of a rope. There is also an outlet over the chapel through two trap-doors on to the roof, where a person might escape between the eaves of the house; and a portion of the flooring of the chapel is so formed as to lift up and cover a hiding-place below for concealing the sacred vessels.

Raglan Castle, Hallam, Derbyshire; Maple-Durham House, Oxon; Oxburgh Hall, Norfolk; Coughton Hall, Warwickshire; Harrowden, the seat of the Lords Vaux; and the old Manor-house, Long Clawson, each has its lurking-holes and secret chamber. That in the last named quaint, old, picturesque-looking house is reached by the chimney of one of the sitting-rooms.

'White Welles House, which lies on the borders of Enfield Chase, is said to have been' full of holes, dark mysterious vaults, and subterranean passages.

Recusants and priests found refuge in Little Malvern Court in the days of their persecution, the position of one or two hiding-places in the roof being still pointed out.

A secret chamber in Lowstock Hall, in the parish of Bolton, Lancashire, which was pulled down in 1816, was associated with blood-stains on the hearthstone of one of the rooms, and the supposed murder of a priest in the troublous times.

In connection with Yorkshire, the old Red House is made mention of as having had a secret chamber and gallery underneath the roof. These were brought to light some years ago when workmen were employed in making repairs and alterations on the mansion. The noted royalist, Sir Henry Slingsby, lay for a time concealed in the hiding-place thus skilfully contrived; but venturing forth one moonlight night to enjoy the freedom of a walk in his garden, he was seen by a servant-man, who betrayed him to his enemies; and soon after the gallant old colonel was seized, conveyed to London, and beheaded on Tower Hill.

Kingerby Old Hall, situated in the same county, was also possessed of one or more secret chambers.

Ashbourne Place, in Sussex, which was said to have been built by a brother of Bishop Juxon, was often made use of as a place of refuge by that persecuted prelate after the death of Charles I. At the time when his royal master was beheaded, Juxon was Bishop of London and Clerk of the Closet; and being implicitly trusted by his royal master, to whom he was devotedly attached, he received his last confidences on the scaffold, and his George, with the oft-referred-to word, 'Remember!' The father of the present proprietor of Ashbourne, in opening a communication between the back and front chambers, discovered a room, the existence of which was previously unknown, and to which access could only have been gained through the chimney. In all probability, this curious retreat was Bishop Juxon's hiding-place.

There is a gallery situated in the attic story of the mansion at Stanford Court, in Worcestershire, in which Arthur Salwin—an ancestor of the present proprietor of the estate, who lived in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I.—and his four sons and seven daughters, together with others of their kindred, are portrayed on the oak-panelled walls of the room in the costume of the day; the ladies in embroidered dresses, with jewelled ornaments. Underneath each figure is a motto in Latin. Behind the panels are secret passages, which, previous to the alterations of modern times, extended over a great part of the mansion.

Sanston Hall, the seat of the ancient family of Huddlestone, in Cambridgeshire, was destroyed on account of the owner's adherence to the ancient faith, and rebuilt in the time of Queen Mary, when the precaution was taken to erect a chapel in the roof. It is approached by a winding staircase, which also gives access to a secret chamber. In the hiding-place near the chapel in the roof at the top of the old winding staircase, there were found some oyster-shells; and a fowl's bone was picked up in the one belonging to Lydiate Hall—relics of some poor prisoner's solitary meal.

Upton Court, near Reading, the former residence of the Perkyns family, has also its hidden retreat, which is difficult of access, being approached by a trap-door in the midst of a chimney-stack near the lesser Hall.

About the beginning of the present, or the end of last century, a secret chamber was accidentally discovered in the ancient mansion of Bourton-on-the-Water, a 'large rambling house of many gables,' situated in Gloucestershire. The door appeared on tearing off the paper which was about to be removed. It was on the second (or upper) floor landing-place, and opened into a small chamber about eight feet square, containing a chair and a table. On the back of the former lay a black robe; and the whole had the appearance as if some one had recently risen from his seat and left the room. On the same floor there were several other apartments, of which three only were in use, the other (called the Dark Room) having been locked up for many years. Of the three in use, one was styled the Chapel, and another the Priest's Room. The former had a vaulted roof or ceiling. All three were supposed by the villagers to be haunted, and they had been known by the above appellations in the family long anterior to the discovery of the door. This interesting old mansion was sold in 1608 to Sir Thomas Edwards, treasurer of the royal household, and subsequently privy-councillor to Charles I., and it was probably during his occupancy that Charles is said to have passed the first night there on his way from Oxford. Since 1834, this house—except a small part of the south front—was pulled down, the fine old trees in which it was embosomed felled, the shrubberies made away with, the pleasure-grounds converted into pasture, and the remains of the house into a dispensary!

The hiding-place in Heale House, near Amesbury, in Wilts, for several days formed a retreat for King Charles II. after the battle of Worcester.

In the course of this century, a movable panel was discovered in a small panelled room in the old manor-house of Chelvey, county of Somerset. This aperture, for some unexplained reason, was closed up hastily, and the spring by which it was opened was said to be lost. In an adjoining room, which was much larger, and panelled in a similar manner, there was a cupboard, the floor of which—afterwards nailed down—had been formerly movable. Underneath was a short flight of steps, which again ascended, and led to a pretty long but very narrow room at the back of the fireplace. This concealed chamber was furnished with an iron sconce projecting from the wall, to hold a candle, and was also provided with a small fireplace.

Parham, which belongs to the Curzon family, has a secret chamber close to the chapel in the roof of the house, and the way down to it is through a bench standing out from the wall.

Captain Duthy, in his *History of Hampshire*, says 'that the old house at Hinton-Ampner, in that county, was subjected to the evil report of being haunted; that strange and unaccountable circumstances did occur there, by which the peace and comfort of a most respectable and otherwise strong-minded lady, at that time occupier of the mansion, were essentially interfered with by noises and interruptions that to her appeared awful and unearthly, and which finally led to her giving up the house. Afterwards, on its being taken down, it was discovered that in the thickness of the walls were secret passages and stairs not generally known to exist, which afforded peculiar facilities for any one carrying on without detection the mysteries of a haunted house.'

The following extract, taken from a state paper in the public Record Office, is preserved among others relating to the Rebellion of 1745, and obviously has reference to the search that was being made all over the country for suspected persons. Worksop Manor as it then stood is said to have been burned down in 1761. Examination of Elizabeth Brown, taken upon oath before Richard Bagshaw, the 24th November 1745—'Who says that nine years ago last spring, upon that Easter Monday, she, Catherine Marshall, and another young woman, went to Worksop Manor to see Elizabeth Walkden, who lived as a servant with the Duke of Norfolk there; and desiring to look at the house, the said Elizabeth Walkden, she believed, showed them most of the rooms of the house; and at last coming upon the leads of the house, and walking and looking about them, the said Elizabeth Walkden said she would let them see a greater variety than they had yet seen; after which she raised up the ledge of a sheet of lead with her knife till she got her fingers under it, and then she

desired them to assist her, which they did; and then under that she took up a trap-door where there was a flight of stairs, which they went down, into a little room which was all dark; that the said Elizabeth Walkden opening the window-shutter, there was a fireplace, a bed, and a few chairs in the said room; and asking her what use that room was for, she said it was to hide people in trouble—sometimes. Then the said Elizabeth Walkden went to the side of the room next to the stair-foot, and opened a door in the wainscot about the middle of the height of the room, which they looked into, but it being dark, they could not see anything in it; but the said Elizabeth Walkden said they could not go into it, as it was full of arms; upon which the said Elizabeth Walkden shut the door, and they went up-stairs; and then she shut the trap-door, and laid down the sheet of lead as it was before, which was so nice she could not discern it from another part of the leads, and believes she could not find it if she were there again.'

In a very old house entered from the High Street of Canterbury, and nearly facing Mercy Lane, which leads straight to the cathedral, one of the rooms had a window opening into an adjoining church. In the thickness of the walls there were two or three secret stairs. It was said to have been a nunnery formerly; and that a subterranean passage, it was ascertained, used to unite it with the cathedral.

Woodcote, Hampshire; Coldham House, Suffolk; Watcomb and Maple-Durham, Berkshire; Stonyhurst in Lancashire; Treago, Herefordshire; Harborough Hall, situated midway between Hagley and Kidderminster, all had their secret chambers; and the ancient seat of the Tichbornes was similarly provided, together with a complication of secret passages and stairs.

Compton Wynyates, a remote and picturesque mansion belonging to the Marquis of Northampton, has an upper chapel in the topmost gable, with ancient wooden altar, three staircases leading to the Priest's room in the lower story, secret passages, and hiding-places behind the wainscoting spacious enough to hold one hundred persons in case of alarm. The existence of such a chapel sufficiently indicates that the rites of the old religion were practised in private, although the Protestant place of worship remained open below.

In Essex, the Wisemans of Braddox or Broadoaks were of the number of those who suffered during the reigns of Elizabeth and James for their noted 'harbouring of priests.' In *P. R. O. Dom. Elizabeth*, vol. 244, n. 7, may be seen two forms of indictment of Richard Jackson, priest, for saying mass at Braddox, and of various members of the Wiseman family for being present at mass on the 25th August and the 8th of September 1592. Again: 'Mr Worseley and Mr Newall have been to Widow Wiseman's house in Essex, and found a mass preparing; but the priest escaped.' There were two hiding-places in Braddox: the most important of these adjoined the chapel, and was constructed in a thick wall of the chimney, behind a finely laid and carved mantel-piece.

In connection with the old mansion of the Carylls at West Grinstead, the Abbé Denis tells us that it also has two hiding-places. 'One of these is between the mantel-piece and ceiling of the dining-room; and the way to get to it is to go up the flue of the chimney as high as the ceiling of the room on the second floor; and then, by an aperture in the side of the chimney or flue, to drop down into the hiding-hole. Another opening also exists in the chimney of the room above. The second place of concealment is quite underneath the roof of the house. It had likewise two ways of access—the one from an attic, the other from a closet or small room underneath.' In Benton, the original seat of the Carylls in Sussex, there is one on the ground-floor between two kitchen chimneys, which is entered by an opening in the room at the back. At New Building, a house more recently erected by the Carylls, there are also two secret rooms; one on the second floor, formed in the thickness of the wall between two chimneys, but entered by a concealed door in one of the two adjoining rooms. The other is in the opposite gable, and is entered from the room on the ground-floor below, through the top of a cupboard which stands in the wall close to the chimney.

The walls of the 'ancient moated and turreted mansion' of Lyford, Berks, were 'pierced with concealed galleries and hiding-places;' one of the latter was excavated in the wall above the gateway.

Several 'hiding-holes' have also come to light in the fine old house of Sutton Place, near Guildford, Surrey; and some years ago, a 'most beautifully embossed leather casket, iron-bound, containing relics of some of the martyred priests,' was found in one of these places of concealment behind the wainscot panelling of the chapel. A curious printed volume entitled *A Sure Haven against Shipwreck* was found concealed 'between the floor and the ceiling.' It would seem that Brother Nicholas Owen, alias Little John, S.J., 'that useful cunning joiner of those times,' was the constructer of many of these secret rooms, to be found in the greater portion of our 'stately homes of England,' for we read in *Records of the English Provinces* that 'he was divers times hung upon a Topcliff rack in the Tower of London, to compel him to betray the hiding-places he had made up and down the land.' This said 'skilful architect' was afterwards seized, according to the same authority, in company with Fathers Garnet and Oldcorne, in one of the numerous hiding-places in Hendlip House, near Worcester, already referred to in No. 1040 of this *Journal*. The secret chamber in which these Jesuit Fathers were concealed is thus described in Lingard's *England*: 'The opening was from an upper room through the fireplace. The wooden border of the hearth was made to take up and put down like a trap-door, and the bricks were taken out and replaced in their courses whenever it was used.' The former Westons of Sutton Place were well known to government as shelterers of priests. It was searched on the 5th of November 1578, by order of the Privy-council, for 'popish priests;' and again on the 14th of January 1591, for one Morgan, a 'massing priest,' supposed to be 'lurking there in secret sort.'

The far-famed 'Burleigh Park by Stamford Town' is also in possession of a secret chamber. This concealed apartment, of whose existence the

family were altogether unaware, was brought to light in the course of this century through the instrumentality of the law agent, and was found to contain furniture of an old-fashioned description, together with several framed engravings. These latter, when agitated by the wind, which found its way in through a broken window-pane, struck against the wall, thereby producing a flapping noise, which had long procured for the adjoining sleeping apartment the designation of 'the Haunted Room.'

The grand old historic mansion of Knebworth, Herts, like others of similar age and importance, possessed trap-doors, hiding-places, &c.; and underneath a room adjoining the so-styled 'Haunted Chamber,' and belonging to one of the square towers of the gateway, there was a mysterious room or *oubliette*, of which the late Lord Lytton thus speaks: 'How could I help writing romances, when I had walked, trembling at my own footsteps, through that long gallery with its ghostly portraits, mused in these tapestry chambers, and passed with bristling hair into the shadowy abysses' of the secret chamber. This portion of Knebworth was pulled down in 1812.

Referring to houses north of the Border having secret chambers, Sir Walter Scott says: 'There were few Scottish houses belonging to families of rank which had not such contrivances, the political incidents of the times often calling them into occupation.' 'The concealed apartment opening by a sliding panel into the parlour,' in the old mansion-house of Swinton, is made good use of by Sir Walter in his beautiful novel of *Peveril of the Peak*.

Some ten or twelve years ago, while workmen were employed in making alterations at the house of Nunraw, near the village of Garvald, Haddingtonshire, they came upon a secret chamber in the depth of one of the walls, which on inspection was found to contain some mummies, pictures, and other property. In olden times, Nunraw was a nunnery belonging to the priory of Haddington, and though modernised, still exhibits evident marks of great antiquity.

There is an apartment now used as a bedroom in Sir George Warrender's house at Bruntsfield, near Edinburgh, which, however, can hardly be called a secret chamber, inasmuch as it possesses windows and two external walls, but having the interior walls on both sides of the entrance of great thickness. The history of this room is somewhat obscure. It is said to have been used as a place of concealment for certain Jacobites after the rebellion of 1745; and blood-stains, which are still distinctly visible on the floor, point remotely to this theory. Another story is that a cadet of the house of Warrender returned from Carlisle about 1760, and shortly afterwards died in this room, which was immediately bricked up, so that all evidences of the event might be removed. In any case, the room had remained sealed up beyond the recollection of any one familiar with the house, and the ivy with which the walls were at this time covered, had almost entirely obliterated any external traces. It was rediscovered about sixty years ago by Lee, the English landscape painter, who, when sketching the house, found himself putting in windows of which he could not remember the rooms. When opened, the room presented the appearance of having been left hurriedly, by a departing guest, everything being in disorder, even to the ashes left undisturbed in the grate. Bruntsfield House dates from 1605.

BY ORDER OF THE LEAGUE.

CHAPTER V.

The weeping woman looked up, and beheld the loveliest face she had ever seen. The girl standing before her possessed all the attributes of southern beauty. Her hair, which was long and luxuriant, hung in one thick plait down her back, and lay in careless waves upon a forehead pure as chiselled marble; her face was full, with deep red flushed under the transparent skin; her features exquisitely moulded; whilst her eyes, deep as running water, conveyed an air of pride and power—a sense of passion equally capable of looking implacable hate or fondest love. They were commanding now, as the woman looked up in the stranger's face.

'Who are you?' she asked wonderingly.

'Men call me Isodore,' the stranger replied in a voice singularly sweet. 'I have no other name. Will you let me look at the coin you have in your hand?'

Never dreaming of refusing this request, the woman handed over the gold piece to the girl, who looked at it long and intently. Her eyes were hard and stern when she spoke again. 'Where did you get this?' she asked.

'It was given me to stake at the table. I noticed that it bore some device, and I exchanged it for a coin of my own.'

'It has no meaning to you! It is not possible you are one of us?'

'I do not understand you,' the woman replied. 'It is a curious coin. I have seen one once before—that is all I know of it.'

'Listen!' the girl said in a hushed voice. 'You do not comprehend what its possession means to you. It is the symbol, the sign of membership of the strongest political Brotherhood in Europe. If it was known to be in your possession, your life would pay the forfeit; it would be regained at all hazards. If one of the Brotherhood knew another had deliberately parted with it, I would not give a hair for his life.'

'And he is in danger of his life!' the woman cried, starting to her feet. 'Give it me, that I may return it to him.'

'No!' was the stern reply; 'he does not get off so easily. We do not temper the wind thus to traitors.—Woman! what is Hector le Gautier to you, that you should do this favour for him?'

'He is a man, and his life is in danger. It is my duty'——

'Mark me!' Isodore replied with stern emphasis. 'I have not the eyes of a hawk and the hearing of a hare for nothing. I was opposite you in the saloon, and I know that something more than womanly sympathy prompts you. I saw the struggle in Le Gautier's face; I saw you start and tremble as he spoke to you; I saw you change the coin for one of yours, and I saw you weeping over it just now. Woman! I ask again what is he to you?'

Slowly the words came from the other's lips,

as if forced from them by some mesmeric influence. 'You are right,' she said; 'for—heaven help me—he is my husband! I am Valerie le Gautier.—Now, tell me who you are.'

'Tell me something more. How long has he been your husband?'

'Nine years—nine long, weary years of coldness and neglect, hard words, and, to my shame, hard blows. But he tired of me, as he tires of all his toys: he always tires when the novelty wears off.'

'Yes,' Isodore said softly, 'as he tired of me.'

'You!' exclaimed Valerie le Gautier, starting—'you! What! and have you, too, fallen a victim to his treachery? If you have known him, been a victim to his perfidy, then, from the bottom of my heart, I pity you.'

'And I need pity.'

For a short space neither spoke, as they sat listening to the murmur of the leaves in the trees, broken every now and then by the sounds of play or laughter within the glittering saloon. Isodore's face, sad and downcast for a moment, gradually resumed its hard, proud look, and when she spoke again, she was herself.

'We have a sympathy in common,' she said. 'We have a debt to pay, and, by your help, I will pay it. Justice, retribution is slow, but it is certain. Tell me, Valerie—if I may call you by your name—how long is it since you saw your husband till to-night?'

'Seven years—seven years since he deserted me cruelly and heartlessly, leaving me penniless in the streets of Rome. I had to live how I could; I even begged sometimes, for he has squandered the little money I brought to him.'

'Do you think he knew you to-night?' Isodore asked.

'Knew me?' was the bitter response. 'No, indeed. Had he known I was so near, he would have fled from my presence.'

'He laughs at us, no doubt, as poor defenceless women. But time will show. I can ever find an hour in the midst of my great work to watch his movements. I have waited long; but the day is coming now.—Would you know the latest ambition of your honourable husband? He intends to get married again. He has dared to lift his eyes to Enid Charteris.'

'Hector dares to marry again!' Valerie exclaimed, 'and I alive? Oh, I must take vengeance, indeed, for this.'

She drew a long breath, shutting her lips tightly. The passion of jealousy, long crushed down, rose with overwhelming force; she was no longer a weak defenceless woman, but a fury, maddened and goaded to the last extremity.

Isodore watched her, well pleased with this display of spirit. 'Now you speak,' she said admiringly, 'and I respect you. All your womanhood is on fire within you to avenge the wrongs of years, and it shall be no fault of mine if they slumber again. Yes, your perfect husband designs to wed again.'

'I believe you are a witch. You have roused my curiosity; you must tell me more than this.'

'Hector le Gautier is in love,' Isodore replied, a world of quiet scorn running through her words, 'and, strange as it may seem, I believe true. An English girl—Enid Charteris, with the blue eyes and fair hair—has bewitched him, satiated as he is with southern beauty.—You look surprised! I have the gift of fern-seed, and walk invisible. All these things I know. The Order is to be betrayed when the pear is ripe, and the traitor will be Hector le Gautier. The price of his treachery will enable him to become respectable, and lead a quiet life henceforward with his loving fair-haired bride. Poor, feeble, calculating fool!' The bitter scorn in these words was undescribable, and round the speaker's lips a smile was wreathed—a smile of placid unrelenting hate and triumph strangely blended.

'It shall never be,' Valerie cried passionately, 'while I can raise my voice to save an innocent girl from the toils of such a scoundrel!—Yes,' she hissed out between her white clenched teeth, 'it will be a fitting revenge. It would be bliss indeed to me if I could stand between them at the altar, and say that man is mine!'

'He is ours,' Isodore corrected sternly; 'do not ignore that debt entirely. Be content to leave the plot to me. I have worked out my scheme, and we shall not fail. Five years ago, I was a child, happy on the banks of my beloved Tiber. It was not far from Rome that we lived, my old nurse and I, always happy till he came and stole away my heart with his grand promises and sweet words. Six short months sufficed him, for I was only a child then, and he threw away his broken plaything. It made a woman of me, and it cost me a lover worth a world of men like him. I told him I would have revenge. He laughed then; but the time is coming surely. I have a powerful interest in the Brotherhood; he knows me by name, but otherwise we are strangers. To-night, I saw my old lover in his company. Ah, had he but known!—Come, Valerie; give me that coin, the lucky piece of gold which shall lure him to destruction. Come with me; I must say more to you.'

Mechanically, Valerie le Gautier followed her companion out of the Kursaal gardens, through the streets, walking till they got a little way out of the town. At a house there, a little back from the road, Isodore stopped, and opened the door with a passkey. Inside, all was darkness; but taking her friend by the hand, and bidding her not to fear, Isodore led her forward along a flagged passage and up a short flight of steps. Opening another door, and turning up the hanging lamp, she smiled. 'Sit down,' she said, 'my sister that is to be. You are welcome.'

The apartment was somewhat large and lofty. By the light from the silver lamp, suspended from the ceiling in an eagle's beak, the stranger noticed the room with its satin-wood panels running half way up the walls, surmounted by crimson silk hangings, divided over the three long windows by gold cords; a thread of the same material running through the rich upholstery with which the place was garnished. The floor was paved with bright coloured woodwork of some mysterious design; and heavy rugs, thick and soft to the feet, scattered about sufficient for comfort, but not enough to mar the beauty of the inlaid floor. Pictures on china plates let into the hangings

were upon the walls; and in the windows were miniature ferneries, a little fountain plashing in the midst of each. There was no table in the room, nothing whereon to deposit anything, save three brass stands, high and narrow; one a little larger than the rest, upon which stood a silver spirit-lamp under a quaint-looking urn, a chocolate pot to match, and three china cups. There were cosy-looking chairs of dark massive oak, upholstered in red silk, with the same gold thread interwoven in all. A marble clock, with a figure of Liberty thereon, stood on the mantelpiece.

Isodore threw herself down in a chair. The other woman took in the scene with speechless rapture; there was something soothing in the harmonious place. 'You are pleased,' Isodore said with a little smile of pleasure, as she surveyed the place. 'This is my home, if I can call any place a home for such a wanderer; but when I can steal a few days from the cares of the cause, I come here. I need not ask you if you like my apartments?'

'Indeed, I do,' Valerie replied, drawing a long breath of delight. 'It is absolutely perfect. The whole thing surprises and bewilders me. I should not have thought there had been such a place in Homburg.'

'I will give you another surprise,' Isodore laughed, 'before the evening is over. I am the princess of surprises; I surprise even the followers who owe me loyal submission.'

'Ah! had I such a paradise as this, I should forswear political intrigue. I should leave that to those who had more to gain or to lose by such hazards. I should be content to let the world go on, so that I had my little paradise.'

'So I feel at times,' Isodore observed with a little sigh. 'But I am too deeply pledged to draw my hand back now. Without me, the Order is like an army deprived of its general; besides, I am the creature of circumstance; I am the sworn disciple of those whose mission it is to free the down-trodden from oppression and to labour in freedom's name.' As she said these words, the sad look upon her brow cleared away like mist before the sun, and a proud light glistened in the wondrous eyes. Half ashamed of her enthusiasm, she turned to the stand by her side, and soon two cups of chocolate were frothed out of the pot, filling the room with its fragrance. Crossing the floor, she handed one of the cups to her new-found friend. For a moment they sat silent, then Isodore turned to her companion smilingly.

'How would you like to go with me to London?' she asked.

'I would follow you to the world's end!' was the fervid reply; 'but there are many difficulties in the way. I have my own living to get, precarious as it is, and I dare not leave this place.'

'I permit no difficulties to stand in my way,' Isodore said proudly; 'to say a thing, with me, is to do it. Let me be candid with you, Valerie. Providence has thrown you in my path, and you will be useful to me; in addition, I have taken a fancy to you. Yes,' she continued fervently, 'the time has come—the pear is ripe. You shall come with me to London; you have a wrong as well as I, and you shall see the height of Isodore's vengeance.' Saying these words in a voice quivering with passionate intensity, she struck three times on the bell at her side. Immediately, in answer to this, the heavy curtains over the door parted, and a girl entered.

She was Isodore's living image; the same style and passionate type of face; but she lacked the other's firm determined mouth and haughtiness of features. She was what the lily is to the passion-flower. Her eyes were bent upon her sister—for she was Lucrece—with the same love and patient devotion one sees in the face of a dog.

'You rang, Isodore?' she asked; and again the stranger noticed the great likeness in the voice, save as to the depth and ring of Isodore's tones.

'Yes, Lucrece, I rang,' the sister replied. 'I have brought a visitor to see you.—Lucrece, this lady is Hector le Gautier's wife.'

'Le Gautier's wife?' the girl asked with startled face. 'Then what brings her here? I should not have expected'——

'You interrupt me, child, in the midst of my explanations. I should have said Le Gautier's deserted wife.'

'Ah!' Lucrece exclaimed, 'I understand.—Isodore, if you collect under your roof all the women he has wronged and deceived, you will have a large circle. What is she worth to us?'

'Child!' Isodore returned with some marked emphasis on her words, 'she is my friend—the friend of Isodore should need no welcome here.'

A deep blush spread over the features of Lucrece at these words, as she walked across the room to Valerie's side. Her smile was one of consolation and welcome as she stooped and kissed the other woman lightly. 'Welcome!' she said. 'We see both friends and foes here, and it is hard sometimes to tell the grain from the chaff. You are henceforward the friend of Lucrece too.'

'Your kindness almost hurts me,' Valerie replied in some agitation. 'I have so few friends, that a word of sympathy is strange to me. Whatever you may want or desire, either of you, command me, and Valerie le Gautier will not say you nay.'

'Lucrece, listen to me,' said Isodore in a voice of stern command. 'To-morrow, we cross to London, and the time has come when you must be prepared to assist in the cause.—See what I have here!' Without another word, she placed the gold moidore in her sister's hand.

Lucrece regarded it with a puzzled air. To her simple mind, it merely represented the badge of the Brotherhood.

'You do not understand,' Isodore continued, noticing the look of bewilderment. 'That coin, as you know, is the token of the Order, and to part with it knowingly is serious'——

'Yes,' Lucrece interrupted; 'the penalty is death.'

'You are right, my sister. That is Le Gautier's token. He staked it yonder at the Kursaal, giving it to his own wife, though he did not know it, to put upon the colour. The coin is in my hands, as you see. Strange, how man becomes fortune's fool!'

'Then your revenge will be complete,' Lucrece

suggested simply. 'You have only to hand it over to the Council of Three, or even the Crimson Nine, and in one hour'——

'A dagger's thrust will rid the world of a scoundrel.—Pah! you do not seem to understand such feeling as mine. No, no; I have another punishment for him. He shall live; he shall carry on his mad passion for the fair-haired Enid till the last; and when his cup of joy shall seem full, I will dash it from his lips.'

'Your hate is horrible,' Valerie exclaimed with an involuntary shudder. 'I should not like to cross your path.'

'My friends find me true,' Isodore answered sadly; 'it is only my enemies that feel the weight of my arm.—But enough of this; we need stout hearts and ready brains, for we have much work before us.'

Three days later, and the women drove through the roar and turmoil of London streets. They were bent upon duty and revenge. One man in that vast city of four or five million souls was their quarry.

CHAPTER VI.

Mr Varley, Sir Geoffrey Charteris' valet and factotum, and majordomo in the baronet's town residence, Grosvenor Square, was by no means devoid of courage; but the contents of the note he was reading in the hall one fine morning early in May were sufficient to put to flight for the moment any vengeful schemes he was harbouring against the wily gentleman who has just quitted the house, and that gentleman no less a person than our old friend Le Gantier.

Timothy Varley was an Irishman, and had been in his youth what is termed a patriot. In his hot blood he had even joined a League for the 'removal of tyrants;' but the League, in spite of its solemn form and binding oaths, had died a natural death. At times, however, the recollection of it troubled Mr Varley's conscience sorely. It was destined to be brought to his mind now in a startling manner.

'G. S. I. You will be at the corner of Chapel Place to-night at nine. A girl will meet you, and show you the way. You are wanted; your turn has come. Do not fail.—NUMBER XI.'

Never did Bob Acres, in that celebrated comedy, *The Rivals*, feel the courage oozing from his finger-tips as did Timothy Varley now. He turned the missive over in his fingers; but no consolation was to be derived from that; and bitterly did he revile the juvenile folly that had placed him in such a position at this time of life.

'It is no sham,' he muttered to himself. 'God save Ireland—that is the old countersign; and to think of it turning up now! I had forgotten the thing years ago. This comes of joining secret societies—a nice thing to bring a respectable family man to! Now, by the powers! who was Number Eleven? That used to be Pat Mahoney; and a mighty masterful man he was, always ready with his hands if anything crossed him. O dear, O dear! this is a pretty thing. Maybe they want to mix me up with dynamite; but if they do, I won't do it, and that's flat. I suppose I shall have to go.'

Giving vent to these words in a doleful tone of voice, he betook himself to his private sanctum. His spirits were remarked to be the reverse of cheerful, and he declined a glass of sherry at lunch, a thing which roused much speculation below stairs.

Punctual to the moment, Timothy Varley stood in Chapel Place waiting for his unknown guide. Just as he was beginning to imagine the affair to be a hoax, and congratulating himself thereon, a woman passed him, stopped, and walked in his direction again. 'God save Ireland!' she said as she repassed.

'Amen, not forgetting one Timothy Varley,' he returned piously.

'It is well,' the woman replied calmly, 'that you are here. Follow me!'

'With the greatest of pleasure.—But hark here; my legs are not so young as yours: if we are going far, let us have a cab, and I'll stand the damage.'

'There is no occasion,' the stranger said in a singularly sweet voice. 'We have not a great distance to travel.'

'Not good enough to ride in the same carriage with a gentleman's gentleman,' Varley muttered, for he did not fail to note the stranger's refined tones.

His guide led him along Tottenham Court Road, and thence to Fitzroy Square. Turning into a little side-street, she reached at length a door, at which she knocked.

In a room on the first floor, Isodore and Valerie le Gantier were seated, waiting the advent of Lucrece and the stranger. Varley began to feel bewildered in the presence of so much beauty and grace; for Isodore's loveliness overpowered him, as it did all men with whom she came in contact. Scarcely deigning to notice his presence, she motioned him to a chair, where he sat the picture of discomfiture, all traces of the audacious Irishman having disappeared.

'Your name is Timothy Varley?' Isodore said.

'Yes, miss; leastways, it was when I came here, though, if you were to tell me I was the man in the moon, I couldn't say nay to you.'

'I know you,' Isodore continued. 'You were born near Mallow, joined the United Brotherhood thirty years ago, and your Number was Twenty-six. If I am wrong, you will please correct me.'

'For goodness' sake, miss—my lady, I mean—don't speak so loud. Think what might happen to me if any one knew!'

'No wonder your countrymen fail, with such chicken-hearts among them,' Isodore observed scornfully. 'I do not want to do you any harm; quite the contrary. There is an advertisement in to-day's *Times*. Your mistress is in search of a maid. Is that so?'

Timothy Varley began to breathe a little more freely. 'Yes,' he answered glibly; 'she does want a maid. She must be honest, sober, and industrious; ready to sit up all night if necessary, and have a good temper—not that Miss Enid will try any one's temper much. The last girl was discharged'——

'Now, Mr Varley, I know a girl who must fill that vacancy. I do not wish to threaten you or hold any rod of terror over your head;

but I shall depend upon you to procure it for my protégée.'

The conversation apparently was not going to be so pleasant. Timothy Varley's mind turned feebly in the direction of diamond robberies.

'Well, miss—that is, my lady—if I may make so bold as to ask you a question: why, if the matter is so simple, don't you write to my young mistress and settle the matter that way?'

'Impossible,' Isodore replied, 'for reasons I cannot enter into with you. You must do what I ask, and that speedily.—You have a certain Monsieur le Gautier at your house often?'

This question was so abruptly asked, that Varley could not repress a start. 'We have,' he growled—'a good deal too often, to please me. My master dare not call his body his own since he first began to come to the house with his signs and manifestations.—You see,' he explained, 'servants are bound to hear these things.'

'At keyholes and such places,' Isodore smiled. 'Yes, I understand such things do happen occasionally. So this Le Gautier is a spiritualist, is he; and Sir Geoffrey is his convert?'

'Indeed, you may say that,' Varley burst out in tones of great grievance. 'The baronet sees visions and all sorts of things.'

'Is it possible,' Valerie whispered to her friend, 'that Hector has really succeeded in gaining an influence over this Sir Geoffrey by those miserable tricks he played so successfully at Rome?'

'It is very probable,' Isodore murmured in reply. 'This Sir Geoffrey is very weak in intellect.—Tell me, Mr Varley,' she continued, turning in his direction, 'does the baronet keep much of Monsieur le Gautier's company? Does he visit at his rooms?'

'I believe he does; anyway, he goes out at nights, and always comes back looking as if he had seen a ghost. Whatever his game may be—and sure enough there is some game on—it's killing him by inches, that's what it's doing.'

'And this change you put down to Le Gautier? Perhaps you are right. And now, another question. Is not there another reason, another attraction besides discussing spiritualism with Sir Geoffrey, that takes him to Grosvenor Square?'

Varley so far forgot himself as to wink impressively. 'You might have made a worse guess than that,' he said. 'I am not the only one who can see what his designs are. Miss Enid is the great attraction.'

'And she?'

'Hates him, if looks count for anything.—And so do I,' he continued; 'and so do all of us, for the matter of that. I would give a year's salary to see his back turned for good!'

'Mr Varley,' Isodore said in grave tones, 'I sent for you here to work upon your fears, and to compel you, if necessary, to do my bidding. That, I see, is not necessary, for we have a common bond of sympathy. For reasons I need not state here, we have good reasons for keeping a watch over this Le Gautier; but rest assured of one thing—that he will never wed your mistress. I shall hold you to secrecy.—And now, you must promise to get my protégée this situation.'

'Well, I will do my best,' Varley replied cheerfully. 'But how it is going to be done, I really can't see.'

'Irishmen are proverbial for their inventive powers, and doubtless you will discover a way.—The new maid is a French girl, remember, the daughter of an old friend. Perhaps you would like to see her?' With a gesture she indicated Lucrece, who came forward, turning to the Irishman with one of her most dazzling smiles. The feeling of bewilderment came on again.

'She!' he cried; 'that beautiful young lady a servant?'

'When she is plainly dressed, as suitable to her lowly station, she will appear different.'

'Ah, you may pull the leaves from the flowers, but the beauty remains to them still,' Varley replied, waxing poetical. 'However, if it must be, it must; so I will do my best.'

Varley's diplomacy proved successful, for, a week later, Lucrece was installed at Grosvenor Square.

MINERAL SUBSIDENCE.

The alarming subsidence which took place some time ago in Scotland, on the North British Railway near Prestonpans, and which was fortunately unattended with any accident, has doubtless added a fresh source of fear to the nervous railway passenger. That the permanent way of a railway for a distance of about fifty yards should suddenly sink to the extent of two feet is almost incomprehensible at first; and had this subsidence occurred whilst the train was passing, instead of immediately afterwards, the consequences might have been disastrous. It is the case, however, though it may not be generally known, that subsidences—fortunately only gradual, and comparatively inappreciable—are taking place over many of our railway lines, and that 'minerals' are actually being extracted from underneath nearly every line of railway under which there is any mineral to get.

The damage done to the line at Prestonpans was reported to have been caused by coal-workings which were there long before the railway was laid; but if it was caused by them at all, it was on account of their being influenced by the working of a seam of coal below them, which was going on at the time the subsidence occurred. It is the fact, however, that when a Railway Company acquires ground under its parliamentary powers, the minerals underneath the ground do not pass along with it. This may seem a little surprising at first; but it is not so when it is considered that very frequently the proprietor of the surface of the ground and the proprietor of the minerals underneath it are different persons. Of course the proprietor of an estate under no reservations is proprietor as high as he can get and as deep as he cares to go; but he may sell or lease the minerals and retain the surface, or *vice versâ*. Thus it is that a Railway Company has only, as it were, a right of passage over the surface; and that its right goes no deeper, except for the construction or up-keep of its lines. By Act of Parliament, however, the proprietor of minerals below any railway line, before proceeding to work them, must give notice to the Railway

Company of his intention to do so, so as to give the Company an opportunity of buying him off, should it feel disposed. If it does not declare its option to purchase the minerals, the workings proceed, and the railway has to take its chance. The mineral owner will, however, be held liable, should any damage occur owing to improper working.

The subsidence of a railway line underneath which the minerals have been worked is as a rule very gradual, and extends over some length of time. Many railway passengers must have noticed the walls of waiting-rooms disfigured by ungainly cracks, the stone lintels displaced, the hearthstones awry, and many other signs, which are caused by the working of minerals underneath. Some station-masters can show you on the stone face of the platform the number of inches the line has sunk. As a matter of fact, were it not for the gangs of surfacemen the Railway Companies employ to watch any irregularities in their lines, in a very short space of time the permanent way would in many places probably represent something like the proposed line of the Undulating Railway, a fantastical scheme of long ago. The railway in Ayrshire which runs over the old workings of the famous Wishaw coal-seam, especially suffers in the way of subsidence; and some parts of the railway in the west of Fife are known to have gradually sunk to an extent of over ten feet.

But railway lines are not the only parts of the surface which are subsiding owing to the working of minerals. The whole surface of the land surrounding the many pits and mines which are continually belching forth their wagon-loads of coal or other mineral, is gradually subsiding as the extraction of the mineral proceeds; and damage amounting to thousands of pounds is annually being done to the surface and the buildings on it owing to mineral workings. As the period and extent of the subsidence and the damage following on it depend greatly on the method employed in working the coal, a word or two here on this subject may not be out of place.

There are two recognised methods of working out coal. The old method is what is known as the 'stoop-and-room' or 'pillar-and-room' system; and the method introduced into Scotland about the beginning of the present century is known as the 'longwall' or 'Shropshire' system of working. The first system explains itself by its name. After the bed of coal is struck, 'rooms' are worked out, leaving 'pillars' or 'stoops' to support the superincumbent strata. The object to be attained in this system, as practised in the olden times, was to have as large a room worked out, and as small a stoop or pillar of the coal itself left, as was consistent with the safety of the mine and the support of the surface, while the mine was open. But this system entailed the entire loss of the pillars so left. To obviate this loss, the method now generally adopted is to drive narrow rooms or passages, seldom exceeding fourteen feet, through the seam, leaving large pillars—about seventy-five per cent. of the mineral—until the extremity of the available coal is reached. When, however, no regard is to be had for the surface, and the coal has been thus worked out as far as can be done, the miner commences to work backwards, taking out the stoops or pillars as he goes. The whole roof of the mine then comes down; and this is the most dangerous kind of subsidence. It does not only take effect immediately above the place where 'stooping' has been going on, but it also 'draws' round about it.

The 'longwall' or Shropshire method of working is what is known as the system of complete excavation; that is, the miner takes out the whole coal as he proceeds, leaving only perhaps a foot on the roof, should the overlying strata be soft, and props up a passage with wooden supports as he proceeds, to enable him to keep an open way to the face of the coal. The portions worked out are packed on each side of the 'road' with the waste material taken out with the coal. This method of working, though it necessarily implies subsidence, is on the whole the safest for the surface, and is generally the one adopted. In fact, as mineral landlords are paid, in lieu of rent, a royalty or lordship on every ton of coal or other mineral brought to the surface, and as the tenant can more quickly extract the mineral by the wooden props method, he is generally bound in his lease to work in this manner, when practicable.

Should the coal be worked on the stoop-and-room system, and pillars of coal of sufficient size be left in, the surface will not be injured to any appreciable extent, at least not for many years. As is often the case, however, seams of coal are worked out one below the other; and when the lower one gives way, the pillars above may fall like a pack of cards. There is no saying where the subsidence would reach in such a case. If the pillars do not break, the way in which the 'rooms' close up, if the floor is soft, is rather peculiar. The roof does not all fall in, as would be expected; but the enormous weight of the superincumbent strata pressing on the pillars causes the floor between them to rise up or 'creep,' and the room becomes closed. On the other hand, if the stoops of coal are taken out, the roof comes down with a crash, and the effects on the surface may be disastrous; but of course it sometimes pays better to get out all the coal and let the surface go, than to allow the workings to get closed up and the coal in the pillars to be lost for ever.

The subsidence following on a 'longwall' working is gradual, but sure. The surface is not broken to any great extent, but comes down in one sheet, and not irregularly, as in stoop-and-room workings. The strata generally come to rest in about three or four years. A row of houses which have been cracked through and through on the subsidence reaching the surface, have been known to close up again when the strata have settled.

The damage done by pillar-and-room workings is irregular both as regards effect and time. It may commence, stop, and commence again. Houses are literally wrecked by it. So palpable is it, indeed, that actually the sound of the crushing and subsiding of the house can be distinctly heard. The slates are twisted off the roof, the chimneys hang in all directions, the walls are rent asunder, the foundations give way, and the house is rendered uninhabitable. An instance of this is to be found in the

salt-workings of Cheshire, in the neighbourhood of which, houses are constantly being wrecked. Thousands of pounds are paid every year by mine-owners for damages done to surface proprietors, farmers, and others; and there is no more fruitful source of litigation than surface-damage.

Even under public roads, we find the minerals being worked. The public have only a right of passage, the minerals underneath belonging to the adjoining proprietor, and it is not an uncommon circumstance in mining districts for a road to suddenly sink several feet.

In the case of a proprietor of minerals in lands adjoining the sea, his right, as a general rule, extends only to high-water mark. Below that line, underneath the foreshore and the sea itself, the minerals belong to the Crown. The Crown, of course, can lease the minerals, and they are very frequently worked under the sea itself. In such a case, great precautions have to be observed in the workings, to prevent any chance of the sea breaking in, though, when the stratum above is rock, the mineral is sometimes worked out within a very few feet of the bottom of the sea! In some mines, the roar of the ocean above can be distinctly heard.

This, however, is a digression from the subject of subsidence. Subsidence of the surface above our almost inexhaustible beds of coal has been going on, and will go on more or less, until that day in the dim futurity which has been foretold, when our coal-seams will have become exhausted, but when, let us hope, the inventive genius of posterity will have discovered another fuel, or done away with the necessity of fuel altogether.

GEORGE HANNAY'S LOVE AFFAIR.

CHAPTER II.—LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

For a few days Anne Porteous felt rather miserable. She was angry with herself for her imprudence in allowing such a misfortune to have happened; her feminine vanity was not in the least bit tickled at having the refusal of the famous editor, for she was not at all of that class of savage females who gloat over the roll of their rejected suitors as a Red Indian does over his string of scalps. No; she felt really and truly vexed for her old and kind friend, though, with the inconsistency of her sex, she could not but feel just the least bit piqued that, seeing he had cared for her so much as to ask her to be his wife, he had taken her unavoidable refusal so calmly and in such good part. She was glad to find, however, he had not forgotten her altogether; although he was now at Lucerne, she got the *Olympic* and other London magazines addressed to her in his familiar splashy handwriting, just as before. But there were no letters now. Formerly, she used to act as correspondent between him and her father, whose fingers were too stiff from rheumatism to make writing convenient. She missed the gay cheerful letters, with their satirical sketches of the lions of the circles he moved in, and their playful banter of herself even. However, one day the postman brought a letter which turned her thoughts into an entirely different channel. It ran as follows:

BRUSSELS, 10th *Sept.* 188–.

MY DARLING NAN—I have just time to write this before starting for London by the tidal train. Old Uncle Joseph is dead. I have just got the telegram announcing the event, which took place this morning. I hope he will have left me a good round sum, so that I can start practice at once, and then a certain young lady I know of will not be long of coming to keep house for me. With a thousand kisses.—Yours ever,

ALFRED ROBERTON.

She mused over this letter for a few minutes; something in it jarred on her feelings. She did not quite like the matter-of-fact way in which the writer announced the death of his uncle, to whom he was entirely indebted for his upbringing and education. Nor was she quite pleased at the assured way he spoke of a 'certain young lady' coming to keep house for him. Why, as yet he had not even seen her father—not to speak of his having got no consent to their union. Nan was a pre-eminently practical young woman; but a kind, loving, faithful heart beat in her bosom, and it resented the tone of the note as being callous and far too self-assured. Of course, it was written under a pressure for time; but still it might have contained some little expression of sorrow for the death of one who had done so much for him, instead of hoping for a good legacy.

Alfred Roberton was her engaged lover. She met him at a dancing party given by a mutual friend in le Quartier l'Anglais, Brussels. He was possessed of a stalwart handsome figure, and an agreeable face and voice. That he was clever, might possibly be inferred from the fact that he had carried off quite a number of college honours. That he thought himself clever, didn't require to be inferred from anything—it was stamped on his face, and showed itself in his every look and gesture. Whether Anne saw this, we know not; if she did, it was insufficient to prevent her falling deeply in love with him. A few moonlight strolls under the linden trees, a few soft pressures of the hand, a few sighs and tender speeches, and practical, sober-minded Anne gave her whole heart to this handsome youth—the first who had ever addressed her in the magic accents of love. And he? Well, he loved truly and sincerely enough in his own sort of way, just as he had loved other young ladies before. He was one of those men who seem to hold a power of fascination over the other sex. He did not mean to be a flirt—but how could he help the girls falling in love with him? He couldn't make a brute of himself, and be rude and insolent to them—could he? His conquests were, however, usually of brief duration; for some reason or other not known, his previous love affairs had come to an untimely end. It was generally thought by his friends—and himself too—that his love for Anne was sincere and genuine, and could end in nothing else than matrimony. His uncle's demise would bring matters to a crisis. He had adopted him at an early age, being himself a childless widower. Mr Joseph Roberton was a Scotchman, and had

gone early in life to push his fortune in the great Metropolis. Starting business after a while as a cheesemonger, he had in the course of years managed to scrape together quite a little fortune; and when his brother died, he gladly adopted his only son Alfred, and gave him a first-class education. When he arrived at an age for choosing a business or profession, he expressed a desire to be a doctor, so his uncle sent him to Edinburgh University, where, in due course of time, he received his diploma of M.D. While he was engaged pursuing his medical studies, his uncle took it into his head to marry his housekeeper, Mrs Janet Grant. Alfred did not like this change in the old gentleman's domestic arrangements, for, truth to say, there was little love lost between him and the late housekeeper; but any unpleasant feeling he might have felt in the matter was changed into unmitigated disgust by the advent of a baby-cousin—his uncle's son and heir. The old gentleman was of course delighted at this addition to his family; but it did not make any difference in his treatment of his nephew. He still gave him an allowance of three hundred pounds a year; and as he had now got his professional degree, it was arranged that he should travel on the continent for a year, visiting the various centres of medical science, and making himself acquainted with the latest discoveries, before beginning practice in London. It was while on this tour that he met Anne Porteous.

About a week after receiving her lover's letter, a tall, gentlemanly looking stranger entered the coffee-room of Lochenbreck Inn, and, much to the waiting-maid's surprise, asked to see Miss Porteous. Anne did not need to look at the stranger's card; she knew instinctively it was her lover, and there being no one else in the room, she went to meet him. The first fond greetings over, she saw there was something on his mind, and that not of a pleasant nature. She was not long kept in suspense.

'Do you know, Nan, I have been swindled—thoroughly swindled? After my uncle's funeral, I waited to hear the will read, of course. The family lawyer was there; and he said there was no will. His client, he said, had been talking some time ago of making one, and had even given him some general directions about it; but he says it was never executed, and that the scheming old housekeeper and her brat are heirs to all. Isn't it shameful?'

'Well, Alfred dear,' Anne replied in a consolatory tone, 'you know they were nearer to him than you could ever be, and you mustn't grudge them taking what is justly their own. Besides, remember how kind your uncle was to you in his lifetime. Look at what a lot of money he spent on your education and in fitting you for a profession.—But did your aunt give you nothing—not even a remembrance of your uncle?'

'Well, yes,' he grumblingly rejoined; 'she gave me a cheque for a hundred guineas, and had the impudence to tell me she never wanted to see my face again.'

'And you took it?'

'Why, yes. Why shouldn't I?'

'Well, Alfred, if I had been in your place, I would not have accepted of a gift given in such a spirit. However, it will be useful when you begin practice, which I suppose you will be doing at once now.'

'Start business as a doctor in London, with only a hundred pounds to fall back on! Why, Nan, you're surely joking. But I forget: girls don't understand these matters.'

'Then, what do you purpose doing?' she asked anxiously.

'Oh, my mind is quite made up as to that,' he said, drawing himself up proudly. 'I intend devoting myself to literature.'

'And throw away all your medical study and training for nothing,' she exclaimed. 'Surely, that would be folly, Alfred.'

'There's no folly about it,' he answered. 'Lots of fellows, without half the education or, I may say, ability that I possess, make a thousand or two a year by writing science articles, stories, and what not for the monthlies. I'm told it's about the best paying thing that's going. And then, you see, it does not require any capital. You just jot down your thoughts on a quire of paper, forward it to an editor, and you get a cheque back by return of post for twenty or thirty guineas—or far more, if your name is well known—as mine will soon be,' he added confidently.

This piece of news was not very pleasant to poor Nan. To be a doctor's wife in a year or two was an agreeable enough prospect, especially when she so fondly loved the man. But to enter on matrimony with no more assured means of living than the honorariums which fall to the lot of an ordinary literary hack, was a bleak lookout. How often had she heard Mr Hannay aver that not one in a hundred who tried literature as a profession succeeded in earning a decent living. True, Alfred must be very clever, from the number and value of his college prizes; but then, hadn't her old friend often said that education had but little to do with literary success, and that he had rejected more manuscripts from college-bred would-be contributors than from any other class. She did not fear a life of haphazard poverty for herself; but her woman's instinct told her that it would press hardly on Alfred. She was not blind to the imperfections of his nature; she was far too clear-headed for that. But she regarded him from two distinctly different points of view: from the one, her common-sense showed him in all his human imperfections and failings; from the other, or ideal one, he appeared as a being so far exalted above the common herd of men that to love and serve him all the days of her life would be her chiefest joy and happiness. As the stereoscope projects two different images into one more seemingly real than either taken singly, so did her woman's love commingle these diverse impressions of her lover into a glorified and lovable whole. Who on this earth could be to her what he was to her? Not being of an exacting or jealous nature, she had never asked herself the question—Did he love her as she loved him? If she had done so, she would have smiled in scorn at the very suggestion of such a mean doubt; for did not she remember his warm, trembling words of love—his soft sighs and tender caresses—his declarations of hopeless despair, if she withheld her heart from him? It certainly was a pity this abandonment of his profession; but then, it might only be a temporary one. He perhaps might find that, clever as he was, the paths leading to literary success were

steeper and less flowery than he imagined. If so, then, of course, he would start practice, and all would yet be well. The slight shadow on her countenance cleared off. She said: 'Well, Alfred, you should know best—perhaps you are right. Come and I'll take you to our private parlour. Papa is sitting out in the garden. I must bring him in and introduce him to you.—He must know all now,' she added with a slight tremor. She had put off the evil day as long as she could; but further concealment was now impossible.

It was with faltering accents she confessed her secret to the old gentleman, as she sat down beside him in the garden arbour. If she had informed him that Lochenbrock had suddenly run dry, he could not have been more astonished. Then he got angry, and made use of some very uncomplimentary expressions regarding Anne and her sex in general. But he was a man of sense and feeling at heart; and when he saw the hot tears coursing down her cheeks, he checked himself at once, caressed her, and told her not to make a fool of herself. He knew Anne's character too well to think that he, or any one, could prevent her permanently from doing anything her heart was set on, and which her sound moral consciousness told her was right and justifiable. He, it is true, had cherished secret hopes that his old friend Hannay might have taken a fancy for the girl, and he would have parted with her to him freely; now he was asked to give her to a man that he had never yet seen. It was monstrous; but then girls always do act in a ridiculous and contrary manner in these matters of love.

'Well, Nan, I'll see the lad—there can be no harm in that; and I'll not thwart your happiness if I find him deserving of you.'

Ay, there was the rub. Was he, or almost any one else in the world, deserving of his Nan?

Seated in the cosy parlour, and the embarrassment of the unexpected introduction over, Nan prudently withdrew, leaving the two gentlemen to feel their way into each other's acquaintanceship over a bottle of claret and a box of cigars. Alfred was a good talker, easy, self-possessed, and even genial in his style.

He felt no diffidence in proposing for Anne; true, meantime he was almost impecunious, and had no established or certain means of living; but he was a gentleman, well educated and bred, and, as he inwardly thought, a very eligible son-in-law for any innkeeper in the land. Anne was now called in, and blushingly joined in the conversation. The suitor pressed for an immediate union. This was, however, decisively negatived by both father and daughter. Porteous had been favourably impressed by his proposed son-in-law; but when he learned that his future income was to be derivable solely from literary emoluments, it became him to act in the matter with great caution, for the sake of his daughter's future. If this literary venture was to be gone into, its success must be thoroughly demonstrated in actual pounds, shillings, and pence, before the marriage could take place. Anne thought this a reasonable stipulation: her lover didn't. His pride felt hurt at finding obstacles where he imagined he had an easy walk over. He had, however, to pocket his pride and submit to the inevitable. On these conditions the lovers became engaged, with the old gentleman's approval. A great weight of concealment was now off Anne's mind. Her spirits rose, and for a few brief days the happy pair abandoned themselves to the innocent delusions and delights of 'Love's young dream.'

Anne was the first to awake to the realities of life. She was nothing if not practical, and she soon realised that all this sweet billing and cooing was but a waste of time. Her knight must go forth into the tournament of life, gain his trophies, and then come back to claim her as his guerdon.

'Now, Alfred,' she said one day, 'I think it is high time you should put your literary projects into execution. That, you can't well do here. I think you should take a cheap lodging in Edinburgh, or some place where you would have the advantage of good reference libraries, and set to work at once.'

'True, Nan; I must think of making a start one of these days.—But you don't wish me away, dearest, do you?' he said in a tender way.

'Oh, you know well enough I don't!' she returned with the slightest trace of impatience in her tone. 'But if we are to get married, it will not be by your idling your time away here. You'll find a hundred pounds won't keep you long in a large city; and think in what an awkward position you would be, if it got done before you found a regular and profitable market for your literary work.'

He was forced to admit the soundness of the advice, which was emphatically indorsed by Mr Porteous. So, the following day he packed up his traps; and the evening found him established in a modest lodging in Nicolson Street, Edinburgh, which had formerly known him as a student.

The lovers might have served as a model for all others so situated, in the regularity and length of their communications to each other. For fully a month, Alfred wrote in the brightest of spirits. He was engaged on a lengthy paper, 'A Comparative Analysis of the Literature of Greece and Rome.' This was intended for a famous London quarterly; he would act prudently, however, and would not commit himself until he had ascertained the very highest sum obtainable for it.

This first venture was completed and posted. In a few days the manuscript was returned with a polite note from the editor. The paper, he admitted, was well written, although not containing any particularly new views on the subject; and at anyrate there was no demand for classic literature on the part of the reading public at present: therefore, he was under the necessity of declining it with thanks, &c. He sent it to some other magazines; but the result in substance was the same. He was surprised and disappointed, of course; but buoyed up by his own self-esteem and Anne's kind sympathetic letters, he determined to make a new venture on different lines. He had been very successful in taking prizes in the science classes at college. The science of optics was a strong point with him, so he set to to compose 'A Dissertation on the Polarisation of Light.' This he sent when completed to a celebrated science monthly. The manuscript was returned, and the note accompanying it was discouraging. The editor thought

the article fairly well written, and the facts and theories were correctly given so far as it went, but it was rather behind the times. Repulsed in the higher branches of his chosen profession, he now condescended to write ordinary magazine sketches and stories; but still the long-looked-for success failed to come. He wrote scores of papers—tales, social sketches, &c.; but not one of them found their way into print. In most cases they were returned with a printed form of letter, expressive of the editor's regret at being unable to use the manuscript. In some cases, however, they were good enough to append a line or two of criticism. One said his style was a little stilted, and that he used too many long-syllabled words. Another said, in effect, that he lacked dramatic instinct in the grouping of his incidents and characters, and that the plot was bald and destitute of any probable *motif*. Many never returned his manuscripts at all, or paid the least attention to his oft repeated inquiries regarding them. Disheartened by these repeated failures, it was with delight he read in one of the daily papers an advertisement addressed 'To Authors.' The advertiser, who seemed to be of a philanthropic disposition, professed deep sympathy with the difficulties that beset the path of young aspirants to literary fame. Many a splendid intellect, the advertisement went on to say, had been doomed to languish in obscurity through the want of enterprise of selfish publishers. It was his (the advertiser's) wish to assist struggling merit—in other words, to enable young authors to publish their works on exceptionally favourable terms. Letters inclosing a stamped envelope for reply, and addressed to 'Author,' G. P. O., London, would receive instant attention.

'The very thing to meet my case,' said Alfred to himself. 'I'll write a novel, and then these beggarly editors will see how the public will appreciate my writings.' In high spirits he wrote a letter asking further particulars from the literary philanthropist; and in due course received a courteous reply, stating that if he forwarded the manuscript of the proposed work when finished, it would be examined carefully, and, if judged worthy, would be published on the 'half-profit' system—that is, the resulting profits to be equally divided between the author and the advertiser. It was necessary that a registration fee of ten guineas should be paid in the first instance; this, however, was only as a guarantee of bona fides, and it would be returned when the book was published. The requisite fee was at once forwarded; and Alfred set to work in great spirits to compose a short high-class novel; he purposed giving the story a literary *personnel*, to afford him an opportunity of holding up to his readers' derisive scorn the ridiculous pretensions of ignorant London editors. He wrote to Anne, and depicted in glowing terms the brilliant prospects before him in the near future; and putting his whole soul in his work, and working twelve hours a day, he finished his story (which was somewhat after the style of the *Caxtons*) in less than two months. In sending it to London, he earnestly requested that it should be put in type and published with the least possible delay. The manuscript was duly acknowledged, and compliance with his request promised. It had been handed to the reader, who would at once set to work on it; and his fee was ten guineas, payable in advance. Poor Alfred's store of sovereigns was now pretty well reduced, and it was with reluctance that he sent this second remittance. In a week his manuscript was returned with a polite note, saying that while the story showed germs of genius, it was not of sufficient general literary merit to warrant publication. Inquiries made through a London friend revealed the fact that he had been the victim of a used-up penny-a-liner, a man without means, influence, or respectability, who made a discreditable living by playing on the credulity and vanity of amateur authors. Dark despair would have taken hold of most people in his circumstances; his money was now reduced to a trifle; his health affected by his prolonged and severe efforts; but his self-esteem was in no way abated. He still believed literature to be his forte, and determined to give it *one* more chance. First of all, though, he required rest; and having an invitation from Nan, he took the train one day for Lochenbreck, where he arrived with a portmanteau full of rejected manuscripts, and ten pounds in his pocket.

BLEEDING HEART YARD.

With the demolition of Bleeding Heart Yard, many a pilgrim to London will have one goal the less. But it has been too graphically pictured in *Little Dorrit* ever to be forgotten. Of all Dickens' many sketches of the London slums, this is one of the best, although it requires great imaginative powers now to recognise here any 'relish of ancient greatness.' The 'mighty stacks of chimneys,' now much the worse for wear, are still here, and still 'give the Yard a character.' But the poor people who had 'a family sentimental feeling' about the Yard have nearly all flitted, like rats from a sinking ship. Indeed, piles of massive warehouses, which have sprung up on all sides, have already almost swamped their habitations; and any one seeing them in the gray gloaming of a wet winter afternoon, will have some difficulty in devising pleas for their preservation. The Yard is altogether dreary and unlovely, now that it is deserted, save for a couple of workshops, which, possibly, have replaced the factory of Daniel Doyce. A few carriers' carts and costers' barrows, too, seem to have been left here by accident. But for the most part the picture is one of dilapidated desolation. The three-storied brown-brick houses with their low-pitched red-tiled roofs, that run down the southern side, seem to have been the scene of an explosion or a conflagration; or, possibly, they may have been besieged by an army of urchins. Anyhow, not a pane of glass remains in the windows, which were probably cut through the wall at odd times, when wanted; and but for a tattered fringe which still decorates the frames, they might never have been glazed. Some of the cart-sheds and stables which form the ground-floor—to use an appellation that properly belongs

to suburban villas—have been converted into shops, but bear no signs of ever having done a thriving trade; and it is easy to believe that the Yard, 'though as willing a yard as any in Britain,' was never 'the better for any demand for labour.'

But whatever its past, before very long it will have been improved away, and visitors will probably soon have some difficulty in finding out even its site. The witchery of Dickens is shown in nothing so much as the atmosphere of vivid actuality with which he surrounded nearly all his characters, and the localities in which they lived and moved. For years, crowds have paid visits of devotion to the shrines which he has surrounded with such a halo of romance; and he possessed in a remarkable degree the faculty of appropriating all the charm with which legend and tradition had surrounded spots, and endowing them with a new glamour, until he made himself the true *genius loci*. His knowledge of London was certainly 'extensive and peculiar.' It would be easy to name a dozen nooks within a stone's throw of Holborn alone which he made his own. The narrow and crowded streets which, when Dickens wrote, were even more squalid than they are now, had for him an irresistible attraction. From his chambers in Furnival's Inn as a centre, he was a veritable explorer in all directions; and he has painted for us with his pen a series of sketches of these courts and alleys the realism of which the pencil of even George Cruikshank could not rival.

The nomenclature of London presents an endless succession of problems which never seem to get much nearer solution; and so far as many disputed sites are concerned, there is every likelihood that they will soon be removed from the field of controversy by being obliterated and altogether forgotten. It is notoriously a perpetual cause of surprise to foreigners, and especially our American cousins, that we are so heedless of being a nation with a history as to take no pains to preserve our historical landmarks. There are a thousand-and-one buried sites in the streets of London alone, which have played their parts in our national and municipal development, and there is none that cares to put up a stone to preserve their traditions from oblivion. But for Bleeding Heart Yard no very heroic etymology can be claimed. Dickens, it is to be feared, drew largely on his imagination, which he doubtless found served him in better stead than any number of old folios, for his amusing derivations. Except in *Little Dorrit*, there seems to be but scanty authority for the tradition that this was the scene of a murder. It is, however, beyond dispute that Ely Place and the adjacent streets were occupied by the luxurious town palace of the Bishops of Ely. Within the walls were included twenty acres of ground. This was, about the year 1577, sold to Christopher Hatton by the Bishop of Ely, who was, however, only made to carry out the contract by Elizabeth's memorable threat that otherwise she would unfrock him. It was here that the famous chancellor died in 1591. But his house and garden do not seem to have been demolished until the middle of the seventeenth century, for Evelyn, writing in 1659, tells us how he went to see 'the foundations now laying for a long street and buildings in Hatton Garden, designed for a little town, lately an ample garden.' Of a certain Lady Hatton, probably the wife of Sir Christopher's great-nephew, it is gravely recorded that she had a compact with the Evil One, and that on the night when this came to an end, that personage, in the guise of a cavalier, attended certain festivities which were being held at Hatton House, and having lured her into the garden, tore her in pieces—her 'bleeding heart' being afterwards found. But if this weird legend had even so solid a foundation as a murder, it is probable that some record of it would have survived.

Little Dorrit is also the authority for the story of the young lady who was closely imprisoned in her chamber here by her cruel father for refusing to marry the suitor he had chosen for her. The legend related how the young lady used to be seen up at her window behind the bars, murmuring a love-lorn song, of which the burden was, 'Bleeding heart, bleeding heart, bleeding away,' until she died. It will be remembered that although the Yard was divided in opinion, this story carried the day by a great majority, notwithstanding that it was supposed to have originated with 'a tambour-worker, a spinster, and romantic,' living in the Yard.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the point has received the attention of the seekers after miscellaneous knowledge, and a number of alternative derivations have been suggested. One learned antiquary, for instance, reminds us that 'bleeding heart' is the name of the red wallflower in certain parts of England, but omits to point out the connection. The most plausible is the suggestion that the court may have taken its name from a hostel known as the *Bleeding Hart*, and it is well known that sign-painters frequently prove shaky in their orthography. Thus, he records that in Warwickshire, an inn known as the *White Hart* was some years since adorned with a signboard representing a human heart, or at least an ace of hearts. Then some people still cling to the belief that the sign of the Bleeding Heart dates from pre-Reformation times, and is emblematical of the five sorrowful mysteries of the rosary. We must leave it to others to reconcile these conflicting theories. But for its associations with the fortunes of *Little Dorrit*, the bare existence of the court would certainly have remained in oblivion, and its demolition would have excited no unusual regret.

But there are those for whom the Yard has been associated with the history of a set of very real personages. Hither many folk have gone in search of 'the domicile of Plornish, plasterer,' and have sought to identify 'the parlour' in which the Plornish family lived, and which was pointed out to callers by 'the painted hand, on the forefinger of which the artist had depicted a ring, and a most elaborate nail of the genteelest form.' Here, too, they have probably pictured for themselves the Patriarch 'floating serenely through the Yard in the forenoon' with the

express purpose of getting up trustfulness in his shining bumps and silken locks, to be succeeded a few hours later by Pancks, that prince of rent-collectors, who, 'perspiring, and puffing and darting about in eccentric directions, and becoming hotter and dingier every moment, lashed the tide of the Yard into the most agitated and turbid state.' They may further have looked for the small grocery and general dealer's shop 'at the crack end of the Yard,' where Mrs Plornish was established by Mr Dorrit; and for 'Happy Cottage,' that most wonderful of interiors. And they may have wondered whereabouts was the spot where Pancks tackled the Patriarch, snipped off short the sacred locks, and cut down the broad-brimmed hat to a stewpan, thereby converting the venerable Casby, 'that first-rate humbug of a thousand guns,' into 'a bare-polled, goggle-eyed phantom.'

FLEET STREET MARRIAGES.

It is said that the Fleet Street marriages of London originated with the incumbents of Trinity, Minories, and St James's, Duke Place. The incumbents claimed to be exempt from the jurisdiction of the Bishop of London, and performed the marriages without banns or license. It is not exactly known in what year these gentlemen started their lucrative profession; but one named Elliot, who was rector of St James's, was suspended by the Bishop of London in 1616 for performing these ceremonies. The trade was then taken up by clerical prisoners living within the Rules of the Fleet; and Mr Burn tells us that, as a rule, these were just the men—having neither money, character, nor liberty to lose—to adopt the profession; and he further says that they were in the main 'lusty jolly fellows, but thorough rogues and vagabonds, guilty of various offences.' That they were not ashamed of the business is evident from the fact that they advertised in the *Daily Advertiser* of that year to the following effect: 'G. R.—At the true chapel, at the old *Red Hand and Mitre*, three doors up Fleet Lane, and next door to the *White Swan*, marriages are performed by authority by the Rev. Mr Symson, educated at the university of Cambridge, and late chaplain to the Earl of Rothes.—*N.B.* Without imposition.'

'J. Lilley, at the *Hand and Pen*, next door to the China Shop, Fleet Bridge, London, will be performed the solemnisation of marriages by a gentleman regularly bred at one of our universities, and lawfully ordained according to the institutions of the Church of England, and is ready to wait on any person in town or country.'

There must have been great competition in the business, for we are told that there might be seen in corners of windows tickets stating 'Weddings performed cheap here,' 'The Old and True Register,' &c. But the great trade was at the 'marriage houses' whose landlords were also publicans, the *Bishop Blaire*, the *Horseshoe and Magpie*, the *Fighting Cocks*, the *Sawyers*, the *Hand and Pen*, the *Bull and Garter*, and the *King's Head*, the last two being kept by warders of the Fleet prison.

The parson and landlord—the latter usually acting as clerk—divided the fees between them, after paying a shilling to the tout who brought in the customers.

The *Grub Street Journal* of January 1735 has the following: 'There are a set of drunken, swearing parsons, with their myrmidons, who wear black coats, and pretend to be clerks and registers of the Fleet, and who ply about Ludgate Hill, pulling and forcing people to some peddling alehouse or brandy-shop to be married; even on a Sunday, stopping them as they are going to church and almost tearing their clothes off their backs.'

This is confirmed by Pennant, who says: 'In walking along the streets in my youth, on the side next the prison, I have often been tempted by the question, "Sir, will you be pleased to walk in and be married?" The parson was seen walking before his shop, a squalid, profligate figure, clad in a tattered plaid nightgown, with a fiery face, and ready to couple you for a dram of gin or a roll of tobacco.'

Ladies who were possessed, or supposed to possess means, were often kidnapped and forced to marry ruffians whom they had never seen. For instance, we read that a young lady of birth and fortune was forced from her friends, 'and by the assistance of a wry-necked swearing parson, married to an atheistical wretch, whose life was a continual practice of all manner of vice.'

Again, we learn that a young lady appointed to meet a gentlewoman at the Old Playhouse, Drury Lane; but something prevented the gentlewoman coming, and the young lady being alone when the play was over, told a boy to fetch a coach for the city. 'One like a gentleman helps her into it and jumps in after her. "Madam," says he, "this coach was called for me; and since the weather is bad and there is no other, I beg leave to bear you company. I am going into the city, and will set you down wherever you please."'

The girl begged to be excused; but the man told the coachman to drive on. The result was that she was driven to a house, where she was induced to go in on the pretext of seeing the man's sister, who would accompany her the rest of the journey. The sister came, but immediately vanished, and in her place appeared a 'tawny fellow in a black coat and black wig,' who said: 'Madam, you are come in good time; the doctor was just agoing!'

'The doctor!' exclaimed the girl; 'what has the doctor to do with me?'

'To marry you to that gentleman. The doctor has waited for you these three hours, and will be paid by you or that gentleman before you go!'

'That gentleman,' replied the girl, recovering herself, 'is worthy a better fortune than mine,' and begged to be allowed to go; but the men were obdurate; and when she found she could not escape without money or pledge, told them that she liked the gentleman so much, that she would meet him the next night and be married; but they did not allow her to go before she had given them some pledge, and she therefore gave them a ring, which, to quote her words, 'was my mother's gift on her deathbed, enjoining that, if ever I married, it should be my wedding ring;' and by this means she escaped.

The indecency of these practices, and the facility they afforded for accomplishing forced and fraudulent marriages, were not the only evils, for we are told that marriages, when entered in the register, could be antedated without limit, on payment of a fee, or not entered at all; and women frequently hired temporary husbands at the Fleet, in order that they might be able to plead marriage to an action for debt. These hired husbands were provided by the parsons at five shillings each; and we are told that one man was married four times under different names, and received five shillings on each occasion 'for his trouble.'

That the parsons did not always get the best of it may be supposed from the following extract from the register of the Fleet Marriages: '1740. Geo. Grant and Ann Gordon, bachelor and spinster: stole my clothes-brush.'—'Married at a barber's shop next Wilson's—namely, one Kerrils, for half a guinea; after which it was extorted out of my pocket, and for fear of my life, delivered.'

We are told that all sorts and conditions of men flocked to the Fleet to be married in haste, from the barber to the officer in the Guards—from the pauper to the peer. Timbs, in his book on *London*, states that among the aristocratic patrons of these unlicensed clergy were Lord Abergavenny; the Honourable John Bourke, afterwards Viscount Mayo; Sir Marmaduke Gresham; Lord Banff; Lord Montague, afterwards Duke of Manchester; Viscount Sligo; the Marquis of Annandale; Henry Fox, afterwards Lord Holland; and others. Walpole writes to Sir Horace Mann about Fox's marriage as follows: 'The town has been in a great bustle about a private match, but which, by the ingenuity of the ministry, has been made politics. Mr Fox fell in love with Lady Caroline Lennox (eldest daughter of the Duke of Richmond), asked her, was refused, and stole her. His father was a footman; her great-grandfather, a king. All the blood-royal have been up in arms.'

The Bishop of London attempted to put a stop to these marriages in 1702, but with very little effect; and it was not until 1754 that an Act of Parliament was passed to prevent them. It is stated that the day before the Act was to come into force (March 24), there were no fewer than two hundred and seventeen marriages recorded in one register book; and these were the last of the Fleet weddings.

A collection of the registers of Fleet Marriages was made in 1821, and was purchased by the government; they weighed over a ton.

After the Marriage Bill of 1754, the Savoy Chapel came into vogue. The following advertisement appeared in the *Public Advertiser* of January 2, 1754: 'By authority—Marriages performed with the utmost privacy, decency, and regularity at the ancient royal chapel of St John the Baptist, in the Savoy, where regular and authentic registers have been kept from the time of the Reformation (being two hundred years and upwards) to this day. The expenses not more than one guinea—the five-shilling stamp included. There are five private ways by land to this chapel, and two by water.'

The proprietor of this chapel was the Rev. John Wilkinson, who fancied—as the Savoy was extra-parochial—that he was privileged to issue licenses upon his own authority, and so took no notice of the Act. During the following year, 1755, he married no fewer than eleven hundred and ninety couples. The authorities at last took the matter up, and Wilkinson went into hiding; but he got a curate named Grierson to perform the ceremonies, he still giving the licenses, by which he thought his assistant would be harmless; but this was not so. Two members of the Drury Lane company were united by Grierson; and Garrick hearing of this, obtained the certificate, and had Grierson arrested. He was tried, convicted, and sentenced to fourteen years' transportation; by which sentence, we are told, fourteen hundred marriages were declared void. We are not told what became of Wilkinson, whose trade was thus put a stop to.

TO A LADY.

Again I welcome the familiar pen;
  Again I sit me down to think and write;
Fairly and free should flow my fancies when
  So fair a subject calls me to indite.
And thou, O Muse, whose gracious fingers oft,
  And ne'er, I trust, in vain, have beckoned me,
Grant that thy spirit, breathing numbers soft,
  May now descend to aid thy humblest votary.

So, when the lark, in fullest tide of song,
  Makes sudden pause amidst his music clear,
As seeking which, of all the thoughts that throng,
  First to embody for the listening ear,
So do I hesitate and pause, in doubt
  With such diversity where to begin,
For outward eyes would praise those charms without,
  Whilst love would greet the soul enshrined those charms within.

Ah, gracious lady, words alone are vain
  Thy finer, subtler traits to fitly show;
Rather Apollo's art, in sweetest strain,
  With long-drawn symphonies, as soft as low,
And cunningly devised by master-hand,
  Thy worth and beauty better would express
Than my rude phrases—serving but to stand
  As tokens of thy power and of my faithfulness.

Yet tokens true are they; as tender shoots,
  Just peeping through the earth, are sureties good
That deep below are hidden strongest roots,
  Which give this evidence of lustihood,
So doth the love, long 'prisoned in my breast,
  Forced by its growth, at length expression find;
I place my life, my all, at thy behest;
  I could not love thee more, nor oaths could stronger bind.

Yet what are words? Mere breaths which pass away;
  And words are at the service of us all.
Vows, true or false, ring all the same to-day;
  We by our after-actions stand or fall.
Give me to do some deed, some work, to show
  And prove the love I bear thee; test my faith.
I speak no more; in silence, love shall grow,
  And silent witness give that love shall last till death.

B. O. W.

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, 47 Paternoster Row, London, and 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

All Rights Reserved.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL
OF
POPULAR
LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART
Fifth Series
ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832
CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)

No. 146.—Vol. III. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1886. Price 1½d.

CAVE-HUNTING IN YORKSHIRE.

The finest county in all England is the great shire of York, with its rugged coast, and its rolling plains dotted with many a noble church, its wild moorlands and lofty fells, its fertile valleys with their monastic ruins and crumbling castle-keeps. Every Yorkshireman is proud of his county, whether he be foxhunting Squire, lord of thousands of its acres, or merchant-prince—a brawny artisan, toiling in one of its great manufacturing towns, or a stalwart dalesman—a miner drifting for lead in the north-west, or a pitman burrowing for coal in the south—the sturdy yeoman-farmer of the wolds, or bluff fisherman on the shores of the wild North Sea—for is it not a very epitome of his country?

Micklefell, Whernside, Ingleborough, Penyghent, and many a mountain crest on the west, the bold chalk headland and wondrous caverns of Flamborough, with the romantic stretch of cliffs round Robin Hood Bay to eastward, afford scenery of the grandest description. Swaledale, Teesdale, Wensleydale, Nidderdale, and Wharfedale, with the rich plain of York beyond stretching away to the tilled slopes of the wolds and Hambleton Hills, are gems of softer beauty. The big towns of Leeds, Sheffield, Bradford, Wakefield, are seats of busy commerce, whose black smoke pollutes the air, whilst the snorting engine and thundering steam-hammer resound both night and day. The broad Humber bears on its tide-ruffled bosom great fleets from Hull and Goole, which carry their wares to every corner of the world. Fountains, Bolton, Rievaulx, Kirkstall, Pervaulx, and lesser abbeys, tell of past glories; whilst York, Ripon, Selby, Beverley, and Bridlington minsters are still glories of to-day. The castles of York, Bolton, Knaresborough, Wressle, Conisbrough, Pontefract, Helmsley, Scarborough, and other relics of troublous times yet look down upon this peaceful nineteenth century. The battlefields of Stamford Bridge, Northallerton, Wakefield, Towton, and Marston Moor still speak of the share Yorkshire had in making England's history; and grand old York, with its ancient churches and minster, its frowning Bars, and encircling city walls, recalls past fame and grandeur, when the legions garrisoned it as 'Eboracum,' the chief seat of the Roman power in Britain (when London was an insignificant village) long before Saxon and Dane fought in the narrow streets for possession of it as 'Eoforwic.' For the archæologist, the botanist, the painter, and the sportsman, old 'Eurewicshire' is a happy hunting-ground indeed; the antiquary and philologist alike find it a rich storehouse of quaint customs and strange dialects; whilst to the geologist and physiographist, it is a charming text-book, written in bold graceful language, with many beautiful and wondrous illustrations.

But besides all this, Yorkshire offers vast delights to the explorer and lover of adventure, in the curious subterranean water-courses and awesome caverns which abound in the limestone ranges of the north-west. Less famous than the underground chambers of Derbyshire, they are yet more numerous, and, with two or three exceptions, are utterly free from the desecrating presence of the inveterate 'guide,' who rushes you through them, working unseemly havoc the while with Queen's English, as he waves his tallow candle, and bids attention to the features of the show. It is true that Clapham Cave and Stump Cross Caverns are regular stock tourist properties, where the lessees give admission and provide illuminants at a fixed charge per head; but he who would see the weird, lonely passages of Ingleborough and Penyghent must find his own way, and carry a goodly supply of candles with him, for the Great 'Alum Pot' is not a Poole's Cavern which glares bravely when the gas is turned on; and no urchin hastens before to stick torches in the crevices and fissures of Catknot Hole. The real cave-hunter will rejoice at this, and fixing his headquarters at one of the little inns in the neighbourhood, will don his canvas overalls and stiff felt hat, and go forth jubilantly, well stocked with 'dips' and matches, not forgetting luncheon and the cheering pipe.

Of course, if the caves are only to be viewed and peeped into, the 'overalls' are needless; but if a thorough exploration is intended, then, in addition, a stout rope some twelve yards long at least, and two companions, should be taken, for abrupt descents occur which are impassable without a rope and strong arms to hold it.

Ingleborough, with its younger brother Simon Fell, is the central landmark of the great cave district—a district lying between Penyghent and Gragreth, Cam Fell, and the village of Clapham, and measuring roughly nine miles square, which contains all the chief Yorkshire caves and 'pot holes,' with the exception of a group in the limestone at the head of Nidderdale—one or two at Settle and Kilnsey, and the famous 'Stump Cross' Cavern, which lies a little off the mountain road running over from Pateley Bridge into Wharfedale. The picturesque village of Ingleton is a pleasant headquarters from which to see Clapham and Yordas Caves, and whence Ingleborough and Whernside may be ascended; but if intent on systematically doing the district, the lonely *Gearstones Inn*, which stands on the moors some seven or eight miles on the road which runs up Chapel-le-dale over to Hawes in Wensleydale, is the best place to put up at. Here, within easy reach, are Douk Caves, long water-worn tunnels piercing the limestone scaurs which flank the Ingleborough range, wherein is nothing curious except a circular opening like a well, which brings down a beam of light, and gives a glimpse of blue sky thirty feet up through the rock.

Higher up the scaurs are the curious holes, or 'pots' as they are locally termed, 'Meregill,' Barefootwives, and Hardrawkin. The first is a slit in the ground about forty yards long, ranging from two to nine broad, and bridged now and again by stones and turf; and you can plumb it to a depth of a hundred feet, fifty at least being under water. Hardrawkin is a pot or fissure nine yards deep, which lies between two narrow caves, both of which may be explored, though water often covers the floors. Near the little gabled church of Chapel-le-dale, rendered notable by Southey's *Doctor*, is Wethercote, and its complements Jingle and Hurtlepots, one of the sights of the district. The top of Wethercote is level with the ground, about fifty yards long and sixteen wide, though it narrows towards the ends. Descending fifty feet we come upon a rough arch of rock, and passing under it, are in the middle of the pot, and again descend until the bottom is reached, forty good yards below the surface of the ground. Right in front and eighteen yards above is an opening in the wall of rock; and from it a stream of water leaps in a thundering cascade, filling the pot with spray, and then diving with a shuddering rush into a low cave, disappears on its underground course to Jingle and Hurtle Pots, three hundred yards lower down the dale. The first of these is twenty yards long, and ten to three broad and fifteen deep; and the last, twenty-five yards by fifteen, and about twenty-five deep, with a sullen black pool nine or ten yards deep, from which no outlet is apparent. When the stream is low, it flows far out of sight; but after heavy rain, it can be heard and seen swirling in the dark depths of these pots; and it 'hurtles' out of, and thus gives name to, the larger of the two. But when the 'floods are out,' the sight is grand and terrible, for then Wethercote fills entirely, and overflowing, foams a torrent down the mossy ravine which scores the land above the unseen water-course below. In the hillside at the back of Gearstones is a winding passage, Catknot Hole, which a guide-book says 'contains romantic cascades and precipices, and is near four hundred yards long.' Three of us struggled again into our thick wet boots one evening, after dining sumptuously in the inn kitchen upon ham and eggs, and having cajoled the buxom hostess into presenting us each with a tallow dip of yellow hue and evil savour, we forded the stream in the darkness, and groped our way into the cavern's mouth to view the said cascades. A stream flowing a foot deep suggested the advisability of doffing boots and stockings in view of a long tramp on the morrow. So, barefooted and with sputtering candles, we began the ascent, and toiled on for fifty minutes, until the dips being nearly used up, and the long passage—which was so narrow that it was difficult to force an onward way—seeming to wind on for ever, the retreat was sounded, and we struggled back, counting nine hundred paces till we reached the entrance, with an ounce of candle among the three. Of 'cascades and precipices' we saw never a sign; but on squeezing past sharp bends, we plentifully plastered ourselves with soft calcareous deposits, which our jackets showed next morning to be strongly impregnated with oxide of iron.

On the slopes of Penyghent are some half-dozen 'pots,' besides numerous openings into the ground, each with a streamlet issuing from or else plunging into it. The whole of this limestone district is, in fact, completely honeycombed by hidden passages and water-worn channels, and often a fall of roof lets daylight and the explorer into the dark passages which pierce the hillsides in all directions. 'Hull' and 'Hunt' Pots are the finest and chief of the Penyghent series; the former a huge quarry-like hole with perpendicular sides, some seventeen yards long by thirty deep, and from ten to thirty wide, into which a stream—or beck, as the local term is—leaps, making in floods a fine fall. Hunt Pot is more curious, and really is a pot in the floor of a pot; the upper one being about thirty yards by eighteen and ten deep, and having in the centre a narrow chasm, five or six yards across at the widest part, narrowing to three at a depth of twelve yards. Into the narrow end, a beck from Penyghent's bold crest falls, filling the black depths with mist, till it reaches the bottom of the pot, sixty-five yards below; and then it flows in darkness, crossing—so tradition says—the stream from Hull Pot, until it issues in the valley as Bransil Beck, and finds its way into the infant river Ribble.

But the grandest of all these Ingleborough pots and caves, and the one which offers the most risk, and needs withal a steady nerve as well as a fearless heart if it is to be really seen and properly known, is 'Alum Pot,' lying on the north-west shoulder of Simon Fell, a mile above the ruined and deserted village of Selside, whose roofless and crumbling cottages and farmsteads are a fit prelude to the weird loneliness and awesomeness which seem to cling about this

great chain of gloomy caverns. A rough stone wall has been built to protect the main chasm, or Alum Pot proper; and clambering over its jagged edges, we are face to face with a tremendous cleft, which can only be described by the word awful—sixty yards long by from ten to twenty wide. At the southern end, a beck comes sliding over the mossy edge, and then leaps shuddering into unseen depths, whilst a thin cold mist rises up out of the blackness. Across the pot, near the narrow end, are two balks of timber, fixed years ago, when a party of gentlemen descended this shaft; and carefully walking along them, we reach the middle, and look down into the tremendous hole, and see nothing but slimy walls of rock covered with lichens, and here and there great hartstongues hanging in the gloom, and waving in a chill up-current of air which blows steadily from the sunless depths. The first impression is one of nameless dread and shrinking, an effect only heightened when a large stone is dropped into the yawning gulf, and we strain ears for six long seconds before it strikes at all; and then, for several moments after, hear it falling still, rebounding lower and lower in unknown abysses beneath the plank which holds us up. After gazing steadily downwards until the eye becomes used to the chill gloom, we catch sight of a sloping dark-green plain far below, from which a stone will roll into deeper depths beneath, and see, some thirty yards down the northern side, a huge dark arch, which ends a passage coming in from the hillside.

Without a very long stout rope, it is impossible to descend Alum Pot from the bridge-balks; and to swing freely over a visible gulf which is in all three hundred yards deep is a stiff trial for ordinary nerves. So, rescaling the wall, we climb some hundred and fifty yards westward up the hillside, until we come upon several openings in the ground known collectively as Longchurn and Dicean Pots. Dropping into the hollow, we see two passages leading in different directions, and can hear in the unseen distance the roar of water on its way to Alum Pot. About ten yards down, the lower passage joins one in which a stream is foaming; and a piece of burning magnesium ribbon lights up a goodly cavern, and shows a small cascade seven or eight feet high which glistens milk-white in the brightness; and plunging into the cold waters hurrying onwards, we follow them in their winding channel, often down abrupt descents and tiny falls, for, say, sixty yards or more, until a roomier passage strikes off to the right. The stream flows straight on for some score yards, and then joins one which flows at right angles on a lower level, coming from a more westerly direction. If wading be a weakness, this route may be followed; but as underground becks are decidedly cold, even in July, the drier and loftier channel offers decided advantages. After many windings and one or two steep drops, passing lesser openings which branch off on either hand, a large and lofty chamber is reached, studded with rough rocks, terminating in a black and apparently bottomless abyss, across which a gleam of twilight struggles in from the Great Alum Pot through the arch, which is seen when looking down from the bridge. This gulf is about thirty-six yards deep, and is curiously divided down the middle by a long thin rock, which is reached after a descent of some ten or twelve yards, and affords a precarious resting-place before descending the other fifteen yards, which brings us to the mossy sloping rock visible from the top of the pot, and which crosses it at the northern end. About thirty yards along this is a break where a rock slopes down to a lower level, and forms a bridge over a depth of at least thirty-five yards; but past this, the way is easy to the south end, where the waterfall comes down from the edge of the pot, seventy yards above, to fall still twenty yards before it strikes the rocks. Descending to this level, a series of steps down yet six or seven yards leads to two further falls of some thirty and ten feet each, and then the water goes onward along a passage and disappears in darkness.

The great descent of Alum Pot was made many years ago, when the balks of timber already mentioned were thrown across at the top by several gentlemen in the neighbourhood, and the engineers who were constructing a line of railway near Settle. Upon the bridge thus formed a winch was fixed, and the explorers were let down in a bucket, two at a time, plumb seventy yards to the rocks where the waterfall strikes, thus avoiding the long tiring descent of the passage from Longchurn. The last fifty feet gave each bucket-load a drenching, for it brought them directly under the falling water—a very effective douche-bath. Leaving the pot, they followed the stream for forty yards down the passage until they came into a lofty cavern where was a waterfall forty feet in height, formed by another subterranean streamlet; and passing through this, and continuing for thirty yards further, they reached a circular hole where the water sank in a miniature whirlpool; and that was the end of the mysterious Alum Pot. Where the water goes to, is uncertain; it is said to flow under Selside village, and come to light again either in a muddy pot called Footnaws, twelve yards deep; or else to pass under the bed of the Ribble, and reappear in Turn Dub, a quiet pool ten yards across, out of which a goodly stream flows steadily into the river. One reason why the country-people hold Turn Dub to be the outlet is that, when a marble quarry which lies just above Longchurn Pot was being worked, the water in the Dub was milky and muddy like the stream which flowed into Alum Pot.

The next most curious group of caverns lies out of the Ingleborough district altogether, at the head of Nidderdale, about the hamlets of Middlesmoor and Lofthouse, where comfortable quarters may be had in their unpretentious inns. On Howsteanbeck, which comes down a romantic gorge, are several chambers easy of access; and in a field on the Middlesmoor side is an opening which leads into a long underground passage known as Eglin's Hole, of unknown extent. The roof is in many parts so low that crawling is an absolute necessity; and as the floor is often covered with soft mud, and there is nothing particular to see, no large chambers or curious formations, the time required for this tunnel may be far more advantageously spent in exploring the most famous and interesting cavern of all,

'Goyden Pot,' which lies two miles above Lofthouse, close to the farmstead of Limley, and which carries the river Nidd mysteriously underground to below Lofthouse Church. The mouth of this miscalled 'pot' is at the foot of a cliff seven or eight yards high, on the boulder-filled bed of what was the river before it broke its way into the hillside, and which is swept by a noisy torrent still in heavy floods, when the waters fill the cavern to overflowing. A passage varying in height from two to five yards, and about one hundred yards long, with offshoots running right and left, leads, after several descending turns, into a huge chamber, filled with the roar and unseen spray of falling waters; and magnesium ribbon reveals a weird and frightful scene—a deep abyss in front and below, a dome of blackness overhead, on the left a plunging cascade of flashing water, twenty feet at least in height. Opposite and across the yawning gulf, a dark archway marks where a passage leads higher up into the mountain; whilst to right, the stream still foaming after its leap, gurgles and rushes round a bend into a lower pitch-dark tunnel. In dry weather, a descent can be made by the aid of a rope down the side of the chasm, and the stream can be followed often waist-high for a long distance. No one, in the memory of living man, has succeeded in following the water into daylight; but it certainly has yet to be proved that it cannot be done, and though twice baffled, we only wait a favourable opportunity to make another determined attempt. Long settled dry weather is absolutely necessary, as, owing to the steepness of the sides of the narrow valley, a single thunder-shower will raise the level of the river several feet in half an hour; and the tree-roots and other massive debris which are plentifully wedged in the crevices of the roof of the cavern are sufficient evidence of the undesirability of being caught by the tide, so to speak, in Goyden Pot.

Such are some of the Yorkshire caves; and those fond of adventure and rough healthy scrambling will find many a day's enjoyment therein, and spend, moreover, many a pleasant hour amongst the sturdy dalesmen, hearing quaint country legends, told in a dialect homely and rough, and seeing something of what life is like unaffected by the hurry of the great world outside the hills around. But let not the fastidious venture in those wilds, for ham and eggs—eggs and ham—become monotonous when doing duty daily for breakfast, luncheon, dinner; and though hospitable and open-hearted enough, yet the dalesfolk look upon all, even Yorkshiremen who are not natives, as 'furiners.'

BY ORDER OF THE LEAGUE.

CHAPTER VII.

It was a little after five on the following afternoon that Sir Geoffrey walked from his house into the square. He seemed, by his uneasy air, as if he was afraid of having his movements watched, for he stopped, hesitated, and finally walked away quickly in the direction of Upper Brook Street. Calling a hansom, he was driven to one of the quiet approaches, half town, half country, beyond Paddington, where he dismissed his cab. He then walked quickly on till he reached his destination—a well-appointed though sombre-looking establishment; and there, after some hesitation, he knocked. The room he was shown into was laid out with preparations for dinner; and just as the little clock over the mantel struck the half-hour after six, Le Gautier entered. He greeted his guest quietly, almost coldly, and rang the bell to order the meal. It was a quiet little dinner, really irreproachable in its way—the appropriate wines being perfect, for Le Gautier by no means despised the pleasures of the table, and, moreover, was not the man to spare where he had a purpose to serve.

'Well, Sir Geoffrey,' he said, toying with his glass, when the meal had concluded—it was past eight now, and the light was beginning to fail—'do you feel equal to the coming trial?'

'O yes,' the baronet replied eagerly, though his face was perturbed and the glass in his hand shook. 'Let us get it over; this suspense is killing me. Sometimes I fancy you are playing some devilish arts upon me. I doubt the evidence of my senses.'

'You do not doubt,' Le Gautier answered sternly. 'Listen!'

The light in the room was fading, and nothing distinctly could be seen save the glimmer of the waning day upon glass and silver. At the moment, the strains of music were heard, low and soft at first, then swelling louder, but always melancholy. It was quite impossible to tell whence it came—it seemed to strike the ear as if the earth was full of the sweet sounds. Suddenly it ceased, and a sigh like a mournful wind broke the stillness.

'It might be my dead brother himself playing,' Sir Geoffrey said, in great agitation. 'The organ was his favourite instrument. Strange that the music should be so familiar to me!'

'Do you doubt now?' Le Gautier asked. 'Does your unbelieving mind still run upon trickery or mechanism, or are you convinced?'

'I must believe,' the weak old man replied; 'I have no alternative. I put myself in your hands. Tell me what I am to do.'

'Your own conscience must guide you, and what the spirits will to-night must be obeyed. It is no question for me to decide; I am merely the humble instrument, the medium between one world and another. I dare not advise you. When your nerves are sufficiently braced to meet the dead, I will restore the communication.—Are you afraid?'

'No, no!' cried the baronet; 'I am not afraid.'

A cold, icy hand touched him on the cheek, and a low voice whispered in his ear the words: 'You are!' Trembling, frightened, he rose from his chair; and then suddenly the room was filled with a great light, showing the baronet's set face, and Le Gautier's pallid features wearing a sardonic smile. Hardly had the light appeared, when it was gone, leaving the room in double darkness at the change. A yell of harsh, discordant laughter rang out, dying away to a moan.

'What is that, Le Gautier?' Sir Geoffrey asked. 'Is this all real, or am I merely dreaming?'

'The spirits laugh at your audacity. You

boasted you were not afraid, whilst you are trembling in every limb. You dare not say it again!'

'I am alarmed, mystified,' he said; 'but I am not afraid.'

A mocking shout of laughter followed this speech, and the words, 'You lie!' as if uttered in chorus, were distinctly heard. A cold hand clutched Sir Geoffrey by the throat, holding him till he could hardly breathe. In his intense agitation, he snatched at a shadowy arm, and suddenly the hand relaxed its grip. Le Gautier struck a match and lighted the candles.

'Are you afraid now?' he asked quietly.

'O yes, yes; anything to save me from that horrid grasp! My throat is aching with the pressure.'

Le Gautier looked at the finger-marks calmly. He was acting splendidly, not overdoing the affair in the slightest, and, on the other hand, not appearing altogether indifferent. He was playing for a high stake, and it required all his cunning, all his cool audacity, to win. To the casual observer, he might have been an enthusiastic believer.

'You have seen enough,' he commenced quietly, but with an air of the most profound conviction—'you have seen enough to know that the time for delay is past, and the hour for action has arrived. The spirits to-night are incensed with you; they are furious at this delay; and unless you solemnly promise to carry out my proposals, I shall not risk our lives by any manifestation to-night.'

'What am I to do?' Sir Geoffrey cried piteously. 'I put myself entirely in your hands. Tell me my duty, and I promise to follow it.'

'So much the better for you,' quoth Le Gautier sternly. 'Listen! You know I am a member of a great Secret Society. In the first place, you must join that; and let me tell you, your late brother was a member, and took the keenest interest in its movements. You must join!'

'I knew my brother was embroiled in some rascally Socialist plots,' said Sir Geoffrey incautiously; 'but I really do not see why I'——He stopped abruptly, for the same mournful sigh was heard, and a voice whispered in the air, 'Beware!' With increased agitation, he continued: 'If that is part of my penance, I must do so; though it is on the strict understanding that I'——

'It is on no understanding at all!' Le Gautier thundered. 'Who are you, poor mortal, that you should make stipulations? We must have all or nothing. Take it, or leave it!'

He looked straight across into the other's face, his eyes burning with their intensity. For a moment they sat thus, striving for the mastery. Then Sir Geoffrey looked away. He was conquered.

'Let it be so,' he said. 'Your will has conquered mine. Proceed, for I see you have something more yet to say.'

Again the sigh was heard, and a voice said distinctly: 'It is well.' The music burst out again triumphant this time. When the last pealing strains died away, Le Gautier continued: 'Your brother died at New York, as you know; but at that time, he was on the business of the Society. No man had his heart so firmly set upon the cause as he, no man has been so missed. You would never be able to take his place; but you can help us indirectly; you can aid us with what we most need, and that is money. You shall see the shade of Sir Ughtred presently, and hold converse with him; but, on the peril of your life, do not move from the spot where I shall place you.'

'Let us go now,' Sir Geoffrey cried eagerly. 'Why should we waste any more time talking here?'

'Because things are not prepared. The shades from another world do not come forth at a moment's bidding to show themselves to mortal eyes, though the air is full of them now.'

Sir Geoffrey looked uneasily around for any traces of these ghostly visitors, though he could see nothing; nevertheless, the idea of a chamber full of supernatural bodies was by no means pleasant.

'Then our pact is complete,' Le Gautier continued. 'Briefly, it stands thus: I am to show you such things as you wish to see; and in return, you become a member of our Brotherhood, swearing to promote its welfare by all the means in your power. Quick! say the word, for I feel the unseen influence upon me.'

'Yes, yes—agreed; only show me my brother.'

As Sir Geoffrey spoke, a change came over Le Gautier's face; the baronet watching him, perfectly fascinated. The medium's eyes grew larger and more luminous, his features became rigid, and he moved like a man who walks in a dream. His gaze was fixed upon the other, but there was no sense of recognition there—all was blank and motionless. He rose from his chair, moving towards the door, his hands groping for it like the action of the blind, and he beckoned to Sir Geoffrey to follow him out along the dark passage.

'Come!' he said in a strange hollow voice—'come with me! The spirits are abroad, and have need of me!'

The room they entered was situated at the back of the house, having a large old-fashioned bay window of the shape and form one sees in the banqueting-room of old country-houses—a long narrow room, draped entirely in black; and the only light in the place proceeded from two small oil-lamps held by white Parian statues. As the twain entered, the draperies were violently agitated, as if by a sudden wind; an icy current seemed to strike them full in the face. A chair, impelled forward by an unseen hand, was pushed across the bare floor, and Sir Geoffrey, at a motion from his companion, seated himself therein. Le Gautier stepped forward towards the window, and lighted a flat brasier, sprinkling some sort of powder upon it, and immediately the room was filled with a dense violet mist, through which the oil-lamps shone dimly. The weird music commenced again, and as it died away, a loud report was heard, and the curtains across the window were wrenched apart, disclosing an open space. As Sir Geoffrey gazed into it, a form began to appear, misty at first, then getting gradually clearer, till the watcher saw the figure of a girl, dim and slight, for he could see the woodwork of the window behind, but clear enough to see she was fair and young, with thick masses of long yellow hair hanging over her shoulders, and half hiding her face from sight. There was a look of sadness on the brow.

'You may speak,' the strange hollow tones of Le Gautier came through the mist. 'If you have any questions to ask, put them; but, at the peril of your life, do not attempt to move.'

With the most reverent and holy belief in the reality of the scene before him, Sir Geoffrey gazed at the downcast features. To his diseased mind, he was on the borderland of another world, and the very thought of speaking to the bright vision was full of awe.

'Who are you?' he said at length in tremulous tones. 'Let me know who it is with whom I speak.'

'I am your better self,' the vision spoke; and the voice sounded faint and distant, yet very sweet, like music on the waters. 'I am your good spirit, your guardian angel. I stand by you night and day, the presiding deity of the honour of the House of Charteris.'

This artful stroke gave the listener confidence, and flattered his family pride. 'Has every man a spirit such as you?' he asked.

'Every man who is by nature noble—yes. To every one who has courage and genius, one of my sisters belongs. I am the guiding star of your House. I have stood by you and yours in the hour of need. I saw your father die. I saw your brother's deathbed. It is of him you would speak?'

'It is,' the baronet cried boldly. 'What of him?'

'You owe him a heavy debt of reparation,' the vision continued sadly. 'In life, you were not always friends; in death, you were not with him. He left a family. Are you aware of that, selfish mortal?'

'I did not know; I never knew. But it is not yet too late to atone. Tell me where they are, and I will go to them.'

'It is too late!' the figure replied in tones of deepest sorrow. 'They are dead—dead of neglect; nay, more, starvation. They will not dispute your sway now. While you had flattery and adulation, while you lived in luxury and splendour, your kith and kin lacked bread.'

'But surely some atonement can be made?'

'Too late—too late! Nothing can avail them now, no specious sophistry, no outward appearance of remorse. You can atone, though slightly, by completing the work your brother began in life. Know that at your very door, proud man, thousands of your fellow-creatures are starving, ground down in the dust by injustice and oppression. You can help to lighten this burden; you can help these men, who, poor and savage as they are, are yet men, and brothers.'

'I will!' Sir Geoffrey cried eagerly—'I will! Only show me how; and let me see my brother, if only for a brief moment.'

'That is well,' the figure replied with a radiant smile. 'As for the means, I must leave that to you. But you shall see your brother, if only for a moment.—And now, farewell.'

'But stay another minute. I'——

The farewell was repeated, coming to the listener's ears as from afar off, fainter and fainter, as the violet mist rose again, filling the room with a dense fragrant smoke, through which the rigid figure of Le Gautier could be dimly seen erect and motionless.

When the mist cleared away again, the figure of a man grew visible. Perfect, yet intangible, he stood there, muffled in a long cloak, and his features partially hidden by a soft broad-brimmed hat. At this spectacle, Sir Geoffrey's agitation increased, and great drops stood upon his forehead.

'It is he—my brother!' he groaned, starting from his feet; but again the word 'Beware!' seemed to be hissed in his ear. 'My dear brother, do not look at me like that. It was no fault of mine, I swear.'

The figure answered not, but looking the wretched man in the face, pointed down to his feet, where two thin, emaciated children crouched, evidently in the last stage of disease and starvation.

'What atonement can you make for this?' was asked in the stern tones the listener knew so well. 'Man! in the enjoyment of what should, under happier auspices, have been mine, what do you say to this?' He pointed down to the crouching children again, sternly yet sadly.

'Anything,' the baronet exclaimed—'anything, so that you do not torture me like this! It is no fault of mine. I did not know. But anything in my power I will do, and do gladly.'

'Well for you that you have spoken thus! You shall complete the work I began in life, and the man called Hector le Gautier shall help you with his aid and counsel.—You have a daughter?'

'I have—your niece Enid. What do you know of her?'

'Much; perhaps more than you.—Listen! and interrupt me at your peril. You may have views for her; perhaps she has chosen for herself. Am I right? But this must not be! Hector le Gautier must wed her!'

'But I have other views. There is already'——

'Do you dare to cross me?' the vision sternly asked. 'Have not I and mine suffered enough at your hands? Promise, or'——

He stopped abruptly, and again the sighing voice whispered 'Beware!' In an agony of terror, the baronet looked round; but the dark eyes never seemed to leave him. So frightened was he, so stricken by this cunningly devised display, that he dared not defy the figure standing there before him.

'I promise,' he shouted at last—'I promise.'

'Tis well,' the vision said. 'From this moment, you are free. You will see me no more; but if you dare swerve a hairbreadth from our compact, then you shall find my vengeance swift and terrible. Geoffrey, farewell!'

'But, Ughtred; one moment more—I'——

A deep shuddering sigh broke the silence, and the figure was gone. Almost distracted, Sir Geoffrey rushed forward to the curtains, which had again fallen, but nothing was there. The smoke cleared away, and once again the room was quiet.

Le Gautier opened his eyes, and gradually life and motion came back to him, as he awoke like a man from a trance. 'Are you satisfied,' he asked, 'with what you have seen?'

'Wonderful!' the trembling baronet replied. 'It was my brother to the life—the very voice even. You heard the compact?'

'I, my dear Sir Geoffrey? No, indeed,' Le

Gautier exclaimed in a voice of great surprise. 'Recollect, I heard nothing; my faculties were torpid; they formed the medium through which sights and sounds were conveyed to you.'

'And you heard absolutely nothing?'

'Absolutely nothing.—But, of course, if there happened to be anything which concerned me, you can tell me at your convenience.—And now, I think we have had enough of spirits for one night, unless you would like something to steady your nerves?'

Sir Geoffrey declined the proffered refreshment, pleading the lateness of the hour and his desire to get home. Le Gautier did not detain him; and after a few words, they parted; the one to dwell upon the startling events of the evening, and the other to complete his plans. It was a neat stroke of Le Gautier's to disclaim any knowledge of the conversation, the rather that the delicate allusion to his relations with Enid were mentioned, and besides which, it acquitted him from any awkward confidences.

'The game is in my hands,' the schemer mused an hour later, as he sat over his last cigar. 'Would any one believe that a man of education, I almost said sense, could be such a fool?—Hector, *mon ami*, you will never starve as long as there is a Charteris in the world. The opportunity has long been coming, but the prize is mine at last;' and with these words, the virtuous young man went to bed, nothing in his dreams telling him that his destruction was only a question of time, and that his life was in the hands of two vengeful women.

KENTISH HOPS.

The country can show few prettier pictures than a hop-garden in a sunny August. The bines twine vigorously round the rustic poles, while the side-shoots hang down in graceful festoons or from pole to pole in tasteful wreaths. Rich clusters of burr hanging from every joint bend down the slender tendrils, until it seems that every moment they must break; and but for tying and stringing, break they often would. But if the graceful plants are picturesque in themselves, it is when viewed as a whole that the hop-garden has its greatest charm. Stretching away in endless succession, until lost in the narrowed distance, is bower upon bower, in which Robin Goodfellow and all his merry crew would be at home. Everywhere there is a wanton luxuriance which seems to belong to nature rather than to industry. The artificial stiffness of the long lines of poles is hidden by their wealth of greenery. In many gardens, too, the hops are still planted in the good old-fashioned style—in groups of three on 'hills'—festooned in irregular triangles, each of them a verdant arbour. Through the masses of foliage, the sunshine gleams merrily, lighting up the bright yellow catkins, and creating a thousand contrasts of light and shade. The pungent sweetness of the air gives an added charm to the picture, which appeals to the several senses with a rare witchery. We have little need, while we have our hop-gardens, to envy the vineyards of more sunny climes; and it may be a national prejudice, but we take leave to doubt whether in point of the picturesque they do not bear the palm. But the comparison is superfluous.

We, as a nation, are proud of our hop-growing counties. We point triumphantly to the 'fruit,' which is, or ought to be, the staple of our national beverage. In one respect, however, the culture of the hop sadly resembles that of the grape. Both are terribly hazardous. Not even the dreaded phylloxera is more devastating than the red spider. The oidium is not more deadly than mould, and both diseases, curiously, require to be treated by sulphuring. Hops, like vines, are subject to plagues of vermin. The hop-fly is a terrible pest, and when, as often happens, it attacks the bines at the same time as mildew, the case is almost hopeless, for sulphuring cannot be employed. According to the popular theory, sulphur, although it revives the blighted bines, makes the fly more vigorous; so that, as the fresh sap rises, it effects such a lodgment in the plant that recovery becomes hopeless. No more dismal spectacle can be imagined than a blighted hop plantation. The blackened bines cling listlessly to the poles. Here and there, a few young but sickly shoots give proof of a vain effort to throw off the pestilence, which seems to threaten the very existence of the parent stem.

Hop-culture, indeed, has manifold dangers in our treacherous climate. In dry seasons, the crop is often so light as hardly to pay for the picking; while, unless there be sunshine and to spare, and, above all, a long spell of warm nights, the burr hardly ripens, and the hops cannot be got in anything like condition. It is not perhaps generally known that although this is a special branch of agriculture, and calls for a high degree of skill and care, there are many varieties of hops which are suited to many different soils, and will thrive under different conditions. It is a common saying in hop counties that one good crop every seven years will pay; so that it may well be asked whether, notwithstanding the risk, a much greater area could not be advantageously put under hops in England? On soils and in situations where the famous 'Goldings' or 'Whitebines' will not do well, 'Grapes' often thrive. Then a kind known by the familiar name of 'Jones's' have long been profitably grown on light and poor land; and on stiff soils, 'Colegates,' a late and very hardy variety, have done well. Flemish red bines, too, although an inferior sort, often succeed in bad years, since they are less susceptible to blight. So there is plenty of choice for agriculturists.

There is good reason for believing that hops were known to the Anglo-Saxons, whether or not they introduced them into Britain; for the name is admittedly derived from the Anglo-Saxon *hoppan*, 'to climb.' There is, however, a distich:

> Turkey, carps, hoppes, pickard, and beer,
> Came into England all in one year—

whence has arisen the notion that the plant was

not known in this kingdom until the time of Henry VIII. But although the method of cultivating the plant in vogue in the Low Countries may then have been first introduced into England, as early as the year 1428 Parliament was petitioned against the hop as a 'wicked weed,' showing that it was then coming into use. It was not, however, until a century later that it became a general ingredient in the manufacture of malt liquors, and it was long chiefly imported; for the plant was not extensively cultivated with us until the beginning of the seventeenth century. The city of London did not look with favour upon the new industry, for they petitioned the Long Parliament against 'two nuisances or offensive commodities which were likely to come into great use and esteem; and that was Newcastle coal in regard of their stench, and hops in regard that they would spoyl the taste of drink and endanger the people.' The petition, however, does not seem to have met with very great success, for both industries soon increased to prodigious proportions. Hops were presently taxed, and became a source of considerable revenue.

Kent was always the chosen hop county. Some seventy thousand acres are now under this crop, and of these, forty thousand are in Kent alone. Farnham is the centre of the hop district of Surrey. Then parts of Hants and Sussex, Essex and Suffolk, Hereford and Worcester, and even so far north as Notts, have long been cropped with hops; and although success has been checkered with failure, the returns as a whole have proved fairly remunerative. The yield is, of course, very variable, ranging from eight to ten hundredweight per acre in a good season, the heaviest crop on record being twenty-five hundredweight, to five and even three or less in a bad one. The prices realised, too, depend so much upon condition and quality that it is only possible to give here the slightest indication. As much as twenty-five pounds per hundredweight has been paid for the first 'pockets' on sale in the Borough; but this is, of course, a phenomenal price. Owing to the immense quantities of foreign hops in the market, prices in an ordinary year seldom rule higher, for all but the very finest sorts, than from nine to thirteen pounds per hundredweight. But although hop cultivation is steadily on the increase in England, it by no means keeps pace with the import trade. Every year we import many hundred thousand hundredweight, of which about half comes from the United States, and the remainder from Australia, Belgium, France, Würtemberg, Central Germany, and Holland. Against this we export only a few thousand hundredweight to India and some of the colonies.

From all this, it will be seen that there is room for a considerable increase in the land under hop cultivation in this country. Nor, if the culture of the plant be strictly subordinated to that of other crops, need the risk be prohibitive. Moreover, a variety of uses have lately been introduced for the waste of the crop. Little, for instance, has hitherto been made out of the bines in this country; but within the last few years they have been experimentally converted into ensilage and found to form at once a valuable feeding material and a useful tonic. Other uses have been found for them abroad. Thus, in Sweden, they have long been treated so that they could be woven into a rough kind of cloth. The process was formerly very tedious, consisting chiefly of soaking them in water all the winter; but it has been greatly expedited by treating them successively with alkaline lye and acetic acid, when the fibre is at once ready for bleaching. This use for hop-bine has, however, for some unknown reason, never attracted much attention in Great Britain. An English patent was once taken out for using the plant for tanning purposes; but, so far as we know, it has never been very successfully used; and the bine is still to a large extent regarded as a waste product, or at best used as litter.

GEORGE HANNAY'S LOVE AFFAIR.

CHAPTER III.—SUCCESS AT LAST.

Alfred Roberton was too politic to make known the full extent of his discomfiture. He made light of the matter: most authors had had their difficulties at first, and why should he expect to escape? He made himself very agreeable to the old gentleman. The short experience he had had of trying to earn money had led him to reflect that a man having a snug going business and a farm worth four or five thousand pounds might not be such an undesirable father-in-law after all, even though he *was* an innkeeper. He threw greater fervour than ever into his manner towards Anne, and talked in a gay and hopeful way of the future. But she was too keen-sighted to be deceived; she read the secret of his crushed hopes in his sunken eyes and cheeks, and was not at all misled by his forced cheerfulness of manner. She forbore to annoy him with prying questions, and affected in the meantime to see as roseate a prospect as he himself did. When the colour came back to his cheeks and he began to look more like his former self, she spoke to him seriously. Would he allow her to see the returned manuscripts?

'You know, Alfred,' she said, 'I have been a great reader of what is called "light literature" in my day, and perhaps I might—from a reader's point of view, you know—happen to light on the secret of your want of success. Give me two or three of your stories, and I will have a look at them before I go to bed to-night.'

He was astonished! To think of this simple country girl proposing to criticise his literary work!

'Well, Nan, I'll select two or three of my best,' he said; 'but I fear you will prove far too indulgent a critic to be a just one.'

'No, Alfred,' the girl replied gravely; 'you need not fear that. You may depend that any faults that I may perceive will be carefully pointed out to you. Don't look for any kid-glove treatment at my hands; and be prepared, in any case, to keep your temper.'

The next morning, after breakfast, she handed him his papers back. He could not possibly

guess from her countenance what her impression had been. Her face had an earnest, but not an altogether unhopeful look about it; certainly, it did not show any signs at all of a wondering admiration for his genius.

'Well, sir, I've read your stories, as I promised I would. I will say all my disagreeable things about them first. To begin: I think they lack the narrative power which leads a reader on, once he has commenced a story, and almost compels him to read it to the finish. Of course he is disappointed at the denouement; but he is equally ready to be cheated again by the next book he takes up, provided the author has the same power to lure him on. I think the first aim of a magazine writer should be to make his stories readable.'

'And are not mine readable?' he said, biting his lips and a frown overshadowing his brow.

'Ah, I see you are wincing, Alfred! But didn't I warn you I would be a severe critic? No; I did not say your stories were *not* readable; but they might be made much more so.'

And to his amazement, this young girl launched into a critical analysis of the plots, characters, and treatment of his three stories; and her remarks, strange to say, pretty closely agreed with those expressed by the ignorant London editors! Nan had verily profited by her old lover's literary conversations; but Alfred knew nothing at all of that. She was then graciously pleased to say a few words of commendation.

'Your style of composition is far too even for that sort of work. It lacks eccentricity'——

'Pardon, Nan!' he interrupted; 'but are you serious? I have hitherto understood eccentricity was considered a blemish in any author's style.'

'Nonsense!' she said. 'If not overdone, it lends a piquancy to writings that without it would attract no attention and be passed by as prosy. When an author happens to hit on a good original phrase, he should "ring the changes" on it. The reader recognises it as an old friend met under new circumstances, and is not at all displeased. An author who can originate a few phrases, put them in his mental kaleidoscope, so to speak, and sprinkle the resulting combinations through his book, is said to have acquired "a style," and his books are sought after.'

'By Jove, Nan, but you surprise me!' he cried, looking at her with a puzzled air. 'What, then, would you advise me to do?'

She was prepared for this question, and had been framing an answer to it in her mind for some days past. Obviously, the most sensible advice was for him to abandon his literary dreams, and settle down to the pursuit of his profession. But then sensible advice is rarely palatable, and still more rarely adopted. That he was determined to make a mark of some kind in literature, was evident, and she rather admired her lover's indomitable pluck, in refusing to accept as final the unfavourable criticisms of London editors. If he hadn't been her lover, she would probably have called it 'stupid obstinacy.' She therefore determined to urge him on in his literary projects; he was undoubtedly clever, and was certain, sooner or later, to see his productions in print. When he reached that goal, the glamour which possessed him would probably vanish; and he would then most likely return to his profession, as a surer road to success and distinction.

'Did you ever try the *Olympic*, Alfred?' she said.

'O no,' he rejoined. 'You see, it is more of a review. Besides, it is a very high-class, exclusive magazine, and one not at all likely to encourage beginners like me.'

'I know they don't publish stories,' continued Nan; 'but they have often short descriptive articles. Now, I was thinking if you were to send the editor a short sketch of some kind in your very best style, he might perhaps put it in.'

'And what kind of sketch would you propose?' he inquired.

'What would you think of "A Summer Ramble in Kirkcudbright?" she replied. 'The editor belongs to that quarter; and if the description of the scenery and folks were well done, I think he might put it in.'

'A capital idea, Nan. Why, I'll set about it at once,' he said impetuously.

Alfred went to work with renewed hope and vigour. After ten days' alternate rambling and writing, he one evening announced that his paper was finished, and read it over to Nan in the parlour. On the whole she gave a favourable verdict on its merits; and it was sealed up and duly addressed to the editor of the *Olympic*. She had insisted on him using a *nom de plume*. He chose that of 'Ariel;' and the address was: 'Post-office, Glenluce.—To lie till called for.'

The evening passed pleasantly in chat and song; and when Nan rose to bid good-bye for the night, she said: 'By-the-bye, Alfred, you had better give me your letter with the manuscript. I will see the postman as he passes in the morning, and hand it to him.'

'Nonsense, Nan!' he returned. 'Why, the mail-gig passes before six o'clock. There's no use in disturbing you so early. I will hand it to him myself.'

She was inexorable in her request, however, and ended the dispute by playfully seizing the letter, and tripping up-stairs before he could prevent her. Once in the privacy of her own room, a strange change came over her. With knitted brow and compressed lips, she slowly paced the apartment. Evidently, she was making up her mind on some important resolve. At last she clasped her hands and whispered to herself: 'Yes; I'll do it—but is it fair?'

She had a tired and drowsy look next day; and when Alfred asked if she had been in time to give the postman the all-important letter, she answered somewhat petulantly in the affirmative. After a time he took to walking to Glenluce daily to see if there were any letters for 'Ariel.' For ten days he came back empty-handed and dispirited; on the eleventh he bounced into Nan's private parlour in a state of wild delight.

'I knew it—I was sure of it, Nan!' he cried, 'that the moment my writings came before a competent judge they would be fully appreciated. Look! here is a bank draft for twenty pounds. It only took me ten days to write the sketch.

Why, it is payment at the rate of six hundred a year!'

'Was there a note with it?' she asked quietly.

'Yes; a precious short one, though. "The editor of the *Olympic* acknowledges receipt of Ariel's manuscript, which he accepts, and begs to inclose bank draft for twenty pounds as an honorarium." That is all.'

'The editor has remunerated you very handsomely, I think,' she said, continuing her sewing. 'But mind that one swallow does not make a summer. Don't be too sanguine. Other editors may not be so generous to you.'

'Stuff!' he replied loftily. 'Do you mean to say he would have sent so much unless he knew he had got value, good value for it too? Do you know, Nan, I made up my mind, after getting the letter, to start for London to-morrow? I'll call on the editor of the *Olympic*—perhaps he may'——

'On no account must you do that, Alfred!' she cried, dropping her sewing, and with a terrified look in her face. 'Go to London, if you think proper; though I think you would be foolishly spending money in doing so. But you mustn't call on the editor.'

'And why mustn't I call on him?' he said in a displeased tone of voice.

'I have reasons—private reasons of my own, Alfred, to wish you to refrain from doing so,' she replied a little awkwardly. 'I cannot explain them to you just yet; perhaps I may again. Meantime, you must promise me solemnly not to call on him, or send him any more contributions, unless you choose to do so in your own name. On no account must he be made aware that you are "Ariel." Remember, it was through my advice you scored this first success; continue to follow it, for I can assure you it is for your own good.'

He grumbled a good deal, but in the end agreed to the restriction imposed on him. He held firm, however, to his intention of going to London; and Anne did not press her objections further. He could not understand why she was not more elated at this auspicious beginning of his literary career. In fact, he fancied he saw a pained expression passing over her countenance, when, in the exuberance of his spirits, he enlarged on the brilliancy of his prospects in the metropolis. Somehow or another, the success of 'A Summer Ramble in Kirkcudbright' detracted from rather than added to the happiness of the lovers. The slightest possible degree of coldness sprung up between them. He was annoyed, and even felt some distrust at the prohibition put on him regarding the *Olympic*. That Nan was annoyed at something, was apparent; but whether it was his anxiety to leave her and be off to the scene of his future triumphs, or what it was, was not very apparent. The only one who enjoyed unalloyed satisfaction from the event was old Mr Porteous. The bank draft convinced him more than a thousand arguments that there was money in literature, and that his proposed son-in-law possessed the Open Sesame to its stores. He had far too high an opinion of his old friend the editor's sense than to suppose he would have given twenty pounds for a short sketch unless it was of real merit. These reflections made him a trifle more cordial to Alfred than he had yet been; and when he and Nan drove him to the railway station, they all parted the best of friends, the lovers promising to correspond punctually as before.

A HUMBLE SPRIG OF NOBILITY.

A RED RIVER STORY.

Towards the close of the last century, Mr Beauchamp, a young Englishman of good family—a friend of Pitt, Fox, Burke, and Sheridan—entered a large mercantile house in London with a view, it was supposed, of ultimately becoming a partner therein. With this firm he passed the earlier years of his manhood. With the single exception of having lost both his parents in his youth, he was regarded as a singularly fortunate individual; and at the age of nineteen he formed a matrimonial engagement with Julia Middleton, a young lady of considerable prospective wealth, and of remarkable personal attractions. But just at the time when an announcement of the marriage was expected by the friends on both sides, Mr Beauchamp disappeared in a mysterious manner; and neither the parents nor Miss Middleton had any explanation of the cause of his disappearance, or whither he had gone. It was, however, but a nine days' wonder; and all minds, but one, ceased to trouble themselves further about the matter. *That* one was the poor girl herself, who was deeply attached to her lover. Whenever any hint was thrown out which cast a doubt over the moral rectitude of Henry Beauchamp's character, she indignantly repudiated the idea, and would believe no evil concerning him that originated in mere conjecture on the part of the speaker.

It must be borne in mind that at the period of which we are writing, international communication was not carried on with the same speed and facility as in these days, and a considerable time elapsed ere it became known that Henry Beauchamp had embarked for Canada. But of his real whereabouts nothing was known for years. The facts we are about to record were divulged to us by a lady to whom we shall hereafter refer. He had, it appeared, entered into business with a Fur Trading Company, and with them he passed many years in a country called 'The Kepigong,' between Lake Superior and James Bay. Half a century ago, traders were often men of low type, who led lax and vicious lives. As ill-luck would have it, it was amongst such a class that the young adventurer chanced to fall. Out in that wild territory, with no sort of restraint on his actions, in the midst of lawless and strange companions, he often fell a victim to their evil influence and example, and his very weakness and ignorance made him an easy prey to their wiles and cupidity. If he made money, they cheated him out of it. He was often reduced to the brink of starvation; and at one period he subsisted for two months on a miserable species of fish called 'suckers.'

After countless trials and vicissitudes, he obtained employment at Lake Winnipeg, where he passed another decade; but even there his evil genius seemed to pursue him, for he received accidentally the contents of a loaded gun in his leg, which wound caused him at times great

suffering throughout his whole life. But he was a man of pluck and courage, and would never yield to any obstacle which perseverance could overcome. Having resolved to try his fortunes on his own account in a district involving several hundred miles of travel, he provided himself with a couple of horses, and set out attended by one serving-man. On they went till nightfall through a wild uninhabited region, where nature asserted her right to repose in their wearied limbs and aching spirits. So, having first picketed their horses, they lay down to rest in the best shelter they could find. Feeling amply refreshed by daybreak, they determined to continue their journey with no further halt till eventide. But alas for their horses! The animals had either decamped or been stolen, probably the former. After some cogitation as to the next step to be taken, Mr Beauchamp decided to send his servant in quest of the animals, whilst he remained at his post. The day passed, the night pressed onwards, and morning dawned without either horses or man having appeared. Unprovided with a compass, chart, or guide of any description, Mr Beauchamp then felt how futile his hopes must prove—that the poor man had probably lost his way, and that there would be no more meeting between them.

For a while utterly disconsolate, the solitary traveller bethought him of retracing his steps; but when he attempted to walk, he found himself so broken down by fatigue and over-exertion that he could only limp along, or drag his wearied body on all-fours. Finally, 'worn out,' as he himself expressed it, 'both in body and mind,' and when within but ten miles of his trading-post, he lay down with the fervent hope that death would put an end to such torture; but not liking the idea of his body being devoured by wild animals, he crawled about to get together branches of trees wherewith to cover himself. But in spite of all the man had suffered, death was still to be balked of its prey. Some Red Indians fortunately came upon him, and by his discoverers he was kindly cared for and nourished, and taken to his post, where, after some weeks, he gradually recovered.

Was it retribution or destiny, or what, that made him again such a cruel martyr to circumstances in the next episode of his career? After Lord Selkirk began to colonise the Red River, Mr Beauchamp gave up his prospects in the Fur Company and turned settler. In opposition to the Hudson's Bay Company, another had been formed, called the North-West Company. Between the two there was great rivalry and jealousy. At the instigation of some of its people, Mr Beauchamp was made prisoner, thrown into a dungeon in Fort-William, and from thence taken to Montese, where his alleged trial was to take place, without his ever having been told of the crime whereof he was accused. After weeks of weary waiting and dread expectation, he was set at liberty without a single question having been put to him, the sole object of his oppressors having been to detach him from Lord Selkirk's interest, which they considered was synonymous with that of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Lord Selkirk's agents having meanwhile discovered that a plot was hatching at M'Gillivray's house in Montreal—and the nucleus of the North-West Company—to upset altogether the infant settlement at Red River, Mr Beauchamp volunteered to set off at once and convey the first intelligence of this Guy Fawkes business to the poor unsuspecting colonists. To this end, he started for Moose Factory, in James Bay, in an Indian canoe. When about midway, he was overtaken by the rigours of a Canadian winter, with all its impediments to continued and safe travel. He had to walk to the above-named Factory, and thence along the coast of Hudson's Bay to Albury, Severn, and York factories, and on to Red River—a journey of two thousand miles, a feat which only a nature inured to privation and hardship such as we have described, together with the substratum of an iron constitution, could possibly have performed.

On the night of Mr Beauchamp's arrival at his destination, there happened to be some kind of bacchanalian revelries going on in true military style, got up by the commandant at Fort Douglas, Red River. In these our adventurer took part, but in a way that did not greatly redound to his credit. Nothing, it may be presumed, was known there of his antecedents, and as he was heart and soul devoted to Red River, he was advised to find a wife amongst the native women of Caledonia residing on the spot. The choice was soon made of a widow, and in the absence of any clergyman, the knot was tied by the civil magistrate. Shortly after, his pecuniary affairs being now in a satisfactory condition, he resolved to return to England. Whilst there, a longing came over him to see once more the love of his youth and to ask her forgiveness for the past and the boon of her friendship in his declining years. More than thirty years had elapsed since they parted, but the lady had never married. After the death of her parents, she had come into possession of a fortune, and had a handsome establishment in Portman Square. There she resided for the rest of her life, and there, too, she saw again the friend of her youth, and received his explanation. What that explanation was, never passed her lips. We may be sure that no man of birth, fortune, and social position would have sacrificed all for a trifle, and become to all intents and purposes an outlaw.

It was during this sojourn in England that he formed the plan of a 'Buffalo Wool Company,' making himself the managing partner. It turned out a miniature South Sea Bubble, for it left Mr Beauchamp minus six thousand pounds. He had returned to Canada in 1820, and an occasional interchange of letters with Miss Middleton followed. In his perfect diction and finished phrases there was still much to remind her of the fascinating polished friend of her youth, from whose pen she had received an unvarnished account of his strange career. In testimony of this, a touching record was found amongst her papers at her decease, which took place some years after that of Mr Beauchamp. When the news reached him in 1826 of the failure of his last venture, the shock it gave him reduced his fine athletic form in a few weeks to a shadow. He was first attacked by delirium, and then fell into a state of absolute despondency. But his mental faculties completely recovered their power; and just at the most critical period of his illness,

he was received and cared for by the English chaplain and his wife. When sufficiently restored, he sought some new means of employment which involved neither risk nor outlay. His last occupation was the mastership of a private boarding-school for the families of the Company's officers at the Red River. In this way he managed to support himself and his family until his death. He used to speak of himself to the clergyman's wife as 'a humble sprig of nobility,' and had ingeniously drawn out a genealogical tree—still in the possession of this lady's family—tracing his descent from Richard Cœur-de-Lion.

A1 AT LLOYD'S.

A 1 at Lloyd's is a sufficiently familiar expression; it meets our eye in the newspaper paragraph; it stares at us from the wall-placard; and it haunts us in Fenchurch Street, E.C., Water Street, Liverpool, and other chosen homes of shipowners. Every one recognises in it a nautical equivalent for 'first quality;' but here information on the subject usually ends. As Lloyd's Register of British and Foreign Shipping, the institution granting the title in question, has not long since celebrated its jubilee, we believe a short account of the origin of that undertaking and of the work in which it is engaged may prove of interest.

The business of underwriting or insuring against marine risks is of very ancient date; to say that it existed among the Phœnicians takes us back a long way in the world's history; and as a necessary preliminary to legitimate underwriting, as distinguished from mere chance-work, lies, and must ever have lain, in knowing that the vessel proposed to be insured is seaworthy, we may also claim for the business of the ship-surveyor a respectable antiquity.

The primitive underwriter was probably a man with a practical knowledge of ships, and who, when asked to insure a certain vessel, surveyed it himself. As business increased, however the inconvenience attending this system would soon make itself felt, and the obvious expedient of the underwriter employing a skilled man to make the survey for him and send in a report, would be adopted. From an underwriter receiving reports of the condition of individual ships, to his arranging these in tabular form, is but a step; and from individual underwriters drawing up such lists for their own guidance, to their agreeing generally to place them at the service of their brothers in the business, is but another, although the length of time that elapsed ere this latter result was reached was doubtless considerable. The oldest classified list of shipping extant dates only from the beginning of the reign of George III.; but this document—of which more anon—bears unmistakable internal evidence of being at the time no novelty.

Our story opens during the early years of the reign of Charles II.; English colonies across the sea were beginning to prosper; English commerce, notwithstanding oppressive fiscal laws, was on the increase, and the business of the underwriter naturally followed. London was then, as now, the headquarters of the marine insurance business of the country; and the city coffee-houses, then but of recent origin, were the common meeting-places of all connected with the shipping interest: it is the name of the proprietor of one of these establishments that now lives in that of the great corporation of Lloyd's.

Edward Lloyd is one of those men of whom we would gladly know more than history has brought down to us, but of whose personality apart from his work we know practically nothing, even his proper name having been lost, until recovered by the researches of a recent writer. Finding his house in Tower Street regularly frequented by underwriters, Lloyd—who must have been a man of great ability and foresight—appears to have formed the resolution of making it the headquarters of the business; and to this end, gave facilities for meetings, arranged for sales of vessels and cargoes, started a newspaper, and practically identified his interests with those of his patrons. The newspaper was short-lived, being suppressed by government; but his labours were rewarded by his seeing his establishment—latterly removed to Lombard Street—the centre of marine insurance business not only for London but for the kingdom. Three generations of underwriters met at the Lombard Street coffee-house, and when, in 1770, having formed an association, they removed to premises of their own, and shortly after to the Royal Exchange, they took the name of their old headquarters with them; and thus it has come about that the greatest marine insurance corporation the world has seen owes its name, and to a certain extent its origin, to a London coffee-house keeper at the time of the Restoration, to whose memory the foreign shipowning Companies' titles of 'Austrian Lloyd's,' 'North German Lloyd's,' 'Argentine Lloyd's,' &c. are additional tributes. The classified list of shipping already referred to as the oldest extant is dated 1764, but is, unfortunately, somewhat mutilated. The work is arranged in a form very similar to that of the register books of to-day, giving in parallel columns the name of the vessel, tonnage, date of building, owner, &c.; and also what is evidently intended for a character or class, one or other of the vowels A, E, &c., in conjunction with the letters G, M, or B. The key to this system of classification is missing; but Mr Martin, the historian of Lloyd's, has surmised, with every appearance of justice, that the vowels refer to the character of the hull of the vessel; and the accompanying letters, being the initials of the words *good*, *middling*, and *bad*, to the character of the equipment; A G being thus a good, well-equipped ship, and U B the reverse.

How to express satisfactorily the condition of a ship by means of symbols was evidently about this time a disputed point, as in a register dated four years later an entirely new system appears, the letters *a*, *b*, *c* being used in conjunction with the Roman numerals 1, 2, 3, 4. Under this system, *a* 1, an approximation to the now familiar character, represented a good vessel; and *c* 4 its antithesis. Seven years later still, in 1775, the vowels again make their appearance for expressing the character of the hull, the Roman numerals being retained, and A 1, as the symbol for a first-class ship, comes on the scene. To decide what shall be the classification letters or numerals used in describing ships of varying character is one thing; to give to each ship the class to which

it is justly entitled is another and decidedly more difficult matter. So the London underwriters found; but instead of treating the question as one in which many interests were involved, they treated it as concerning themselves alone, and, during the closing years of last century, came to a decision the sole merit of which was its simplicity. The London shipbuilders of the day got a better price for their work than the builders at other ports, and consequently were able to, and admittedly did, turn out a better ship. Further, it might be *primâ facie* supposed that a ship, built even on the Thames, was not so good after being afloat ten years as on the day of its launch. Putting these two things together, the compilers of the Register decided to class ships simply according to their age and where they were built; such events as a ship newly built on the Tees being occasionally better than a Thames-built craft of the same size that had been knocking about the seas for five years; or a thirteen-year-old ship under good management being actually in better repair and more seaworthy than an eight-year-old one in careless hands, being held to be contingencies needless to provide against. It was hardly to be supposed that the shipowners would agree to a system of classification which practically placed a monopoly in the hands of certain builders, and which decreed that existing ships after a certain period would lose their class, no matter how perfect their state of repair; and the result of indignation meetings on the subject was the starting of a new Register of shipping; thereafter known as the 'Red Book;' the former, or underwriters' register, being known as the 'Green Book.' From the date of founding of the Red Book, the history of ship-classification, from being fragmentary, becomes continuous; and, had the popular saying, that competition is the life of trade, been of universal application, great advance might have been looked for; the law of supply and demand, however, stopped the way. There was not sufficient work for the two Registers; each found it difficult to meet its expenses without taxing its supporters; and although, during the thirty odd years the rivalry lasted, some advance was made, still, during the whole of that period the relationships of shipbuilders, shipowners, shippers, and underwriters one to the other were on an unsatisfactory footing. Nowadays, it is recognised—and no one thinks of disputing the justice of the arrangement—that the shipowner, being clearly the person most interested in his ship bearing a high class, should pay the expense of all surveys. This apparently elementary truth was, however, far from being recognised sixty years ago, the opinion then being that the interested parties were the shippers and underwriters.

After the close of the war with Bonaparte, when privateering was a thing of the past, and convoys of frigates were no longer required, the shipping trade of England rapidly increased; each Register was impelled to keep pace with its rival in adding to its number of ships registered, and the expense of surveys increased in proportion, the number of subscribers remaining but little altered. This was the beginning of the end. By the time that a fourth of the present century had elapsed, the rival Registers were in a hopeless condition; but ten years more of trouble and dispute had to pass ere differences were adjusted, jealousies set at rest; and the 'Red' and the 'Green' now united, commenced a fresh career of usefulness under the title of 'Lloyd's Register of British and Foreign Shipping,' the new departure dating from January 1835. The Committee of management of the new Register was supposed to represent in equal proportions the interests of the shipowners, shippers, and underwriters, and, so far as London was concerned, it doubtless did so. With, however, that preference for men and things metropolitan, not unknown yet on the banks of the Thames, the interests of the other shipping ports of the United Kingdom received scant recognition, and the result was the perpetuation of grievances, the effects of which have lasted to our own day. Of much greater importance than the mere union of the rival Registers was the adoption of the system of surveying and classification, which, although improved in detail to an extent then undreamt of, is in operation still. It was settled that henceforth vessels were to be classed on their own merits as at date of survey; that the class should be fixed by the committee on the report of the surveyor; that vessels built with a view to class should be under survey during the course of construction; and that the shipowner should pay the survey fees.

At the date of the founding of Lloyd's Register, and for untold generations before, the one material used for building ships was wood. Long experience had made its properties common knowledge, and it might reasonably be supposed that shipbuilders would long since have come to an agreement as to the dimensions, say, of the ribs, keel, or planking of a ship of given size; such, however, was far from being the case. Owing, possibly, in part to the fact of ships built at one port being assumed inferior to those built at another, and the builders accepting the situation, and certainly in part to the fact that the rule of thumb was then the leading rule in British naval architecture, the practice in one part of the country differed widely from that in another. To induce the adoption of a uniform scale of ship scantlings founded on the best practice was one of the first tasks attempted by the Committee; but while its members were yet considering the proportions of wooden ships, an influence was at work in the world that was shortly to render their labours of small account. Along with the old familiar click of the calker's mallet, the dwellers by river-banks began to hear mingle a new sound, the rattle of the riveter's hammer; and by the time Lloyd's Register had completed its tenth year of work, the *Great Britain* had crossed the Atlantic, and the Iron Age had come. The ship-designer found his business brought back at a single step to the experimental stage, and the Committee and surveying staff of Lloyd's Register found that they had a new business to learn. It is probable that every branch of human industry has been, at one period or another of its history, the subject of trade secrets; iron shipbuilding in its earlier days was no exception, and, as no builder thought it his interest to initiate Lloyd's Register, that body had no share

in the development of the iron ship. This was probably the best arrangement; the days of competitive tenders and 'poor man's ships' were yet in the future; and the men who launched the *Great Britain*, the *Persia*, and the *Great Eastern*, were more in a position to teach than to be taught. In 1844, Lloyd's Register agreed, for the first time, to give the A 1 class to iron ships built under their survey, on the surveyors' report that they were of good and substantial materials and workmanship; and eleven years later, their first rules for iron ship-construction were issued.

Landsmen who voyaged in the wooden ships of the past were but too familiar with the creaking that went on without intermission whenever weather of a certain degree of roughness was met with. This was due to a slight rubbing of the timbers one on another, and was no sign of weakness, it being impossible with a yielding material like wood to drive bolts absolutely tight. The amount of straining and actual distortion that a wooden ship might undergo and yet remain fairly seaworthy, was astonishing; and a go-ahead skipper preferred a springy ship to a stiff one. With iron, the conditions were entirely changed; rigidity proved essential to safety, and loose fastenings were fatal. It was this necessity for rigidity that made it possible to frame constructive rules from the observation of the behaviour of comparatively *new* ships, old and tried ones not being then in existence. On examining an iron ship after a single voyage, the surveyor, provided always the painter had not been at work before his arrival, could point unchallenged to the weak points of her structure—started joints, cracked plates, and bent bars, telling their tale only too plainly. For reasons which are not far to seek, but which need not be entered upon here, the rules for the construction of iron vessels issued by Lloyd's Register in 1855 did not meet the success their framers intended. Greatly improved rules were issued in 1863; but it was not until 1870 that the Committee emancipated itself from various obsolete ideas, and, under the guidance of the honoured gentleman who now holds the position of Secretary to the Register, issued rules in the form now existing. Various editions of these rules appeared from time to time, each more comprehensive than its predecessor; for some years past they have been issued annually; and those now current leave little to be desired so far as completeness is concerned. Lloyd's Register grants three leading classes—namely, 100 A, 90 A, and 80 A; the numeral 1, making 100 A 1, being added to keep up the time-honoured classification mark. The system of classification a century ago provided, as we have seen, for differing qualities of outfit in ships otherwise bearing the same character, and the numerals 1, 2, 3, &c. were used accordingly; but the fact has come to be recognised that a good ship with a bad or insufficient outfit is practically a bad ship, and the 100 A class is not granted unless the outfit be up to the requirements of the numeral 1.

In addition to the above-named classes, Lloyd's Register will survey and grant the class A for a vessel designed for almost any desired service, the plans being submitted for their approval; for instance, the swift steamers that carry the mails in connection with the South-Eastern Railway are classed 'A. Folkestone and Boulogne Passenger Service.' These special classes, however, are not taken advantage of to any great extent.—Two classes of surveys are held—the 'Ordinary' and the 'Special.' The first consists in a given number of visits paid to a ship at certain periods during construction; the second, in a systematic inspection of the vessel at short intervals, from the time of laying the keel to that of certifying to the anchors and cables being the proper weight. The first of these, as might be imagined, is open to various drawbacks; and few shipowners who desire a class at Lloyd's hesitate to incur the somewhat greater expense of a 'special survey,' which, as it includes the machinery also if the vessel be a steamer, practically saves the expense of a private inspector. Lloyd's survey only extends to the *structure* of the ship, and takes no account of the fitting-up of the cabins and other work connected with the accommodation or comfort of crew and passengers; the class meaning simply that, in the opinion of the Committee, the ship is strong and seaworthy. The work of surveying is carried on in the United Kingdom by about one hundred surveyors, who give their whole time to it; in addition, about three-fourths of this number scattered throughout the world give their services in part. The Committee of management, whose headquarters is in Cornhill, consists of fifty members, representing the different ports of the country, although by no means in proportion to their relative standing, London securing about half the total representation. The Register Book, which represents the results of the labours of Committee and surveyors, is a ponderous volume, and gives the particulars of all the vessels now afloat that have received Lloyd's classification, in addition to the particulars of numbers of other vessels not so classed; in fact, the Register Book is a great shipping directory, the ship, not the owner, being the leading feature.

Lloyd's Register is not alone in the field of surveying and classifying ships. Liverpool up till a year ago had a registry of its own, the 'Liverpool Underwriters' Registry.' This has now united itself with Lloyd's Register, a fact which, for some reasons, is to be regretted. Paris is the headquarters of the 'Bureau Veritas,' an undertaking whose classification is in repute in Scandinavia, North Germany, the Netherlands, and France; and which maintains a staff of surveyors in the United Kingdom. This undertaking is not a representative one, and on this ground has been objected to. It is doing useful work, nevertheless; and its system of classification is superior to Lloyd's, inasmuch as it takes into account the service for which the vessel is intended. A kindred institution to the 'Bureau Veritas' looks after the shipping of Italy, and is known in this country as the 'Italian Veritas;' while the 'American Lloyd's' controls to a certain extent the building of ships on the Delaware, but is unknown in this country, on account of the well-known navigation laws by which only native-built craft can sail under the stars and stripes.

Classification Societies are not an unmixed benefit to the community, still less have they

an unmixed influence for good on the design of ships. Theoretically perfect rules would proportion the strength of every individual ship to the *work* it had to do; but, as Lloyd's Committee, through whose hands the designs for over eight hundred ships probably pass in the course of a year, have no possible time for going into such detail, standard types of vessel have been adopted, the designs submitted being compared with these on the basis of their *dimensions* alone. The natural result of this is that ships are in many cases built to suit Lloyd's type; and the art of the ship-designer but too often has degenerated into getting the maximum of advantage out of certain dimensions which are known to bring the vessel just within the limits of one of these types.

In the days gone by, ships were built for a certain trade, and kept at it, the East Indiaman, the West Indiaman, and the Atlantic packet seldom interfering with each other. The leading steamship Companies naturally adhere to this system still; but, during recent years, hundreds of individually owned ships have been set afloat, designed for no special trade, but simply to carry the maximum cargo on the minimum cost wherever a freight offers itself. It is largely from the necessity of making its rules applicable to these privateers of trade that the frequently grumbled-at oppressiveness of Lloyd's Register arises. This brings us to notice that some first-class steamship Companies do not class their vessels at all; and it may cause surprise to many to know that of those steamers whose rapid passages across the Atlantic have made their names familiar, the majority are *not* A 1 at Lloyd's. The reason for this is simply, that a skilful designer who knows thoroughly the requirements of the service for which a ship is intended can always turn out a better and more economical vessel than one built to class, a fact which more of the leading steamship Companies will doubtless come to recognise before long. The rules of Lloyd's Register for the construction of iron vessels are growing in stringency from year to year; a vessel built to class ten years ago, and which has proved her efficiency by doing the work for which she was designed during all that period without a complaint, would, if built to-day, require a large percentage of additional weight put into her structure to bring her strength up to the demands of the current rules. That this is so is due to the fact that, up till quite recently, Lloyd's Register has taken account of one element only out of the several that the question of the safety of a ship on the ocean involves. For years past, the aim of the Committee has been to take from the shipbuilder more and more of the responsibility which he at one time bore for the strength of the vessels he builds, until now his share is practically *nil*; while it has been but too evident for years past, from the disclosures that now and again have been elicited before the Commissioner of Wrecks, that a good ship may be badly stowed, overloaded, or undermanned, and, under such circumstances, be in much greater danger from sea-risks than a far inferior ship in good hands.

The aim of Lloyd's Register is the protection of the shippers and underwriters against undue risks, and the present high rates of marine insurance show that this protection is not what it might be. If the trouble and expense now devoted to securing strong vessels are not to continue to be thrown away, as they certainly are at present in a fair percentage of cases, the Committee will require to take steps to insure that a ship bearing their highest class shall not take the sea with a cargo badly stowed, an insufficient crew, or too little freeboard. The question of freeboard is already engaging attention; the other points cannot long be left in their present state; and the day will then come when shippers will think with wonder on the times when premiums at the rate of ten per cent. were paid for insuring cargoes in ships that were 100 A 1 at Lloyd's.

DESTRUCTIVE INSECTS.

The Agricultural Department has issued two Reports by Mr C. Whitehead, F.L.S., F.G.S., dealing with Destructive Insects. The first of these treats of 'Insects Injurious to Hop-plants.' In the opinion of the writer, there is an increased and increasing risk of loss and destruction from injurious insects to many of the crops cultivated in this country. We scarcely grow anything exempt from the ravages of these pests. They attack corn of all kinds, fruit-trees, hop-plants, clover, turnips, mangold-wurzel, &c. Although some kinds are well known and long known, others are new, or, at anyrate, they have only recently been noticed. In certain instances they appear to have been imported with the plant, as, for example, the mangold-wurzel fly, *Anthomyia betæ*, which, within the last five years—contrary to the opinion of Curtis, who, writing in 1859, thought its injuries would not be of much consequence—has wrought much mischief. The turnip-fly again, which originally fed upon charlock and other cruciferous plants, has now quitted these, because the turnip supplies more suitable food. With its increased cultivation, this fly has multiplied enormously, as the farmer knows to his cost, for, in seasons favourable to its development, it sometimes destroys whole fields and causes great loss.

Cultivation is not only favourable to such old offenders, but it seems to have introduced entirely new ones; at least, the farmer now finds that wheat, clover, and other crops raised by rotation in the same fields, suffer injuries from insects, which, if they existed formerly, escaped notice. It may be, however, that the scientific spirit of late introduced into agriculture has only just discovered what in many cases has always been going on. At the same time, it is universally admitted that the destruction occasioned by insects is larger than ever it was, and that there are insects at work in the fields which were little, if at all, known to our forefathers.

One very good reason for the progressive increase of agricultural plagues is that they multiply proportionately at a much quicker rate than the plants on which they feed. We are actually rearing them artificially, and the problem is how to cultivate crops without at the same time cultivating these parasites. High-farming, by pampering plants, no doubt renders

them more delicate and more liable to attack; but perhaps we help to make our own trouble by not exercising ordinary caution. Certain it is that destructive insects are imported into, as they are exported out of, this country. The agricultural produce which we bring from various parts of the world must contain many unwelcome visitors, though, fortunately, our climate does not agree with the majority of them. Like the famous Colorado Beetle, even if allowed a fair chance, they would scarcely thrive. Others there are with the Scotsman's reputation of being able to do well anywhere. They only require a suitable plant to feel perfectly at home. They sometimes get 'assisted' emigration at the cost of their favourites, like the hop aphis, which was introduced into America among hop-roots sent from England. The former country has by entomologists been styled 'the home of insects;' but, to Europe's loss, one highly interesting though destructive American crossed the Atlantic—namely, the phylloxera, so destructive to vines. An individual that undergoes various puzzling transformations is not readily identified, and the hop aphis, having these disguises, has alarming opportunities of getting a footing where it is least wanted. Indeed, all such destructive insects should receive more study than they have hitherto obtained. Within the last few years, scale insects were introduced into the Californian orange groves from Australia; and orange, citron, and lemon growers in other parts of the world are now complaining of pests of a similar nature. Considering the evil which has been already accomplished, it is highly important that farmers, fruit-growers, gardeners, and all who cultivate the land should be made acquainted with all that is known regarding the insects which attack their several crops.

The hop-plant in particular has many enemies, some of them so destructive, that if not checked, they would soon ruin the grower. Within the last thirty years, it is believed the liability of this plant to attack by insects has considerably increased. Hop-planters assert that insects now destroy their crops which were not known in the plantations until recently. Mr Whitehead selects ten of the most troublesome species, and gives descriptions of each insect, together with its life-history, its modes of attack, and the injury to the hop resulting therefrom; also a detailed account of methods of prevention, and of measures which have been found efficacious in stopping or alleviating these attacks.

Mr Whitehead originally intended to confine his second Report to insects injurious to corn-crops; but as the work progressed, it was found desirable to include those destructive to grass-crops, as some insects are common to both. While dealing with cereals, he also thought it well to treat pulse, under which title are included plants such as peas, beans, and tares, and to describe the principal insects which affect them, especially as they are all crops liable to be attacked by the same insects. A description of a genus the most injurious to different kinds of clover, is also given. To include comparatively harmless insects in a work which is intended not so much for scientific purposes as to enlighten farmers and others regarding the pests which molest them most, was not necessary. For sufficient reasons it has been found most expedient neither to arrange them alphabetically nor according to a recognised scientific classification, but to take the insects of each group as far as possible in the order of their injurious effects. Indeed, there are included what, in the scientific acceptation of the term, are not insects at all. But the Report was written to convey useful and practical instruction to the cultivators of the soil, and wisely it was done in the manner which was likely to benefit them most. 'With regard to these' (the chief pests), Mr Whitehead writes, 'it has been endeavoured to collect all the information that is known about them, and to bring this down to the latest date. It is believed that each monograph is a *résumé* of all that is known of its subject, of its life-history, and the means of prevention, and remedies against it. It is admitted that in several instances the information is still imperfect; and in compiling this series of Reports, I have been more than ever impressed with the necessity of enlisting skilled workers in this cause, as well as of urging and encouraging habits of observation amongst those who superintend the cultivation of the land and those who work upon it.'

A NURSE.

A NURSE, a simple nurse; to the unthinking
Only a nurse, and nothing but a name:
A patient woman in her round of duty,
Living and dying all unknown to fame.

Only a nurse, a messenger of mercy,
An angel sent unto our suffering race,
With quiet step, and tender hand of healing,
Divinest pity on her gentle face.

When all the world lies wrapt in quiet slumber,
Save the poor sufferer moaning on his bed,
Whose watchful eye with Christian love keeps vigil
Through the long night with silent softened tread!

Only a nurse, in duty all unshrinking;
Before such scenes, man's stouter heart would quail:
See there! that sweet, fair girl, in sorest trial
Is at her post, nor will her courage fail.

The fever we but terror-struck encounter,
Or fly before with selfish, coward dread;
While nurse and doctor hasten to the rescue,
And stand unflinching by the stricken bed.

Hark! that weird bell—an accident at midnight;
The nurse and doctor, wakeful, close at hand,
Who minister to suffering or dying,
The hospital's heroic little band!

There you or I may in our need find refuge,
With kindly help and loving tender care;
Respect we give those brave, unselfish women,
And night and day, remember them in prayer.

E. M. C.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

All Rights Reserved.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL
OF
POPULAR
LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART
Fifth Series
ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832
CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)

No. 147.—Vol. III. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1886. Price 1½d.

THE MAORIS' FIGHT FOR LIFE.

BY A NEW ZEALANDER.

An absorbing struggle is going on in New Zealand at present—a struggle of life and death to a gallant and interesting people. The Maoris are apparently making a last stand for existence. Like all savage peoples, they have hitherto been 'melting away' at the approach of the whites, until now it is believed they number barely forty thousand throughout the entire colony; whereas in 1835, before English colonisation had commenced in earnest, careful observers estimated that nearly two hundred thousand natives ranged the woods and navigated the rivers and seas of the colony. Captain Cook, probably less accurately, placed his estimate at four hundred thousand. Certain it is that from the time we have first known them, the Maoris, like the Kanakas of the South Sea Islands and the Red Indians of North America, have gone on steadily and even rapidly diminishing in numbers. Just now there is reason to hope that this process of extinction has received a check, and the race seems gathering together all its energies to make one last struggle for existence. Will it be successful?

In the first place, let us glance at the causes leading to the extinction of the aboriginals of New Zealand. These have been very ably set forth in a paper read before the Wellington Philosophical Society by Dr Newman, President of the Society. This gentleman is of opinion that the Maoris were a disappearing race before the English came to New Zealand. One of the principal causes is the natural sterility of the people. While the birth-rate among the European inhabitants of New Zealand is the highest in the world, and while the prolificness of animal life generally in this fertile land is a matter of constant wonder to the naturalist, a birth in a Maori family is, as a rule, of less frequent occurrence than a death; and the absence of children in the native villages is absolutely startling to those who have just seen the troops of rosy-cheeked youngsters that swarm in the European towns. There are various causes for this unfruitfulness of the race; but the principal source assigned by the writer I have quoted is intermarrying, the Maoris being nearly always married either in their own or some nearly adjacent tribe. The rate of mortality, also, is considerably higher among Maoris than with Europeans, consumption being responsible for the greatest ravages in their ranks. The Maoris, who formerly lived in lofty, well-aired, and well-drained hill-forts, now dwell on the oozy soil of the valleys, where the air is stagnant and moisture-laden, while their *whares* or huts are close and unventilated—forming, in fact, hotbeds of lung disease and rheumatism.

Dr Ginders, the medical officer at the government sanatorium at Rotorua, which is situated in the middle of a large native district, gives, in a Report recently presented to parliament, a graphic and at the same time horrifying account of 'How the Maoris live.' Referring to their sleeping-huts, he says: 'Being curious to know something of these hotbeds of disease, I entered one at seven A.M. before the occupants had turned out. I have no wish to repeat the experience. This was quite a small family affair, fifteen feet long by ten feet wide. It contained twenty individuals of both sexes and all ages, who had spent the night—say ten hours—in it. The cubic air-space per head was about such as would be afforded by a comfortable full-sized coffin. How they can exist under such circumstances is one of the mysteries of Maori nature. Fortunately for them, these sleeping-places are built of pervious material, through which the outer air must filter, and all the more rapidly from the fact of the great difference of temperature between the external and internal air.'

After reading this extract, most people will be inclined to say that it is not necessary to look any further for the cause of the gradual dying out of the Maoris. It is some satisfaction to reflect that the imported diseases and vices are

playing only a minor part in decimating the race. Of the diseases introduced by Europeans, typhoid and measles seem to have been the most destructive, especially the former. The only imported vice, according to Dr Newman, that has in the least degree helped to hasten the disappearance of the race is drunkenness. The mortality among children, from the neglect or ignorance of parents and the insanitary conditions in which they live, is appalling, and until something can be done to check it, any hope of preserving the race must of course be abandoned. The advent of Europeans has undoubtedly brought with it many causes likely to operate unfavourably on their dark-skinned brethren. Some of these have already been mentioned, drink unquestionably occupying a bad pre-eminence.

There is also no doubt among medical men that a partial adoption of European habits and customs, accompanied by a retention of various features in their barbarous mode of living, is the cause of much sickness and even mortality. Dr Newman points out one very characteristic fact: formerly, when the natives entered their *whares* with their wet mats on, they flung them aside; now, when they get wet in their European clothing, they keep it on, thus laying the foundation of many diseases. On the other hand, civilisation has introduced undoubted benefits. For example, the Maoris formerly subsisted on fern-root and such hard fare, and found that difficult to get at times. Now, they have an abundance of wholesome food, and can live in comfort on the revenue derived from their lands, if they do not spend their money in debauchery. As the result of the labours of the West Coast Royal Commission, for instance, every native in the confiscated territory in the North Island who has any right to be there, now has an interest in some reserve or other which will provide him with a settled homestead and the means of maintenance, and in many cases a considerable pecuniary income besides. Naturally, in not a few instances these material advantages are demoralising to the Maoris, who, when able to live in independence and luxury, will not work.

Many of them, however, especially on the east coast and in the north, are devoting themselves industriously to such occupations as sheep-farming, maize-planting, tobacco-growing, &c. I read, in the Reports of the native officers, that one tribe started farming with a flock of four thousand sheep, and divided the year's profits, which actually amounted to seven hundred pounds. Another party of natives did better still at whale-fishing, securing spoil from the deep to the extent of two thousand six hundred pounds.

Among all the elevating influences brought to bear upon the Maoris, the means of education appears to be the most promising; and if they succeed in avoiding the fate of extinction, to which so many savage tribes seem doomed when brought in contact with a higher civilisation, education will be the chief agent in bringing about the happy result. With the advance of education, it may reasonably be hoped that the Maoris—who are naturally a very receptive people—may be brought to see the evils of consanguineous marriages, to adopt more rational sanitary measures both as regards their children and themselves. At present, they have very erroneous and mischievous ideas of disease. When an epidemic of typhoid fever broke out among some of them recently, they were utterly regardless of the danger of infection, and ridiculed the idea of taking any precautionary measures to prevent the spread of the disease, saying it was not fever, but simply a Maori complaint brought on by *makutu* or witchcraft. When a native is attacked by illness, he frequently succumbs through sheer fright. It may easily be imagined how these facts increase the mortality of the race, and what improvement may be effected in these respects by the advancement of education.

It is satisfactory to note that the government are alive to the importance of the subject. According to a recent official Return, it appears that there were sixty-nine native schools in full working order, and over two thousand Maori children receiving the elements of a good English education. The great advantage of these schools, it has been very well pointed out, is not so much that the young people learn to speak the English language, but that they learn to appreciate our customs, to value time, and to gain a desire for improvement, both mental and social, which, doubtless, they will transmit to their descendants, who will then become fitted to hold a fair position in the future. The natives generally appear to be alive to these facts, and not only send their children to the schools, but give sites for school-buildings, and show their interest in the movement in other ways. They elect their School Committees in the same way that the Europeans do, and on the whole do the work very well.

The Blue Ribbon movement appears to have taken a singularly firm hold among the race. The so-called 'king' himself donned the badge with great ceremony at the solicitation of Sir George Grey, before leaving for England in 1884; and in every village are to be seen numbers of the young Maori 'braves' wearing the 'bit of blue' as among the most cherished of their decorations.

The outlook, then, as regards the conflict in which the race is at present engaged, is so far satisfactory. The question will, however, naturally be asked, whether the beneficial effects of the educative process are permanent, or whether, after the Maoris leave school, they relapse into their old habits and customs. The savage nature, we know, is very apt to reassert itself. Miss Bird tells us how the Ainos of Japan educated at Tokiô, relapsed into barbarism on returning to their own people, retaining nothing but a knowledge of the Japanese language. Another writer recounts how an Indian girl, one of the most orderly of the pupils at a lady's school, has been known, on feeling herself aggrieved, to withdraw to her room, let down her back hair, paint her face, and howl. Something of the sort, it must be confessed, is not altogether unknown in New Zealand. I once went to see a Maori *haka* or dance, interesting in its way, but not more edifying than native dances usually are. To my amazement, I saw among the performers a young lady whom I had known as a well-educated Maori girl, living in good circumstances, possessing excellent taste

in dress, and who had been in the habit of taking her place with advantage in European ballrooms. On this occasion her costume, although not more *décolletée* than European evening dress frequently is, would have created considerable sensation in an English gathering, consisting as it did simply of a loose calico gown. A very handsome, well-informed half-caste, one of the most lady-like persons I ever met, once confessed to me that she could never look on at a Maori *tangi* or wake without feeling an irresistible inclination to rush in and tear her hair and howl like the rest. In fact, she admitted that she had to leave such scenes, or her emotions might have become too strong for her self-control. Again, I shall not soon forget the surprise created, a few years ago, when one of the most promising young Maoris in Wellington, who had been brought up with Europeans from childhood, who was being educated for a barrister, and who promised to be one of the ornaments of the profession, suddenly disappeared, and was next heard of as having flung off his European clothes and joined the fanatical followers of a half-demented Maori prophet known as Te Whiti. No inducements could prevail on him to return to civilisation, and he became one of the most devoted and credulous of the prophet's adherents.

These, however, are exceptions, and not the rule. We have Maori members both of the Upper and Lower House who are a pattern to some other legislators in many respects, and can take their place in any European society. We have Maori clergymen both Anglican and Wesleyan who appear to make pastors of the most exemplary kind. There is as yet no Maori lawyer in practice, but some native lads are being trained in solicitors' offices, and there is every prospect of their naturally keen wits enabling them to take a good position in the profession. So far as I am aware, they are not ambitious of becoming doctors; and some malicious people may be cruel enough to suggest that as regards the longevity of the race this is rather an advantage than otherwise.

Some of them are being trained to trades; and it is suggested by the organising inspector that every boy, after he has gone through the village school course, should, if his parents wish it, be apprenticed to some trade by the government, so as to insure his obtaining a proper industrial training. With the Maoris grounded in a proper knowledge of social and sanitary laws, with their moral and intellectual instincts properly guided and cultivated, there seems yet to be a hope that the prophecy so often made, that the race must speedily die out, may be falsified. This is the opinion of a medical man to whom I have already referred. In his Report to the native Minister, Dr Ginders, after mentioning the prevalent diseases among the Maoris, says: 'In my opinion, the production, and severity, and the spread of these diseases are determined by two main factors: first, the influence of the *wharepuni* (sleeping-hut), and secondly, the consumption of putrid food. Compared with these two gigantic evils, alcohol is nowhere. Were there no *wharepunis*, I believe the Maori would be a successful rival of his European neighbour in sobriety and industry; but with his blood vitiated by the foul air of these hotbeds of disease, he has neither strength nor inclination to work, and it would be odd, indeed, if he had no craving for stimulants. I am inclined to credit the *wharepuni* with more than half the infant mortality. Not only is the child injured directly by this devitalising influence, but indirectly through the mother, whose milk is diminished in quantity and impoverished in quality by the same cause. I believe the growing intelligence of the rising generation of Maoris has already checked the rapid decadence of the race. I believe, too, that these evils will gradually die out, and we shall find the native population increasing *pari passu*.'

New Zealand at the present time, it will be seen, has a grand opportunity for assisting in the achievement of a civilising feat which, if successful, will go very far to confute those pessimists who declare that our modern civilisation is a delusion and a snare, utterly destructive to the weaker races with whom it is brought in contact.

BY ORDER OF THE LEAGUE.

CHAPTER VIII.

The first act in the drama was about to be played—the puppets all arranged, all acting for themselves, never heeding the hand of fate in it. Hector le Gautier triumphant, but troubled occasionally by the loss of his device, yet trusting to his own good fortune and matchless audacity to pull him through.

The curious in such matters, the idle folks who dream and speculate, had food for reflection in their *Times* next morning, for on the front sheet on the second column appeared an announcement. It was vague; but one man understood it. It ran:

Mopnore.—How reckless of you to throw away a life on the hazard of a die. They are all safe but yours. Where is that? In two months you will have to deliver, and then beware of the wrath of the Crimson Nine. It is not too late yet. Under the clock at C. × at nine—any night. Use the sign, and good will come of it.—Eastern Eagle.

The *Times* containing this announcement lay upon Isodore's breakfast-table in Ventnor Street, Fitzroy Square. As it rested upon the table, the words were readable, and Isodore smiled when they caught her eye as she entered. She took up an album from a side-table and turned over the leaves till she came to the portrait of a pretty dark girl of about seventeen. At this she looked long and intently, and then turned to scrutinise her features in the glass. There was nothing coquettish about this—no suspicion of womanly vanity, but rather the air of one who strives to find some likeness. Apparently the examination pleased her, for she smiled again—not a pleasant smile, this time, but one of certainty, almost cruelty; and a vengeful look made the eyes hard for a moment.

She turned to the photograph again, and then once more back to the mirror, as if to be absolutely certain of her convictions, that there might be no mistake.

While absorbed thus, Valerie le Gautier

entered the room and looked at Isodore in astonishment. 'You have a grand excuse,' she said archly, 'though I did not know that vanity was one of your failings, Isodore.'

Isodore blushed never so faintly, not so much by being taken in the little act, as by the appearance of the thing. 'It is not on any account of mine,' she said; 'rather, on yours.—Valerie, look here carefully and tell me if you know that face.' She indicated the portrait in the album; and her friend looked at it earnestly.

After a few moments she looked up, shaking her head doubtfully. 'No,' she replied. 'It is a strange face entirely to me.'

'Then I have altered since that was taken five years ago.'

'Is it possible that innocent, childish-looking face could have once been you?' Valerie asked in unfeigned astonishment.

'Indeed, it is. There is nothing like sorrow and hardship to alter the expression of features, especially of women. Yes, Valerie, that is what I was when I met him. You would not have known me?'

'No, indeed. They might be two different faces.'

'So much the better for me—so much the worse for him,' Isodore observed without the slightest tinge of passion in her tones.—'Read that paragraph in the *Times*, and see if you can make anything of it.'

'It is Greek to me,' Valerie replied, when she had perused the advertisement with a puzzled air.—'Has it any allusion to my—to Hector?'

'To your husband? Yes. He will understand it in a moment, and only be too eager to regain his insignia. There will be a happy union of two loving hearts some night in Charing Cross Station. Little will the spectators know of the passions running riot there.' She laughed bitterly as she said these words, and threw the paper upon the table again. She was in a strange mood this morning.

'Then I suppose that C. × means Charing Cross?' Valerie asked, 'and you expect Hector to come there?—I do not quite comprehend your plan, Isodore. It will be dangerous to have another in the secret, and I suppose some one will have to meet him.'

'Some one will,' was the calm reply. 'And who, do you think, is the proper one to do that? Who better than his old friend and once passionate admirer, Isodore?'

'You meet him?' Valerie cried. 'How daring! Suppose he should recognise you, how then? All your schemes would be thrown to the winds, and we should be defeated. It is madness!'

'You forget I have his badge of membership; besides, I have a duty to perform beyond my own feelings in the matter—my duty to the League. But he will not recognise me after the lapse of years, and I must get to the bottom of his traitorous designs.'

'You are reckoning upon certainties, Isodore. Suppose you are wrong—suppose he is, after all, no traitor, and that your ideas are only fancies. How then?'

'He is a traitor—instinct tells me that. Wait and see what Lucrece has to say, when she comes. She is sure to have gleaned some information by this time.'

Hot revenge is apt to burn itself out quickly, from its very fierceness; but such hate as this never dies. There was a cool deliberation in Isodore's words which struck her hearer with great force; and much as she herself had suffered, she could not realise a passion such as this. It is probable that had she met her recalcitrant husband, a few words would have obtained for him forgiveness; but she was under the spell now, and her weaker will was swallowed up in a strong one.

'Do you expect Lucrece this morning?' Valerie asked.

'I am expecting her every moment,' Isodore replied. 'She promised me to come to-day and let me have her report.'

They sat in silence for a few moments, when Lucrece entered. She was quietly, almost plainly dressed, and wore an air of extreme meekness.

'You look the character,' Isodore said approvingly. 'You might have been a menial all your lifetime.—I am all impatience. Begin!'

'In the first place,' Lucrece began without further preamble, 'I like my situation; and as to my new mistress, to know her is to love her. You have no idea how gentle and thoughtful she is. Now, to begin with her. The dear Hector has a rival, and a powerful one; his name is Frederick Maxwell, and he is an artist. From what I can see, they are engaged.—Isodore, this Maxwell has joined the League, and will be introduced by Salvarini.'

'Frederick Maxwell! Carlo's old friend! Poor fool! Le Gautier has tools enough.'

'He is a fine handsome Englishman; honour and honesty stamped in every line of his face; just the sort of man to be made useful.—But to continue. Le Gautier is *l'ami du famille*. He has a wonderful influence over Sir Geoffrey, and has succeeded in fascinating Enid—and she hates him notwithstanding. Isodore, Le Gautier is at his old spiritualistic tricks again.'

'Ah!—Tell me something of Sir Geoffrey.'

'I am coming to that. Last night, my mistress was out very late, not getting home till past one. It has been my habit to wait for her in the back dining-room, and last night I was sitting there in the dark, dozing. I was awakened by the entrance of Sir Geoffrey. I could see his face was ghastly pale, and he kept muttering to himself, and some words at intervals I caught. "I wonder if it was jugglery," I heard him say—"if it was some trick of Le Gautier's?—No; it could not be; and yet, if I am to have any peace, I must fulfil the compact—I must join this Brotherhood. And Enid, what will she say, when she knows? What will Maxwell think of me?—But perhaps Le Gautier is already married." I could not catch any more. What do you think of it?'

Isodore was following the speaker so intently, and so engrossed in her thoughts, that she did not reply for a moment. 'You can help us here, Valerie. Tell us what you think.'

'Lucrece is perfectly right,' Valerie replied. 'I have hitherto told you that my husband used to dabble in such things; nay, more, as a conjurer he was probably without a rival. He made a great reputation at Rome before the thing exploded; and indeed, to a weak mind, some of the séances were awe-inspiring.'

'It seems to me,' Isodore put in reflectively, 'that Le Gautier has worked upon Sir Geoffrey's superstitious fears till he has him bound fast enough. And you say he is to join the Brotherhood. Really, I begin to feel an admiration for the man I am pledged to destroy. It is clear that he has promised his daughter to Le Gautier. Is she weak?'

'On the contrary, though she is gentle and tractable, there is much determination of purpose underlying her gentleness.'

'You have done wonders in this short time, my sister. But do not relax your vigilance now; let nothing escape you that may be of use to us.'

'I must return,' Lucrece explained, looking at her watch, 'or I shall be missed. I will not fail to bring you such information as falls in my way from time to time.'

After she was gone, the women sat quietly for a time, each pondering over what they had heard. The information was not much; but it sufficed to show them in what way the influence over the weak baronet had been obtained, and every detail of Le Gautier's movement might be of use. A wild plan formed itself in Isodore's busy brain, as she sat thinking there. 'Why should it not be?' she thought.

'Do you think it would be possible for any one to love me?' she asked.

Valerie looked into the beautiful face and smiled. 'How otherwise?'

'Then it shall be so. Valerie, I am going to make Hector le Gautier love me as he never loved woman before!'

CHAPTER IX.

Hector le Gautier, all unconscious of the plot against his safety and peace of mind, sat over his breakfast the same morning. He was on remarkably good terms with himself, for all his plans were prospering, and for him the present outlook was a rosy one. His plans were well laid. He intended to keep his present position in the League, to go to Warsaw if necessary; and now that he had Sir Geoffrey in his hands beyond all hope of extrication, it was easy enough to send Maxwell upon some dangerous foreign mission, where, if he escaped with his life, he would henceforth be an outlaw and a fugitive. Sir Geoffrey, too, had bound himself to join; and with this lever, he could work upon Enid's fears to perfection.

He was in no hurry; he was far too consummate a rogue, too accomplished a schemer, to ruin the delicate combination by any premature move, preferring for the present to renew his forces and calculate his advance, as a chess-player might when he knows the game is in his hands. Then should come the crowning act, by which he should rid himself of the irksome chains which bound him to the League. All his plans were prepared for delivering the leaders into the hands of justice, always with a care to his own escape. As he turned these things over in his mind, he whistled a little air gaily, resumed his breakfast, and opened the broadsheet of the *Times* to see the news of the day.

Fortune seemed to be smiling upon him, he thought, as he read the mystic announcement in the second outside column. Here was the thing which had caused him so much anxious thought as good as delivered again into his hands. Some friend, perhaps, had discovered his loss, and had determined to return it thus. Perhaps—and here he showed his white teeth in a dazzling smile—some fair one, who had taken this way to show her admiration; for Le Gautier was, like most vain men, a great admirer of the sex, and fully impressed with the all-conquering fascination of his manner. He was not the first clever man who has held such opinions, and found, when too late, the fatal error of underrating the power of an injured woman.

He perfectly understood the advertisement. It was not the first time that newspapers had been employed to do work for the League; nor did he hesitate to avail himself of this golden opportunity. He had scarcely finished his breakfast and made up his mind to meet the mysterious Eastern Eagle, when Salvarini entered. He was moody and preoccupied, with a sombre frown upon his face, telling of much inward uneasiness.

'I do not like these new arrangements,' he commenced abruptly, in answer to Le Gautier's florid greeting. 'There is great danger in them, and they cannot lead to any good results. I shall oppose them.'

'Pray, explain yourself, my good Luigi; I am in Cimmerian darkness,' Le Gautier replied carelessly. 'You are so dreadfully in earnest; absolutely, you view life through the gloomy spectacles of the League.'

'It is folly, madness!' Salvarini replied passionately. 'Heaven knows, we have had bloodshed enough. What do you think the last proposal is?—Nothing less than the removal of ministers: dynamite is to be the agent, and a special mission arranged to Rome. Visci—our dear old friend Visci—is doomed!'

'They must be mad,' Le Gautier returned calmly. 'But tell me, Luigi, what of Visci?' he continued, inspired by a sudden thought. 'I presume you have been holding a Council this morning. Visci used to be a friend of yours. How do they propose to get rid of him?'

'The dagger!' Salvarini answered with great agitation. 'Visci was once a friend of mine, as you say, and yours too, for that. Heaven save me from the task!'

'But why need it be you? We have new members, new blood as yet untried. Let them show their mettle now. There is no reason why we should always be in the van of battle. But why this sudden determination?'

'The old story,' Salvarini continued bitterly—'private grudges brought in; personal ends to be served where all should be of one accord, all striving for the good of the cause. I am heartsick and weary of the whole affair. Is our path always to be defiled with innocent blood?'

'So long as I can keep my hands clean, it is nothing to me,' Le Gautier replied with a careless shrug; 'not that I hold with the present system.—But abandon your Cassandra vein, and be yourself for a moment. See what you think of that, and congratulate me upon a stroke of fortune I have not altogether deserved.'

'I congratulate you,' Salvarini grimly replied,

when he had perused the paragraph. 'You always contrive to fall upon your feet. Did I not tell you that night in the Kursaal you would hear of this again? Of course it is a woman. No man would have taken such trouble, especially if he happened to be a Brother,' he concluded with significant emphasis.

Le Gautier drew his fingers airily across his throat, intending by this little playful action to allude to his own sudden death. In his petty vanity, he was not altogether displeased that his friend should hint at a conquest.

'Undoubtedly from a woman,' he said. 'Mark the mystery and romance underlying it all. Some fair dame of the Order, perhaps, who has seen me only to become a victim to my numberless charms.—Luigi, my friend, this little affair promises amusement.'

'I might have known that,' Salvarini retorted with some little contempt. 'I believe you could be turned aside from the most pressing mission by a glance from a pair of melting eyes.—Bah! your thoughts run on such things to the detriment of the Order.'

'In such a charming situation as you mention, confusion to the Order!—Now, do not look so melodramatic! Pardieu! do you think a man should have no amusements? Now, as a penance, you shall bore me with the order of this morning's proceedings.'

'A woman will ruin you eventually.'—Le Gautier smiled; the sententious words read the wrong way.—'We had not much transaction this morning, save what I have told you, and the initiation of a few members.'

'Converts to the noble cause of freedom.—Any one I know?'

'Several. Do I understand it is your intention to introduce Sir Geoffrey in person?'

Le Gautier nodded assent; and the friends proceeded to discuss other matters connected with their mission. When Salvarini had left, long and earnestly did Le Gautier sit silently there. Then he rose, and taking a pack of cards from a drawer, began to cut and shuffle them rapidly. He dealt them round six times, bringing the knave of clubs on the same heap each time. He put the cards away; an evil smile was on his face.

'My right hand has not lost its cunning,' he muttered. 'Frederick Maxwell shall go to Rome, and—— Well, fate will do the rest.'

With this humane remark, he put on his hat, struggled into a pair of very tight-fitting gloves, and passed out from Hunter Street into the Euston Road; for it is almost needless to say that the house beyond Paddington where we last saw him was not his ordinary lodging, his abode being a much humbler one, as consisted with his limited means; for Hector le Gautier, though moving in good society, and always faultlessly attired, was not endowed with that wealth that smooths so many paths in this vale of tears. Like other men of his class, he contrived to keep his head above water, though how it was done was alike a mystery to himself and his friends.

It was past two as he turned into Grosvenor Square and up the broad flight of steps which led up to the Charteris' mansion. He had come here with more purposes than one: in the first place, to see Enid—this attraction a powerful one; and secondly, to have a talk upon general matters with the baronet, and perhaps get an invitation to luncheon. Sir Geoffrey he found in the dining-room, just sitting down to his mid-day meal in solitary state; and in answer to an invitation to join, asked after Enid, who, he learned, had gone with Maxwell and a kindly chaperon to a morning-party at Twickenham. He was, however, too much a cosmopolitan to allow this to interfere with his appetite, so, with a few well-chosen words of regret, he settled himself quietly to his lunch, discussing in turn the weather, politics, the last new beauty, anything—waiting for his host to speak upon the subject nearest his heart. Sir Geoffrey's patience being by this time exhausted, he commenced.

'I think I am free, Le Gautier,' he said at length.

The listener affected not to comprehend this enigmatic remark.

'Free from what, Sir Geoffrey?' he asked carelessly. 'Is it gout, or headache, or a marvellous escape from dining with a notorious bore? Which of these things are you free from?'

'I was thinking of nothing so worldly,' was the serious reply. 'I allude to the marvellous manifestations recently vouchsafed to me. Since you so kindly showed me through yourself the path of duty, I have felt like a different man. They are gone, I trust for ever. Tell me, do you think there is any possible chance of their recurring?'

'So long as you fulfil your part of the contract, certainly not.—But, my dear Sir Geoffrey,' the Frenchman continued gaily, 'let us have no serious conversation now, I beseech you. Let us forget for the time we are anything but friends. I am too light and frivolous to talk seriously. The last new play, a fresh picture, anything but the supernatural.'

Despite this appearance of *bonhomie*, Le Gautier had no intention of changing the conversation, though it was not his cue to introduce the subject himself; besides, an appearance of good-naturedly yielding to the other's news seemed to tell better, and create a deeper feeling of obligation.

'The longer I put the matter off, the more difficult my task seems to be,' the baronet continued, not without hesitation. 'Certain restrictions were laid upon me, certain commands given, which I am bound to carry out. If you had heard the conversation, my task would be less difficult; but as you did not, I must do my best to explain.'

Le Gautier drummed with his fingers upon the table, shrugged his shoulders, and sighed gently, as a man yielding against his will upon the sacred ground of friendship, tempered with politeness.

'If you have anything to say, it is perhaps better to say it. But if it pains you, if it gives you the slightest mental agony or discloses family affairs, then, my dear sir, be dumb;' and the speaker glanced out of the window, as if he considered the matter settled.

'But I must tell you. It is impossible I can fulfil my promises without your assistance. In the first place, I am commanded to join your League or Brotherhood; and here, you see, I cannot get any further without your good advice and countenance.'

'You distress me,' Le Gautier replied mournfully. 'I wish that matter could have been settled without such a step being necessary. Our work, though a noble one, is attended at times with great hardship and danger. Think, my dear Sir Geoffrey—think if there is no middle course by which such an action may be avoided.'

The speaker created the impression he was most anxious to make. To the baronet, full of his scheme, this advice was unpalatable, the more that, like most spoilt, weak-minded men, he was intensely fond of his own way. He grew stubborn. Le Gautier was perfectly at ease as he studied the other's face.

'I see no middle course. The injunction was very strict. I dare not disobey, if I would. I must become a member of your League, whatever the danger may be; and if called upon, I must take my part in the work. Do you not remember the vision?——

'You forget my state,' Le Gautier interrupted softly—'that during the time I heard nothing, comprehended nothing going on around me. My faculties for the time being were torpid.'

This adroit interruption only served to increase the baronet's uneasiness. He writhed in his chair, unable to continue.

'And there is another thing,' he stammered, 'which I must tell you, though I scarcely know how. I daresay you have noticed my daughter?'

'Is it possible to see her and not be conscious of her beauties!' Le Gautier cried—'to be in her presence and not feel the charm of her society! Ah! Sir Geoffrey,' he continued blandly, throwing out a strong hint, 'he will be a happy man who wins the treasure of her heart!'

At this helping of the lame dog over the stile, Sir Geoffrey looked grateful. 'Has she ever impressed you, Le Gautier?'

'Alas, yes,' was the melancholy reply, but with some feeling too, for, as far as he was concerned, the passion was genuine. 'Why should I strive to conceal my honest love? I may be poor and unknown, but I am at least a gentleman, and I offer the greatest compliment man can pay a woman—an ardent, loving heart.—But I am rambling; I dream, I rave! That I should aspire to an alliance with the House of Charteris!'

The baronet was somewhat moved by this display of manly emotion, and, moreover, his pride was tickled. The young man evidently knew that what he aspired to was a high honour indeed.

'But, Sir Geoffrey,' he continued brokenly, 'you will not breathe a word of this to a soul! In a moment of passion, I have been led to divulge the master-passion of my life. Promise me you will forget it from this hour;' and saying these words, he stretched out a hand trembling with suppressed emotion to his host and friend. A good actor was lost to an admiring world here.

'But bless me!' Sir Geoffrey exclaimed, taken aback by this display, and, sooth to say, somewhat irritated that the necessary explanation must come from him after all, 'I *want* you to marry the girl.'

'Is it possible, or am I dreaming?' Le Gautier cried in a delirium of rapture. 'Do I hear aright? Oh, say these words again!'

Le Gautier was slightly overdoing the thing now, and Sir Geoffrey knew it. 'I mean what I say,' he added coldly. 'You are the man for Enid.'

'Who is talking about Enid?' asked a fresh clear voice at that moment, as the subject of discourse, accompanied by her escort, glided into the room. Le Gautier, in love as he was, thought he had never seen her look so fair as she did then, her face slightly tinged with colour, her eyes all aglow with pleasurable excitement. For a moment the conspirators were abashed, and it took all the Frenchman's cool equitable nerve to solve and explain what appeared to be a truly awkward question.

'When we are not with the rose, we love to talk of her,' he replied with one of these bold glances for which Maxwell longed to kick him on the spot.—'I trust you have spent a pleasant morning?'

Enid answered as coldly as the dictates of breeding would allow. The man's florid compliments were odious to her, and his presence oppressive. Le Gautier, accustomed to read men and faces like open books, did not fail to note this.

'I have important news,' he whispered to Maxwell, after he had made his graceful adieux to Enid and his host. 'I want to say a few words to you, if you happen to be walking my way.'

Maxwell answered with studious politeness. 'With pleasure,' he said. 'If you will allow me, I will drive you in my cab.'

Enid's quick ears caught the whisper, and a feeling of approaching evil seemed to come over her—a cloud passed over the sun, and, to her fancy, for a moment Le Gautier looked like Mephistopheles tempting Faust. As the two men passed out, she called Maxwell back. 'Be careful,' she urged. 'Beware of that man; he will do you a mischief.'

Maxwell smiled down in the pretty fearful face tenderly. 'All right, little woman,' he answered carelessly. 'I shall take care. He is not likely to do any harm to me.'

NAPOLEON IN TOR BAY.

It is all but impossible to realise the scene of excitement which the calm blue waters of Tor Bay, crested with the bright sunshine of the summer of 1815, presented, when the Emperor Napoleon arrived on board the *Bellerophon*, soon to be transferred to the *Northumberland*, in which he was conveyed to St Helena. After the world-earthquake Waterloo, when the allies entered Paris, and the French army declared for Louis XVIII., Napoleon made his way to Rochefort, where he arrived on the 3d of July, and whence his attempts at escape were frustrated by the moonlight and the vigilance of the English cruisers. Two frigates had been placed at his disposal to facilitate his flight to America, and arrangements likewise made with a Danish smack which was to await him out at sea; but to reach her under the circumstances was deemed an attempt too hazardous. At last, on the 14th of July, Count Las Cases and General Allemand came on board the *Bellerophon*, then lying in the Basque Roads, with a proposal to Captain Maitland that he should receive Napoleon, who

desired to proceed to England for the purpose of throwing himself upon the generosity of the Prince Regent. Captain Maitland clearly explained that it was out of his power to grant terms of any sort, and that his instructions only permitted him to convey Napoleon and his attendants to England; on which understanding, the ex-Emperor, with his baggage, embarked the following morning on board a French brig, which conveyed them to the *Bellerophon*, where he was received with the honours due to a crowned head. On gaining the quarter-deck, the Emperor said in French to the captain: 'I am come, sir, to claim the protection of your Prince and of your laws.' In appearance he is described as about five and a half feet in height, strongly made, decidedly stout, with a sallow complexion, and dark-brown hair, as yet untouched with gray. He wore a green uniform coat with epaulets and a red collar, a broad red sash, star on the left breast, white waistcoat, boots and pantaloons, and a large cocked hat with the tri-coloured cockade.

The passage, by reason of adverse winds, was slow, so that it was the 24th ere the *Bellerophon* arrived in Tor Bay, when Captain Maitland was signalled to stand out three leagues from shore, and there await further orders from the Admiralty. It is said that on first beholding the Devonshire coast, Napoleon could not conceal his admiration, exclaiming: 'At length here is this beautiful country! How much it resembles Porto Ferrajo, in Elba.'

No sooner was it known that the disturber of the peace of Europe, against whom they had so long and so sternly striven, was actually on board ship at anchor in Tor Bay, than from Dartmouth, Paignton, Dawlish, Teignmouth, and by-and-by from ports more distant still, the country-folk thronged in boats of every size and shape, struggling to approach the *Bellerophon* to catch a glimpse of the fallen Emperor. So inconvenient and dangerous was the crowding of these innumerable craft with their cargoes of sightseers, that it became necessary to order the *Bellerophon's* boats to row round the ship to keep them at a respectful distance. No fewer than a thousand boats daily put off from the shore; and Napoleon exhibited no little pleasure and amusement at the interest excited by his presence. From London and all parts of the country, people flocked down to Tor Bay during the time necessarily occupied in determining Napoleon's final destination, well pleased if they succeeded in catching an occasional glimpse of him as he walked backwards and forwards in the stern gallery with his hands behind him, or surveyed through an opera glass the varied texture of the crowd in the vessels below. As he paced the quarter-deck in conversation with one or other of his followers, he would frequently approach the ship's side and acknowledge the salutations of his visitors. Two or three French ladies, wives of members of the suite, dressed in the height of the prevailing fashion, were frequently seated on deck, with whom, as he paused in his walk and stooped to look through the ports at the vessels alongside, Napoleon would now and again exchange a word. At six o'clock the dinner-bell rang, when the Emperor with his attendants went below, the sailors with great good-humour putting out a board on which was chalked, 'He's gone to dine.' He usually remained about half an hour, when another board announced his reappearance on deck. It was about the 1st of August when his ultimate destination became known to him through the newspapers, and he was shortly afterwards observed at the cabin window tearing up papers, which he threw into the sea. Fragments of some of these, being seized upon as relics, turned out to be translations of speeches in the last session of parliament, and a letter addressed to the Empress Maria Louisa immediately after his abdication.

But of all the incidents which occurred while Napoleon was in Tor Bay, the most remarkable was a farewell visit paid him by a lady of foreign appearance and surpassing loveliness. Cloaked and veiled, to escape observation, she carried with her a bouquet of choicest flowers, peculiarly arranged in rows, which, when her boat arrived at a convenient distance from the *Bellerophon*, was despatched in charge of her servant. As the token of unchanged affection reached the quarter-deck, the lady was observed to raise her veil, disclosing features of exceeding beauty. At first, the bouquet seemed to awaken no memories in Napoleon's breast, but after a moment, he hastily approached the ship's side, and steadfastly gazing awhile on the fair form disclosed to view, he waved a last farewell.

On Wednesday the 2d of August, the *Bellerophon* and *Tonnant* sailed for Plymouth, where it had been intended that the transfer to the *Northumberland* should be carried out. But in consequence of the loss of life which occurred from the vast concourse of boats in the Sound, as well as to avoid a writ of habeas corpus, under which it was desired to obtain the evidence of Napoleon in a case at the time pending in the Queen's Bench, it was deemed advisable to return to Tor Bay, where, on Sunday the 6th of August, the three vessels (the *Northumberland* having meantime come round from Portsmouth) cast anchor. No sooner were the ships brought up, than Sir Henry Bunbury, accompanied by Mr Bathurst, proceeded on board the *Bellerophon*, and announced to the ex-Emperor the resolution of the cabinet, that he should be transported to St Helena, accompanied by four of his friends and twelve servants. The information was received without surprise; but in a speech of three-quarters of an hour's duration, delivered in a manner the most impressive, Napoleon protested against the determination which had been arrived at.

The same afternoon, Lord Keith and Sir George Cockburn proceeded in the admiral's yacht to the *Bellerophon*. Napoleon was on deck to receive them. After the usual salutations, Lord Keith addressed himself to Bonaparte, and acquainted him with his intended transfer to the *Northumberland* for passage to St Helena. After much expostulation, Napoleon finally refused to go; but upon Lord Keith expressing the hope that no coercion would be necessary to carry out the orders of government, he replied: 'O no, no! you command, I must obey! Only, recollect, I do not go of my own free-will.' He then formally handed to Lord Keith a written protest against his transportation to St Helena, in which

it was contended, that having come voluntarily on board the *Bellerophon*, he was the guest and not the prisoner of England. 'I appeal,' he concluded, 'to history, whether an enemy who comes deliberately in his misfortunes to seek an asylum under the protection of English law, can give a more convincing proof of his esteem and confidence. But how have the English answered such confidence and magnanimity; they pretended to extend a friendly hand to this enemy; and when he relied on their good faith, they sacrificed him.'

It was afterwards arranged that the transfer should take place the following morning (Monday) about eleven o'clock. Early next day, Sir George Cockburn superintended the inspection of the baggage, consisting of services and toilet sets of plate, several articles in gold, books, beds, &c., which were sent on board the *Northumberland*, four thousand gold napoleons being sealed up and detained. The baggage having been removed, the parting scene commenced, Napoleon handing to several of his officers a certificate of fidelity and good service. About eleven o'clock, the barge of the *Tonnant* proceeded to the *Bellerophon* to receive the fallen Emperor and those who were to be the partakers of his exile: General and Madame Bertrand with their children, Count and Countess Montholon and child, Count Las Cases, General Gourgaud, nine men and three women servants. At the last moment, Napoleon's surgeon refused to accompany him, whereupon the surgeon of the *Bellerophon*, Mr O'Meara, consented to supply his place. Shortly afterwards O'Meara was offered a salary of five hundred pounds per annum, but this he rejected, with the remark that the pay of his king was sufficient to satisfy him.

Before entering the barge which was to convey him to the *Northumberland*, Bonaparte addressed himself to Captain Maitland and the officers of the *Bellerophon*, not forgetting to take off his hat to them again after descending the ladder into the barge. It was about noon on the 7th of August when the barge of the *Tonnant* approached the starboard side of the *Northumberland*. Bertrand was the first to go over the side, and standing with his hat off, upright as a sentinel, announced his master. Napoleon instantly followed, and taking off his hat, remarked to Sir George Cockburn, who received him: 'Monsieur, je suis à vos ordres.' At once moving forward on the quarter-deck, he desired to be introduced to Captain Ross, who commanded the ship, a ceremony which was immediately performed, the guard of marines, drawn up on the port side, receiving the ex-Emperor with the compliment due to his rank as a general officer. To Lord Lowther and Mr Lyttleton, who stood near the admiral, Napoleon bowed and spoke a few words, remarking also to an artillery officer who was by, that he himself had originally served in that arm. The introduction to the eight lieutenants of the ship, not one of whom could speak a single word of French, was sufficiently ridiculous; they were drawn up in line on one side of the cabin; and after gazing and smiling for a moment on Napoleon, who, in his turn, gazed and smiled at them, they bowed and defiled before him out of the cabin door. The after-cabin on board the *Northumberland* was not, as on the *Bellerophon*, the private room wherein Napoleon was not to be intruded upon by any unbidden guest, but was shared equally by the admiral and his friends; a small cabin being besides appropriated for the sole accommodation of the ex-Emperor, and elegantly furnished, the toilet being of silver, and the bed linen of exquisite fineness. The party were also permitted to supply themselves from shore with any articles they might desire wherewith to add to their comfort and amusement, a permission of which they availed themselves by purchasing a billiard-table, an immense supply of playing-cards, chessmen, &c., besides a number of the best books in the English language.

After waiting for the *Weymouth* storeship and some other vessels destined to complete the miniature squadron, the whole finally sailed out of Tor Bay on Friday the 11th of August; and Napoleon passed away from the shores of Europe to end his days in exile on a solitary rock in the Atlantic.

GEORGE HANNAY'S LOVE AFFAIR.

CHAPTER IV.—DISENCHANTMENT.

FORTUNE seemed to smile on Alfred's London enterprise. He called personally on the editors of several of the society magazines and journals. 'A Summer Ramble in Kirkcudbright' was now in all the glory of print; and when he assured the editors that he was really the 'Ariel' who penned the sketch, he found them willing, nay, anxious to look over the manuscripts he left with them. The letter from the *Olympic* accepting the manuscript and inclosing so handsome an honorarium was of great help to him. Mr Hannay had a reputation for 'discovering' talent, and his protégés hardly ever failed in taking some rank in the profession. He got four or five accepted at fairly remunerative prices. Then he was proposed at a minor literary club, and passed the ballot. As a new contributor to the *Olympic*, he ranked well there among his brother scribes, who looked on him as a rising man, and one whose good opinion was worth courting. These new friends indeed treated him with great cordiality, and made him as one of themselves; some even going the length of borrowing from him small sums of money.

Nor was this all. One of the members, the sub-editor of a Sunday paper, volunteered to introduce him to London 'society.' Behold our friend, then, at a grand reception at Mrs Judson's. This lady was the widow of a wealthy London pawnbroker (financial agent she preferred the lost one to be called). Her sole ambition in life was to secure a following of literary 'stars,' even if they were of infinitesimal magnitude; and in her circle, 'Ariel' appeared as one of the first. His handsome figure and genial manners constituted him a great favourite with the ladies; and his presence was eagerly sought for at all these little reunions which compose the 'fringe' of London literary and artistic society. He found this kind of life both pleasant and profitable; for he was brought in contact with many editors and proprietors of third and fourth rate periodicals,

and was able to dispose of half his rejected manuscripts among them, with fairly satisfactory pecuniary results to himself.

His banker now held one or two hundred pounds to his credit, and he began to look upon the success of his literary venture as *un fait accompli*. There was just one little thing that annoyed him: his newly found literary friends were extremely solicitous to know when his further productions would appear in the *Olympic*. This was a poser, for he had not the least idea himself. He got out of the difficulty, however, by saying that the principal editor being on the continent, there would be nothing definitely arranged until his return. As will be remembered, Nan's restrictions did not prevent him from contributing to the *Olympic* in his own name; so, immediately after his arrival in London, he set to work and wrote a sketch called 'Student Life in Brussels.' The manuscript was duly sent, and duly returned in a few days with a printed note indicating the editor's regret at being unable to make use of the paper. This was discouraging; but then he reflected that taste in literary things was very fickle; so he wrote a heavy article on Fair Trade, and sent it on; but the result was the same.

About this time, he heard that Mr Hannay had gone to St Petersburg with a friend to enjoy the winter festivities of the gay northern capital. As he was not expected home for two or three months, Alfred had a good excuse till then for the non-appearance of any further work of his in the *Olympic*. In the meantime he gave himself up to the charming gaieties and pleasant little dissipations of the circle that had made quite a lion of him. He rather liked the homage these people paid him; true, they were mentally his inferiors, he thought; but then they had money, position, and influence, and might be made useful to him in the future. He began to think—sometimes with a feeling bordering on regret—of his engagement to the innkeeper's daughter. How much better he could do now, if he were free! However, he would be true to his engagement. Only, Nan must be reasonable, and wait; at the end of two or three years, when his name was famous and his position thoroughly assured, he would marry her. To do so now would be extremely prejudicial to his interests, and must not be thought of for a moment. O no; she must wait patiently till it suited his convenience; and wouldn't she gladly do so? Of course, for wasn't the girl madly in love with him?

And what about Nan? Well, things were going on in their usual jog-trot course at Lochenbreck. The winter was their dull season, and she had plenty of time at her disposal, which she employed in sewing, reading, practising her music, and occasionally taking part in the quiet social gatherings of her country neighbours. She was, of course, delighted to hear of her lover's success in London. 'Well, after all,' she thought, 'he seems to have known best.' Then she thought smilingly of the time when he would be coming to claim the fulfilment of her promise; and she hoped she could induce him to spend part of the year at least at Lochenbreck. The parting with her father was the only drawback in her fair future; and she hoped this might be partially at least averted. She sometimes thought of her old and trusted friend the editor, and a shadow would come over her countenance for a moment. It passed quickly away, however, for she never thought but that he had long since forgotten her, amid the gaieties of the continent and his literary pursuits; for though far from London, he still held the editorial reins and wrote his usual articles for the *Olympic*.

This pleasant, tranquil state of matters lasted for some weeks. Her lover still corresponded regularly with her; but his letters began to get shorter, and were, perhaps, not quite so profuse and warm in their amatory expressions. Then after a bit they came more irregularly and seldomer. Still Nan paid no heed to what another maiden might have taken as indications of their lover's failing allegiance. Hers was a happy, contented disposition, with no morbid desire to conjure up possible future evils. She loved Alfred sincerely, and with all the warmth and fervour of a girl's first love. That he had failings, her strong, keen sense showed her plainly enough; but then he was only a fallible mortal like herself and other people. She was not blind to the vanity he displayed in writing to her about his social triumphs. If there was anything that troubled her, it was the frequent references he made to Mrs Judson. She resented the control which this woman seemed to have acquired over her lover's doings. True, the widow was almost old enough to be his mother, and had been very kind to him; but a man should have a mind of his own, and hold his future in his own hands; if he did consult with any one, it should be with her who was soon to be his wife.

Things went on in this fashion for some time longer, and Nan began to feel a vague, chilling feeling in her heart that all was not as it should be between Alfred and herself. She was scarcely prepared, however, for a letter she received from him one morning after a longer silence than usual. It was dated from a Sir Hew Crayton's shooting-lodge down in Essex. The high-born though impecunious—and, if the truth must be told, rather disreputable—baronet had been a client of the late Mr Judson, and was heavily indebted to his widow. He was a constant attender at her house, and it was there Alfred had formed his acquaintance. Nan smiled when she saw the ostentatious way he dated the blazoned note-paper from Crayton Lodge. Before she finished reading, however, her eyebrows became knit, and an angry frown settled on her whilom smiling visage. The letter commenced by saying that as he felt rather out of sorts with his protracted course of social enjoyments, he had accepted his friend Sir Hew Crayton's kind invitation to spend a few days' pheasant-shooting with him down in Essex. Then he gave a general account of what he had been doing since he last wrote—the dinner-parties, balls, routs, conversaziones, and what not he had been at; the compliments that had been paid him, and the pleasing prophecies of the grand future before him which flattering tongues had whispered in his ears. All this she read with an amused smile. But near the end she came to a paragraph which ran as follows: 'Do

you know, Nan, I have got a splendid chance of making my fortune just now? A young lady with twenty thousand pounds in her own right has fallen in love with me! I was introduced to her at an afternoon tea at Mrs Judson's. Of course, I made myself agreeable enough, but I never thought she would have taken my little civilities so seriously. Yet she did so. Mrs Judson gave me a plain hint to that effect, and I then had to tell her about our engagement, and that such a thing was impossible. She was surprised, and advised me strongly to keep the thing secret, as, if it were known, it would damage my prospects greatly in society, and even in my profession. She has an excellent knowledge of the world, Mrs Judson, and has been very kind to me; her idea is, that we should not think of getting married for two or three years yet. By that time I will be in an assured position, able to marry any one I like, and not care a pin what the world says.'

Nan could scarce believe her eyes. Who was this Mrs Judson who had thrust herself between them? And did the prospective 'not caring a pin what the world said about marrying her,' mean that he was afraid and ashamed to marry her *now*? The very thought brought the hot blood tumultuously to her cheeks. Her impulse was to write breaking off the engagement at once; however, when the first burst of natural indignation was past, her practical good sense asserted itself, and she wrote a short note, requesting him to hasten down to Lochenbreck, as something of the most vital importance to them both had to be at once decided. This she posted, and awaited her lover's arrival—with impatience certainly—but not of a pleasing kind.

When Alfred got the letter, he was a little startled. Justly enough, he attributed it to something he had said in his last epistle to her; and in going over its contents in his mind, he had no difficulty in fixing on the paragraph just quoted as being the cause of offence. 'Poor Nan!' he thought. 'A case of jealousy, I suppose—the twenty-thousand-pounds young lady. How ridiculous of her! Didn't I say the thing was impossible! However, I must run down and see her. A kiss, a caress, and a few soft words, will put her all right. Really, now, I do like Nan; and I'll make things all right for her one of these days. But she must have patience: she forgets what a sacrifice I am making, all for her sake. To marry an innkeeper's daughter! when, I may say, I have the pick and choice of the eligibles of London society, seems like lunacy. Oh, but I'll be true to her, all the same! But she must learn her position; give up any selfish ideas of an early foolish marriage, and learn to wait patiently till it suits my convenience and interest.'

He arrived at Lochenbreck railway station by the morning express. The wagonette was there to meet him, but no Nan. He jumped in; and whirling through the keen frosty air, cracking jokes with the driver the while, he arrived in excellent spirits at the little old-fashioned inn. To Nan's great relief, her father had gone to Castle Douglas market; she hated 'scenes' of any kind and under any circumstances; but she thought she could bear the one before her better, if her father was not present and was never to hear of it afterwards. After having dinned the praises of his prospective son-in-law in his ears for months, how could she now turn round and say she had discovered him to be a vain, conceited, selfish coxcomb? She had little hope of this interview putting matters right between them, and, to be prepared for the worst, had collected all his letters—all the little nicknacks he had given her—and parcelled them up ready to hand to him.

She submitted gravely and coldly to the customary salute with which he greeted her, and led the way to the coffee-room, where breakfast lay ready for him. In the occasional presence of the waiting-girl, private conversation was impossible; so he rattled on in an agreeable manner about his experiences in London, giving brilliant sketches of the varied private and public entertainments in which he had participated. Nan listened with lady-like composure, putting in an occasional word; and when the meal was over they retired to the private parlour. They sat down opposite to each other, and then Anne commenced her invective. She pointed out that he had deliberately chosen literature as a profession, and having gained a slight success, was now idling away his time in London, among a set of people who could do him no good, and who were, she thought, but of very doubtful reputation.

'Wrong there, Nan!' he interrupted. 'I admit I don't quite move in the inner circle. Still the people I know seem to have plenty of money, and are respectable enough; and I find them useful. I meet with journalists among them, and have been able to dispose of a good many of my manuscripts. And you would notice I was staying for a few days with Sir Hew Crayton. Now, you know it does a literary man a deal of good—in public estimation—to be taken notice of by a baronet.'

'I am sorry to hear you talking in that way,' she replied sadly, 'for it shows me your vanity has got the better of your good sense. Do you not see it was entirely through your article appearing in the *Olympic* that you got your rejected manuscripts disposed of? As for your baronet, I don't think you need boast of him. He stayed with us for a month, four years ago, and left without paying his bill. Papa made inquiry about him, and found he made a swindling living by lending his name as director to bogus Limited Companies. Likely he would borrow money from you?'

Alfred was forced to admit that he had obliged him with a loan.

'Now, Alfred,' she continued gravely, 'I have decidedly made up my mind that it would be better for us both that our engagement should come to an end. If you continue in the life you are leading, I have no hope for your future; but even if you were successful, I could never marry you. Doubtless, you would expect me to mix with your new friends; that I could never do—if they are like what you describe them—and certain unhappiness would be the result. It is well for us both I have come to know this in time.'

This was different sort of talk from what he had come to hear. It was tears and entreaties for their immediate union which he had expected.

Still his vanity blinded him to the true import of her words. She had said she never could mix with his new friends; well, it was but proper modesty for her to say that. He would reassure her on that score, and all would be well yet.

'My dear Nan, I think you are talking a little hastily. No doubt you would feel a little awkward among the London ladies at first, but that would soon pass away. And Mrs Judson promised me to chaperon you a bit, and'——

'I wish to hear nothing more, sir, about Mrs Judson,' she answered curtly.

'Well, Nan, she's a good friend of yours. I told her all about our little affair. She said of course it would be a great sacrifice on my part; but she applauded my intention of acting honourably towards you, even although you were only an innkeeper's daughter. Of course, it may be two or three years before I'——

'Stop!' she cried, rising to her feet, her lips quivering and her cheeks as pale as death—'stop, sir! I did not send for you here to insult me. Surely I have spoken plainly enough; but your head is so stuffed with selfish vanity, you cannot comprehend me. Our engagement is at an end. Here are all your letters and presents! You'll return mine when you get to London.—Now, go!'

As she said the last words, she drew herself up to her full height and pointed to the door. The action was perhaps a little theatrical; but when he looked at her white set face and flashing eyes, he saw plainly enough that she was acting no part. He fancied he had never seen her looking so handsome before; and he felt a sinking at his heart at the thought of having by his foolish letters and talk lost for ever this woman.

'You—you—are—angry just now, Nan. Do take time to'——

'Go!' she repeated firmly, her hand still pointing to the door. Her face was marble in its inflexibility; he knew his doom was sealed. Making a poor show of indifferent self-possession, he rose and quitted the room.

When he was fairly gone, Nan broke down entirely. Shutting herself up in her bedroom, she made use of the safety-valve provided by nature for her sex, and had a thoroughly good cry. Next morning, she was calm and self-possessed, although her eyes were red and heavy looking. Her cherished idol had crumbled into dust; and it became her, she thought, as a prudent damsel to sweep away the smallest trace of it from her heart.

LONDON CHARITY ORGANISATION SOCIETY.

The Society for Organising Charitable Relief and Repressing Mendicity, or, as it is popularly called, the Charity Organisation Society, has for its object the scientific supervision of charity dispensation, in the deep-rooted conviction that slovenly and indiscriminate almsgiving is a most pernicious bane to society, and calculated to foster rather than diminish indigence. Personal inquiry is the keynote of the Society's mode of operation. Trained, experienced, and apt persons—both honorary and paid—exhaustively investigate all cases of indigence brought under the Society's notice. In each instance, one important point is established at the outset of the investigation, namely, whether the individual concerned must of necessity—through physical or other disability—habitually depend for sustenance upon the resources of others, or whether he or she possesses the latent means of self-support, which may be brought into action—under the fostering influence of personal guidance in moral and material things—after the temporary condition of poverty has been met by the judicious application of charity. Cases of the former description are relegated to the action of the poor-law—therein lying its true function; cases of the latter kind are taken in hand by the Society. But its action is not that of an individual charitable institution concerned merely with the distribution of its own resources. It acts as an intermediary between those who need charity and those who are anxious to devote money to charitable purposes. Hence, in the discharge of its functions, it places itself in connection both with benevolent individuals and benevolent bodies, seeking to secure the best relief for the different cases of destitution which come under its notice and at the same time to prevent 'overlapping' in charity dispensation. Where, however, it finds that a case of destitution cannot effectively be relieved from other sources, the Society brings its own funds into requisition. As to its function of 'repressing mendicity,' this it discharges by promoting the detection and prosecution of impostors.

And now for a word or two about the mechanism, if we may so call it, of the Society. The organisation consists of a federation of forty district committees—one or more being established in each of the poor-law divisions of London—and of a Central Council, at which every committee is represented. The committees comprise, where it is possible, ministers of religion, guardians of the poor, and representatives of the principal local charities. Their function is to receive, investigate, and deal, according to the general principles of the Society, with all cases of alleged want or distress referred to them; and each is intended to form a common meeting-place—a centre of information and charitable work—for persons in the district desirous of benefiting the poor. The Central Council supervises besides endeavouring to strengthen and consolidate the work of the district committees, taking into consideration, as well, all questions of principle and all matters relating to the general action of the Society. Of course the scene of the Society's main operations is the metropolitan poor-law district; but it is glad to give general assistance, by sending information to agencies outside that area. We may add that the example set by the Society has given birth to many foreign and provincial organisations of identical aims and action.

It may be interesting to glance briefly at the broad method of investigation pursued by the inquiry officers—be they paid or honorary—of the Society. In treating a family, then, the following facts are in the first place arrived at: The ages of the parents; the amount of their earnings at the time of application and previously; the cause of their leaving their last employment; the ages of their children; and whether those children go to school (and if so,

where)—or, if they are employed, what they earn. The previous addresses, with the references of the family, are next learned; and it is ascertained whether they belong to a club or have relatives who ought to assist them. Then inquiry is made as to whether the family have any debts hanging over them; what their rent is; how they are obtaining a living at the time of application; and, finally, how they think they can be thoroughly helped. Subsequently, it is the inquiry officer's duty, among other things, to ascertain for himself the cause of the family's distress, verifying the information they have supplied to him; to search out the best mode of helping; to familiarise himself with the character of the family, and find on whom, if its natural head be weak or incompetent, reliance can be placed to re-establish the family fortunes; and, lastly, to settle what means of future thrift and self-support can be fostered into life.

Did space permit, we should like to give some characteristic examples of instances where the indigent have been raised to a state of independence by the well-advised action of the Society, and tell how the workhouse itself has been made to yield material with which to work so happy a transformation. Some reference, too, would be justified to the numerous special questions in connection with which the Society has seen cause to take action. But we have said enough perhaps to effect our immediate purpose and indicate the nature of the Society and the scope of its operations. A considerable literature has grown around the Charity Organisation Society, and this is accessible to all who visit the central office of the institution, 15 Buckingham Street, Adelphi, London, whither all communications to the Secretary, Mr C. L. Loch, should be addressed.

THE DENSCHMAN'S HAD.

A LEGEND OF SHETLAND.

From Widwick to Hermaness the cliffs rise steep and high from a deep ocean, so deep that a large ship might float alongside of the crags without danger of scraping her keel. What would be the fate of such a vessel, if she were carried by the might of that sea against that iron wall, I leave you to imagine. The rocks are broken all along their range by fissures and caves, inaccessible from the land, and scarcely approachable from the sea. He is a bold voyager who brings even a boat to thread the 'boas' and 'stacks'—submerged rocks and needle-crags—which guard the way to those haunts of seafowl and seals. One of the caves is named the Denschman's Had. I ought to explain that a 'had' means the den of a wild beast, his stronghold; and 'Denschman' is 'Dane.'

In old days, Shetland (or Hialtland) was nothing more than a 'had' of vikinger, those pirates of the North who have so often been confounded with the noble sea-kings of Scandinavia; but while the islands belonged to Norway, their inhabitants were under powerful protection, and suffered little inconvenience from the uses to which the sea-rovers turned the sheltered voes and secluded islets. It was only when Scottish rule came in that the vikinger of Norway and Denmark turned their weapons against their brother-Norsemen of the Shetland Isles. During the times of the Stuarts, Scotland had enough to do to look after itself, far less to extend protection to an outlying dependency that was more plague than profit. Indeed, the Scottish kings and nobles seem to have regarded Hialtland as fair game, and robbed and oppressed the people after as cruel a method as that of the northern pirates. Between the two, those islands had a hot time of it; and the islanders, once a prosperous community, sank into poverty and hopeless serfdom.

About the time of Mary Stuart, the isle of Unst was harassed by a noted viking whose name and lineage were unknown. He and his daring crew were believed to be Danes, and his swift barque—appropriately named the *Erne*—and his stalwart person were familiar to the affrighted eyes of the islanders. When the Denschman swooped upon the isle, its inhabitants fled to the hills and rocks, leaving their homes as spoil for the lawless rover. What else could they do? The enemy were strong, reckless, brave, well armed and well disciplined. The islanders, groaning and disheartened under the yoke of an alien power, were at the mercy of might, and could neither resist nor make treaty; so the Denschman came and went like the fierce bird of prey whose name his vessel bore, and no man dared oppose him.

One midsummer evening, a westerly squall arose which sent the fishing-boats flying to the shelter of their voes and vicks. Those storms rise and fall with tropical rapidity and violence. Six hours after it was at its height, the wind had fallen to an ordinary fresh breeze, the sky was smiling as before, and only the wrathful surf, rolling white and broken under the influence of a changing tide, remained to tell of the tempest. All the boats had returned in safety, and there should have been rejoicing in Unst; but instead, men frowned and women trembled, for the fishers had brought news that the Denschman was on the coast: his well-known sail had been seen hovering beyond the holms of Gloup; he was coming upon the wings of the westerly wind; he would be on the Westing Bicht ere long. There was no landing-place available—with such a heavy sea—on that side of the island; but the Denschman knew what he was about, doubtless. He would send to the nor'ard, fly round the Flugga skerries and Skau, would lay-to, and bide his time till dusk drew down; then he would alight on the eastern shore, and work his wild will upon the defenceless isle. Such had been his tactics aforetime. The people ran to the high lands of Vaalafiel and Patester to mark the Denschman's course, for where he meant to land, *there* they must not be.

Soon the *Erne* was descried emerging from a mist of spindrift, and bearing swiftly towards Unst, heading straight for the isle, and not—as the folk had supposed—skirting the coast. Did the vikinger mean to bring their vessel to harbour among those crags, where the sea was in such a turmoil? Was the *Erne* a demon-ship that could dare everything and perform such a feat? On he came right before the wind with

a following tide; but when well in the Westing Bicht, some experienced seamen affirmed that there must be something wrong aboard, for the *Erne* did not rise on the waves with its usual buoyancy; he seemed to plunge madly forward, as if in fierce conflict with the ocean he had ruled so long. By-and-by it was seen that the vessel laboured more and more, yet carried full sail, as if on speed depended salvation.

'I would not say but he's sprung a leak, or the like,' said an old udaller among the onlookers. 'Who but a madman would bring a ship in-shore like yon, if all was taut aboard!'

'That is so,' remarked a seaman. 'Without doubt, he's in straits; and he's going to try to beach on the Aire of Widwick. It's his only chance, and a poor one.'

'Pray the powers he may not make the Aire,' replied the old man; 'and I'm thinking,' he added, 'that the powers will hear us. There is something fatal amiss with that evil one. See yon! He's not obeying his helm; he's just driving with wind and tide. He's in a mighty strait, praise the Lord!'

'If he misses the Aire, he'll go in *shallmillens* [the fragments of eggshell] upon the baas of Flübersgerdie,' said a fisherman, with a grim smile; and all cried out: 'Pray the powers it may be so!'

As if the powers thus invoked were ready to prove their immediate willingness to answer the cry of the oppressed, the wind veered more to the west, and carried the disabled ship against the holm of Widwick, a small islet which lies off the creek, and wards from it the full force of the North Atlantic. If the *Erne* had stranded on the holm, some of his crew might have effected a landing there; but that was not the end of the viking's barque; she reeled back from the holm with a gash in her side that was a death-wound indeed, and drifted onwards once more. Now, would she gain the creek? No! In a few moments the *Erne* was carried past the little harbour, where lay the sole chance of deliverance, and then crashed among the rocks of Flübersgerdie.

'Praise to the powers that are above all!' cried the men of Unst, and even gentle-hearted women rejoiced as the Denschman, barque and crew, disappeared among the breakers.

The people returned to their homes, happy in the thought that the rocks of Fatherland had proved able protectors, and that Unst was for ever rid of its most dreaded foe.

Two days and two nights passed. No trace of the storm was left. A boat put off from Widwick with the intention of saving such portions of the *Erne* as would certainly be drifting among the skerries near Flübersgerdie. The men could tell by the state of the tides and the wind exactly where the wreckage was to be found, and they made for the spot, never doubting that some spoil would be there to reward them. As they approached the submerged reef where the *Erne* finished her career, the skipper, alluding to the dreaded Denschman, said: 'Well did he deserve what he met here! Think our isle would give him foothold!—our isle, that he has harried this ten year and more! No, no!'

Scarcely were the words spoken, when one of the fishermen called out excitedly: 'Lord be about us, men, what's yon?'—and he pointed to a cave situated in the cliff opposite the reef.

All gazed, and were struck dumb, for, on a ledge within the mouth of the helyer (cave) stood a man—the man! the Denschman, alive, stalwart, terrible as ever, and brandishing his sword, as if defying mortal to molest him.

The boat was instantly backed, and when the islanders had put what they considered a safe distance between themselves and their dreaded foeman, the men consulted together. Should they make a bold attack? The Denschman was alone; they were six in number. Surely, they could overpower him, tired and despairing as he must be. Yes. But one, or even two of their number were likely to fall before his sword ere he could be conquered. Who was patriot enough 'to lead such dire attack?' No one of that crew! Then should they leave him to die of exhaustion, as he must ere long? There was no way of escape. The lofty precipice overhung the cave, precluding any scheme of climbing upwards; on either side, the *aiguille* crags rose from a seething depth of sea; in front, a reef of sunken rocks covered with fretful surf, dared the bravest swimmer that ever breasted waves to pass alive.

The Denschman had evidently reached his present refuge by aid of a large plank belonging to the *Erne*, which still floated near the cave. When they had recovered every vestige of the wreck which floated, he could not escape. It was beyond the power of man to leave that cave unaided from without. Help must come from ropes lowered from the land above, or boats brought to the cave. And who was there in Unst would bring rope or boat to aid the Denschman? None!

'Let him die the death!' said the men whose homes the viking had devastated. So they ventured nearer, and removed every floating spar or plank, then returned to Widwick; and it was told in the isle that the Denschman had survived his barque and crew only to meet a more terrible death. No man pitied him; no man dreamt of giving him succour. Those were days when the gentler feelings had little part in men's warfare, and no red cross of healing followed battle ensigns to the field of fight.

Next day, a number of boats put off, that men might feast their eyes on the dead or dying viking; and many saw him. That day, he was seated on the ledge of rock glowering at them; but he made no sign of either submission or defiance. 'He grows weak,' they said, and wondered that even the Denschman's tough and giant frame had so long withstood the exposure and starvation.

A third time the islanders sought the rocks of Flübersgerdie and saw the pirate chief as before. Then they began to fear, and to say that he must be allied to potent powers of evil; for how, otherwise, could he have survived there so long? The interior of the helyer could be seen from a little distance: no food or clothing had been saved from the wreck to be secreted there. The prisoner was always seen sitting on the cold bare ledge where he had been first discovered, and the people were satisfied that the cave held no means of sustenance.

Day by day for a whole fortnight boats were guided to Flübersgerdie, and men gazed in awe, but did not venture to molest the Denschman, who merely returned their stare with haughty glances, and never deigned to bespeak their compassion. Dread of the supernatural added its paralysing effects to the terror which the viking's fame had implanted, and there was not a man found brave enough to attack the Denschman in his 'had.'

Then heaviness fell on the men's spirits, for wives and mothers upbraided them as cowards; their little ones shrieked and hid their faces when it was told that the bugbear of their dreams was making his 'had' in an Unst helyer; and at last, driven by shame and a remnant of manly courage, the islanders determined on attacking their enemy. They would discover if he were immortal; they would prove if the powers of evil were above those of good.

A fleet of boats was got ready, laden with sharp stones, which were to be cast at the foe—a safe mode of onslaught! The islanders armed themselves with staves and axes. Nets were prepared, in whose toils the Denschman should fall if he, by any strange chance, came to close quarters. The oldest udaller in the isle ordered his best boat to be launched and consecrated, to lead the attack. A day was fixed upon. It had been ascertained on the previous evening that the Denschman was still in his 'had,' alive and strong. No one doubted by that time that there he would remain while the island remained, if not ousted by force and the help of holy powers; or if not aided by demons to rise and blight the isle.

'Pray,' said the old udaller to his three fair daughters, who stood to see him embark in the consecrated boat—'pray that I bring the Denschman's dishonoured corpse back with me.'

'We will pray,' said the golden-haired maidens.

But what consternation there was on the Aire of Widwick, a few minutes later, when it was found that the old man's boat—the largest and best in the isle, the skiff that was to have led the attack—had disappeared! She had not sunk into the pellucid water, else she had been easily recovered; she had not floated out to sea, for the tide was running landwards; yet she had gone as completely as if she had owned feet to carry her over earth, or wings to fly through air. To be sure, the boat had both feet and wings of a kind, but these were of use on the ocean alone. And she was gone—oars and sails too! Doubtless, her flight had been on her native element; but some man's hand must have spread her wings or moved her feet. Then who had stolen the udaller's boat? No Hialtlander, be sure! Robbery was never the vice of those islanders; moreover, such a theft could have been brought home to a native easily.

One fisherman, more acute than his neighbours, whispered: 'None but the Denschman has done this;' and with common assent, all echoed: 'The Denschman has done this.'

Boats instantly put off and sped to Flübersgerdie, where confirmation of those suspicions was not wanting. The Denschman was no longer in the cave. He had been there, hale and terrible, on the previous evening; he had vanished that morning, and left no trace behind. 'It must have been the Evil One himself,' said the folk; and there was gloom in the isle, trembling, and much fear, for all expected that ere long the Denschman would descend upon Unst, and, fired by revenge, deal worse havoc than even that of former days.

But days and weeks went past, and nothing further was known of the Denschman or the udaller's boat, and still the people feared their ancient foe and looked for his return. None doubted that he survived. The man who could live in unabated vigour through a fortnight without food or fire in a dark ocean cave, who could find means of leaving his prison, and could spirit away a large boat—such a one was not likely to have perished on the sea. Yes, without doubt, the Denschman would return to Unst; 'and heaven help us when he comes!' said the islanders.

Then it happened one autumn afternoon that a stranger vessel was seen, on the Westing Bicht, making tacks for the isle. The people had always cause to suspect an unknown sail, and they watched the stranger's approach with some fear. As he drew nearer, it was observed that he closely resembled the *Erne* of old, but carried the white flag of peace. The Norland pirates ever scorned to conceal their true character, which was never a treacherous one, but flaunted their ruthless blood-red colours in the face of day. If a viking hoisted the white banner, he meant peace; and so well was this known, and so thoroughly could all men trust in the good faith of a viking, that the islanders instantly sent off a boat to the vessel, though they suspected it was a pirate ship. The stranger had a boat in tow, and when the islanders came near, he lay-to and allowed them to come alongside of his convoy. What was the fishermen's astonishment to find that the boat was no other than that of the Unst udaller!

Then a stern voice spoke from the ship. 'Come not nearer,' it said, in a patois half-Danish, half-English, which the Hialtlanders could interpret well enough. 'Come not nearer; but undo the tow-line, and take that boat to its owner. It is freighted with goodly gifts for the udaller's three fair daughters, who will know whence those tokens come.—And know, ye hinds of Unst, that ye owe your lives and all that makes life precious to the golden-haired maidens.—Begone!' Then the speaker—easily recognised as the Denschman—made imperious sign to his mariners, who speedily put the vessel on another tack, and before many minutes he was running out to sea again.

The islanders towed the laden boat ashore, where a throng was waiting their return. Numerous questions were asked, numerous conjectures made. The udaller and his daughters were summoned and the precious cargo displayed. Table utensils of silver, personal ornaments of gold, silken stuffs and snowy linens, rich wines and fruits, and precious grain, whatever could please feminine taste, were spread before the wondering people, while the three sisters stood mute and blushing, now cowering with strange shame, anon glancing with curious pride at all around.

Presently, their old father addressed them in

grave and troubled tones: 'Tell us the meaning of this strange *giddic* [riddle].'

At that, the two younger girls fell on their knees and clasped his hands entreatingly, while the eldest sister cried: 'O father, do not be angered, and I will tell ye all. We heard you speak of the Denschman in his sore strait with nobody to pity him. It's true he had dealt cruelly by our isle; but—but, O father, it lay heavy on our hearts that a man—and such a man, with such a goodly presence and such a bold spirit—should die like an otter trapped in a snare; and so, we—we went to the rock in the dark hour of night, and we lowered a *keschie* [basket] to him with food and cordials and clothes—everything to keep in life. And then—when we knew that our men meant to stone the poor defenceless captive to death, our souls were melted with pity; so we took the boat and helped him to escape. *We* were not afraid of the Denschman; and, truth to tell, he can be kind and gentle like other men. Or ere he left the isle—all in the mirk hour—he promised that, because of what we had done, he would never harry Unst again. No doubt, it was wrong of us, father; but then, oh, be mindful that the plight he was in could not fail to touch lasses' hearts. And if good instead of harm come of it—nay, *has* come of it—ye need not trouble yourself more, but forgive us, and trust the Denschman to keep his word. He will do so. We all know that a viking stands to his promise, whate'er betide.'

'The lass has spoken words of wisdom,' said a prudent matron, eyeing the viking's royal gifts; and a laughing seaman added: 'Ay, and what would come of us poor men if lasses were not pitiful, and not just altogether wise at times!'

So the old udaller forgave his daughters, and—as legend says—'after that Unst was often benefited, and never more harried, by the Denschman,' whose 'had' is still pointed out to the inquiring stranger.

AN ELECTRICAL FURNACE.

Some of the enormous power which runs waste at the Falls of Niagara is about to be utilised at last, and, strangely enough, the first work required of the water will be the smelting of refractory ores. This new undertaking is to be carried out by the Cowles Electrical Furnace Company, the inventors of the process being Messrs Eugene H. and Alfred H. Cowles. Their experimental works at Cleveland, Ohio, have been so successful, that they were awarded the John Scott premium and the Elliot Cresson medal of the Franklin Institute. While labouring under various disadvantages, the Company was yet able to produce metallic combinations that promise to be of great importance, such as aluminium bronze, aluminium silver, aluminium brass, and silicon bronze in ingots, castings, wire, and rolled metal. Some of these alloys were manufactured into different articles in every-day use. They exhibited screws of aluminium brass; knives with blades of aluminium silver, and handles of aluminium bronze; together with a number of other manufactured articles. Aluminium bronze is stronger than steel, is not so liable to rust, and, being elastic and ductile, if it can be produced at a cheap enough rate, it should have a great future before it. For instance, cycles made of it would be lighter, stronger, and more easily kept clean than those made of steel. This industry alone should create a large demand. Silicon bronze, also, from its electric conductivity, tensile strength, lightness, and non-corrosiveness, will be a desirable substitute for iron and copper in telegraphy; while aluminium silver—an alloy containing the special bronze with nickel—will be serviceable for cutlery and fancy articles. Pure aluminium, however, has this great disadvantage, that it tarnishes readily, and unless something can be done to remedy the defect, its usefulness will be considerably restricted. At the same time, these alloys bid fair to supplant steel and other metals in the manufacture of light articles where strength and appearance are desirable.

A dynamo larger than any yet constructed is at present being made for the Company at Lockport, New York. As already stated, it will be driven by water, acting on turbines. The contemplated works will, it is estimated, yield about three hundred thousand horse-power, and this only represents a fraction of the power that is running to waste at Niagara.

WHO KNOWS?

I GRANT her fair, ay, passing fair,
As lovely as a budding rose;
But is there soul behind that face,
A beauty 'neath that outward grace?
Who knows—who knows?

Does light of love beam from those eyes?—
The love that in her bosom glows?
Or is the light that lingers there
Delusive, though it shine so fair?
Who knows—who knows?

Does that fair form a fairer charm,
A tender, loving heart inclose?
A heart whose tendrils, like the vine,
Would round the heart that loved it twine?
Who knows—who knows?

And should life's sky be overcast,
And gathering clouds around thee close,
Should fortune frown and false friends flee,
Would that heart still cling close to thee?
Who knows—who knows?

Or is she, can she ever be,
As fickle as the wind that blows,
And veers as if it were at play,
Trifling with all who own her sway?
Who knows—who knows?

But why a prey to doubt remain?
Why halt 'twixt hope and fear?—propose.
She may be waiting till you dare,
To crown with love that beauty rare.
Who knows—who knows?

JOHN NAPIER.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

All Rights Reserved.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL
OF
POPULAR
LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART
Fifth Series
ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832
CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)

No. 148.—Vol. III. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1886. Price 1½d.

THE MATTERHORN,

AND ITS VICTIMS.

The Matterhorn, or Mont Cervin, a peak of the Pennine Alps, fourteen thousand seven hundred and eighty feet high, is unique amongst the mountains of the Alps, for elsewhere throughout their length and breadth there is no single peak that approaches to it in massive grandeur of shape. Standing alone, apart from the neighbouring peaks, holding itself proudly aloof, as it were, from the common herd, it is truly a monarch among mountains. To look upon it is to realise at once the feeling of awe and reverence with which, even to this day, the peasants of the valley regard it—a feeling which in former years had perhaps more to do with its reputed inaccessibility than anything else; whilst other peaks whose ascent is now thought to be more difficult, were falling one by one before the early pioneers of the Alpine Club. In that time—with very few exceptions—even the boldest hunters of Zermatt and the Val Tournanche shrank from attempting the ascent, for time-honoured legends said that the Matterhorn was haunted, that evil spirits made it their trysting-place; and when the storm raged high, and the lightning played about its crags, danced and shrieked around it in unholy glee. Then, too, the Matterhorn has a history of its own, such as no other mountain save Mont Blanc possesses.

Every one who has read Mr Whymper's *Scrambles amongst the Alps*—a book which has probably done more to stimulate the love of climbing than any written before or since—knows how he alone—when other mountaineers tried and failed, coming back always with the same tale, that the summit was inaccessible—persisted that it could be reached; and how, though driven back many and many a time, he refused to accept defeat, till at length, after an expenditure of time and money which some would deem completely thrown away in such a cause, his indomitable perseverance met with its due reward. As Mr Whymper's adventures in connection with the ascent of the Matterhorn have been already related in this *Journal* under the title 'Ascent of the Matterhorn,' January 10, 1880, we need only refer to them here in so far as is necessary for the sequence of the narrative.

There were several attempts made to ascend the Matterhorn previous to 1858; but the first known were those of the four Val Tournanche guides—Jean Antoine Carrel, J. J. Carrel, Victor Carrel, Gabriel Maquignaz, with the Abbé Gorret, in that and in the following year. These attempts were all made on the Italian side, from Breuil; and it does not appear that at any time a greater height than twelve thousand six hundred and fifty feet was attained. Very little definite information, however, has ever been obtainable on the subject.

The next attempt of which we have record was a remarkable one, for it was made by three brothers, the Messrs Parker of Liverpool, *and without guides*. The attempt was made in 1860 from Zermatt, and these daring climbers attacked the eastern face, looked upon at that time as quite beyond the powers of any human being to climb. They succeeded in ascending to a height of some twelve thousand feet, and were then driven back by bad weather. In the same year, another attempt was made from Breuil by Professor Tyndall and Mr Vaughan Hawkins, with the guides J. J. Carrel and Bennen; but they did not make much advance upon what had been done during the attempts of the Val Tournanche guides; and it is doubtful if a greater height than thirteen thousand feet was reached.

In 1861, the Messrs Parker tried again, but did not succeed in getting much higher than they did in the previous year; while on the Italian side, the two Carrels, J. A. and J. J., made another attempt, which was unsuccessful.

Then began the attempts of Mr Whymper, and from that moment until the last successful expedition, with two exceptions, his name was associated with all the attempts that were made

upon the mountain. The two exceptions were those of Mr T. S. Kennedy and of Professor Tyndall in 1862. The first was unique, as having been made in the winter—on the 7th of January. Mr Kennedy seems to have thought that the ascent might prove practicable in winter, if not in summer; but his experience was a severe one. A fierce wind, bitter cold, and a superabundance of snow, prevented his getting very far; and, like all the rest, he returned completely discomfited. The attempt of Professor Tyndall on the Italian side, in July of that year, was perhaps the nearest to success of any that had yet been made. He had two celebrated Swiss guides with him, Bennen and Walter; and he also took, but only as porters, three Val Tournanche men, of whom J. A. Carrel was one. This expedition was only stopped when within eight hundred feet of the top. Professor Tyndall came back so deeply impressed with the difficulties surrounding the ascent, that he made no effort to renew his attempt. In fact, he does not appear to have gone on the mountain again till he ascended it in 1868, three years after the first ascent had been made. Professor Tyndall's want of success appears in great measure to have been due to the jealousy existing between the guides of the two rival nationalities, Swiss and Italian.

The first attempt by Mr Whymper was made from Breuil on the 29th of August 1861, the same day as the attempt by the two Carrels. Mr Whymper was accompanied by an Oberland guide, who proved a somewhat inefficient companion; and they failed to get higher than the 'Chimney,' twelve thousand six hundred and fifty feet above the sea-level. He made other five attempts in 1862, one in 1863, and two in 1865. In the ninth and last, he was successful.

In Mr Whymper's ninth and successful attempt the united party consisted of Lord Francis Douglas, Mr Hudson, Mr Hadow—a friend of Mr Hudson's—and the guides Michel Croz and the two Taugwalders, father and son. They started from Zermatt on July 13, 1865, and camped out above the Hörnli ridge. The weather was fine and with everything in their favour, next day, they climbed with ease the apparently inaccessible precipices, and reached the actual summit at 1.40 P.M.

In the account of the expedition which Mr Whymper has given to the world, he graphically describes the wild delight which they all felt at a success so much beyond their hopes, and how for a full hour they sat drinking in the sweets of victory before preparing to descend. It is almost needless to re-tell a story which we have previously related, and which is so well known as the terrible tragedy which took place during the descent—how Mr Hadow slipped, struck Croz from his steps, and dragged down Mr Hudson and Lord Francis Douglas; how the rope snapped midway between Lord Francis Douglas and old Taugwalder; and how Mr Whymper and the two Taugwalders watched, horrified, whilst their unfortunate companions slid rapidly downwards, spreading out their hands in a vain endeavour to save themselves, till they finally disappeared over the edge of the precipice, falling a distance of four thousand feet on to the glacier below! The bodies of Messrs Hudson, Hadow, and Croz were subsequently recovered, and now lie buried in the graveyard of the Zermatt village church; but of Lord Francis Douglas, nothing could be seen. Beyond a boot, a pair of gloves, and the torn and bloodstained sleeve of a coat, no trace of him has ever since been found. What became of his body is to this day a mystery.

It is strange how the memory of this the most dramatic—if it may be so termed—of all the accidents which have ever happened in the Alps is still indelibly impressed on the minds of climbers, guides, and amateurs alike. It is the commonest thing to hear it discussed, and the theories put forward as to the cause of the rope giving way where it did are various and ingenious. Unfortunately for the reputation of old Taugwalder, the report of the official investigation held by the local authorities after the accident has never to this day been made public. As a consequence, old Taugwalder has suffered irretrievably from a report mischievously circulated by his fellow-villagers to the effect, that at the moment of the slip, he sacrificed his companions to save himself, by severing the rope! And in spite of Mr Whymper's assertions that the thing was impossible, there are some who still persist in maintaining that he cut it. The suspicion under which he laboured so preyed upon his spirits that he quitted the scene, and for many years never returned to his native village. The younger Taugwalder became one of the leading guides of the valley.

Thrice again has the Matterhorn been the scene of death in a terrible form. In 1879, the mountain claimed two more victims. In the one case, an American, Dr Moseley, disregarding the most ordinary precautions, slipped and perished horribly, falling a height of some two thousand feet, on to some rocks a little way down the Furggen Glacier. Dr Moseley, accompanied by Mr Craven and the well-known Oberland guides, Christian Inabnit and Peter Rubi, left Zermatt on the night of August 13, with the intention of making a one-day ascent of the Matterhorn. Both gentlemen were members of the Alpine Club, and mountaineers of considerable experience. The summit was reached successfully at nine o'clock on the morning of the 14th; and after a short halt, the descent was commenced. Dr Moseley, who was a skilful rock-climber, and possessed of great confidence in his own climbing powers, soon after passing the most difficult bit of the mountain, complained that the rope was a considerable hindrance; and notwithstanding the remonstrances of Mr Craven and the guides, insisted on detaching himself

from the other members of the party. At some little distance from the old hut, the party had to cross a projecting ledge of smooth rock. Rubi crossed first, and planted his axe so as to give Dr Moseley a firm foothold; but Dr Moseley, declining the proffered assistance, placed his hand upon the rock and endeavoured to vault over it. In an instant, his foot slipped, his axe flew out of his hand, and he fell on to some snow beneath, down which he commenced to slide on his back. The snow was frozen, and he dropped on to some rocks below. With a desperate effort, he turned himself round and tried to grasp the rocks with his hands; but the impetus attained was too great, and he fell from rock to rock till lost to his companions' sight. The body was subsequently recovered; and from the terrible nature of the fall, death must have ensued long before the bottom was reached.

Here was a case of a valuable life absolutely thrown away, for, had Dr Moseley remained on the rope, the accident would never have happened. It was the same over-confidence that cost the life of the Rev. J. M. Elliott on the Schreckhorn, and it is to be feared will cost the lives of others yet, if the warning conveyed by the fall of these two accomplished mountaineers continues to be disregarded. There was another circumstance, too, which had a bearing on the accident, and which is an additional proof of a want of carefulness on the part of the unfortunate man—his boots were found, on examination, to be almost entirely devoid of nails, and were, therefore, practically useless for mountaineering purposes.

In the other case, a death occurred under circumstances which are happily without a parallel in the annals of mountaineering. Two members of the Basle section of the Swiss Alpine Club—a body in no way connected with our own Alpine Club—engaged three guides—J. M. Lochmatter and Joseph Brantschen, both of St Nicolas, and P. Beytrison of Evolena—to take them over the Matterhorn from Breuil to Zermatt. They left the first-named place on the morning of August 12, and in the afternoon reached the hut which the Italian Alpine Club have built at an elevation of some thirteen thousand feet, amidst the wildest crags of the Matterhorn, intending to sleep there, and cross the mountain to Zermatt in the course of the following day. During the night, the guide Brantschen was taken ill, and by morning had become so weak as to be quite unable to move. Now, under these circumstances, it might have been supposed that Brantschen would have been the first consideration; but the two Swiss gentlemen thought otherwise. Instead of at once abandoning the expedition, and sending down for help to Breuil, after a brief consultation they announced to Lochmatter their intention of proceeding to Zermatt, and ordered him and Beytrison to get ready to start. They were conscious of the fact that Brantschen had become dangerously ill, and appear to have demurred at first, but weakly gave in on their employers insisting. A blanket was thrown over the sick man, a little food placed beside him, and then the party filed out of the hut, and the door was shut. It is possible that in their leaving Brantschen they were scarcely alive to the consequences of their act; it is to be hoped, at all events, that they were not; but from the moment that the hut was left, they deliberately condemned the sick man to at least thirty-six hours of absolute solitude. In fact, by the adoption of this course, the nearest succour—at the pace of the party—was nineteen and a half hours off, whereas Breuil would have been only eight. They crossed the mountain safely, but being bad walkers, did not reach Zermatt till half-past one the following morning. They then caused a relief party of guides to be sent out; but it was too late. On reaching the hut, the unfortunate man was found to be dead. The conduct of his employers did not escape criticism both at home and abroad.

There have been accidents on the Matterhorn since 1879; but although in more than one instance there has been a narrow escape, only once has any further life been sacrificed.

Within a few days of the first ascent of the Matterhorn, on July 18, 1865, J. A. Carrel and Bich succeeded in reaching the summit from the Italian side, by a feat of rock-climbing scarcely equalled for daring in the annals of mountaineering. Since then, ascents of the Matterhorn have multiplied year by year; but for every one ascent by the Italian route, there must be twenty at least by the Zermatt. In fact, the former route is scarcely adapted for any but good mountaineers. The Matterhorn has also been climbed from the Zmutt side; but this route has never become popular. The first traveller to ascend the Matterhorn from Breuil was Mr F. Craufurd Grove, the present President of the Alpine Club; and of other remarkable ascents may be mentioned those of Miss Walker, accompanied by her brother and Mr Gardiner—Miss Walker being the first lady to climb the Matterhorn—of the Misses Pigeon, who were weather-bound for three days in the hut on the Italian side; and in descending to Zermatt, after crossing the summit, were benighted, and had to remain on the open mountain-side till daybreak; of Messrs Cawood, Colgrove, and Cust, who made the ascent from Zermatt without guides; of the ill-fated expeditions in which the lives of Dr Moseley, the guide Brantschen, and Mr Borckhardt were lost; and of Mr Mummery and the late Mr Penhall, who each discovered a new route from the Zmutt side.

The Matterhorn has likewise been ascended in the winter; as the writer can assert from experience, having accomplished the feat—such as it was—in the days when it had not become the everyday affair that it is now. With two guides, one of whom was the well-known Joseph Imboden of St Nicolas, I arrived at Zermatt one fine afternoon in August, resolved upon a one-day ascent of the Matterhorn. A start was to be made at midnight; and soon after that hour, we were picking our way over the stones which paved the deserted village street in the darkness of a moonless night. Leaving the village behind us, we commenced to ascend through the meadows beyond the village, Imboden leading, and never for a moment pausing, although, in that uncertain light, it was difficult to distinguish a track of any kind. We reached the barren Hörnli Ridge, and as we commenced to traverse it, the sky grew lighter with the dawn of day. We were

close to the foot of the Matterhorn now, and it loomed upon us, towering high into the sky, and seeming to my eyes one mighty series of precipices from base to summit. There was a solemn grandeur about the scene which seemed even to have its influence upon my companion, for not a word was spoken as we strode on towards the mountain. But when once we were upon the rock itself, I found that the difficulties which I had pictured to myself as likely to arise had little existence in fact; the series of precipices resolved themselves into a rocky surface, much broken, and yielding capital hand and foot hold everywhere. The incline, too, was very much less steep than it had appeared at a distance. No difficulty indeed presented itself; and climbing upwards rapidly, in two hours from the Hörnli we were at the hut which in those days was generally made use of for passing the night previous to an ascent. This hut is built beneath the shelter of an overhanging cliff, on a narrow rock platform, and its position does not give one an idea of security. It is cramped, and when I saw it, was very dirty, and indeed looked altogether so uninviting, that I congratulated myself on having avoided a night in it. We found the stove useful, though, for cooking our breakfast. This hut has now been superseded by a larger building, erected lower down the mountain. We finished our breakfast, and set out once more.

Hitherto, the work had been quite easy; but now came something stiffer, our first experience being on an ice-slope at an angle of perhaps forty-five degrees, overhanging the route by which we had ascended, and by which, had any false step been made, we should have returned somewhat hastily. A party that had gone up the day before spared us any step-cutting, for they had done their work so satisfactorily that quite a staircase remained for our use. We reached the top of the slope in safety; a knife-edge of snow led us to the right, and almost immediately we found ourselves upon the most difficult bit of the mountain, the northern face. Rounding the edge of the mountain, you look down, and below you, the face of the cliff falls away steeply, till it terminates in a drop of three thousand feet or more. Above, rises perpendicularly almost a succession of knobs of rock, overlapping one another, and more or less coated with snow and ice. The position may be rendered exciting enough to please any one by the addition of one or two incompetent individuals to the party.

Our progress was slow but steady. Imboden would scan the face of the cliff, climb up a few feet, and when firmly fixed, call to me to follow, the operation then being repeated with the second guide. We sighted the summit at fifteen minutes past eight; and in less than two hours after leaving the hut we were on the highest point. The summit varies much, differing in shape with each successive season; and when we were there, it was a ridge of snow, narrow in places, broader in others, though nowhere was it possible to walk three abreast. We had a glorious view; but in this respect the Matterhorn is perhaps inferior to some of its neighbours, notably to Monte Rosa and the Dom.

During the descent, Imboden exercised even greater care, and we reached the hut again safely. From there, we made our way leisurely down to Zermatt, where we arrived soon after three o'clock in the afternoon, after an unusually quick ascent, thanks to the splendid weather and the easy state of the northern face, which, while it cost us only two hours, has sometimes given a party seven hours or more of hard work. On the way down, Imboden pointed out to me two blanched fragments of rope trailing from the rocks far up on the northern face. They were left there by Mr Whymper after the accident, and marked the spot close by where it occurred. There they remained as cherished relics till last year, when a traveller sent his guide to cut them down and bring them away. It is sad to think that it was an Englishman who was guilty of this wanton act.

As far as the actual ascent of the Matterhorn goes, it is far from being the formidable affair which it was once considered to be; but at the same time it is certainly not an expedition to be recommended to every one. It is not that the ascent is dangerous in itself, though some may have their own opinion about that, but it cannot be too strongly insisted on that, under certain conditions, it ought not to be attempted. Every experienced climber knows how weather can affect a mountain, and how ascents which, under ordinary conditions, are easy enough, are apt after bad weather to become difficult—sometimes impossible; and for a party of novices, with possibly guides not of the best class, to attempt the Matterhorn in a bad state is to run a risk such as no one in the pursuit of pleasure is justified in running.

The latest accident upon the Matterhorn, up to date of writing, has perhaps more than any other Alpine accident illustrated the folly of attempting great mountains without a proper mountaineering training beforehand. On the morning of the 17th of August, at three A.M., a party, consisting of Messrs F. C. Borckhardt and T. Davies, with Zermatt guides, Peter Aufdemblatten and Fridolin Kronig, left the lower Matterhorn hut, and in fine weather reached the summit about nine A.M. Soon after leaving it, the weather, with one of those sudden changes which must always more or less constitute a danger in Alpine climbing, became very bad, and it began to snow. The progress of the party was very slow, for neither of the two gentlemen seems to have been a good walker, and both were exhausted; and by seven o'clock that same evening they had only reached the spot near where Dr Moseley made his fatal slip. Here they halted. It continued to snow all that night and till past noon on the following day, by which time travellers and guides were reduced to a pitiable condition. And now comes the saddest part of the story. Of the party, Mr Borckhardt was by this time the most helpless, and as such, ought to have received the greatest consideration; but the guides persuaded Mr Davies that the only chance of saving their own lives was to leave their helpless companion, and make a push to the nearest point whence help could be obtained. At that moment, it so happened that a rescue party was on its way from Zermatt, and they met it about half-way down to the hut. On hearing of the abandonment of Mr Borckhardt on the

open mountain-side, the relief party pushed on to his aid with all haste; but it was of no avail; they only arrived to find that the unfortunate gentleman was past all human help.

BY ORDER OF THE LEAGUE.

CHAPTER X.

Besides the consolation of recovering the precious insignia, the spice of romance in the affair appealed to Le Gautier's natural sentiment. He might, it may be thought, have had something similar made; but it must be remembered that he had no fac-simile in his possession; and he knew, or suspected, that the coin bore private marks known only to the Supreme Three. At all hazards, therefore, the device must be recovered, and perhaps a little pleasant pastime enjoyed in addition.

After long cogitation, Le Gautier decided to keep the appointment, and, in accordance with this determination, walked to Charing Cross the following night. He loitered along the broad stone platform for some time till the clock struck nine, idly speculating upon the people hurrying to and fro, and turning over the books and papers on the bookstall. At a few minutes after the hour he looked up at the clock, and then down again, and his heart beat a shade more quickly, for there, standing by the swinging door leading to the first-class waiting-room, was a long cloaked figure, closely veiled. Walking carelessly in the direction, and approaching, he looked at his watch as he muttered: 'Past nine—no sign of the Eastern Eagle.'

By way of answer, the mysterious stranger raised her hand to the clasp of her cloak, and there, in the centre of the fastening, was a gold moidore.

Le Gautier's eyes glistened as he noticed this. 'You wish to see me?' he said at length. 'I must thank you for'——

'If your name is Le Gautier,' she interrupted, 'I do want to say a few words to you.—Am I right, sir?'

Le Gautier bowed, thinking that, if the face matched the voice and figure, he had a treasure here.

'This is no place to discuss this matter. If you can suggest any place where we can hold a few minutes' conversation, I shall be obliged.'

Le Gautier mused a moment; he had a good knowledge of London, but hesitated to take a lady to any place so late. The only suggestion he could make was the Embankment; and apparently this suited his companion, for, bowing her head, she took the proffered arm, walked out from the station, down Villiars Street, and so on to the waterside. Le Gautier noticed how the fingers on his arm trembled, attributing this to natural timidity, never dreaming that the emotion might be a warmer one. He began to feel at home now, and his tongue ran on accordingly. 'Ah! how good of you,' he exclaimed, pressing the arm lying in his own tenderly—'how angelic of you to come to my aid! Tell me how you knew I was so rash, so impetuous?'

'Men who carry their lives in their hands always are,' Isodore replied. 'The story does not need much telling. I was in the Kursaal at the time, and had my eyes on you. I saw you detach the insignia from your watchchain; I saw you hand it to a woman to stake; in short, I can put my hand upon it now.'

'My protector, my guardian angel!' Le Gautier cried rapturously; and then, with a sudden prosaic touch, added: 'Have you got it with you?'

Isodore hesitated. If he could only have seen the smile behind the thick dark veil which hid the features so tantalisingly!

'I have not your insignia with me,' she said; 'that I must give you at some future time, not now. Though I am alarmed for you, I cannot but admire your reckless audacity.'

'I thought perhaps you might,' Le Gautier observed in a disappointed tone, and glancing at the clasp of his companion's cloak.

'That is mine,' she explained, noting his eager look. 'I do not part with it so recklessly as you. I, too, am one of you, as you see. Ah, Monsieur le Gautier, how truly fortunate your treasure fell into a woman's hands!'

'Indeed, yes,' he replied gravely, a little puzzled, nevertheless, by the half-serious, half-mocking tone of these last words. 'And how grateful I am! Pardon me if, in my anxiety, I ask when I may have it?'

'It may be some days yet. It is not in my hands; but be assured that you shall have it. I always keep my promises—in love or war, gratitude or revenge, I never forget.—And now I must leave you.'

'But you will at least tell me the name of my benefactor, and when I shall have the great felicity of seeing her again.'

'If I disclose myself to you, my secret must be respected. Some time, when I know you better, I will tell you more. I live in Ventnor Street, Fitzroy Square. You may come and see me any night at ten. You must inquire for Marie St Jean.'

'I will come,' Le Gautier exclaimed, kissing the proffered hand gallantly. 'Nothing save the sternest duty shall keep me from Fitzroy Square.'

'And you will respect my secret? I, too, am on the business of the League. You will guard my secret?'

'On my life!' was the fervid response.—'Good-night, and *au revoir*.'

'On his life,' Isodore murmured as she walked rapidly away in the direction of the Temple Gardens.

It was a beautiful night, the moon hanging behind Westminster, and throwing a glowing track along the swift rushing river, dancing like molten silver as it turned and switched under the arches of Waterloo. It was getting quiet now, save for the echoing footfall from a few hurrying feet or the shout of voices from the Surrey shore. Soft and subdued came the hoarse murmurs of the distant Strand; but Isodore heeded them not. In imagination, she was standing under the shadow of the grape-vines, the sunny Tiber down at her feet, and a man was at her side. And now the grapes were thorns, the winding Tiber the sullen Thames, and the hero standing by her side, a hero no longer, but a man to be despised—and worse. As she walked along, busy among the faded rose-leaves of the

past, a hand was laid upon her arm, and Valerie stood before her.

'I thought you were going to walk over me,' she said. 'I knew you would return this way, and came to meet you.—Have you seen him?'

'Yes, I have seen him; and what I have heard, does not alter my feelings. He is cold and vain, callous and unfeeling as ever. And to think I once loved that man, and trusted him! The poor fool thinks he has made another conquest, another captive to his bow and spear. Under cover of my veil, I have been studying his features. It is well he thinks so; it will help me to my revenge.—Valerie, he is going to call upon me to-morrow night at ten o'clock.'

'But consider what a rash thing you are doing. Besides, how is this going to benefit you or injure him? He will boast of it; he will talk of it to his friends, and injure you.'

'Not while I have this,' Isodore cried triumphantly, touching the clasp of her cloak.—'Do not you see how he is within my power? Besides, he can give me some information of the utmost value. They hold a Council to-morrow night; the business is pressing, and a special envoy is to go to Rome. The undertaking will be one of extreme danger. They will draw lots, but the choice will fall upon Frederick Maxwell.'

'How do you know this?' Valerie asked. 'I do not understand your mission; but it seems to me that where every man has a stake at issue, it is his own interest to see the matter conducted fairly.'

'You may think so; but perhaps you will think differently when I tell you that Le Gautier is, for the evening, President of the Council. It does not need a vast amount of discrimination to see how the end will be. Le Gautier is determined to marry this Enid Charteris; and much as she despises him, he will gain his end if he is not crossed.'

'But what are you going to do?' Valerie asked, horrified at the infamous plot. 'You will not allow an innocent man to go to his death like this?'

'I shall not, as you say, allow a good man to be done to death,' Isodore replied with the calmness of perfect conviction. 'The pear is not yet ripe. Le Gautier is not sufficiently hoist with his own petard. This Maxwell will go to Rome; but he will never execute the commission allotted to him; I shall take care of that.—And now, mind you are out of the way, when Le Gautier comes to-morrow night.'

Valerie silently shivered as she turned over the dark plot in her mind. 'Suppose you fail, Isodore,' she suggested—'fail from over-confidence? You speak of the matter as already accomplished, as if you had only to say a thing and it is done. One would think, to hear you, that Frederick Maxwell's safety, my husband's life even, was yours.'

'Yes,' she answered calmly; 'his life is mine. I hold it in the hollow of my hand.'

CHAPTER XI.

In one of those quiet by-thoroughfares between Gray's Inn Road and Holborn stands a hairdresser's shop. It is a good enough house above stairs, with capacious rooms over the shop; below, it has its plate-glass windows and the pole typical of the tonsorial talent within; a window decorated with pale waxen beauties, rejoicing in wigs of great luxuriance and splendour of colour; brushes of every shape and design; and cosmétiques from all nations, dubbed with high-sounding names, and warranted to make the baldest scalp resemble the aforesaid beauties, after one or more applications. But the polite proprietor of 'The Cosmopolitan Toilette Club' had something besides hair-cutting to depend upon, for Pierre Ferry's house was the London headquarters of the League.

As he stood behind a customer's chair in the 'saloon' snipping and chatting as barbers, especially if they be foreigners, always will, his restless little black eyes twinkled strangely. Had the customer been a man of observation, he would have noticed one man after another drop in, making a sign to the tonsorial artist, and then passing into an inner room. Salvarini entered presently, accompanied by Frederick Maxwell, both making some sign and passing on. Pierre Ferry looked at the newcomer keenly; but a glance of intelligence satisfied his scruples, and he resumed his occupation. Time went on until Le Gautier arrived, listless and cool, as was his wont, and in his turn passed in, turning to the barber as he shut the door behind him. 'This room is full,' he said; 'we want no more.'

Ferry bowed gravely, and turning the key in the lock, put the former in his pocket. That was the signal of the assembly being complete. He wished his customer good-night, then closing the door, seated himself, to be on the alert in case of any threatened danger.

As each of the conspirators passed through the shop, they ascended a dark winding staircase into the room above; and at the end of the apartment, a window opened upon another light staircase, for flight in case of danger, and which led into a courtyard, and thence into a back street. The windows looking upon Gray's Inn Road were carefully barred, and the curtains drawn so as to exclude any single ray of light, and talking quietly together were a few grave-looking men, foreigners mostly. Maxwell surveyed the plain-looking apartment, almost bare of furniture, with the exception of a long table covered with green cloth, an inkstand and paper, together with a pack of playing-cards. The artist's scrutiny and speculations were cut short by the entrance of Le Gautier.

To an actor of his stamp, the change of manner from a light-hearted man of the world to a desperate conspirator was easy enough. He had laid aside his air of levity, and appeared now President of the Council to the life—grave, stern, with a touch of hauteur in his gait, his voice deliberate, and his whole manner speaking of earnest determination of purpose. Maxwell could not but admire the man now, and gave him credit at least for sincerity in this thing.

'Gentlemen,' he said, in deep sonorous tones, 'we will commence business, if you please. I shall not detain you long to-night, for I have business of grave importance myself. Will you take your seats?'

The men gathered round the table, drawing up their chairs, Le Gautier at the head, and every eye turned upon him with rapt attention.

From an inside pocket he produced a packet of papers and laid them before him. 'Brothers,' he asked, 'what is our first duty to the League?'

'The removal of tyrants!' came from every throat there in a kind of deep chorus. 'And death to traitors!' added one, low down the board.

'You are right, my friend,' Le Gautier continued. 'That is a duty to which none can yield. I hold evidence in my hand that we have a traitor amongst us—not in the room, I mean, but in our camp. Does any Brother here know Visci, the Deputy at Rome?'

The assembly looked one to the other, though without speaking; and Maxwell noted the deathly pallor upon Salvarini's face, wondering what brought it there. The President repeated the question, and looked round again, as if waiting for some one to speak.

'Yes, I know him. He was my friend,' Salvarini observed in melancholy tones. 'Let us hear what his fault is.'

'He is a traitor to the Order,' Le Gautier continued; 'and as such, he must die. His crime is a heavy one,' he went on, looking keenly at Maxwell: 'he has refused to obey a mandate of the Three.'

'Death!' shouted the voices in chorus again—'death to the traitor!'

'That is your verdict, then?' the President asked, a great shout of 'Ay' going up in reply.—'It is proper for you to see his refusal; we must be stern in spite of our justice. See for yourselves.' Saying these words, he passed the papers down the table from hand to hand, Maxwell reading them in his turn, though the whole thing was a puzzle to him. He could only see that the assembly were in deadly earnest concerning something he did not understand. He was destined to have a rude awakening ere long. The papers were passed on until they reached the President's hands again. With great care he burnt them at one of the candles, crushing the charred ashes with his fingers.

'You are all agreed,' he asked. 'What is your verdict to be?' And like a solemn echo came the one word, 'Death!' Salvarini alone was silent, and as Le Gautier took up the cards before him, his deathly pallor seemed to increase.

'It is well—it is just,' Le Gautier said sternly, as he poured the cards like water from one hand to the other. 'My friends, we will draw lots. In virtue of my office as President, I am exempt; but I will not stand out in the hour of danger; I will take my chance with you.'

A murmur of applause followed this sentiment, and the cards were passed round by each, after being carefully examined and duly shuffled. Maxwell shuffled the cards in his hands, quite unconscious of what they might mean to him, and passed them to Salvarini.

'No,' he said despondingly; 'there is fate in such things as these. If the lot falls to me, I bow my head. There is a higher Hand than man's guiding such destinies as ours; I will not touch them.' Saying these words with an air of extremely deep melancholy, he pushed the cards in Le Gautier's direction. The latter turned back his cuffs, laid the cards on the palm of one hand, and looked at the assembly.

'I will deal them round, and the first particular card that falls to a certain individual shall decide,' he said. 'Choose a card.'

'The dagger strikes to the heart,' came a foreign voice from the end of the table; 'what better can we have than the ace of hearts?' He stopped, and a murmur of assent ran round the room.

It was a thrilling moment. Every face was bent forward eagerly as the President stood up to deal the cards. He placed one before himself, a harmless one, and then, with unerring dexterity, threw one before every man there. Each face was a study of rapt attention, for any one might mean a life, and low hoarse murmurs ran round as one card after another was turned up and proved to be harmless. One round was finished, containing, curiously enough, six hearts, and yet the fatal ace had not appeared. Each anxious face would light up for a moment as the owner's card was turned up, and then be fixed with sickening anxiety on his neighbour's. At the end of the second round the ace was still absent. The excitement now was almost painful; not a word was spoken, and only the deep breathing gave evidence of the inward emotion. Slowly, one by one, the cards dwindled away in the dealer's hands till only seven were left. It was a sight never to be forgotten even with one chance for each; and when the first of the seven was dealt, a simple two, every envying eye was bent upon the fortunate one as he laughed unsteadily, wiped his face, and hastily filled and swallowed a glass of water. Six, five, four; the last to the President, and there only remained three cards now—one for Salvarini, one for Maxwell, and one for the suggester of the emblem card. The Frenchman's card was placed upon the table; he turned it up with a shrug which was not altogether affected, and then came Salvarini's turn. The whole room had gathered round the twain, Maxwell calm and collected, Salvarini white and almost fainting. He had to steady one hand with the other, like a man afflicted with paralysis, as he turned over his card. For a moment he leaned back in his chair, the revulsion of feeling almost overpowering him. His card was the seven of clubs.

With a long sweeping throw, the President tossed the last card in Maxwell's direction. No need to look at it. There it lay—the fatal ace of hearts!

They were amazed at the luckless man's utter coolness, as he sat there playing with the card, little understanding as yet his danger; and then, one by one shaking his hand solemnly, they passed out. Maxwell was inclined to make light of this dramatic display, ascribing it to a foreigner's love of the mysterious. He did not understand it to mean a last farewell between Brothers. They had all gone by that time with the exception of Le Gautier and Salvarini, the latter looking at the doomed man sadly, the Frenchman with an evil glitter and a look of subdued triumph in his eyes.

'Highly dramatic, at anyrate,' Maxwell observed, turning to Le Gautier, 'and vastly entertaining. They seemed to be extremely sorry for me.'

'Well, you take the matter coolly enough,' the Frenchman smiled. 'Any one would think you were used to this sort of thing.'

'I should like to have caught some of those

expressions,' Maxwell replied. 'They would make a man's fortune if he could get them on canvas. What do you think of an Academy picture entitled "The Conspirators?"—And now, will you be good enough to explain this little farce to me?'

His cool, contemptuous tones knocked Le Gautier off his balance for a moment, but he quickly recovered his habitual cynicism. 'There will be a pendant to that picture, called "The Vengeance;" or, if you like it better, "The Assassination,"' he replied with a sneer. 'Surely you do not think I dealt these cards for amusement? No, my friend; a life was at stake there, perhaps two.'

'A life at stake? Do you mean that I am to play the part of murderer to a man unknown to me—an innocent man?'

'Murder is not a pleasant word,' Le Gautier replied coldly. 'We prefer the expression "remove," as being more elegant, and not so calculated to shock the nerves of novices—like yourself. Your perspicacity does you credit, sir. Your arm is the one chosen to strike Visci down.'

'Gracious powers!' Maxwell exclaimed, falling back into his chair faint and dizzy. 'I stain my hand with an unoffending man's blood? Never! I would die first. I never dreamt—I never thought—— Salvarini, I did not think you would lead me into this!'

'I warned you,' the Italian said mournfully. 'As far as I dared, I told you what the consequences would be.'

'If you had told me you were a gang of callous, bloodthirsty murderers, I should not have joined you. I, like every Englishman, am the friend of liberty as much as you, but no cowardly dagger-thrust for me. Do your worst, and come what may, I defy you!'

'A truce to these histrionics,' Le Gautier exclaimed fiercely; 'or we shall hold a Council, and serve you the same. There are your orders. I am your superior. Take them, and obey. Refuse, and'—— He stopped, folding his arms, and looked Maxwell full in the face for a moment; then turning abruptly upon his heel, quitted the room without another word.

Maxwell and his friend confronted each other. 'And who is this Visci I am to murder?' the artist demanded bitterly.

Salvarini bowed his head lower and lower till his face almost rested upon his breast. 'You know him,' he said. 'He was a good friend of mine once, and his crime is the one you are contemplating now—disobedience to orders. Is it possible you have not guessed the doomed man to be Carlo Visci?'

'Carlo Visci—my friend, my more than brother? I must be mad, mad or dreaming. Lay foul hands upon the best friend man ever had—the noble-hearted fellow whose purse was mine, who taught me all I know, who saved my life; and I to stab him in the dark because, perchance, he refuses to serve a companion the same! Never! May my right hand rot off, before I injure a hair of Carlo Visci's head!'

'Then you will die yourself,' Salvarini put in sadly.

'Then I shall die—death comes only once,' Maxwell exclaimed proudly, throwing back his head. 'No sin like that shall stain my soul!'

For a moment the two men were silent.

Salvarini broke the silence. 'Listen, Maxwell,' he said. 'I am in a measure to blame for this, and I will do what I can to serve you. You must go to Rome, as if you intended to fulfil your task, and wait there till you hear from me. I am running great risks in helping you so, and you must rely on me. One thing is in your favour: time is no particular object. Will you go so far, for your sake and mine?'

'Anything, anywhere!' burst out the Englishman passionately.

(To be continued.)

PITMEN, PAST AND PRESENT.

The coal-trade of Scotland dates from the early part of the thirteenth century. In its earliest stages it embraced only the shallowest seams, and those without water, or any other difficulty requiring machinery to overcome. The digging of coal, therefore, is one of our oldest industries; and it may be interesting to look at some phases of the work from the miner's point of view. Taking this stand-point, we will see that the improvement in the miner's condition—physical, intellectual, moral and spiritual—is almost inconceivable. When machinery became necessary for pumping water from coal-pits—about the beginning of the seventeenth century—there appears to have been a demand for workmen greater than the supply, and power was granted to colliery owners 'to apprehend all vagabonds and sturdy beggars' and set them to work. This shows that the life of a miner was not at all an attractive one; and this is not to be wondered at, as will be seen from some of the allusions made in this article as we proceed. The one fact, that colliers were, for two centuries after the date referred to—that is, till near the end of the eighteenth century—bought and sold with the collieries in which they wrought, is sufficient to stamp mining as a most undesirable kind of employment, even in those early and more or less barbarous times. One can easily understand, from this instance of hardship, how it became necessary to keep up the supply of miners from the criminal classes. An analogous case still presents itself in Russia, where one of the most hopeless sentences that can be passed on political and other offenders is banishment to the Siberian mines.

Some time after the repeal (about 1790) of the laws enslaving miners, there would appear to have been experienced a similar difficulty to recruit the ranks of pit-workers, and one of the means adopted to procure workmen was only a few degrees less objectionable than slavery itself. This was what was termed the 'Bond' system. A man, more especially when he had a family, some of them coming to be helpful at his calling, had the bait held out to him of a bounty if he signed the bond. By this bond he obliged himself to continue in the employment of his master for a fixed period, varying from one year to four years. In return for this, he received the immediate payment of a bounty, variable in amount in proportion to the period engaged for, and also regulated by the value of the man's services. As much as five pounds

might be given. Should the bond be faithfully carried out by the workman, the master had no claim upon the money; but should the engagement be brought prematurely to an end, he often retained the power to claim the amount as a debt, besides having the right to sue the workman for desertion of service. Of course, the bounty formed a payment over and above the ordinary wages.

At the period referred to, it was the practice amongst many classes of workmen in Scotland to leave their usual avocations during the summer months, and fee themselves to farmers in the times known familiarly as 'hay and hairst.' From this custom, it was often a serious matter for a coalmaster to find that his workmen had deserted him. The 'bond' system was intended partly to counteract this practice, as well as to meet the prevailing unpopularity of the work. The system was a thoroughly bad one for the workmen, as it practically lengthened the period of actual slavery, though nominally that had disappeared. The inducement to sign the bond was very much the same as it now is to join the militia—the bounty-money gave the prospect of a 'spree' in both cases, and in this way the system operated badly.

We may well be astonished at the statement, that in the memory of men still living it was the regular thing for miners in some districts to go to and from the pits with bare feet. The wages were small and the hours long. We have heard it said by a miner that the grandfather of a companion a little older than himself wrought in the mines for twopence a day, he at the time being man grown. This case would take us back to about the close of the last century, when miners were employed compulsorily under an Act of Parliament. In any case it is an extreme instance of the small wages earned for a long time by miners. In regard to the hours of employment, even till a period well advanced in the present century, the usual time to begin work was four A.M.; whilst the hour for allowing the men to quit the mine was six o'clock at night—a length of day's work that left little time even for sleep. No wonder that such a joke should be in circulation that miners' children in those days did not know their fathers, as the children were asleep all the time the father was at home.

Not only had miners in times past hard work with long hours and small wages, but even the scanty earnings were settled up only at long intervals, and on this fact hangs a series of abuses that required a long and determined struggle to remove. Monthly pays were considered frequent; and it could hardly be expected that mining human nature could endure for a month even at a time without some temporary means being provided. Out of this arose some of the most indefensible hardships suffered by the miner. 'Truck' and 'Poundage' in all their various forms were the foul growths from the system of long delayed pays. The truck system had many developments. Let us begin with one of its earliest—namely, 'lines.' A workman wants an advance, and goes to the pay office for that purpose; but instead of getting hard cash, he receives a line to the following effect: 'Please give bearer goods to the value of .' This line was addressed to a person owning a general provision and dry-goods store, who had entered into an arrangement to honour these lines; and when they were brought to the colliery proprietor at stated intervals, the shopkeeper received payment of their amount, less an agreed upon commission, varying from five to ten per cent. But, supposing the storekeeper did not keep some of the goods required by the workman for his family or personal use, the workman could obtain a part of the sum marked on the line in money, less a discount of usually one penny per shilling. As time went on, however, another development of the truck system took place, and on the whole it was a little better than that described. The mine-owner provided a store, managed under his own charge, in which was sold everything from the proverbial 'needle to an anchor.' One of the sore points in the management of many of these works-stores was that the men were terrorised into buying all their goods there, and there alone. Indeed, where advances were given under the line-system, the poor miner had usually to spend nearly all his money in the master's stores. Even in the comparatively rare instances where workmen waited until the end of the pay without accepting advances, some of the colliery proprietors used a sort of tyrannical power over the men to force them to buy from the works-store, and that alone. Under the line-system, barter pure and simple obtained full play. And yet since the passing in 1831 of what is popularly known as the Truck Act, this barbarous method of payment was fully provided against, though the criminality of unscrupulous masters was not brought home to them until the Truck Commission sat in 1870. This Commission fully investigated the wholesale evasion of the law of 1831, and brought such a flood of light on the disgraceful proceedings of many masters, as to at once bring to an end the hateful truck or tally system. It forms a curious comment on the manner of administering our laws, that the Truck Act of 1831 only became operative in 1870, after a most exhaustive inquiry.

Whilst 'truck' was an attempt on the part of some masters to pay wages in kind and not in sterling money, what is known as 'poundage' was a different system of making a large profit off the poverty of the workmen—a system, unfortunately, which is not altogether dead yet. Under the system of poundage, the monthly or larger pays were continued—short pays would have been its death—but the privilege was granted to employees of receiving advances in cash during the currency of the pay. But this was done, let it be noted, for a 'consideration,' that consideration being the grand and simple system of five per cent.—a shilling a pound. This is how the calculation would work out: In a four-weekly pay, let us presume that there are only three advances made—if there were more it would not alter the principle at work—one made each week for three weeks, and each advance amounting to one pound. The first advance is twenty shillings for three weeks, the second for two weeks, and the third for one week—the whole advances during the currency of the pay amounting to three pounds, and costing the workman three shillings. This looks a very simple charge—five per cent.; but when we look at it in the light of being interest on

lent money, we find the first pound has cost 83⅓ per cent. per annum; the second, 130, and the third, 260 per cent. per annum—or an average of nearly 160 per cent. per annum on the whole. It must be remembered too that this was the rate of interest charged, not for an unsecured debt, but rather for wages actually earned by the employee, though settlement was deferred for a month through the system of long pays. The writer has known a firm derive from this one source of income as much as a thousand pounds a year up to the time a more enlightened policy was adopted.

Another system from which unscrupulous employers derived some income, more trifling in amount than the annoyance and irritation it produced, was that known as 'Fines.' In remote collieries, fines were of regular occurrence under one pretext or another. It is quite likely that the system was a survival of feudal jurisdiction exercised by the superior all over the country, and finally put an end to, as it was supposed, by Act of Parliament passed in 1747. Instead of the workman being brought before a magistrate for an alleged offence, a court-martial was held upon him by the employer or manager, and a fine was usually exacted. It mattered not whether the offence related to the man's employment or to his conduct with his neighbours, whether it had a criminal or only a civil origin—the court-martial was held, and the result invariably the same—a fine. The curious thing was that these fines were taken as a matter of course, the decisions being usually respected after a little necessary grumbling. The amount of money gained annually from these fines was not large, so that their justification must have been that this was the only available method of keeping law and order. In this view, 'fines' may have suited an earlier state of civilisation; but the system is too rough and ready to be consonant with modern ideas of justice. The miner has suffered under slavery, and its twin-brother the bond system; but he has seen these totally disappear, not, however, very many years before slavery was abolished amongst the aborigines of our colonies. Truck or the tally system has also become a thing of the past, though we have seen how hard it was to kill. Fines likewise have given place to the ordinary operation of the law; and the exaction of poundage is now only made by a small residuum of coal-masters, on whom the action of public opinion is slow and uncertain; but the system is doomed, and must, sooner or later, follow the other abuses we have enumerated.

We will now look for a short time at a different phase of the subject, 'Pitmen, Past and Present;' and in this no less than in the past, already treated, it will be found that there is a strong contrast between the past and the present in the miner's condition. Take as an example the ventilation of mines. The benefits brought about in the miner's health by the greater quantities of fresh air now forced into the pits are almost incalculable. A 'wheezing' miner of thirty is now a very rare phenomenon; indeed, apart from the inevitable danger from accidents—and that is even greatly lessened—the miner has now nearly as good a chance of long life as any other class of workmen. At a period within the memory of not very old colliers still living, the pit was merely a hole in the ground, having no separate upcast and downcast division, so essential to proper ventilation. In short, there was absolutely no attempt at the artificial ventilation of the mines. The only agent at work was the wind on the surface, and this was as often as not adverse to the pitman. In the heat of summer, the mine became quite unworkable from the rarefied and polluted nature of the air. From the operation of various causes, this state of things has been altered to the great benefit of the miner. An air-tight mid-wall is now made in each pit: the one side of the shaft being used for drawing out—by fans or otherwise—the foul air; and the other for the introduction into the mine of a current of fresh air, which finds its way through all the workings until it reaches the upcast shaft, and there obtains an outlet. In addition to this, every shaft has now a communication pit, either expressly made for that purpose, or advantage may be taken of some old pit for giving pitmen a certain means of exit and entrance in the event of a shaft being blocked up through accident.

The year of the famous battle of Waterloo is one that should ever be remembered gratefully by miners. It was then that Humphry Davy perfected his safety-lamp, that has done so much for mankind. How much it has done to prevent accidents no one can say. Being a preventive, all we can claim is that it must have rendered the annals of mining comparatively free of the records of accidents, and given a degree of comfort and safety in the fiercest mines that otherwise would be impossible, besides making available for public use a vast amount of coal that without it would be unworkable.

In regard to the age of those engaged in mines, thirty, forty, or fifty years ago it was the rule rather than the exception to send boys to work at eight or nine years of age. The Mines Act of 1872 wholly prohibits the employment below ground of women or girls of any age, and fixes for boys the minimum age at twelve for a full day's employment, and that only when a certain educational standard has been reached. Curiously enough, however, a boy *above* ground cannot be engaged full time until he is thirteen years old. Surely it is one of the unintentional anomalies of the Mines Act that in the open air boys are precluded from working till they are a year older than they may be at work underground. A warning note may be sounded in regard to the age at which boys are engaged. We know that many are employed in mines at the minimum age of twelve, irrespective of their educational standard. If the Education Act and the Mines Act are here at variance, or if there is the want of a public prosecutor to see them enforced, the wants should be without waste of time supplied, and not cause beneficial clauses to be inoperative.

Respecting the education of miners' children, the Education Acts have been highly advantageous in giving compulsory powers to School Boards and managers; but even before their introduction, this class of children had many comparative benefits in a much less degree enjoyed by others. The works-schools have always been a feature in Scotch mining centres. We have not seen any pointed allusion to the fact that these schools, long before the introduction of Education

Acts, solved the problem of free education in a way satisfactory to all concerned. Happily, in many places these schools are still left under the old management, though nominally connected with School Boards. Under the works-school system, all the workers, whether married or single, agreed to pay a weekly sum, say, of twopence. This insured the education of the workman's family, however large it might be. The unmarried suffered by this voluntary sacrifice on their part, but they did so at a time of life when they were least burdened; but the struggling married man reaped the full benefit when he most needed assistance. In the case of a workman with four children of school-age at one time, the almost nominal cost of a halfpenny per week paid for each child's education. Small though this sum is, we have known schools self-supporting under the system for years, with no other aid than the government grant earned at the annual inspection, besides being able to supply night-school education in the winter months to the elderly youths of the place.

Besides a school, it is one of the evidences of the improved state of mining communities that they usually have all the adjuncts of civilisation amongst them. There is the church, where the rich and the poor meet together, and in this connection it may be said that miners are as a class either very zealous religionists, or they go to the other extreme, and care for none of these things. The clergy of our day is largely recruited from mining villages; whilst the list of miners who have become home missionaries is a long one. Then there is the Temperance Society, either a Good Templars' Lodge, or an offshoot from some of the other anti-alcohol societies; there is the Library of well-selected books, which are much read. There is the Savings-bank; the Reading-room, with a full supply of daily newspapers and other periodical literature; the String and Reed Bands; the Bowling Green, Football and Quoiting Field—the amusements of the miners of our day being all on a higher level than those of forty years ago, when cock-fighting and dog-fighting monopolised attention. Nor can we omit to mention that Sick and Funeral and other benevolent Societies are marked associations in every colliery village worthy of the name. Miners are indeed remarkably considerate to each other, when any special emergency occurs to call forth their active sympathy, being ever ready to subscribe for a brother-worker who has been unfortunate beyond the common lot.

The prospect of the temporary nature of a mining village at the best, forms a strong temptation for nothing but necessary house accommodation, and that of the barest kind, being provided for workmen. The mining proprietor takes a lease of a mineral field, in the middle of a moor it may be, where no houses exist, and where everything has to be erected and provided. Accommodation for the workpeople has to be erected whether the field proves successful or not; and when the field is exhausted, he is in the power of the landlord whether he must remove the buildings and restore the ground, or leave them as they are. In either of these cases, the mineral lessee receives no compensation for his outlay, usually of many thousands of pounds. Hence, as we have stated, there is much temptation for the colliery lessee to erect flimsy houses in keeping with the possible shortness of their use. But colliery owners often rise superior to this evident temptation, and in spite of the possible unremunerative nature of the mineral field, excellent houses, with copious water-supply, are provided. Where this is done, naturally a better class of workers settle down; and when there is a fairly good prospect before the lessee, it is doubtless nothing but justice to himself and his workmen to afford the men every comfort.

It is not too much to say that in the best collieries, the interests of the workmen are cared for in the most enlightened manner. Situated as are many colliery villages, beyond the oversight of regularly constituted municipalities, the whole onus of sanitary and other regulations falls upon the master, and he does not shirk his duty in such cases. Means of social enjoyment are provided—the physical, intellectual, moral, and spiritual well-being of the populace are cared for, and the colliers of to-day are in consequence an intelligent and respectable class of men. Crime is proportionately small amongst mining villages, and those who best know the miner are aware that he is possessed of much kindness of heart, and that in the prosecution of his dangerous calling he often exhibits true heroism.

GEORGE HANNAY'S LOVE AFFAIR.

CHAPTER V.—THE EDITOR'S SANCTUM—A DISCLOSURE.

Alfred Roberton felt the smart of Nan's summary dismissal more than he could have expected, or even than he owned to himself. His vanity was sorely hurt, and he lost a good deal of that audacious *insouciance* in his manner towards the opposite sex for which he had been before remarkable. He sent back Nan's letters honourably enough, and set himself to forget her, as she had him. In order to effect this, he determined to supplant the old love by a new; and commenced paying marked attentions to Miss Curtiss, the twenty-thousand-pound young lady. His suit prospered, and the fair one capitulated; but the terms of the surrender were to be fixed by her friends. They made objections to the smallness and uncertainty of his income. On the other hand, Alfred's solicitor found the young lady's properties were so heavily mortgaged as only to leave a very small margin of income; and the result was the negotiations were broken off. Then, somehow or another, his society was no longer so eagerly sought after. A young violinist had taken the place he formerly held in Mrs Judson's social circle, and when that gentleman was present, Alfred was cast entirely in the shade. But there was worse than that: he could no longer find a market for the remainder of his manuscripts. The publishers and editors who had patronised him before were desirous of seeing what course the *Olympic* took with regard to him. It was

very singular, they thought, that there never was any second article from his pen inserted in it. Some ill-speaking folks even went the length of hinting that he wasn't 'Ariel' at all; that the claim he made to that *nom de plume* was a mere ruse to get into society, and get some of his trashy manuscripts palmed off on unsuspicious editors and publishers.

He felt these things very grievous to bear: the only hope that buoyed him up was, that when the editor of the *Olympic* returned to town, all would be put right. He would go straight to him and say: 'I am Ariel! and here is a much superior sketch to the one I first sent you. Insert it, and I will not haggle with you about the amount of the honorarium, for I know you are a generous paymaster.' Then all would again be well; he would resume his proper place in society, and his writings would be as eagerly sought after as ever.

It was towards the end of March when Mr Hannay returned from his prolonged continental tour. Allowing him a day or two to get settled down, one blowy, blustering forenoon, Alfred sallied forth to call on him. He sent in his card, and in a few minutes was in the editor's sanctum.

'Pray, be seated, sir,' said Mr Hannay politely. 'I—I do not remember your name, Mr Roberton.'

'Ah, I daresay not,' he replied, smiling. 'You'll know me better by my *nom de plume*. I am Ariel!'

Alfred was gratified to see the slight start which followed this important announcement, and he likewise became conscious that he was being inventoried by a pair of keen black eyes. He put a favourable interpretation on these indications of interest.

'And what then, Mr Ariel, can I have the pleasure of doing for you?' said Mr Hannay after a brief pause.

'Well, sir, I have an excellent little paper here,' Alfred replied, producing a manuscript from his coat-pocket. 'It is entitled "A Week's Yachting on the Rhine." It is very carefully written; and I can vouch for its accuracy in details, as it is extended from notes I made when yachting there with a friend.'

'Oh, very well, sir,' said the editor, laying the paper aside. 'I'll take a look at it. But I can hold out hardly the least hope of being able to accept it. We are literally deluged with that sort of matter, and can't find room for one in fifty of the manuscripts that are sent us.—At anyrate,' he added, laughing, 'it would require to be a little better than your "Ramble in Kirkcudbright."'

What could all this mean? thought the bewildered Alfred. Was the editor making a fool of him? At the very suggestion, he flushed red, and it was with an effort he was able to stammer forth: 'And pray, sir, if the article was so worthless, why did you accept it? And why did you send me so handsome an honorarium?'

The editor looked both surprised and puzzled. Instead of replying to the question, he asked one: 'Are you the gentleman who is engaged to be married to Miss Anne Porteous?'

'No!—Yes! That is to say, I was engaged, but am not so now.'

'Indeed! And how is that?' said the editor, with an air of interest.

'Well, you see,' said Alfred, who had now regained his self-possession, 'my friends advised me to break off the connection. You know, between ourselves, it wouldn't do for a literary man of any standing to marry a common innkeeper's daughter; although I must say the girl herself was well enough, and might have passed muster after a little training.'

The editor's eyes became blacker, keener, and sharper—they seemed almost to flash fire as he said: 'You would know what she was, I suppose, when you sought her love.—Yes? Then what right had you to avail yourself of that as an excuse for casting her off? It's about the most unmanly thing I over'——

'Hold, hold!' cried Alfred, who saw he had gone on the wrong tack for conciliating the editor's favour. 'You misunderstand the matter. My friends wanted me to break off the marriage; but I never proposed such a thing to the young lady. I meant to marry her in two or three years honourably. But she wrote to me; and I went down to see her—and we had a quarrel, and she broke off the engagement herself—upon my honour, she did!'

The editor's features relaxed their tension; there was almost the suggestion of a smile lurking in the corners of his mouth. 'Well, Mr Roberton, I am glad you have cleared your character so well.—You are anxious to know why I accepted your first paper. This, I think, will explain it,' he added, unlocking a private drawer and handing him a manuscript.

Alfred looked at it with a stupefied air. Here were a dozen sheets of foolscap covered with Nan's neat lady-like writing, and signed Ariel; reply to be addressed, Ariel, Glenluce post-office.—To lie till called for.

He felt as if he were listening to a voice in a dream, as the editor went on to say: 'You see, sir, I heard that Nan was going to be married to a young student she had met in Brussels. Now, students, as a rule, are not over-burdened with ready cash; and when I got the manuscript in her handwriting, I readily came to the conclusion that it was a production of her lover's, and that she had copied it out in her own handwriting, thinking that, for old acquaintance' sake, I would stretch a point, and give it admission to our pages, and pay handsomely for it. This I did; for I thought that, as her father would be certain to be opposed to the match, a little ready cash would be useful to her and her lover in taking up house. In fact, I may say I sent the little sum as a marriage present! But I cannot understand how you are not aware of all this.'

The whole truth was now made plain to the unfortunate lover. He remembered now her snatching the letter from his hand and running up-stairs with it. He remembered now her red and sleepy-looking eyes the next morning. He knew now the cause—the devoted girl had sat up all night copying his manuscript, so that it might have the better chance of acceptance! How carefully she had kept the knowledge to herself of the great service she had done him,

and that in spite of his foolish gasconading talk! To her and her alone he owed his little brief season of popularity and success: and that popularity and success was the cause of his looking down on her! Oh, what a blinded fool he had been—blinded by his own selfish vanity!

He mumbled a few words of explanation to the editor, and left the office a sadder and, it is to be hoped, a wiser man. He thought of flying to Nan, throwing himself at her feet, and entreating her forgiveness and love. But remembering the proud white face, the outstretched arm pointing to the door, and the clear emphatic 'Go!' twice repeated, he shook his head sadly, and muttered, 'Too late—too late.' It may be said here that he gave up literature for good and all, obtained a situation as a surgeon in an emigrant ship, fell in love with a lady-patient during the voyage, married her on their arrival at Sydney, and starting the practice of his profession, settled down there.

As for the editor of the *Olympic*, he went down as usual the following September to Lochenbreck, repeated a question he had asked before, and got a different reply. Nan is now his wife.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

The late meeting of the British Association at Birmingham has proved a success with regard both to the attendance of members and to the importance of the various papers read in the several sections. Next year the Association will meet at Manchester, and the year after at Bath. The suggestion from Sydney, that the Association should in 1888 visit New South Wales and hold its meeting there in the January of that year, cannot, on account of many difficulties which are foreseen, be accepted in its entirety. But it is intended that about fifty members shall form a representative delegation to our Australian colony, their expenses being liberally defrayed by the government of New South Wales. It is very pleasing to record this little sign of the good-fellowship which exists between far-off Australia and the mother-country.

We expressed a hope some months ago that an institution of a permanent nature might grow out of the splendid Indian and Colonial Exhibition at South Kensington, which in a few days will close its prosperous career. It has now been proposed by the Prince of Wales that the Jubilee of Queen Victoria's reign shall be commemorated by an Institute which should represent the Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce of Her Majesty's Colonial and Indian Empire, and which should be at once a Museum, an Exhibition, and the proper locality for the discussion of Colonial and Indian subjects.

Very little is heard now of tempered or toughened glass for domestic purposes, although, a year or two back, such glass was much advertised and its praises constantly sung. We understand that the reason why it has at present disappeared from public notice is that its efficiency does not last. When fresh from the factory, it can be dropped from a height on to the floor and knocked about with impunity. But some gradual and not understood change occurs in its constitution, for after a short time it will fly to pieces without any apparent cause. It is said, too, that unscrupulous traders who have a stock of the faulty material are selling it as ordinary glass. Those, therefore, who experience unaccountable breakages, will know to what cause to attribute them. A really unbreakable glass would be such a boon, that it is to be hoped that further experiment will soon show how it can be manufactured.

From some recent experiments in New York, it would seem that the danger of using dynamite as a charge for explosive projectiles has been obviated. The weapon used was a four and a half inch rifled gun, with a charge of three and a quarter pounds of gunpowder, the experimental shells holding each more than one pound of dynamite. To avoid any risk from concussion, and premature explosion of the shell in the bore of the gun, the cartridge and shell were separated by wads made of asbestos. Twenty-seven shells were fired with such safety to the gunners, that the extraordinary precautions observed during the first rounds were ignored during the later ones.

The boat which the other day twice crossed the Channel between Dover and Calais affords an example of the rapid progress which has lately been made in the science of electricity. This little craft, which is only thirty-seven feet in length, glided over the water with no visible means of propulsion. The voyage was an experimental one, and was designed to show that this plan of electrical propulsion was as practicable on the sea as before it had been proved to be on inland waters. Such a boat could, say her promoters, be carried hanging to the davits of a ship, and be ready for immediate use. The required electrical current is derived from accumulators, or secondary batteries, stored and acting as ballast beneath the deck floor of the little vessel. These require to be charged by a dynamo machine at intervals, and such a charge this Channel trip amply proves will suffice for a run of between forty and fifty miles. Supposing that the system were adopted for torpedo vessels, it is obvious that this amount of storage capacity would be far more than sufficient for ordinary needs.

Another vessel which obtains its motive-power from a very different source, but which must also be looked upon as an experimental boat, has been invented and built by Messrs Secor of Brooklyn. Unlike the electric boat, it possesses no screw propeller or other moving parts. But it is furnished on each side with open ports below the water-level, which are in communication with an 'exploding chamber.' This chamber is constructed of steel, and is capable of sustaining an enormous internal pressure. It is filled with charges of petroleum vapour and air under pressure, and this explosive mixture is ignited by electricity. It will therefore be seen that the propelling apparatus of this boat may be compared to a gas-engine; but the explosions, which occur several times in a minute, instead of forcing forward a piston to act upon a fly-wheel, impinge upon the water at the stern of the vessel, and so push the boat forward. Should this method of driving a vessel through the water prove efficient, it will certainly be economical, for little more than half a barrel of petroleum will suffice for a twenty-four hours' run.

Another invention from Brooklyn is of far greater importance than the one just recorded, for it is of a life-saving character, and is designed to prevent those collisions at sea which seem to be so greatly on the increase. It consists of a marine brake, and is the contrivance of Mr John M'Adams. The experimental vessel, *The Florence*, which is fitted with the brake, has been reported upon officially, and the behaviour of the apparatus is highly commended. The brake consists of two wings made of steel, one on each side of the vessel and below water-level. These have the appearance of flat boards about eight feet square, hinged to the stern-post, and which when not in action fold forwards, secured by hidden chains, close to and touching the vessel's sides. In case of danger of collision, the touch of a button by the captain on the bridge will loosen these chains, and cause some springs to act upon the wings, so that they fly out at right angles to the sides of the ship. In this position they are held by the now lengthened chains, and form an obstacle to the water, which checks the motion of the vessel immediately, even if the engines continue to work. If the engines are stopped at the moment the brake is put into action, the ship is brought to a standstill in twenty-two seconds. If, again, the engine be stopped and reversed at the moment of working the brake, the vessel commences to go astern in the remarkably short space of twelve seconds. It will be seen from these results that the invention gives every promise of being of great use. Besides being efficient, it is simple in character, and, from its nature, cannot be a very expensive additional fitting to a ship.

The lamentable accident at the Crane Quarries, by which seven persons lost their lives, is happily a most unusual one, although in character it is closely allied with those fatalities from 'choke-damp' by which so many poor colliers have been killed. The explosion of gas underground, or of gunpowder above ground, leads to the evolution of a quantity of carbonic acid gas, or, to call it by its proper name, carbon dioxide, the principal product of combustion in either case. In the workings of a mine, this gas fills every available space, and has no outlet. In the quarry, on the occasion referred to, much the same condition of affairs existed, for there was no wind to carry off the deadly vapour, and its natural heaviness made it cling to the place of its creation. The surviving relatives of the victims of this accident have our heartfelt sympathy. They will be comforted by knowing that death under such conditions is supposed to be painless. It is a sending to sleep, but a sleep, unfortunately, from which there is no awakening in this world.

The little town of East Moulsey is now lighted, so far as its public lamps are concerned, by paraffin instead of gas, as heretofore. The reason of this apparent retrogression is found in the excessive demands of the Gas Company, who required the local board to pay at the rate of four guineas per annum for each lamp. This the local board refused to do, and provided the district under their care with paraffin lamps. They are rewarded for their pluck by finding that the cost of the oil-lamps is but one half of the charge demanded by the Gas Company, and by hearing the generally expressed opinion of the people that the place had never before been so well lighted.

The recent earthquakes, which have caused such fearful havoc and loss of life both in Southern Europe and in America, remind us that our knowledge of the causes of such terrible phenomena is very meagre, and that science has not yet discovered any means by which their occurrence may be predicted. But, in spite of these admitted facts, there are not wanting on occasions of earthquake self-styled prophets, who will boldly declare what the morrow will bring forth. Such mischievous charlatans do much harm, for they terrify the ignorant at a time when men's nerves have been already unstrung by recent calamities. In the year 1750, when London felt a sharp earthquake shock, a prophet announced the immediate coming of the judgment day. Another predicted a terrible earthquake for a certain night, with the result that the people encamped in thousands in Hyde Park. Coming nearer to present times, we may note the destructive earthquake in 1881 in the island of Ischia. Here, again, there was a prophecy that there would not be another visitation of the kind for eighty years. But only two years after this the beautiful island was shaken to its foundations, and many lives were lost. During the late disaster at Charleston, a prediction was made that upon the 29th of September a fearful catastrophe was to take place. The originator of this mischievous statement should be severely punished.

We have lately received from Messrs Burton Brothers of Dunedin, New Zealand, a set of most interesting photographs, taken in the neighbourhood of Tarawera and Rotomahana, immediately after the late volcanic eruption. Were we not aware of the terrible facts, we should suppose that these were winter scenes, for the trees are stripped of their foliage, and everything is covered with a white ash, which in the photographs looks likes snow. The ruins of M'Rae's hotel at Wairoa, of which there are front and back views, exhibit such a mass of broken masonry and twisted iron-work, that one can hardly believe that the place has not been bombarded.

We are glad to learn, from the *New Zealand Herald*, that the layer of ashes which covers so many miles of the country, will not, as was at first feared, choke and kill every blade of grass, but will probably in time act as a valuable fertilising agent. Already the grass is in many places growing up through the dust; but the ash has been submitted to experiment, and is found to be really nourishing to plants grown in it. Mr Pond, a resident analytical chemist, obtained several samples of the volcanic dust, and sowed in it grass and clover seeds, and kept them moistened with distilled water. In each case, we are told, the seedling plants have come up well and are growing vigorously; it is therefore hoped that those districts which have received only a light covering of this dreaded dust will find that the visitation will in the end prove beneficial to their crops.

As we stated last month, the armour-plated ship *Resistance* has lately formed a target for various experiments with different types of guns. The unfortunate old ship is now being subjected

to attacks by torpedoes, the object being to determine the nearness at which one of those submarine mines can be exploded without injury to a vessel when protected by wire-netting. It is proved that if the defensive netting is supported on booms thirty feet from the ship, it forms a good protection from torpedoes, and that though a torpedo should explode on touching the netting, as it will do if fitted with the new form of pistol trigger, which is very sensitive, the explosion will do no great harm. The distance of the netting from the ship will be gradually reduced until the *Resistance* can resist no longer, and must be destroyed.

A strange sight was lately witnessed at Salzburg, in the shape of a vast procession of butterflies, which passed over the city in a south-westerly direction. They seemed to fly in groups, and while preserving one line of direction in flight, the groups revolved round that line. This aerial insect army must have numbered millions of individual butterflies. From those which fell to the ground, it was seen that they were of the kind known as willow-spinners.

Photographic tourists—and their name now is legion—will all admit that their greatest drawback is represented by the weight of the glass plates which they must carry from place to place in addition to their other apparatus. This difficulty has just been obviated by the introduction of a material as a support for the photographic image which is as light as paper, so that in the compass of an ordinary two-shilling railway novel, the tourist can carry with him the sensitised material for a couple of hundred pictures. This material is known as Woodbury tissue, and was the last invention of the late eminent experimenter who gave his name to the beautiful Woodburytype process of photography. His successors have brought the tissue to marketable perfection, and produce a material as translucent as glass and one-twentieth part of its weight. The tissue is used in a singularly ingenious form of dark slide or double back, which can be readily adjusted to existing forms of cameras.

In the *Camera* magazine, a very curious phenomenon in connection with photography is recorded by the person who observed it. He took a portrait of a child apparently in full health and with a clear skin. The negative picture showed the face to be thickly covered with an eruption. Three days afterwards, the child was covered with spots due to prickly heat. 'The camera had seen and photographed the eruption three days before it was visible to the eye.' Another case of a somewhat similar kind is also recorded where a child showed spots on his portrait which were invisible on his face a fortnight previous to an attack of smallpox. It is suggested that these cases might point to a new method of medical diagnosis.

The Severn tunnel, one of the greatest engineering undertakings of modern times, is at last finished, and will be shortly open for passenger traffic, as it has been some weeks for the conveyance of goods. The total cost of this great work is estimated at two millions sterling. The cost has been greatly augmented by the unlooked-for difficulties which have cropped up during the progress of the works. Commencing in 1873, the contractor had made steady progress for the following six years, when a land spring was accidentally tapped, and the partially constructed tunnel was flooded. Again, in 1881 the sea-water found out a weak place on the Gloucestershire side of the works, and poured in in torrents. Once more, in 1883 the old land spring again filled the works with water, which had to be pumped out; and finally, about the same time, a tidal wave brought about a great amount of destruction to the works; so we may look upon the completed tunnel not only as a great monument of engineering skill, but as an example of unusual difficulties well grappled with, and finally overcome.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

PHARAOH'S HOUSE.

It is but a month or two ago that people of an archæological turn of mind were delighted with the tidings sent home by the Egypt Exploration Fund of the discovery of Pharaoh's House in Tahpanhes. An account of the wonderful old ruin and its reliques of a past civilisation has been already given; but it may interest many to know that a number of antiquities have been collected and sent home, and have recently been on view at the Archæological Institute at Oxford Mansion. It will be remembered that the ruins were as much those of a military fortress as of a royal residence, and the objects recovered are almost entirely those which would be likely to be found in either of two such places.

The first things of interest are the foundation deposits, from under the four corners of the castle, which consist of small vessels, little tablets engraved with the name and titles of the royal founder, Psammetichus I., specimens of ore, &c. The chief articles of jewelry are earrings, rings, amulets, and engraved stones bearing traces of Greek workmanship, having been probably manufactured by Greek jewellers in the town of Tahpanhes, or Daphnæ. Numbers of small weights have been turned up while digging among the ruins, which it is thought were for weighing the gold and precious stones previous to purchase.

Rome, too, has left her mark among the charred remains of this ancient stronghold, and some rings with names inscribed upon them, and ten gems of good Roman work, prove an intercourse with that nation. There is a little silver shrine case in which is a beautiful statuette of the Egyptian war-god, Mentu. Possibly, it may have once been a talisman belonging to Pharaoh Hophra. A silver ram's head and gold handle complete the list of the most important specimens of jewelry.

Among the domestic treasures are a long knife, fourteen inches long and quite flat; this comes from Pharaoh's kitchen; so also do the small frying-pans, and some bowls, bottles, dishes, plates and cups, all of which date from B.C. 550, and were probably used daily by the royal household. An old brasier and some ring-stands have also been brought home. From the butler's pantry come amphorae stoppers, stamped with the cartouches of Psammetichus I., Necho, Psammetichus II., and Aahmes. These were clay

stoppers, sealed by the inspector, and then plastered over and stamped with the royal oval. Ten specimens of these Mr Petrie has sent home. Arrow-heads, a sword-handle and part of the blade, a horse's bit of twisted pattern, some spikes from the top of a Sardinian mercenary's helmet, knives and lances, and some fragments of scale-armour, show that the old castle had once been a military stronghold.

This is but an outline, showing the kind of specimens found among the ruins of El Kasr el Bint el Yahudi (the Castle of the Jew's Daughter), and serve to add to the innumerable proofs—if proof were needed—of the advanced civilisation of the ancient Egyptians. It is believed that these antiquities will eventually be divided between the Museum at Boulak (Cairo), the British Museum, the Museum of Fine Arts at Boston, U.S., and several of the provincial museums of Great Britain.

THE EMIGRANTS' INFORMATION OFFICE.

It is satisfactory to know that government has at last opened an office for the dissemination of authentic information to intending emigrants. The emigration schemes before the country are legion; but those who apply here will be safe to receive information as to the British colony to which they propose to emigrate, which does not spring from any interested motive. At the same time it is always safe for intending settlers to supplement any knowledge received in this way by authoritative handbooks, books of travel, and the experiences of former settlers. Now that there is a prospect of the Indian and Colonial Exhibition becoming a permanent institution in our midst, we will be kept pretty well informed as to the position and prospects of our different colonies. The premises of the Emigrants' Information Office are at 31 Broadway, Westminster, London, S.W. The office will be open every day from twelve noon to eight P.M., except on Wednesdays, when it will be open from ten A.M. to one P.M. The circulars issued by the office will be sent to the secretaries of any societies or institutions who will send in their addresses to the chief clerk.

INCREASED CONSUMPTION OF BRITISH-COLONIAL TEAS.

In a paper read by Mr L. J. Shand of the Ceylon Court at the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, the present position of the Indian tea-trade was reviewed. British-colonial teas, which in 1865 formed but three per cent. of the total quantity consumed in the United Kingdom, amounted to sixteen per cent. in 1875, and to thirty-three per cent. in 1885. India had two hundred and fifty thousand acres under tea-cultivation, and produced seventy million pounds of tea; the capital invested in the industry was sixteen million pounds; and a quarter of a million of Her Majesty's subjects, who indirectly contributed to the income tax of Great Britain, were engaged in it. The tea-plant was introduced to Ceylon from China about the year 1842; but it was not till coffee was stricken by disease that attention was generally directed to the cultivation of tea in Ceylon. In 1873, a small parcel of twenty-three pounds of tea was exported from Ceylon; this year, nine million pounds would be exported, and, estimating the acreage now planted with tea, the exports in 1890 would be forty million pounds. Proceeding to consider why Indian people should drink British-colonial teas, Mr Shand said that these teas came into the London market pure; there was no recorded evidence of adulteration having been discovered. The adulteration of China tea, on the other hand, had been the subject of several volumes and of special legislation. The purity of Indian and Ceylon teas made them more sensitive than the ordinary China mixture. It was not necessary to put such large quantities into the teapot, but it was all the more necessary that the water should be boiling and that the tea should not be allowed to stand too long. Disappointment should not be felt because the liquor was not black; that was in consequence of the tea being quite pure and unmixed with blacklead or indigo. If Indian and Ceylon teas were fairly tried and carefully treated, they would be found more economical than China teas.

IF THIS WERE SO.

O Love, if I could see you standing here,
  I, to whom the memory of a scene—
This lane, tree-shadowed, with the summer's light
  Falling in golden showers, the boughs between,
Upon your upturned face—shines out as clear,
Against the background dark of many a year,
As yonder solitary starlet bright
Gleams on the storm-clad bosom of the night.

If this were so—if you should come to me
  With your calm, angel face, framed in with gold,
And lay your hand in mine as long ago
  You laid it coldly, would the love untold
Hidden within my heart, set my lips free
To speak of it and know the certainty
Of love crowned or rejected—yes or no?
O Love, I could not speak if this were so.

But if you came to meet me in the lane
  With footsteps swifter than you used of yore—
And if your eyes grew brighter, dear, as though
  They gladdened at my coming back once more—
If, when I held your little hand again,
Your calmness grew less still, then not in vain
My heart would strive to speak, for it would know
What words to utter, Love, if this were so!

KATE MELLERSH.

The Conductor of CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL begs to direct the attention of CONTRIBUTORS to the following notice:

1st. All communications should be addressed to the 'Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2d. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3d. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

4th. Offerings of Verse should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

If the above rules are complied with, the Editor will do his best to insure the safe return of ineligible papers.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

All Rights Reserved.

Chambers's Journal, Oct. 30, 1886.]

to attacks b
determine t
submarine
to a ve
is prop
porte
for

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL
OF
POPULAR
LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART
Fifth Series
ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832
CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)

No. 149.—Vol. III. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1886. Price 1½d.

NOTES ON THE NEW HEBRIDES.

There is a wide contrast between the Hebrides of Scotland and the New Hebrides of the Western Pacific; but both have come into a good deal of prominence of late—the one in connection with the crofters, the other in connection with the French. It is of the New Hebrides we propose to say something.

The group of islands forming part of Melanesia to which the name of New Hebrides has been given extends for about seven hundred miles. The most northern of the group is about one hundred miles from the Santa Cruz Islands, and the most southern about two hundred miles from New Caledonia. Espiritu Santo is the largest and most northerly of the group, and is about seventy-five miles long by forty miles broad. The next largest island is called Malliculo, and is fifty-six miles long by twenty miles broad. The entire land area of the group may be taken as about five thousand square miles; and the population of the whole group has been estimated variously from fifty thousand to two hundred thousand. But whatever the total population, the peoples probably sprung from one original stock, although they have drifted far apart in the matter of language. There are said to be no fewer than thirty different languages in the New Hebridean group—all having a certain grammatical likeness, but quite unintelligible to the other islanders. The difference is not merely such as exists between Scotch, Irish, and Welsh Gaelic; it is a more marked division of tongues.

The inhabitants vary nearly as much as their languages. Although distinctly Papuan, there are traits and traces of Polynesian intermixture and even of separate Polynesian settlement. Thus, on Vaté, the men are taller, fairer, and better-looking than those on some of the other islands, the more generally prevailing type being one of extreme ugliness and short stature. They all are, or have been, cannibals; but on Aneityum they are now supposed to be all Christianised.

Aneityum, or Anateum, or A om—for it is spelt in all three ways—is within two hundred miles of the nearest point in New Caledonia, and within five hundred miles of Fiji. It has a spacious, well-sheltered harbour, which is easy of access, and is throughout well wooded and watered. The general character of the island is mountainous; and there is an agreeable diversity of hill and valley, the mountains being intersected by deep ravines, and cultivated spots alternating with barren tracts. The principal wealth of this island is in its timber, of which the kauri pine appears to be the chief; but there is also a good deal of valuable sandal-wood. Some years ago, an attempt was made to establish a whale-fishery off the shores of Aneityum; but we have not heard with what result. The length of this island is about fourteen miles, and its breadth about eight. The climate, although damp, is not disagreeable, and is not marked by great variations. The thermometer seldom goes below sixty-two degrees, and never below fifty-eight degrees; but, on the other hand, it never goes above ninety-four degrees, and seldom above eighty-nine degrees in the shade.

Aneityum deserves especial mention because the whole population is understood now to profess Christianity. That population in 1865 was stated by Mr Brenchley to be two thousand two hundred, and it has not probably increased much, if any, since then. Previous to 1850, the natives of Aneityum were as degraded and savage as on any island of the Pacific; but two missionaries who settled there about the date mentioned began to work a steady and continuous change.

The Aneityum people do not live in villages, but separately in the midst of their cultivated patches, which are divided into districts, each containing about sixty. The government is in the hands of chiefs, of whom there are three principal, each having a number of petty chiefs under them. But their power appears limited.

Aneityum, like the other islands of the New Hebrides, is of volcanic origin, and it is surrounded by coral reefs. No minerals have been

found; and in this connection it is worthy of remark that Australians insist that there is a much closer natural affinity between the New Hebrides and Fiji than there is between the New Hebrides and New Caledonia, which is an island rich in minerals. Mr Brenchley enumerates the principal indigenous products of Aneityum as bread-fruit, banana, cocoa-nut, horse-chestnut, sago-palm, another species of palm bearing small nuts, sugar-cane, taro—the staple article of food—yams in small quantities, sweet-potatoes, and arrowroot. Of fruits, &c., introduced, the orange, lime, lemon, citron, pine-apple, custard-apple, papaw-apple, melons, and pumpkins, have succeeded. The cotton plant had also been introduced, and promised well; and French beans were grown for the Sydney market. There are more than a hundred species of ferns on the island, and more than a hundred species of fish in the waters surrounding it. But the fish are not all edible, and besides being different from, are inferior to those found in the northern hemisphere. The birds are not very numerous; but butterflies and insects abound, in the case of the latter the list being lengthened by the importation of fleas by Europeans. Among themselves, the natives barter fishing-baskets, nets, sleeping-mats, hand-baskets, pigs, fowls, taro, and cocoa-nuts. With foreigners, they barter pigs, fowls, taro, bananas, cocoa-nuts, sugar-cane, &c., for European clothing, hatchets, knives, fish-hooks, and so forth. Their weapons are spears, clubs, bows and arrows—the spears being rude and very crooked.

Of Tanna, another of the southern division of the group, many interesting notes have been left by Mr Brenchley and Dr Turner. It is about forty or fifty miles from Aneityum, and has a somewhat narrow anchorage, called Port Resolution Bay. On the west side of this bay there is a large and preternaturally active volcano, which pulsates in a regular sequence of eruptions at intervals of five, seven, or ten minutes, night and day, all the year round. The regularity of the eruptions is supposed to be caused by the influx of water into the volcano from a lake which lies at its base. Tanna is nearly circular, and between thirty-five and forty miles across. It is covered with lofty hills, bright with verdure.

Mr Brenchley stated the population at fifteen to twenty thousand; but Dr Turner placed it at only ten or twelve thousand; and Turner, who resided for some months on the island, is likely to be nearer the mark. The people are of middle stature, and of a copper colour naturally, although some of them are as black as New Hollanders, through artificial dyeing of their skins. They are rather better-looking than average Papuans, but make themselves hideous with red paint. The men frizzle their hair, which is oftener light-brown than black in colour; the women wear the hair short, but 'laid out in a forest of little erect curls about an inch and a half long.' They pierce the septum of the nose, and insert horizontally a small piece of wood; and in their ears they wear huge ornaments of tortoise-shell. They do not tattoo. The women wear long girdles, hanging to the knee, made of the dried fibre of banana stalks; and the men wear an unsightly waistcloth of matting. Their weapons are [illegible] arrows, and spears, with which [illegible]fore been expert, and they always work [illegible] their weapons by their sides. They [illegible] caused or were, when Dr Turner lived amo[illegible] in race of warriors, for the tribes were inc[illegible] at war with each other. 'We were never a[illegible] says Dr Turner, 'to extend our journeys above four miles from our dwelling at Port Resolution. At such distances we came to boundaries which were never passed, and beyond which the people spoke a different dialect. At one of these boundaries, actual war would be going on; at another, kidnapping and cooking each other; and at another, all might be peace, but, by mutual consent, they had no dealings with each other. . . . When visiting the volcano one day, the natives told us about a battle in which one party which was pursued ran right into the crater, and there fought for a while on the downward slope inside the cup!'

The climate of Tanna is damp for four months of the year, when fever and ague are common; but it is agreeable during the remainder of the year; and the average annual temperature is about eighty-six degrees. The soil, on account of the volcanic origin, is extremely fertile, and there are a number of boiling springs.

Erromango, to the north of Tanna, is celebrated for its massacres of missionaries and white settlers, and it was here that Mr Williams was murdered many years ago. This island is covered with dense vegetation down to the very water's edge. It contains a great deal of fine timber, such as sandal-wood, kauri pine, &c. The population was estimated at about five thousand by both Mr Brenchley and Dr Turner. The people are very much like the Tanneso, but are without any settled villages or considerable chiefs. The Erromangan women tattoo the upper part of their bodies, and wear leaf-girdles hanging from waist to heel; but the men prefer nudity. Neither infanticide nor euthanasia seems to prevail here, but the sick are not particularly well cared for. Dr Turner traced a belief in witchcraft and some belief in a future state. The spirits of the dead are supposed to go eastward, and some are thought to roam about in the bush.

Vaté or Sandwich Island, still to the north, is another interesting member of the group. It has attracted many Australians and others, who have attempted settlements, but not, we believe, with success as yet. Dr Turner calls it a 'lovely island'—although, whether it compares with the island of Aurora, one of the most northerly of the group, which Mr Walter Coote says is a perfect earthly paradise, we cannot tell. Vaté, at anyrate, is very lovely, and seems to be of coral formation. Its size is about one hundred miles in circumference, and its population perhaps ten thousand—although Dr Turner said twelve thousand. There is no general king, but a large number of petty chiefs. The people are more fully clothed than those of the other islands we have referred to; they do not tattoo—they only paint the face in war; they wear trinkets and armlets; and they live in regular villages. There are several dialects, but not such diversity as in Tanna. They do not fight so much as the Tannese; but have clubs, spears, and poisoned

Chambers's Journal, Oct. 30, 1886.

decide, unfortunately, is prevalent, to attacks be the consequence of the practice determine men having to do all the plantation submarine hard work.

to a vo, they have no idols, and they say is pro the human race sprang from stones and porte earth. The men of the stones were *Natamoli* for *Efat*, and the men of the earth *Natamoli natana*. The native name of the island is Efat or Stone—which has been corrupted into Vaté. The principal god is Supu, who created Vaté and everything on it; and when a person dies, he is supposed to be taken away by Supu. Ancestor-worship is also practised, and the aged were often buried alive at their own request.

The island of Vaté is high above the sea, of an irregular outline, and distinguished by some fine bold features. 'We could see,' says Mr Brenchley, 'high mountains, whose summits seemed clad with verdure, while the thick woods towards their base formed, as it were, a girdle which spread downwards as far as the beach.' Ashore, he saw high reed-grass, wild sugar-canes ten feet high, and vast plantations of banana and cocoanut. The soil is of remarkable fertility; but the island is subject to frequent shocks of earthquake, sometimes very violent. The climate is damp, but not unhealthy. Of the natives, we have read differing accounts, one describing them as among the best, and another as among the worst of New Hebridean aborigines, with a remarkably developed and insatiable craving for human flesh. The happy mean is probably near the truth, that is to say, they are neither better nor worse than the rest of their race, and are very much as the visitor makes them.

BY ORDER OF THE LEAGUE.

BY FRED. M. WHITE.

IN TWENTY CHAPTERS.—CHAP. XII.

COOLLY, as if the whole transaction had been a little light recreation, and untroubled in conscience, as if the fatal card had fallen to Maxwell by pure chance, instead of base trickery, Le Gautier turned his steps in the direction of Fitzroy Square. It was a matter of supreme indifference to him now whether Maxwell obeyed the dictum of the League or not; indeed, flat rebellion would have suited his purpose better, for in that case he would be all the sooner rid of; and there was just a chance that the affair with Visci might end favourably; whereas, on the other hand, a refusal would end fatally for the rash man who defied the League. Men can face open danger; it is the uncertainty, the blind groping in the dark, that wears body and mind out, unstrings the nerves, and sometimes unseats reason. Better fight with fearful odds, than walk out with the shadow of the sword hanging over one night and day. The inestimable Frenchman had seen what defiance to the League generally came to; and as he reviewed his rosy prospects, his bright thoughts lent additional flavour to his cigarette. Nevertheless, his heart beat a trifle faster as he pulled the bell at the quiet house in Ventnor Street. Adventures of this sort were nothing novel to him; but he had something more at stake here than the fortunes of the little blind boy and the light intrigue he looked for. Miss St Jean was in, he found; and he was shown up to her room, where he sat noting the apartment—the open piano, and the shaded waxlights, shining softly—just the proper amount of light to note charms by, and just dim enough to unite confidences. As he noted these things, he smiled, for Le Gautier was a connoisseur in the graceful art of love-making, and boasted that he could read women as scholars can expound abstruse passages of the earlier classics, or think they can, which pleases them equally. In such like case, the Frenchman was about to fall into a similar error, never dreaming that the artistically arranged room with its shaded lights was a trap to catch his soul. He waited impatiently for the coming fair one, knowing full well that she wished to create an impression. If such was her intention, she succeeded beyond expectation.

With her magnificent hair piled up upon her small shapely head, and its glossy blackness relieved only by a single diamond star, shining like a planet on the bosom of the midnight sky, with a radiant smile upon her face, she came towards him. She was dressed in some light shimmering material, cut low upon the shoulders; and round the corsage was a wreath of deep red roses, a crimson ribbon round the neck, from which depended a diamond cross. She came forward murmuring a few well-chosen words, and sank into a chair, waiting for Le Gautier to recover.

He had need of time to recover his scattered senses, for, man of the world as he was, and acquainted with beauty as he was, he had never seen anything like this before. But he was not the sort to be long taken aback; he raised his eyes to hers with a mute homage which was more eloquent than words. He began to feel at home; the dazzling loveliness threw a spell upon him, the delicious mystery was to his liking; and he was tête-à-tête.

'I began to think I had failed to interest you sufficiently last night,' Isodore commenced, waving her fan slowly before her face. 'I began to imagine you were not coming to take pity on my loneliness.'

'How could you dream such a thing?' Le Gautier replied in his most languishing voice. His pulses began to beat at these last words. 'Did I not promise to come? I should have been here long since, but sordid claims of business detained me from your side.'

'It must have been pressing business,' Isodore laughed archly. 'And pray, what throne are you going to rock to its foundations now?'

Had Le Gautier been a trifle less vain, he would have been on his guard when the conversation took so personal a turn; but he was flattered; the question betokened an interest in himself. 'How would it interest you?' he asked.

'How do you know that it would not? Remember, that though I am bound by no oath, I am one of you. Anything connected with the League, anything connected with yourself, cannot fail to interest me.'

The words ran through Le Gautier's frame like quicksilver. He was impulsive and passionate; these few minutes had almost sufficed to seal his thraldom. He began to lose his head. 'You flatter me,' he said joyously. 'Our business to-night was short; we only had to choose an avenging angel.'

'For Visci, I suppose?' Isodore observed with some faint show of interest. 'Poor man! And upon whom did the choice fall?'

'A new member, curiously enough. I do not know if you are acquainted with him: his name is Maxwell.'

'May he prove as true to the cause as—as you are. I have never had the fortune to be present on one of these occasions. How do you manage it? Do you draw lots, or do you settle it with dice?'

'On this occasion, no. We have a much fairer plan than that. We take a pack of cards; they are counted, to see if they are correct; then each man present shuffles them; a particular one represents the fatal number, and the president of the assembly deals them out. Whoever the chosen one falls to has to do the task in hand.'

'That, I suppose, must be fair, unless there is a conjurer presiding,' Isodore observed reflectively.—'Who was the president to-night?'

'I myself. I took my chance with the others, you must understand.'

Isodore did not reply, as she sat there waving her fan backwards and forwards before her face. Le Gautier fancied that for a moment a smile of bitter contempt flashed out from her eyes; but he dismissed the idea, for, when she dropped the fan again, her face was clear and smiling.

'I am wearying you,' she said, 'by my silly questions. A woman who asks questions should not be allowed in society; she should be shut away from her fellow-creatures, as a thing to be avoided. I am no talker myself, at least not in the sense men mean.—Shall I play to you?'

Le Gautier would have asked nothing better than to sit there feasting his eyes upon her matchless beauty; but now he assented eagerly to the suggestion. Music is an accomplishment which forces flirtation; besides which, he could stand close to her side, turning over the leaves with opportunities which a quiet conversation never furnishes. Taking him at his word, she sat down at the instrument and commenced to play. It might have been brilliant or despicably bad, opera or oratorio, anything to the listener; he was far too deeply engrossed in the player to have any sense alive to the music. Perfectly collected, she did not fail to note this, and when she had finished, she looked up in his passionate face with a glance melting and tender, yet wholly womanly. It took all Le Gautier's self-command to restrain himself from snatching her to his heart in his madness and covering the dark face with kisses. He was reckless now, too far gone to disguise his admiration, and she knew it. With one final crash upon the keys she rose from her seat, confronting him.

'Do not leave off yet,' he urged, and saying this, he laid his hand upon her arm. She started, trembling, as if some deadly thing had stung her. To her it was a sting; to him, the evidence of awaking passion, and he, poor fool, felt his heart beat faster. She sat down again, panting a little, as from some inward emotion. 'As you please,' she said. 'Shall I sing to you?'

'Sweeter than the voice of the nightingales to me!' he exclaimed passionately. 'Yes, do sing. I shall close my eyes, and fancy myself in paradise.'

'Your imagination must be a powerful one.—Do you know this?'

Isodore took a piece of music from the stand, a simple Italian air, and placed it in his hands. He turned over the leaves carelessly, and returned it to her with a gesture of denial. There was a curious smile upon her lips as she sat down to sing, a smile that puzzled and bewildered him.

'Do you not know it?' she asked, when the last chords died away.

'Now you have sung it, I think I do. It is a sentimental sort of thing, do you not think? A little girl I used to know near Rome sang it to me. She, I remember, used to imagine it was my favourite song. She was one of the romantic schoolgirls, Miss St Jean, and the eyes she used to make at me when she sang it are something to be remembered.'

Isodore turned her back sharply and searched among the music. If he could only have seen the bitter scorn in the face then—scorn partly for him, and wholly for herself. But again she steeled herself.

'I daresay you gave her some cause, Monsieur Le Gautier,' she said. 'You men of the world, flitting from place to place, think nothing of breaking a country heart or two. You may not mean it, perhaps, but so it is.'

'Hearts do not break so easily,' Le Gautier replied lightly. 'Perhaps I did give the child some cause, as you say. *Pardieu!* a man tied down in a country village must amuse himself, and a little unsophisticated human nature is a pleasant chance. She was a little spitfire, I remember, and when I left, could not see the matter in a reasonable light. There is still some bitter vengeance awaiting me, if I am to believe her words.'

'Then you had best beware. A woman's heart is a dangerous plaything,' Isodore replied. 'Do you never feel sorry, never experience a pang of conscience after such a thing as that? Surely, at times you must regret?'

'I have heard of such a thing as conscience,' Le Gautier put in airily; 'but I must have been born before they came into fashion. No, Miss St Jean, I cannot afford to indulge in luxuries.'

'And the League takes up so much of your time. And that reminds me. We have said nothing yet about your insignia. I may tell you now that it is not yet in my hands; but I shall obtain it for you. How bold, how reckless you were that night, and yet I do not wonder! At times, the sense of restraint must bear heavy upon a man of spirit.'

'Thank you, from the bottom of my heart,' Le Gautier fervently exclaimed. 'You are too good to me.—Yes,' he continued, 'there are times when I feel the burden sorely—times like the present, let us say, when I have a foretaste of happier things. If I had you by my side, I could defy the world.'

Isodore looked at him and laughed, her wonderful magnetic smile making her eyes aglow and full of dazzling tints.

'That could not be,' she said. 'I would have no divided attentions; I would have a man's whole heart, or nothing. I have too long been alone in the world not to realise what a full meed of affection means.'

'You should have all mine!' Le Gautier cried, carried away by the torrent of his passions. 'No longer should the League bind me. I would be free, if it cost ten thousand lives! No chains should hold me then, for, by heaven, I would not hesitate to betray it!'

'Hush, hush!' Isodore exclaimed in a startled whisper. 'You do not understand what you are saying. You do not comprehend the meaning of your words. Would you betray the Brotherhood?'

'Ay, if you but say the word—ten thousand Brotherhoods.'

'I am not bound by solemn oath like you,' Isodore replied sadly; 'and at times I think it could never do good. It is too dark and mysterious and too violent to my taste; but you are bound in honour.'

'But suppose I was to come to you and say I was free?' Le Gautier asked hoarsely. 'To tell you that my hands were no longer fettered—what words would you have to say to me then—Marie?' He hesitated before he uttered the last word, dwelling upon it in an accent of the deepest tenderness. Apparently, Isodore did not notice, for her eyes were sad, her thoughts evidently far away.

'I do not know what I should say to you—in time.'

'Your words are like new life to me,' Le Gautier exclaimed; 'they give me hope and strength, and in my undertaking I shall succeed.'

'You will do nothing rash, nothing headstrong, without telling me. Let me know when you are coming to see me again, and we will talk the matter over; but I fear, without treachery, you never can be free.'

'Anything to be my own master!' he retorted fervently.—'Good-night, and remember that any step I may take will be for you.' With a long lingering pressure of the hand and many burning glances, he was gone.

Isodore heard his retreating footsteps echoing down the stairs, and thence along the silent street. The mask fell from her face; she clenched her hands, and her countenance was crossed with a hundred angry passions. Valerie entering at that moment, looked at her with something like fear.

'Sit down, Valerie,' Isodore whispered hoarsely, in a voice like the tones of one in great pain, as she walked impatiently about the room, her hands twisted together convulsively. 'Do not be afraid; I shall be better presently. I feel as if I want to scream, or do some desperate thing to-night. He has been here, Valerie; how I sustained myself, I cannot tell.'

'Did he recognise you?' Valerie asked timidly.

'Recognise me? No, indeed! He spoke about the old days by the Mattio woods, the old times when we were together, and laughed at me for a romantic schoolgirl. I nearly stabbed him then. There is treachery afloat; his plan is prospering. As I told you it would be, Maxwell is chosen for the Roman mission; but he will never do the deed, for I shall warn Visci myself. And he was my bro——Visci's friend!'

'But what are you going to do now?' Valerie asked.

'He is a traitor. He is going to betray the League, and I am going to be his confidant. I saw it in his face. I wonder how I bear it—I wonder I do not die! What would they say if they saw Isodore now?—Come, Valerie, come and hold me tightly in your arms—tighter still. If I do not have a little pity, my poor heart will break.'

Long and earnestly did Salvarini and Maxwell sit in the latter's studio discussing the events of the evening, till the fire had burnt down to ashes and the clock in the neighbouring steeple struck three. It was settled that Maxwell should go to Rome, though with what ulterior object they did not decide. Time was in his favour, the lapse of a month or so in the commission being a matter of little object to the League. They preferred that vengeance should be deferred for a time, and that the blow might be struck when it was least expected, when the victim was just beginning to imagine himself safe and the matter forgotten.

'I suppose I had better lose no time in going?' Maxwell observed, when they had discussed the matter thoroughly. 'Time and distance are no objects to me, or money either.'

'As to your time of departure, I should say as soon as possible,' Salvarini replied; 'and as to money, the League finds that.'

'I would not touch a penny of it, Luigi—no, not if I was starving. I could not soil my fingers with their blood-money.—What do you say to my starting on Monday night? I could get to Rome by Thursday morning at the latest.—And yet, to what good? I almost feel inclined to refuse, and bid them do their worst.'

'For heaven's sake, do not!' Salvarini implored. 'Such a thing is worse than folly. If you assume a readiness to fulfil your undertaking, something may turn up in your favour.'

Maxwell gazed moodily in the dead ashes, and cursed the hot-headed haste which had placed him in that awful position. Like every right-minded man, he shrank with horror from such a cowardly crime.

'You will never attain your ends,' he said. 'Your cause is a noble one; but true liberty, perfect freedom, turns against cold-blooded murder; for call it what you will, it is nothing else.'

'You are right, my friend,' Salvarini mournfully replied. 'No good can come of it; and when reprisals come, as they must, they shall be swift and terrible.—But Frederick,' he continued, laying his hand on the other's shoulder, 'do not blame me too deeply, for I will lay down my own life cheerfully before harm shall come to you.'

Maxwell was not aware that Sir Geoffrey Charteris was a member of the League, as Le Gautier had taken care to keep them apart, so far as business matters were concerned, only allowing the baronet to attend such meetings as were perfectly harmless in their general character, and calculated to inspire him with admiration of the philanthropic schemes and self-denying usefulness of the Brotherhood; nor was it

the Frenchman's intention to admit him any deeper into its secrets; indeed, his admission only formed part of the scheme by which the baronet, and through him his daughter, should be entirely in the Frenchman's power. The cards were sorted, and, once Maxwell was out of the way, the game was ready to be played. All this the artist did not know.

With a heavy heart and a foreboding of coming evil, he made the simple preparations for his journey. He had delayed to the last the task of informing Enid of his departure, partly from a distaste of alarming her, and partly out of fear. It would look more natural, he thought, to break it suddenly, merely saying he had been called to Rome on pressing business, and that his absence would not be a prolonged one. Till Saturday, he put this off, and then, bracing up his nerves, he got into his cab, and was driven off rapidly in the direction of Grosvenor Square. He was roused from his meditations by a shock and a crash, the sound of broken glass, the sight of two plunging horses on the ground—roused by being shot forward violently, by the shouts of the crowd, and above all, by the piercing scream of a woman's voice. Scrambling out as best he could, he rose to his feet and looked around. His cab had come violently in collision with another in the centre of Piccadilly. A woman had attempted to cross hurriedly; and the two cabs had swerved suddenly, coming together sharply, but not too late to save the woman, who was lying there, in the centre of an eager, excited crowd, perfectly unconscious, the blood streaming down her white face, and staining her light summer dress. A doctor had raised her a little, and was trying to force some brandy between the clenched teeth, as Maxwell pushed his way through the crowd.

'Nothing very serious,' he said, in answer to Maxwell's question. 'She is simply stunned by the blow, and has sustained, I should say, a simple fracture of the right arm. She must be moved from here at once.—If you will call a cab, I will take her to a hospital.'

'No, no!' Maxwell cried, moved to pity by the pale fair face and slight girlish figure. 'I am mainly responsible for the accident, and you must allow me to be the best judge. My cab, you see, is almost uninjured; put her in there, and I will tell you where to drive.'

They lifted the unconscious girl and placed her tenderly on the seat. There were warm hearts and sympathetic hands there, as you may notice on such occasions as these, and there was a look of feeling in every face as the cab drove slowly away.

'Go on to Grosvenor Square,' Maxwell instructed his man. 'Drive slowly up New Bond Street. We shall be there as soon as you.'

They arrived at Sir Geoffrey's house together, considerably astonishing the footman, as, without ceremony, they carried the sufferer in. Alarmed by strange voices and the shrieks of the servants, who had come up at the first alarm, Enid made her appearance to demand the meaning of this unseemly noise; but directly she heard the cause, as coherently as Maxwell could tell her, her face changed, and she became at once all tenderness and womanly sympathy.

'I knew you would not mind, darling,' he whispered gratefully. 'I hardly knew what to do, and it was partly my fault.'

'You did quite right. Of course I do not mind. Fred, what do you take me for?' She knelt down beside the injured woman there in the hall, in the presence of all the servants, and helped to carry her up the stairs.

Lucrece looked on for a moment, and then a startled look came in her face. 'Ah!' she exclaimed, 'I know that face—it is Linda Despard.'

Enid heard these words, but did not heed them at the time. They carried the girl into one of the rooms and laid her on the bed. At a sign from the doctor, the room was cleared, with the exception of Enid and Lucrece, and the medical man proceeded to look to the broken limb. It was only a very simple fracture, he said. The gravest danger was from the shock to the system and the wound upon the forehead. Presently, they got her comfortably in bed, breathing regularly, and apparently asleep. The good-natured doctor, waving aside all thanks, left the room, promising to call again later in the day.

FOUNDLING QUOTATIONS.

Quotations play no small part in conversation and general literature. There are some which we know must inevitably be made under certain circumstances. It is almost impossible, for instance, for the conventional novelist, when he wants to convey to his readers the fact that his heroine's nose is of a particular order—which, formerly, through our lack of invention, we could only describe by a somewhat ungraceful term—to avoid quoting Lord Tennyson's description of the feature as it graced Lynette's fair face—'Tip-tilted like the petal of a flower.' We feel sure that it must come; and there is now, happily, no occasion for a young lady in the position of one of Miss Braddon's earlier heroines, when listening to a detailed description of her appearance, to interrupt the speaker, as he is about to mention the characteristics of her nose, with a beseeching, 'Please, don't say *pug!*'

And then, does anybody ever expect to read a description of a certain celebrated Scotch ruin, without being told that

> If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
> Go visit it by the pale moonlight?

or to get through an account of the ancient gladiatorial games at Rome without coming across the line,

> Butchered to make a Roman holiday?

You know, perhaps, what praise Mark Twain took to himself because he did *not* quote this line. 'If any man has a right,' he says, 'to feel proud of himself and satisfied, surely it is I; for I have written about the Coliseum, and the gladiators, the martyrs, and the lions, and yet have never used the phrase, "Butchered to make a Roman holiday." I am the only free white man of mature age who has accomplished this since Byron originated the expression.' This little piece of self-congratulation rather reminds one of the lady

who was accused of never being able to write a letter without adding a P.S. At last, she managed to write one without the usual addition; but when she saw what she had succeeded in doing, she wrote: 'P.S.—At last, you see, I have written a letter without a P.S.' And so, though Mark Twain managed to steer clear of the hackneyed quotation in the body of his account, he could not help running against it in a P.S.

Then we have all the multitude of Shakspereau quotations which are sure to be heard in their accustomed places, many of which, indeed, have become—to quote again—such 'household words,' that to very many people they do not appear to be quotations at all, but merely every-day expressions, of the same order as 'A fine day' or 'A biting wind.'

Again, when we read of some cheerful fireside scene, when the curtains are drawn closely against the winter wind that is roaring round the house, and the logs are crackling and spitting in the grate, and the urn is hissing and steaming upon the table, don't we know that a reference to the 'cup which cheers but not inebriates' is certainly coming? This, by the way, is a line that is almost invariably incorrectly quoted, and it is the usual and incorrect form that we have given. We shall leave our readers to turn up the line for themselves, and see what the correct form is, and then, perhaps, the trouble they will thereby have had will serve to impress it upon their minds, and prevent them again quoting it incorrectly.

But it was not with the intention of talking about these well-known and every-day quotations from Tennyson, Scott, Byron, Shakspeare, and Cowper that we thought of writing this paper. We want to talk about a few quotations, quite as well known as those to which we have already alluded, which have been so bandied about that all trace, or nearly all trace, of their original parish and paternity has been lost; and, though they are as familiar to us as the most hackneyed phrases from our best known poets, no one can say with certainty by whom they were first spoken or written.

A good many wagers have been made as to the source of the well-known and much-quoted couplet:

> He that fights and runs away,
> May live to fight another day.

The popular belief is that they are to be found in Butler's *Hudibras*. But the pages of that poem may be turned over and over again, and the lines will not be found in them. We may as well say at once that they cannot be found anywhere in the exact form in which they are usually quoted. The late Mr James Yeowell, formerly sub-editor of *Notes and Queries*, once thought that he had discovered their author in Oliver Goldsmith, as a couplet, varying very slightly from the form we have given, occurs in *The Art of Poetry on a New Plan*, which was compiled by Newbery—the children's publisher—more than a century ago, and revised and enlarged by Goldsmith. But the lines are to be found in a book that was published some thirteen years before *The Art of Poetry*, namely, Ray's *History of the Rebellion*. There they appear as a quotation, and no hint is given as to the source from which they are taken. Ray gives them as follows (first edition, 1749, page 54):

> He that fights and runs away,
> May turn and fight another day.

Though this is the earliest appearance in print of the exact words, or almost the exact words, in which the quotation is now usually given, it is by no means the earliest appearance of a similar thought. Even as far back as Demosthenes we find it. It appears, too, in Scarron, in his *Virgile Travesti*, if we remember rightly. And now we must confess that the still prevailing belief that the lines occur in *Hudibras* is not entirely without a *raison d'être*, and it is not impossible that Ray may have thought he was quoting Butler, preserving some hazy and indistinct recollection of lines read long ago, and putting their meaning, perhaps quite unwittingly and unconsciously, into a new and unauthorised form. This, however, is mere conjecture. The lines, as they appear in *Hudibras* (part iii. canto iii., lines 243, 244), are as follows:

> For those that fly, may fight again,
> Which he can never do that's slain.

We may just add that Collet, in his *Relics of Literature*, says that the couplet occurs in a small volume of miscellaneous poems by Sir John Mennis, written in the reign of Charles II. With this book, however, we are unacquainted, and cannot, therefore, discuss the appearance of the foundling lines in it, or what claims its author may have to be their legitimate parent.

All readers of Tennyson—and who that reads at all is not numbered amongst them?—know well the opening stanza of *In Memoriam*:

> I held it truth, with him who sings
> To one clear harp in divers tones,
> That men may rise on stepping-stones
> Of their dead selves to higher things.

These lines contain another quotation of the order we have designated as 'Foundling Quotations.' Who is the singer, 'to one clear harp in divers tones,' to whom Lord Tennyson refers? Passages from Seneca and from St Augustine (Bishop of Hippo) have been suggested as inspiring the poet when he penned the lines; but neither Seneca nor St Augustine can be said to *sing* 'to one clear harp in divers tones.' Perhaps the most reasonable hypothesis is that Lord Tennyson had in his mind Longfellow's beautiful poem of *St Augustine's Ladder*, the opening lines of which are:

> Saint Augustine! well hast thou said,
> That of our vices we can frame
> A ladder, if we will but tread
> Beneath our feet each deed of shame!

and the closing ones:

> Nor deem the irrevocable Past
> As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
> If, rising on its wrecks, at last
> To something nobler we attain.

The question, however, though Lord Tennyson is still alive, is one that is not likely ever to be clearly solved; for we have very good authority for saying that he has himself quite forgotten of what poet or verses he was thinking when he composed the first stanza of *In Memoriam*.

The equally well-known

> This is truth the poet sings,
> That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things,

in *Locksley Hall*, refers, of course, to the line in Dante's *Inferno*.

The trite 'Not lost, but gone before,' might alone provide subject-matter for a fairly long essay. Like the other quotations which we are discussing, it can be definitely assigned to no author. The thought can be traced back as far as the time of Antiphanes, a portion of whose eleventh 'fragment,' Cumberland has translated, fairly literally, as follows:

> Your lost friends are not dead, but gone before,
> Advanced a stage or two upon that road
> Which you must travel, in the steps they trod.

Seneca, in his ninety-ninth Epistle, says: 'Quem putas perisse, præmissus est' (He whom you think dead has been sent on before); and he also has: 'Non amittuntur, sed præmittuntur' (They are not lost, but are sent on before), which corresponds very closely with the popular form of the quotation. Cicero has the remark that 'Friends, though absent, are still present;' and it is very probable that it is to this phrase of Cicero that we are really indebted for the modern, 'Not lost, but gone before.' We may note that Rogers, in his *Human Life*, has, 'Not dead, but gone before.'

Then there is the somewhat similar, 'Though lost to sight, to memory dear,' which no one has succeeded in satisfactorily tracing to its original source. It was said, some years ago, that the line was to be found in a poem published in a journal whose name was given as *The Greenwich Magazine*, in 1701, and written by one Ruthven Jenkyns. The words formed the refrain of each stanza of the poem. We give one of them as a sample:

> Sweetheart, good-bye! the fluttering sail
> Is spread to waft me far from thee;
> And soon before the fav'ring gale
> My ship shall bound upon the sea.
> Perchance all desolate and forlorn,
> These eyes shall miss thee many a year,
> But unforgotten every charm—
> Though lost to sight, to memory dear.

Mr Bartlett, however, in the last edition of his *Dictionary of Quotations*, has demolished this story of Mr Ruthven Jenkyns; and the line is still unclaimed and fatherless. Probably, as in the case of the last mentioned, 'Not lost, but gone before,' its germ is to be found in an expression of Cicero.

There is a Latin line familiar to all of us, 'Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis' (The times change, and we change with them), which we are frequently hearing and seeing. This is a much-abused line; probably there is none more so; and we do not think we shall be guilty of exaggeration if we say that it is misquoted ten times for every time it is correctly cited. The positions of the *nos* and the *et* are usually interchanged; the result being, of course, a false quantity; for the line is a hexameter. Now, who first wrote this line? The answer must be, as in the cases of all our other 'Foundling Quotations,' that we do not know. But in this particular instance we may venture to be a little more certain and definite in our remarks concerning its pedigree than we have dared to be in previous ones. There can be little doubt that the line is a corruption of one to be found in the *Delitiæ Poetarum Germanorum* (vol. i. page 685), amongst the poems of Matthias Borbonius, who considers it a saying of Lotharius I., who flourished, as the phrase goes, about 830 A.D. We give the correct form of the line in question, and the one which follows it:

> Omnia mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis;
> Illa vices quasdem res habet, illa suas.

There is another foundling Latin line, almost as frequently quoted as the one we have just been discussing, namely, 'Quos Deus vult perdere, prius dementat' (Whom the gods would destroy, they first madden). Concerning this there is a note in the fifth chapter of the eighth volume of Mr Croker's edition of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, in which it is said to be a translation from a Greek iambic of Euripides, which is quoted; but no such line is to be found amongst the writings of Euripides. Words, however, expressing the same sentiment are to be found in a fragment of Athenagoras; and it is most likely that the Latin phrase now so commonly quoted is merely a translation from this writer's Greek, though by whom it was first made we cannot say. The same sentiment has been expressed more than once in English poetry.

Dryden, in the third part of *The Hind and the Panther*, has:

> For those whom God to ruin has designed,
> He fits for fate, and first destroys their mind.

And Butler writes in *Hudibras* (part iii. canto ii., lines 565, 566):

> Like men condemned to thunder-bolts,
> Who, ere the blow, become mere dolts.

Further consideration will probably bring to the reader's mind other examples of these 'Foundling Quotations' which have won for themselves an imperishable existence; though their authors, whose names these few-syllabled sentences might have kept alive for ever, if they were only linked the one with the other, are now utterly unknown and forgotten. Any one who can succeed in discovering the real authorship of the quotations we have been considering will win for himself the credit of having solved problems which have long and persistently baffled the most curious and diligent research.

MISS MASTERMAN'S DISCOVERY.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

Miss Phœbe Masterman was a spinster over whose head some fifty summers had flown—with, it may be presumed, incredible swiftness to herself. She was very comfortably situated with regard to this world's goods, having inherited ample means from her father, a native of Durham, who had made a considerable fortune as a coal-merchant. At the time of her father's death, she was thirty-five; and as she had no near relative in whom to interest herself, she established an Orphanage for twelve girls at Bradborough, a market-town in the north of England, within two miles of the coast. Brought

up in the strictest conformity with Miss Masterman's peculiar views, dressed with the most rigid simplicity, fed on the plainest fare, taught to look upon the mildest forms of recreation as vanity and vexation of spirit, these fortunate orphans, one would think, could hardly fail to become virtuous and happy; yet, inconceivable as it may appear, there were legends that orphans had been seen with red eyes and countenances expressive of anything but content; there was even a dark rumour to the effect that one of them had been heard to declare that if she only had the opportunity she would gladly commit a crime, that she might be sent to prison, and so escape from the thraldom of Miss Masterman!

But even this ingratitude and depravity paled before that of the Rev. Shanghan Lambe, incumbent of the little church of St Mary's. Now, Miss Masterman had built that church for the good of the district, and the living was in her own gift. Yet Mr Lambe, entirely ignoring the latter fact, had had the hardihood to baptise an orphan in Miss Masterman's absence without previously obtaining the permission of that lady; upon which the indignant lady declared that unless he promised not to interfere with her orphans, she would withdraw all her subscriptions and leave him to find his own income. Nor was this all. There were other reasons to make Mr Lambe pause before quarrelling with Miss Masterman. Before he was appointed to St Mary's, he had been only a poor curate with a stipend of fifty pounds a year, which munificent income he had found totally inadequate to his wants and those of an aged mother who was dependent on him; consequently, he had entered upon his duties at Bradborough shackled with small debts to the amount of a hundred pounds.

Miss Masterman, who made a point of inquiring into every one's affairs, soon became aware of this, and as want of generosity was by no means to be numbered among her failings, she rightly judged that it would not be reasonable to expect a man to give his mind to his work if he were weighed down by other cares; so, in an evil hour for himself, poor Mr Lambe accepted from the lady a sum of money sufficient to defray his debts—a sum for which, as he soon found, he would have to pay compound interest in the way of blind obedience to Miss Masterman's behests. Not a funeral could be performed, not a marriage could be solemnised, not an infant could be baptised, without Miss Masterman's permission; and it was even asserted by some that Miss Masterman selected the texts for the poor man's sermons! The only oasis in his desert was the annual departure of Miss Masterman for change of air; then, and then only, did Mr Lambe breathe in peace. For a brief period, he felt that he was really master of himself. He could sit down and smoke his pipe without fear that his sitting-room door would be rudely flung open by an imperious female of fierce aspect, who would lecture him on his sinful extravagance in the use of tobacco, when he couldn't pay his debts.

One bright August morning, Miss Masterman was seated at her breakfast table, and having concluded her meal, had taken up the morning paper and was studying the advertisements, holding the paper at arm's-length with an air of grim combativeness, as if she were prepared to give battle to any or all the advertisers who did not offer exactly what she sought. Suddenly, she pounced upon the following: 'A Home is offered in a Country Rectory by a Rector and his family for two or three months to a Single Lady needing change of air. House, with large grounds, conservatories, pony-carriage, beautiful scenery.—Address, Rector, *Clerical Times Office.*'

'That will do,' said Miss Masterman to herself; and, with her usual promptitude, she sat down then and there and wrote to the advertiser, asking particulars as to terms, &c. And in due course she received an answer so perfectly satisfactory in every respect, that the end of the month found her comfortably installed in the charming rectory of Sunnydale, in the county of Hampshire, in the family of the Rev. Stephen Draycott, rector of Sunnydale.

The rector's family, besides himself and his wife, consisted of two sons and two daughters, all grown up, with the exception of Master Hubert, a boy of ten years old, who was endowed with such a remarkable fund of animal spirits that he was the terror of the neighbourhood; and from the first moment of Miss Masterman's arrival, he became the special *bête noire* of that lady. With all the other members of the family, Miss Masterman was much pleased. The rector himself was a polished and dignified person, and by the extreme, if rather laboured, courtesy of his manners, he endeavoured to tone down the somewhat exuberant spirits of the rest of his family. Mrs Draycott was a gentle, refined matron, with a sweet, though rather weary face, and was simply adored by her husband and children. The two daughters, Adela and Magdalen, were charming girls, full of fun, and very popular with their two brothers, of whom the senior, Clive, was aged nineteen.

To the young people, Miss Masterman's arrival was little short of a calamity; they were so much in the habit of freely stating their opinions on all subjects without restraint, that the presence of a stranger appeared to them an unmitigated bore. It was in vain that their mother reminded them that the handsome sum paid by Miss Masterman for her board would be a very desirable addition to the family exchequer. At a sort of cabinet council held after she had retired to her room the first night after her arrival, Master Hubert expressed, in schoolboy slang, his conviction that she was a 'ghastly old crumpet;' a nickname which she retained until a servant one day brought in a letter which, she said, was addressed to 'Miss Pobe Masterman;' from which moment, Miss Masterman went by the name of 'Pobe' till the end of her visit—a piece of irreverence of which that lady happily remained quite unconscious.

By the time Miss Masterman had settled down in her new abode, the principal ladies of the parish came to call upon her; and as some of them were not only rich but very highly connected, Miss Masterman greatly appreciated their kind attentions. Among them was a Lady O'Leary, an Irish widow, with whom Miss Masterman soon struck up a great intimacy.

Lady O'Leary was generally believed to be a person of large fortune; but as this supposition was based entirely on her own representations with regard to property in Ireland, there were some sceptical spirits who declined to believe in it as an established fact. Lady O'Leary shared three furnished rooms with a Miss Moone, who lived with her as companion; and it soon became quite an institution for Miss Masterman to take tea with her two or three times a week at least. On these occasions, the two ladies—for Miss Moone discreetly withdrew when Lady O'Leary had visitors—discussed all the affairs of the parish, until, by degrees, they got upon such thoroughly confidential terms, that before long they had imparted to each other their joint conviction that the general moral tone of the parish was lamentably low, and that it was doubtless owing in a great measure to the deplorably frivolous conduct of the family at the rectory; for Miss Masterman had discovered, to her amazement and horror, that the rector not only permitted his daughters to read Shakspeare, but even gave them direct encouragement to do so. Nor was this all; he actually was in the habit, once a year, of taking all his children up to London to see the pantomime at Drury Lane!

Among the more frequent visitors at the rectory was a Mrs Penrose, an exceedingly pretty young widow, who had recently taken a small house in the village, where she lived very quietly with an old servant, who appeared greatly attached to her mistress. The widow, who was apparently not more than five-and-twenty, was a charming brunette, with sparkling black eyes, and hair like waves of shining brown satin; and her sweet face and animated manners made her generally very popular in the village, where she visited the poor and assisted the rector in various parochial works of charity. Especially was she a favourite at the rectory, not only with Mr and Mrs Draycott, but with the young people, her presence in the family circle invariably giving rise to so much hilarity, that even the rector was attracted by the general merriment, and would leave his study to come and sit with his family, and allow himself to join in their mirth at Mrs Penrose's lively sallies. Indeed, he had even been heard to declare, in Miss Masterman's hearing, to that lady's unspeakable disgust, that when he was fagged and worried with the necessary work of a parish, a few minutes of Mrs Penrose's cheerful society acted on his mind like a tonic.

Miss Masterman, from the first, had taken an extraordinary antipathy to Mrs Penrose, who appeared to her to be everything that a widow ought not to be! Her bright face and unflagging spirits were a constant offence to the elder lady, though she had often been told that the late Captain Penrose was such a worthless man that his early death, brought about entirely by his own excesses, could be nothing but an intense relief to his young widow, who was now enjoying the reaction, after five years of married misery. Miss Masterman's dislike to Mrs Penrose was fully shared by her friend Lady O'Leary; and they both agreed that the widow was in all probability a designing adventuress, and deplored the infatuation which evidently blinded the rector as to her real character, for, as Lady O'Leary observed: 'Though it was given out that Mrs Penrose was the particular friend of *Mrs* Draycott, the rector's partiality was obvious!'

Miss Masterman had been at Sunnydale for six weeks, when one morning she received a letter from her housekeeper, informing her that Mr Lambe had taken upon himself to remark that the orphans were looking pale and jaded, and that he was going to take them all to spend a day at the seaside. Miss Masterman, on reading this letter, felt most indignant, and at once wrote to Mr Lambe to forbid the proposed excursion; and after enumerating the many obligations under which she had laid him—not forgetting the hundred pounds she had lent him—she concluded by expressing her surprise that he should presume to interfere with her special protégées in any way whatever.

To this Mr Lambe replied that he was 'extremely sorry if he had offended Miss Masterman; that he had imagined that she would be pleased for the orphans to have the treat, particularly as some of them looked far from well; but that, having promised the children, it was impossible for him to break his word, particularly as he had ordered a van for their conveyance and made all the necessary arrangements for the trip; he therefore trusted that Miss Masterman would forgive him if he still kept his promise to his little friends.'

Furious at this unexpected opposition to her will, Miss Masterman at once went in search of Mrs Draycott to inform her that it was necessary for her to go home for a week or ten days on business of importance. Finding that Mrs Draycott was not at home, she repaired to the rector's study, and after knocking at the door, and being told to enter, she informed Mr Draycott of her intentions. Saying that she must write home at once, she was about to withdraw, when Mr Draycott courteously asked her if she would not write in the study, to save time, as he was just going out. Miss Masterman thanked him; and as soon as he had gone, sat down and wrote to her housekeeper to say that she would be at home the following day without fail. Having finished her letter, she was about to leave the room, when she observed a note in a lady's handwriting, which had apparently slipped out of the blotting-pad on to the floor. She picked it up, and was about to return it to its place, when the signature, 'Florence Penrose,' caught her eye. 'What can that frivolous being have to say to the rector?' thought Miss Masterman; and feeling that her curiosity was too strong to be resisted, she unfolded the note, and read the following words:

My dear Friend—I have just received the diamonds, which are exactly what I wanted. The baby's cloak and hood will do very well. I have now nearly all that I require. My only terror is, lest our secret should be discovered.—In great haste. Yours, as ever, Florence Penrose.

P.S.—I hope you won't forget to supply me with plenty of flowers.

Here was a discovery! For a few moments Miss Masterman sat motionless with horror; her head was in a whirl, and she had to collect her thoughts before she could make up her mind

what to do. The first definite idea that occurred to her was to secure the note; the next was, to show it to Lady O'Leary and to discuss with her what was to be done. As soon, therefore, as she had completed all her arrangements for her journey on the morrow, she repaired to her friend's lodgings; and after Lady O'Leary had fairly exhausted all the expletives that even her extensive Irish vocabulary could supply, to express her horror and detestation of the conduct of the rector and Mrs Penrose, the two ladies laid their heads together, and seriously discussed the advisability of writing to the bishop of the diocese and sending him the incriminating letter. However, they finally decided to do nothing before Miss Masterman's return to Sunnydale; and in the meantime, Lady O'Leary undertook to be on the watch, and to keep her friend *au courant* as to what was going on in the parish.

It was late that evening when Miss Masterman returned to the rectory, and by going up directly to her room, she avoided meeting the rector. The next morning she pleaded headache as an excuse for having her breakfast sent up to her; and did not come down until, from her window, she had seen Mr Draycott leave the house, knowing he would be away for some hours. He left a polite message with his wife, regretting that he had not been able to say good-bye in person to Miss Masterman.

'The wily hypocrite!' thought that lady. 'He little thinks that his guilt is no secret to me. But such atrocity shall not go unpunished!'

When she took leave of Mrs Draycott, she astonished that lady by holding her hand for some moments as she gazed mournfully into her face; then, with a final commiserating glance, the worthy spinster hurried into her fly. As she drove away, she leant forward and waved her hand to the assembled family with such effusion, that Mrs Draycott exclaimed: 'Dear me, I fear I have done Miss Masterman injustice. I had no idea that she possessed so much feeling as she showed just now. One would really think she was going for good, instead of only ten days!'

'No such luck,' cried the irrepressible Hubert. 'But, at all events, we have got rid of her for a week at least; so now, we'll enjoy ourselves, and forget all about "Pobe" till she turns up again!'—a resolution which the young gentleman did not fail to keep most faithfully.

In the meantime, Miss Masterman was busily employed at Bradborough in quelling orphans and other myrmidons, and reducing things in general to complete subjection to her will; but with regard to Mr Lambe, she found her task more difficult than she expected. In fact, the worm had turned; and on her summoning him to her presence and opening the vials of her wrath on his devoted head, he calmly but firmly announced his intention of sending his resignation to his bishop; which took Miss Masterman so completely by surprise, that, in her bewilderment, she actually asked him to reconsider his decision. But though she even went so far as to give her consent to the orphans having their coveted treat, Mr Lambe's determination was not to be shaken.

The following week flew swiftly away; a good deal of correspondence devolved upon Miss Masterman through having to think of a successor to Mr Lambe, and the lady of the manor was very much worried. At last, however, everything was settled, and Miss Masterman began to think of returning to Sunnydale, where, as she felt, fresh anxieties and most painful duties awaited her.

POPULAR LEGAL FALLACIES.*

BY AN EXPERIENCED PRACTITIONER.

DEEDS OF GIFT AND WILLS.—I.

One of the most universally believed fallacies is that it is better to make a deed of gift than a will for the disposal of property. Nothing can be more dangerous than this delusion, as we have often had occasion to observe in the course of our experience. A deed of gift—pure and simple—is a document under seal evidencing the fact that certain property specified therein has been absolutely given by the donor to the donee, without any reservation for the benefit of the former, or any power for him to revoke the gift or resume possession of the property in any circumstances. If the deed contains a condition that the donor shall have the enjoyment of the property during his life, and that he shall have a right to recall the gift thereby made, and dispose of the property in some other way, then the document is to all intents and purposes a will; and if it is only executed and attested as an ordinary deed, it is altogether void, in consequence of non-compliance with the directions contained in the Wills Act, 1837, which very properly requires more precautions against fraud and forgery in the case of a will than in the case of a deed. We say 'very properly,' because the will does not take effect during the lifetime of the testator; and therefore the greatest safeguard is removed by his death before the document can be acted upon or its authenticity be likely to be questioned. This is a common oversight. The deed is prepared and duly stamped; and in consequence of the insertion of the powers alluded to above, it proves to be utterly useless, when, after the decease of the donor, his property is claimed by his heir-at-law and next of kin because of his having died intestate. It may occasion some surprise that any solicitor will prepare a deed which he knows cannot stand the test of litigation; but this is not altogether the fault of the profession. In many cases, the danger is pointed out; but if the donor is determined to dispose of his own property in his own way, who can gainsay him? If he cannot get what he requires in one office, he will go to another; and we have several times lost clients in consequence of our refusal to prepare such a deed; all our arguments being

* It should be understood that this series of articles deals mainly with English as apart from Scotch law.

met by the reply that there would be no duties to pay to the government if the deed were executed; a complete fallacy in many cases, as we have afterwards had occasion to know, when we have seen what followed the decease of the misguided donor.

On the other hand, if there is a genuine gift, and possession is given in accordance with the deed, what then? One case which came under our notice may illustrate the danger against which we have frequently protested in vain. A retired merchant invested the whole of his savings in a freehold estate which would produce sufficient annual income to supply all his wants and leave a good margin for future accumulations. Being a widower, in somewhat infirm health, he took up his residence in the house of his younger son, the elder being an irreclaimable reprobate. Unfortunately, the wife of this younger son was an artful and avaricious woman, whose sole reason for consenting to the arrangement as to residence was the hope of future gain. The old gentleman had an insurmountable objection to making a will—not an uncommon weakness—as it reminded him too forcibly of the time when he would have to leave his fine estate and go over to the great majority. At length, after urgent and repeated representations as to the risk of his estate being sold by his dissipated heir-at-law in case of his dying intestate, he was persuaded to execute a deed of gift to his younger son, to whom at the same time he handed the title-deeds relating to the estate. Soon afterwards, a quarrel arose between the donor and his daughter-in-law; and the latter persuaded her husband—whose moral principles were as weak as those of his brother, though in a different way—to sell the estate, and then turn his father out of his house. After his ignominious dismissal, the poor old gentleman went to the house of a nephew, who soon tired of supporting him; and eventually he was obliged to go into the workhouse, altogether neglected to the time of his death by all his relatives, except his graceless elder son; and alas! he could not assist his aged parent, as he was himself almost destitute. This may appear to be an extreme case; but it is not a solitary one, although it is one of the worst of those which have come under our own observation.

This brief narrative may serve as an introduction to the explanation of one remarkable peculiarity in the practical working of a deed of gift of real estate. Personal property may of course be sold, and the sale completed by delivery of the goods or other chattels to the purchaser; but actual possession of land is no clue to the ownership thereof, the title being evidenced by deeds in the general way, the exceptions being those cases in which land has descended to the heir in consequence of the intestacy of the former owner; and also those cases in which long-continued possession has given an impregnable title to a person who was originally a mere trespasser, or at the most a tenant whose landlord has been lost sight of. When the freehold estate above mentioned was given away and the gift was evidenced by deed and actual possession, the donor lost the power of again giving it away either by deed or by his will. But he might have sold the property if he could have found a purchaser willing to complete without actual possession of the title-deeds; which, however, he might afterwards have recovered from the holder thereof; the reason for this being, that where there are two inconsistent titles, both derived from the same person, but one depending upon an actual sale and payment by the purchaser of the price agreed upon, while the other rests upon no better foundation than a mere voluntary act on the part of the donor, the title of the purchaser will prevail, because of the valuable consideration which he has paid; while the other person has paid nothing. On the other hand, if the donee, before he is dispossessed or his title superseded by a conveyance for value, were to sell the property, and if the sale were completed and the purchase-money paid, the donor would have lost his right to sell. Having placed the donee in a position to make a good title to the property, he must take the consequences of his own folly. We once had the pleasure of saving for the benefit of the vendor the value of an estate which he had previously given away; greatly to the astonishment of the donee, who supposed himself to be safely possessed of the whole estate.

It will be understood that our remarks have no application to marriage settlements or similar documents in which extensive though limited powers of appointment are generally reserved to the settler, the power extending over the whole estate or a specified part thereof; while the persons to be the beneficiaries are strictly defined; and powers are also given to him to direct the payment of portions to his younger children, and to charge them upon the estate which is comprised in the settlement. This is the legitimate way in which a landed proprietor can provide for his family; and the only serious objection which has ever been made thereto is that it has a tendency to perpetuate the descent of the estates, instead of their distribution and subdivision into smaller properties. But these documents are beyond the scope of this paper. What we strongly object to are voluntary deeds of gift, which are generally made for the purpose of avoiding the payment of legacy and succession duty, but lead too frequently to disastrous consequences. They are beneficial to the legal profession, often leading to costly and harassing litigation; but to the intended recipients of the bounty of the donor, and sometimes to the donor himself, they are in a corresponding degree injurious.

Attention may here be called to the provisions of the Customs and Inland Revenue Act, 1881, on the subject of voluntary gifts of personal property made for the purpose of avoiding the payment of the duties accruing due on the death of the owner of personal estate. By this Act, duty is payable at the like rates as the ordinary probate duty on voluntary gifts which may have been made by any person dying after 1st June 1881, whether such gift may have been made in contemplation of approaching death or otherwise, if the donor has not lived three calendar months afterwards; or by voluntarily causing property to be transferred to or vested in himself and some other person jointly, so as to give such other person benefit of survivorship; or by deed or other instrument not taking effect as a will, whereby

an interest is reserved to the donor for life, or whereby he may have reserved to himself the right, by the exercise of any power, to reclaim the absolute interest in such property. This enactment removes the last argument in favour of deeds of gift, for they do not now have the effect of avoiding the payment of probate duty; and in any event, since 19th May 1853, succession duty has always been payable in respect of the benefit acquired by the successor by reason of the decease of his predecessor in title. The case of a voluntary settlement in respect of which the stamp duty has been paid is provided for by a direction that on production of such deed duly stamped, the stamp duty thereon may be returned. Personal estate includes leasehold property.

With respect to wills, the position is very different. Every man who has any property of any kind ought to make a will, especially if he desires his property to be distributed in any way different from the mode prescribed by law in case of his intestacy. Many cases occur in which the neglect to make a will is not only foolish but positively wrong. A husband has a duty to perform towards his wife which cannot be omitted without culpability; and the same may be said of the duty of a parent to his children. As to the former, there is a danger which is often unsuspected by the owner of real estate. The law provides that on the death of such a person intestate, leaving a widow, she shall be entitled to dower out of such estate; that is to say, one-third of the rents thereof during the remainder of her life; but this right to dower is subject to any disposition which the owner of the estate may have made thereof, or any charges which he may have created thereon. In England, there is no inalienable share of property which the widow and children can claim, even as against the devisee, as is the case in Scotland. But there is a power to bar the right of the widow to her dower by means of a declaration to that effect in the conveyance to a purchaser, or in any deed subsequently executed by him relating to the property. It must be observed that the declaration in bar of dower is not necessary for the purpose of creating charges upon the estate, because dower is expressly made subject to such charges. But if the declaration has been inserted in the conveyance—without the knowledge of the purchaser—his widow will have no claim to any provision out of such estate unless it shall be made for her by the will of her husband, who, in ignorance of the necessity for making a will, dies intestate, thus leaving his widow dependent upon his heir-at-law; in numerous cases, a distant relative, who is not disposed to acknowledge that the widow of his predecessor has any claim upon him.

Again, as to his children, the possessor of real estate ought not to forget that in the case of freehold property it will descend upon his eldest son as heir-at-law; thus leaving his younger sons and his daughters unprovided for except as to their respective shares of his personal estate, which may be of small value, or even insufficient for the payment of his debts. If the property should be copyhold, it would descend to the customary heir, who might be the eldest son, the youngest son, or all the sons as tenants in common in equal undivided shares; but in any event, the daughters would remain unprovided for.

A DEAD SHOT.

AN INCIDENT IN 1801.

The following singular story is perhaps worth putting on record because the narrative is strictly true.

In the year 1801, a fine old Jacobean house, known as Chatford House, situated on the borders of Devon and Somerset, was in the occupation of a Mr Edward Leggett, a wealthy farmer, and his two sons. The house, like many of its class, had originally been built so that its ground-plan formed the letter E, a centre, with projecting doorway, and two wings; but one wing had been taken down altogether, as well as a portion of the other, so that the ground-plan became thereby altered and took this form, E, the centre doorway remaining untouched. This should be remembered, in order to understand the circumstances of the principal incident of the narrative. Over the projecting doorway was a room which went by the name of the 'Oratory,' probably on account of its large projecting bay window, which gave it somewhat of an ecclesiastical appearance, and from this window a view could be obtained on all sides. The small part of the wing which was left standing was used as storerooms, and access from the outside was gained by a small door, which had been injudiciously opened in the corner, or angle, when the alterations were made.

Mr Leggett possessed a large quantity of very fine old massive silver-plate, which was placed in one of the storerooms, strongly secured and locked, in the remains of the wing referred to. It was supposed that he had also a considerable sum of money locked up with the plate, as banking was not so common in remote country-places in those days.

Now it happened that, on the 23d of April 1801, Mr Leggett and his two sons had to attend a neighbouring cattle fair, and had proposed to sleep in the town, instead of returning home the same night; but, a good customer having arranged to complete a purchase early the next morning, Mr Leggett's eldest son, George, came back to Chatford very late and went quietly to bed; but the worry of the fair, and anxiety about to-morrow's purchase, prevented him sleeping. His bedroom was at the end of the house, close to the store wing, and just above the little door in the angle already mentioned. Whilst restlessly tossing about from side to side, young Leggett heard the house clock strike two, and just after became aware of a peculiar grating noise, apparently under his window. To jump up and cautiously and silently open the casement was the work of a minute. It was a cloudy moonlight night, just light enough to show objects imperfectly, but enough for George Leggett to observe the figures of two men close to the little door in the angle immediately below, on which they were apparently operating with some cutting tool, which had produced the grating noise he had heard. George, who was a young

man of great intelligence, quick judgment, and ready resource, instantly comprehending the situation, took his measures accordingly. He happened to be a member of the county yeomanry cavalry; and catching up his carabine and some ball cartridges, he silently left his room, and proceeding down the corridor—loading his carabine as he went along—soon reached the 'Oratory' room over the porch, whence he could see straight down on to the little door, which was then right in front of him. Silently opening the casement, he made a careful survey of the position, which a passing ray of moonlight enabled him to take in at a glance.

At the little white-painted door were the two men, whose dark figures were well thrown up by so light a background. One was stooping or kneeling, and the other was standing close behind him, their backs, of course, being turned towards their observer. Putting his carabine on full-cock and laying it carefully on the window-sill, after a deliberate aim, Leggett pressed the trigger. A loud shriek and a stifled cry followed, then all was still. Leggett stood intently watching the spot for several moments; but profound silence prevailed—not a sound was heard, not a movement was perceptible. The only other man in the house was the groom, who was quickly roused; and lanterns having been procured, he and Leggett repaired to the spot, and were not a little staggered to find both burglars lying dead. The hand of one of them still grasped a very large steel centre-bit, with which he had been operating on the door. Subsequent surgical investigation showed that the bullet had struck the back of the first man, passing through his heart, and had then entered the head of the man who was stooping or kneeling in front of him, just behind the ear, lodging in the brain. The bodies were at once removed in-doors; and at the inquest, held the next day, the following particulars were elicited:

By the side of the dead men was found a leather travelling portmanteau, containing a highly finished and elaborate set of house-breaking tools, together with a piece of candle and a preparation of phosphorus for obtaining a light, as it is needless to say that lucifer matches were unknown in 1801, their place being supplied by the old-fashioned flint and steel and tinder-box, articles not available for burglars' use. Each man was armed with a brace of pocket pistols, loaded and primed; and one of them carried a formidable-looking dagger, fitted into the breast of his coat; clearly showing that these ruffians were prepared to offer a desperate resistance, if interrupted or molested. They were both well dressed, and had quite the appearance of gentlemen. Each possessed a good watch and seals, and carried a well-filled purse. One only had a pocket-book, containing many papers, chiefly relating to money matters and betting transactions; but only one letter, which, however, proved of immense importance in throwing light on the lives and characters of the deceased burglars, and in telling the story of the attempted robbery. The letter was directed to 'Mr John Bellamy,' at an address in Shoreditch, London, and was dated from Roxburn, the name of a large neighbouring farm, and bore the initials 'J. P.,' which, with the writing, were at once recognised at the inquest as those of 'James Palmer,' the managing bailiff at Roxburn Farm, a clever and unscrupulous fellow, without any regard for truth or principle, well known in those parts, but a man whom nobody liked and everybody distrusted. This communication was in these few but significant words: 'The 23d will do best; coast clear, no fear, all straight.—J. P.'

This letter, with the tools and a full report of the whole case, was at once sent to Bow Street, London, and an investigation made by the 'Bow Street runners'—the detectives of those days—for there were then no regular 'police,' as we now understand the term. On searching the premises in Shoreditch, indicated in the letter, where John Bellamy lived, it was discovered that the supposed John Bellamy was no other than 'Jack Rolfe,' one of the most successful professional burglars of that day; and the authorities hesitated not to express their satisfaction that his career had been so cleverly cut short.

An immense quantity of stolen property, of almost every description, was found at Rolfe's lodgings in Shoreditch; and what was more important—as regards the present narrative at least—a correspondence extending over three or four years between Mr James Palmer of Roxburn Farm and the arch-burglar John Bellamy, alias Jack Rolfe himself, by which it appeared that this robbery had been planned and arranged by Palmer, who had supplied Rolfe with the fullest information as to Mr Leggett's plate and money, as well as a neatly drawn plan of the premises, which was found amongst the papers. Palmer had also arranged the date of the robbery for the 23d of April, as he had discovered that Mr Leggett and his two sons intended to sleep out that night. Nor was this all; for only a few weeks previously, the rascal had had the effrontery to invite Rolfe to pay him a visit at Roxburn, under colour of his being a personal friend, which invitation Rolfe had readily accepted; and one of the witnesses at the inquest well remembered his coming, and at once recognised him in one of the dead men—he of the centre-bit. Rolfe was described as a quiet, pleasant, and rather gentlemanly man.

Not far from Mr Leggett's gate, a light cart and pony were found tethered early in the morning of the attempted robbery. The cart had been hired from a neighbouring market-town to convey the thieves to the scene of operations, and to bring them back with—as they fondly anticipated—a sackful of rich plunder. They had been staying a day or two at this inn as commercial travellers, calling themselves brothers, and giving the name of Sutton.

On the evidence afforded by the correspondence found in Shoreditch, Palmer was apprehended; and further investigation brought out the fact that the notorious Jack Rolfe was not only his friend, correspondent, and accomplice, but his own brother also, Rolfe being merely an 'alias' for his real name of Palmer. The two men were very much alike both in face and figure; and it came out in evidence that they belonged to a family of burglars and sharpers. One brother had been transported for life for robbery and violence; another was then in prison for fraud and theft; James had just been apprehended;

and John had been shot dead whilst plying his trade. James appeared to have been the only member who had held a respectable position—that of manager of Roxburn Farm, and he could not keep away from dishonest practices. It was also further discovered that Palmer had been an accomplice in two or three mysterious burglaries which had been perpetrated in the neighbourhood during the two or three previous years, in which the thieves had displayed an accurate knowledge—even to minute details—of the premises attacked, the habits of the inmates, and the drawers or closets where valuables were kept. All this was due to the planning and arranging of the brother James, who could at his leisure quietly take his measures on the spot; which were then carefully communicated to his brother John, who ultimately became the willing executant. Palmer was shortly after brought to trial, convicted, and sentenced to fourteen years' transportation.

The verdict of the coroner's jury was 'justifiable homicide;' for in those days of desperate and well-armed burglars, the shooting of one or two of these gentry, whilst in the act of plying their nefarious calling, was considered not only a clever but a meritorious action.

THE EVIDENCE OF THE SENSES.

The senses are the witnesses which bring in evidence from the outer world, without which that world would for us have no existence at all; but the mind sits aloft on the judgment-seat and forms its conclusions from the evidence laid before it; and these conclusions are for the most part wonderfully correct; for, though the testimony of one sense alone might lead the mind to form an erroneous opinion, this can be rectified by discovering what one or more of the other senses have to say on the same subject. When, however—as sometimes happens under peculiar circumstances—the evidence of one sense only is available, the mind may very readily arrive at a false conclusion. As an instance of this may be cited what is often observed by surgeons in cases of hip-joint disease. The patient, usually a child, complains of severe pain in the knee, which, however, has not, so far as can be ascertained, been injured in any way. Very likely, the pain is severe enough to prevent sleep at night, so that there can be no doubt about its existence, and it may perhaps have been almost continuous for some time past. Now, in such a case the surgeon will have a shrewd suspicion of what is really amiss, and very often will at once proceed to examine the hip. This he will do, too, in spite of assurances on the part of the parents that the patient always complains of the knee and of that joint only. He does not doubt that the pain feels as if it was in the knee, but he strongly suspects, nevertheless, that the disease is in the hip; and this often proves to be the case. This is an instance of what is called 'referred sensation.' The nerve which conveys sensation from the knee also sends a branch to the hip-joint, and it is this anatomical fact which explains the phenomenon. It might be expected that even if the pain was not felt solely in the hip, it would at least be always felt there as well as in the knee. This, however, though sometimes the case, is by no means always so. In this instance, the patient comes not unnaturally to the conclusion that where he feels the pain, there the cause of the pain must of necessity be situated. He would be quite ready to declare that there was nothing the matter with his hip, for he cannot see into the joint and discover the disease there. He has, in fact, to depend upon the evidence of one sense only, and the conclusion based upon the evidence of the single sensation of pain, is false.

Another instance in which the testimony of one sense alone may lead to a false conclusion as to the whereabouts of the cause of a pain is found in what often takes place after the amputation of a limb. Most people are aware that after part of a limb has been removed by the surgeon's knife, the patient may still feel as though his arm or leg, as the case may be, was entire, may feel much pain in the foot when the leg has been amputated far above the ankle. Here, in recovering from the effects of the anæsthetic, were it not for the additional evidence of his eyesight, the patient might well doubt whether his limb had been removed at all. The amusing story, in Marryat's *Jacob Faithful*, of the old sailor who, having two wooden legs, was accustomed at times to wrap them up in flannel on account of the rheumatic pains which he said he felt in them, is not so very extravagant after all. It is not, however, altogether correct, as it represents the man feeling these pains in his legs *long* after they had been amputated. As a matter of fact, the false impression passes off before very long. The explanation given by physiologists is as follows: The severed nerve in the stump is irritated and gives rise to pain; and inasmuch as irritation to this nerve-trunk has hitherto been always caused by irritation of its ultimate filaments distributed to the foot and leg, the mind continues for some time to believe that the sensation still proceeds from thence.

We may glance at another and very similar instance of referred sensations occurring also in surgical practice. Amongst the rarer operations of what is termed plastic, and, by Sir James Paget, 'decorative' surgery is that by which a new nose is formed by calling in the aid of the tissue of other parts of the body. This has been done by bringing a flap of skin cut from the forehead down over the nasal bones. The flap retains its connection with the deeper tissues at a point between the eyes by means of a small pedicle, and thus its blood-vessels and nerves are not all severed. This flap is not simply pulled down from the forehead—it is twisted at the pedicle, so that the raw surface lies on the bones of the nose. Now, for some time after this operation has been performed, any irritation in the nose is referred by the mind to that part of the forehead from which the flap of skin was taken; and therefore, if a fly crawls over the patient's nose, it appears to him to be creeping across his forehead. Before the operation, whenever the nerve-ends in the flap were irritated, it was caused by something touching

the forehead, and it is some time before the mind ceases to refer such irritation to that part of the face.

Leaving, now, the domain of surgery, we may notice two simple experiments mentioned by physiologists, which all can perform for themselves. They both prove that conclusions formed upon the evidence of the sense of touch alone may be quite incorrect. By crossing the second finger over the first, and then placing a marble between the tips of the fingers, we get a sensation that leads us to suppose that there must be two marbles instead of one only. This is because two points in the fingers are touched simultaneously, which in the ordinary position could only be touched at the same moment by two marbles. Judging, then, from the sense of touch alone, the mind infers that there are two round hard substances beneath the finger-tips; but the evidence of eyesight and the knowledge that we have placed but one marble in position, corrects the misapprehension. Again, if we take a pair of compasses the points of which are not sufficiently sharp to prick the skin, and separating the extremities rather more than an inch from one another, draw them across the cheek transversely from a little in front of one ear to the lips, we shall be tempted to think, from the evidence of touch alone, that the points are becoming more widely separated. By measuring the distance between the two points afterwards, we can assure ourselves that this has not been so; but whilst the compasses were being drawn along the cheek, and still more when they had reached the lips, the impression that the distance between the points increased was very strong. This delusion is said to depend upon the fact, that some parts of the cutaneous covering of the body are much more plentifully supplied with nerves than others. It is stated that the mind probably forms its idea of the distance between two points on the skin which are irritated in any way—as, for instance, by the points of a pair of compasses touching the surface—by the number of nerve-endings lying between these two points which remain unirritated. Thus, if there be fewer unirritated nerve-endings lying between the two points of the compasses when placed on the cheek, than there are when they are placed at the lips, the mind will infer that the distance between these points is smaller in the former position than in the latter.

THE STATE'S NEGLECT OF DENTISTRY.

The machinery of the State is so vast that it may well be imperfect here and there. It frequently falls to the lot of individuals to point out how the tide of progress has left details in a condition of inefficiency. We note a recent instance of this. In August last, at the annual meeting of the British Dental Association, Mr George Cunningham, one of its members, drew attention to the backwardness of the practice of dentistry in the various departments of the State. The substance of his case amounted to this: In the army and navy, unskilled practitioners wielded uncouth and inefficient instruments in following antiquated and unscientific methods; while the police force and the employees of the India and Post offices by no means derived the full advantages of this department of medical science. Mr Cunningham was bold enough to include the inmates of prisons among those whose interests were neglected; and of course the principle of the humane treatment of criminals is already conceded in the appointment of jail chaplains and surgeons. We need not enter here into the voluminous details with which Mr Cunningham substantiated his case. The broad conclusions he would seem to draw are these: that the medical practitioner employed by the State should possess a more thorough knowledge of dentistry; that, where necessary, the services of the completely trained and qualified dentist should be secured; and that full resort should be had to the remedial resources of dental science. Seeing the suffering caused by diseases of the teeth, and the subtle and intimate connection existing between dental and other maladies, we trust Mr Cunningham's paper may receive the consideration it would seem to deserve.

THE BOARD OF TRADE JOURNAL.

Persons wishing to keep up their information on subjects connected with trade and changes in foreign tariffs may do so by consulting the *Board of Trade Journal*, the first numbers of which have just been issued. An attempt is also made in this journal to give the public information as to trade movements abroad, from the communications of the different consuls and colonial governors. Some of the periodical statistical returns of the Board of Trade will also be included from time to time. Such a journal deserves the support of all merchants and manufacturers at all interested in our foreign trade. Formerly, the commercial Reports from Her Majesty's representatives abroad did not see the light for months, or perhaps a year, after they were received; now, these have some chance of being really useful to persons interested in foreign trade and to the community at large.

LOVE'S SEASONS.

Love came to my heart with the earliest swallow,
The lark's blithe matins and breath of Spring;
With hyacinth-bell and with budding sallow,
And all the promise the year could bring.

Love dwelt in my heart while the Summer roses
Poured forth their incense on every hand;
And from wood and meadow and garden-closes
The sweet bird-voices made glad the land.

Love grew in my heart to its full fruition
When Autumn lavished her gifts untold,
And answered earth's myriad-voiced petition
With orchard-treasure and harvest-gold.

Love waned in my heart when the snows were shaken
From Winter's hand o'er the rose's bed;
And never again shall my soul awaken
At Hope's glad summons—for Love lies dead.

W. P. W.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

All Rights Reserved.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL
OF
POPULAR
LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART
Fifth Series
ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832
CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)

No. 150.—Vol. III. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1886. Price 1½d.

THE PORTABLE THEATRE.

A few wagon-loads of large and square wooden shutters; numerous poles of various lengths; a quantity of seat-planks and their supports; some scene-painted canvas wrapped around long rollers, some nailed and glued upon framework; a collection of ropes and pulleys; various 'stage properties;' two open coke-fire grates; an amount of dark and soiled drapery and cheap carpeting, and a mass of other things—meet these on the highway, and you may know that a portable theatre is shifting its quarters.

Soon after the wagons reach their destination, the work of building commences. The town chosen is no doubt a small one, with interests which may be manufacturing, mineral, or agricultural. The theatre had arranged for its stance before moving—some waste ground let at a nominal rent, or a field bordering the town. Then beardless men, dressed in stained and ragged cloth garments, start hacking up the ground, digging narrow holes wherein to erect uprights. While some erect the framework, others build at one end a gallery, at the other a stage; and so bit by bit. After an adornment of the interior by draping the walls with some material and giving a scant covering to the best seats, and a sawdust carpet to the whole concern, the labour of erection is about at an end, and the actor-builders are at liberty to cleanse—and shave themselves if they have time, and throw off their working clothes. If they perform the same night and are late, they will have little time for rest; and in the impersonator of Hamlet, who enters the stage at a quarter to eight to a flourish on brass and string, you may recognise the man who, forty-five minutes before, had been walking to his lodgings in a state of grime and weariness and with a stubbly chin. When he appears as the Prince, he is clean shaven, all but the heavy moustache—for that is his pride, and is never sacrificed.

The portable theatre is generally 'run' by the proprietor, who is often also stage-manager and leading man or comedian. The usual method of fixing the amount of payment to employees is by share. In this way every individual worker is a sort of partner, and so feels an interest in the welfare of the business; and if the receipts are large, he, and she, participate in the benefit. This method is favourable to the manager and proprietor too, even when business is not brisk, though he is never heard to admit as much. The mode of procedure is very simple, and may be worthy the attention of those who admire simplicity and promptitude in business. The sharing takes place nightly after performance, when the audience have dispersed and the curtain has been drawn up, and all the company are dressed for home and assembled on the stage. The proprietor sits at a table in the centre, the receipts in cash and a slip of paper before him. 'The "house" is three pounds and fourpence,' the manager proceeds to explain; 'and from that is to be taken two shillings for ground-rent; that leaves two-eighteen-four. Now, twenty-five shares into that is two shillings and fourpence a share. It's very bad, especially for an opening night; but the show went well, so we may hope business'll pick up, now they know what we are like. I hope it will, for all our sakes.' And then does the gentleman proceed to give to each member his one share, which on this night amounts to two shillings and fourpence; but to the low comedian is given an extra half-share, according to agreement, for his services are very valuable to the firm, and he is expected to sing humorous songs during the interval between drama and farce.

Now, all this looks very fair on the face of it; but much may be learned by an analysis of the arrangement. The proprietor has given twelve and a half shares among twelve people, in which are included the small orchestra; the remainder he has put in his pocket. For his own services as leading man and stage-manager, and for his wife, who plays the feminine leading parts—when they are good—he takes up four shares each night; for supplying the wardrobe!—which

is scanty and worn—he takes another share; he has another to recoup him for that night's outlay in stage properties; a half-share to pay for the coke the fires have burned; and lastly, he takes six shares as rent of the theatre, which is his property. So, of the twenty-five shares into which the receipts are nightly divided, the proprietor receives altogether twelve and a half. Much of this he would tell you is but the return of money previously laid out, and the melancholy sigh with which he accompanies the ceremony of division is meant to indicate the fact that he is losing money rapidly.

His wife, when not in the cast, or his offspring, or a decrepit father, are generally assigned to the post of money-taker at the theatre door. The company are supposed to have a check against them by appointing as their representatives those who collect the tickets. The person who receives the cash from the public as they enter is familiarly known to the fraternity by the name of 'first robber.'

Now, many who know the business have been heard to declare that the manager seldom loses—if ever—and generally gains, however slack business may be, and even while his fellow-actors are pinched for necessities. If it is asked, 'Why do the workers agree to such an arrangement?' it may be replied: 'The proprietor and manager is master in his own establishment; and those who won't conform to the rules of the theatre may go and make way for those who will.'

Altogether, portable actors, or, as many of the labouring classes prefer to call them, showfolk, make but a precarious living, and they have often many troubles, for which they receive little sympathy. At times they are heard speaking of how some years ago, during the fair at a certain town, they performed five times during the day, and individually amassed three pounds seven shillings for the day's work. But that was a rare occurrence, and they dwell with pleasure upon the memory of it. The usual share in ordinary times rises to five shillings nightly during good business, and perhaps as much as seven or eight on the Saturday, and very often it drops to the amount of but a few coppers. There is all the excitement of chance in this mode of remuneration, and that may offer an inducement to some speculative minds. If trade is bad, or the people are too poor or anti-theatrical, the strolling Thespian may find that his reward after work is something less than a shilling, and upon that he may have to feed and lodge himself until the next night brings a further supply.

Many who dwell in towns think that the portable theatre is now little more than a remnant of a bygone age, that the drama has cast off this itinerancy; and such thinkers would doubtless be surprised if they were shown a list of the playhouses that move about the country. They are certainly very numerous. These buildings seldom look well in the morning light; there is a dissipated look about them, as though they kept bad hours. This more particularly applies to the interior, to whose good appearance the glare of gas is very essential. When the actors assemble for rehearsal, which is generally at eleven o'clock, the drapery looks dull and tawdry, the woodwork seems rough, the sawdust over the earth-floor is dirty, and the scenes appear daubs. If there be a little breeze astir, the canvas roofing overhead will flap with a sound like that of the sails of a ship at sea. The curtain and scene-cloths are rolled up, that the dust may not settle upon them.

When the players have gathered together, rehearsal commences. They seem a motley group. There is the proprietor and manager, a portly man, who is troubled with occasional rheumatism—which he calls gout; he wears a heavy moustache and a heavy gold albert, and has much power of voice—which at times is decidedly throaty. There is the low comedian, who is small of stature, with an expansive face deeply lined; his legs are misshapen, and he walks with the gait of one who suffers the affliction of many corns and bunions. Naturally, his countenance has the most serious aspect of any one in the company; but usage has trained it otherwise; he would be a melancholy man were it not that he gained his living by provoking mirth, and has a reputation to keep up. In his youth, his soul aspired to tragedy, but his legs were against it. Within his quaint figure he holds more sentiment than many of his companions of more symmetrical mould, and he professes to be a diligent and critical reader. He values 'low comedy' now, because it has many advantages; it gains an extra half-share, makes him popular with the audience, and secures him the best benefit in each town.

The middle-aged man with the stiff carriage, and with the hair grown long and well oiled and curved, so that at the bottom it lies like a roll upon the neck, is the 'heavy man,' who claims the chief-villain parts; he glories in his deep tones and in his dark scowl. It seems he does not much admire the smooth-faced scoundrels of the drama; you cannot mistake the villainy *he* portrays; directly he enters the stage, you say, 'That is the villain of the piece.' And he is not without a speciality in his particular line of business; to use his own words—'He likes his scoundrel's "game;" no chicken-hearted repentance at the end of the last act.' His favourite final exit speech is thus: 'Ah! soh, you have counterplotted and balked me. But I-a haave played a bold and desper-rat game, and now I leave you with contempt-a! My curses light-a 'pon ye!' If, however, he is killed when villainy has done its allotted work, he makes the most of his death, and invariably dies with a terrific backward fall. He has been heard to complain that in his stage career he receives small encouragement; 'for,' argues he, 'after my heavy night's work, anybody may come on with a stuffed stick and knock me down, and they'll get all the applause.'

One of the company is a young man whose face has already lost its pristine freshness; he wears his hat with an inclination to the right, and looks to be a knowing, wayward, idle, and thriftless wanderer. A great amount of cheap beer enters into his idea of life. He drinks this liquor at any hour; and when counting his cash, calculates it not by pence, but by the half-pints it represents. He is a weed who benefits nobody, not even himself. Enough has been said about him.

The man who throughout his life has never ceased to do his best, honestly and cheerfully, and

has failed through no fault of his own, must be worthy of some respect. This has been the way of the old gentleman—he may be called that—whose age is more than any other of the company. In his work he is painstaking, even amid the inartistic surroundings of a portable theatre. He now possesses an extensive stage wardrobe, gathered for his own private use; it is the collection of years, and he is proud of it. You won't hear him speak so often of his own future now, but he is always chattering about what he thinks his daughter will do. She is a darling girl, he says, and will be the blessing of his old age.

His daughter matches well with the morning sunshine. A fresh, rosy-faced girl, with shining hair and laughing eyes, in great contrast to these yellow women and blue-chinned men. She always shows neatness and good taste. Her father has often told her that they are merely 'birds of passage' in this cheap playhouse, and she is anxiously anticipating their migration. If that indulgent old dad of hers isn't careful, she'll become a vain young woman.

As this girl is now, so was at one time that blear-eyed, bedraggled woman, who seems to prefer sitting to standing and idling to working. She is untidy and careless, and walks out with her boots unbrushed. Her rising this morning is yet quite a recent affair; traces of sleep still cling to her eyes. Not many years ago, she was as fair and modest as the old man's daughter is now, and not a soul anticipated such a change. Who can answer that the other may not alter likewise?

The man who is hammering at some repair to the building is the degenerated female's husband, and candour must confess that he looks it. He has many of his wife's characteristics; the same dissipated face, impolite manner at times, and general attitude of discontent. But these parallel ways of theirs are not productive of concord; quite the contrary, for, as one of their acquaintance tersely observes, 'They quarrel like old boots,' a simile which must be more fantastic than correct.

Among the company is an old woman who only needs the sugar-loaf-shaped hat to resemble the familiar pictures of a witch. She is indigenous to the portable theatre, was cradled in one, and knows little of any life beyond it. Her daughter is that scraggy, uncanny-looking young female, whose dominant passion at present is jealousy of the old man's daughter, whom she never ceases to malign.

The rehearsal here is not generally a long ceremony. A partial or complete repetition of the words, and a comparing of notes respecting the various entrances, exits, and general business of the play, and that is all. Then the healthy-minded people do their marketing, and go off for a short walk. The others continue to 'hang about.'

The audience that comes here likes its dramatic food strong—no parlour comedies and talky dramas, but plenty of incident, of action, passions, stirring speeches, combats, and a little coloured fire burned off the wings. The probability of the sequence of events as here dramatically represented, or the possibility of their occurrence at all, are not matters which trouble the mind of either the actor or his audience. In the matter of denouements the author's published idea is quite regularly departed from in the portable theatre, and of greatest playwrights' masterpieces it is frequently said: 'Oh, we can bring the curtain down better than that.' So, directly vice is unmasked with a taste of punishment, the virtuous gather together—perhaps without explanation of why they were so near—and the hero spouts a short speech in a victorious spirit, and thus—finale.

At one travelling theatre where the manager followed the usual custom of announcing during each evening the succeeding night's programme, the drama in question had been billed. In the managerial speech occurred the following words: 'I have very great pleasure in announcing for next Thursday night the production, for the first time during our visit, of the favourite play, entitled *Maria Martin, or the Murder at the Red Barn*. I have further pleasure in stating that the version we play has *never* been performed in this town; and was written expressly for this company by a relative of the Martin family, and has been secured by me at great expense.'

This information was received with much satisfaction and applause; that it had had the desired effect was proved conclusively by a view of the Thursday night's house. And the gentleman faithfully kept his promise, for he played a version that had certainly never been performed in that town; he introduced into the drama as usually given, a part of a gypsy family of vengeful proclivities, and so got two sets of murders, and as both were constantly repeated in visions, it may be supposed the audience had a fair dose of dramatic crime for its money.

But there is many a good performance to be seen in a portable theatre; and extremely good, when the surroundings are considered. The writer remembers a very creditable performance of the play of *Hamlet*—given one dreadfully wild night in a portable that was not the best of its kind. The rain had penetrated the roof in many places before the performance began, and the wind had been all day threatening to blow off the tilt. With the combined damp and cold, it was a very undesirable task to don long hose and thin velvet shirts, and to wear them for three hours in such a draughty and rain-sodden place. But this discomfort was necessary there, as a slight mitigation of a state of poverty. Perhaps there was a want of repose in the acting that night, for it was advisable to dodge those places where the water found the roof weakest, and so descended as from a spout. The Ghost, who had a cold, coughed during his scenes in a most unspectral manner. In the 'play-scene' there was a crash, and it was feared the tilt was gone, and one of the courtiers ran out to see what had given way. Two of the rope-fastenings were loose and flying about wildly. They were secured during the performance, but not without some trouble, each male actor throwing a coat over his shoulders, and giving a hand when the scene in progress did not require him. But as these were fastened, others broke, and it was altogether a night of trouble. Before the last act was reached, there was little to be gained by dodging; the rain

penetrated steadily all over, and would fall on heads and run down backs and disturb projecting noses, wherever their owners stood. Hamlet died on a damp couch that night, for the stage carpet was soaked and flooded, but he would be artistic and die lying full length. I can testify that the Horatio, who had to kneel and support the Prince's head, wished he would die quicker. But 'The rest is silence,' came at last; and Hamlet jumped up again, and then looked radiantly happy; for just as the curtain was descending, one of the audience stood and threw to the actor a rose. It was a pretty compliment, and the recipient deserved it.

When the audience had dispersed, the actors received their reward—fifteenpence each. They deserved it. But their labour was not yet ended for the day. The rain had abated, but the wind lashed with greater force and blew with louder voice. 'Nothing short of a miracle will save that roof to-night,' said somebody. So its safety had to be guarded; that is, the company were to attend in turns and keep watch, two or three at a time. One of the coke-fires in the auditorium was replenished, and round it the men sat, talking of absent acquaintances, recounting the peculiarities of some, and giving anecdotes; while above their heads the swaying of the canvas sounded loud, and the wind whirled in fury round the creaking shutters. And thus, as they drowsily sit, wishing for rest, we will leave them.

BY ORDER OF THE LEAGUE.

CHAPTER XIII.

For a time, Enid stood looking at the sufferer sadly, and wondering where the friends of the poor girl might be. Gradually, as the scene came back to her, she remembered the words of Lucrece, and turned to her. 'Lucrece, did I hear you say you knew this poor woman?'

'Indeed, yes, miss. Three years ago, in Paris, Linda and I were great friends—what you English call "chums." She was an actress at the "Varieties"—a clever player; but she could not rise. Jealousy and a bad husband prevented that. Poor Linda, she has all the talent!'

'Strange that you should know her; but still fortunate. Perhaps, through you, we may be able to discover where her friends are.'

'Poor child! she has no friends.—But hush! See! she has opened her eyes.'

The sufferer was looking wildly around. She tried to rise, but the pain and weakness were too great, and she sank back with a deep fluttering sigh. As she collected her senses—'Where am I?' she asked faintly. 'How did I come here?'

'Do not distress yourself,' Enid said softly. 'You are quite safe. You had an accident, and they brought you here.'

For a moment the girl closed her eyes. 'I remember now. I was knocked down by a cab. But I am better now. Let me get up. Where is my boy?' she continued—'what has become of my boy?'

'Do not trouble yourself about your child,' Enid said soothingly, marvelling that one apparently so young should be a mother. 'He shall be well cared for. Tell us where he is, and he shall be brought to you.'

'You are so good—so good and beautiful! You will find a card in my jacket-pocket where to send for him. Tell me, bright angel of goodness, what is the name they know you by?'

'My name is Enid Charteris,' she replied, smiling a little at the theatrical touch, earnest though it was.—'I must not let you talk any longer. The doctor was very strict about that.'

At the mention of the name, the sick woman became strangely agitated, so much so that Enid was alarmed. 'Am I in Grosvenor Square? Are you the daughter of Sir Geoffrey Charteris?'

'Yes, yes. But you really must be quiet now.'

But instead of complying with this request, the stranger burst into a fit of hysterical crying, weeping and sobbing as if her heart would break. 'Miserable woman that I am!' she cried, 'what have I done? Oh, what have I done? O that I could have known before!'

Enid looked at Lucrece in alarm. The outbreak was so sudden, so unexpected, that for a moment they were too startled to speak.

'She is unhinged by the shock,' Enid whispered. 'Perhaps if you were to speak to her, it would have a good effect.'

'Yes, madam. But if I may be allowed to make a suggestion—I should say it was better if you left the room for a time. She sees some likeness to you, or fancies she does, to some one. She knows me; and if you will leave for a short time, I will try and soothe her.'

'I think you are right, Lucrece. I will come in again presently, when she has become quieter.'

Directly Enid quitted the apartment, Lucrece's whole manner changed from the subdued domestic to the eager sympathetic friend. She bent over the bed and looked down in the suffering woman's eyes. 'Linda! do you not know me? It is I, Lucrece!'

'You—and here? What is the meaning of this, and in the dress of a servant? Tell me,' she continued eagerly. 'You are not one of his friends in his pay, to help his vile schemes?'

'I do not know who *he* is. I am here for a good purpose—to protect my mistress from a great harm.'

'Ah, then, you are no friend of Le Gautier's.—Do you ever see him? Does he come here often? Do you know what he is after?'

Lucrece started. 'What do you know of Le Gautier?'

'What do I know of him? Everything that is bad, and bitter, and fiendish! But he will not succeed, if I have to sacrifice my life to aid the beautiful lady who has been so kind to me.'

'You are not the only one who would,' Lucrece quietly answered. 'Tell me what you know.'

'I did not know then how good and noble she is.—My head is queer and strange, Lucrece; I cannot tell you now. To-morrow, perhaps, if I am better, I will tell you everything. I am glad now that they brought me here.'

Meanwhile, Maxwell was pacing about the drawing-room, having entirely forgotten the unfortunate woman in his own perplexity. He had been there perhaps half an hour, when Enid entered. She was not too occupied to

notice the moody, thoughtful frown upon his face.

'What a sad thing for her, poor woman!' she said.—'How did it happen, Fred?'

'Poor woman?' Maxwell asked vaguely. 'How did what happen?'

'Why, Fred, what is the matter with you?' Enid exclaimed with vague alarm. 'How strange you look! Surely you have not forgotten the poor creature you brought here not more than half an hour ago?'

Maxwell collected himself by a violent effort. 'I had actually forgotten. I was thinking of something else.—Enid, dear, I am going away!'

'Going away! Any one would think, from the expression of your face and the tone of your voice, you were never going to return. Where are you going?'

There was a very considerable chance of his not returning, he felt, and he smiled at the grim idea. 'I am not going far—at least not very far, in this age of express trains and telegraphs. I wish I could take you with me, darling; for I am going to a place you have often longed to see—I am going to Rome.'

'To Rome? Is it not very sudden? You never told me before.'

'Well, it is rather sudden. I have not known it long. You see, I could not tell you a thing I was ignorant of myself.'

'I wish you were not going,' Enid said reflectively. 'I have a feeling that some evil will come of this. And yet I suppose you must go. Is it business of your own, Fred?'

Maxwell hesitated. He could not prevaricate with those clear truthful eyes looking up so earnestly to his own. The soul of honour himself, he could not forgive the want of it in others; but he temporised now. 'Well, not exactly my own,' he stammered, trying to make the best of a bad case, 'or I would not go. It is a secret, which I cannot tell even you; but I shall not be long away.'

'A secret which you cannot tell even me,' Enid repeated mechanically. 'Then it must be something you are very much ashamed of.'

'Indeed, it is not,' Maxwell began eagerly, hesitated, and stopped. After all, she was right. It was a secret, a terrible, shameful secret, against which all the manliness in him revolted. For a time he was silent, hanging down his head for very shame, as the whole force of his position came upon him. For the first time, he realised where his rashness had led him, and what he was about to lose.

Enid looked at him in amazement, strangely mixed with a terrible and nameless fear. 'Fred!' she cried at length, white and trembling, 'you are going away upon the mission of that awful League! You cannot deny it.—O Fred! Fred!'

He tried to soothe her as she lay sobbing in his arms, but to no avail. The most fervent promises and the most endearing words she heeded not, crying that he was going from her never to return; and her fears were strengthened when he mournfully but firmly declined to speak of his mission. Presently, when she grew a little calmer, she raised her wet cheeks to him and kissed him. She was pale now, but confident, and striving with all the artifices in her power to persuade him from his undertaking; but tears and prayers, threats even, could not avail.

He shook his head sadly. 'I would that I could stay with you, Enid,' he said at length, holding her close in his arms; 'but this much I can tell you—that I dare not disobey. It is as much as my life is worth.'

'And as much as your life is worth to go,' echoed the sobbing girl. 'What is life to me without you? And now this thing has come between us, parting us perhaps for ever!'

'I hope not,' Maxwell smiled cheerfully. 'I trust not, darling. My time away is very short; and doubtless I shall not be called upon again for a time—perhaps never.'

Enid dried her eyes bravely and tried to smile. 'Good-bye, Fred,' she said brokenly; 'and heaven grant that my fears are groundless! If anything happened to you, I believe I should die.'

'I shall come back, darling.—And now, good-bye, and God bless you.'

After he was gone, Enid threw herself down upon the lounge and wept.

Le Gautier's star was in the ascendant. His only dangerous rival would soon be hundreds of miles away on a hazardous mission, out of which, in all human probability, he could not come unscathed, even if he escaped with life; a prospective father-in-law wholly in his power; and a bride *in posse*, upon whose fears he could work by describing graphically her father's danger, with the moral, that it would be her duty to her parent to wed his preserver, Le Gautier. This, in fine, was the pretty scheme the wily adventurer had sketched out in his busy brain, a scheme which at present looked like being brought to a successful issue.

Another source of congratulation to this inestimable young man was the progress he was making with the fair stranger, known to him as Marie St Jean. By the time a fortnight had passed, he had been in Ventnor Street more than once, and quite long enough to feel a passion stronger than he had ever experienced before. It was absolutely dangerous to him, he knew, to be with her so often; but like the moth and the candle, the attraction was so great that he found it impossible to keep away—not that he lost his head for a moment, though he well knew that Marie St Jean could turn him round her finger; but he had formed his plans even here. The first step was to betray the League—the scheme was not quite ripe yet, and the news of Maxwell uncertain—and then take Marie St Jean for a tour upon the continent. There would be plenty of time to return and marry Enid afterwards without any unnecessary bother; for he had already made up his mind that Miss St Jean was too proud to show her wrongs to the world.

On the Monday afternoon following Maxwell's departure, Le Gautier turned his steps in the direction of Grosvenor Square, feeling on good terms with himself and all mankind. His schemes were prospering hugely. It was clearly useless, he determined, now to hesitate any longer; the blow must be struck, and the sooner the better for all parties concerned. With this intention upmost in his mind, he trippingly

ascended the steps of Sir Geoffrey's house and knocked.

He found the baronet in the library, engaged as usual over some volume of deep spiritualistic research; the thing had become a passion with him now, and every spare moment was spent in this morbid amusement. He was getting thin and haggard over it, and Le Gautier thought he looked very old and careworn as he watched him now.

'You have come just in time,' he cried, placing a paper-knife in the book and turning eagerly to Le Gautier. 'I have a passage here that I am unable to understand. Listen to this.'

'I have something more important to speak of,' Le Gautier interrupted. 'I have something more pressing on hand than that attractive subject. Sir Geoffrey, next week I am summoned to Warsaw.'

The baronet began to feel anxious; he knew perfectly well what was coming, and, like all weak men, he dreaded anything like evil. The part that he had to play was a despicable one, and he feared his daughter's angry scorn. Like a recalcitrant debtor, he began to cry for time, the time that never comes. 'So you informed me last week,' he replied, twisting a paper-knife in his hands uneasily. 'I hope you will have a pleasant journey. How long do you expect to be detained there?'

'I cannot tell; it depends upon the amount of business to be done. I may be away six weeks; but, at the very least, I do not see how I can get back to England under the month.'

Sir Geoffrey's face lighted, in spite of his air of regret. Le Gautier noticed this; nothing escaped the ken of those keen black eyes.

'And when you return, we will complete our little arrangements,' Sir Geoffrey exclaimed cheerfully. 'No hurry, you know, no haste in such matters as these; and, referring to our previous conversation, we cannot be too careful in treading such uncertain ground. Enid'——

'Precisely,' Le Gautier interrupted. 'With all due deference to your opinion, there is need of action, which is a very different matter from that raw haste which your poet tells us is half-sister to delay. I must have something definite settled before I leave England.'

'Pon my honour, you know, you young men are very hasty,' the baronet fidgeted; 'there is no controlling you. In my time, things were quite different; men professed a certain deference to women, and did not take so much for granted as you do now'——

'Sir Geoffrey,' Le Gautier interrupted again, 'things change; men alter; but perfect love is the same for all time. I love your daughter, and would make her my wife.'

In spite of the baronet's feeble-mindedness, there was always something in the Frenchman's higher flights which jarred upon his nerves, a sense of insincerity, a certain hollow, grotesque mockery, which pained him. The last word struck upon him like some chords played out of tune. Still the spell was upon him; he had nought to do but obey.

'We perfectly understand that,' he replied, 'and therefore need say no more about it. You have my promise; indeed, how can it be otherwise with the memory of that awful manifestation before me? And the word of a Charteris is always sufficient. But I do think, Le Gautier, that you are pushing this thing too far.'

'Let the depth of my love excuse my impetuosity;' and again the words struck harshly on the listener's ears. 'Surely the excuse is a good one. I am leaving England shortly; and before I go, I must—nay, I will have an answer to the question which affects my happiness so deeply. It is only fair, only just that I should know my fate.'

Sir Geoffrey speculated feebly what he was to do with a man like this. 'But have a little patience; let me prepare her for your proposal.'

'Which you will promise to do, and put off day after day, as a man does who has an unpleasant task to perform. No, Sir Geoffrey; I do not wish to conduct my wooing second-hand. There is no time like the present; my motto is "Now." I do not ask you to help me; but before I leave this house, it is my intention to speak to your daughter.'

In sheer desperation, not unmixed with a little irritation, Sir Geoffrey rang the bell, and desired the servant to conduct Le Gautier up-stairs. The thing must come sooner or later, he knew; and so long as he was not asked personally to interfere, he did not so much mind, though he was not unconscious of sundry twinges of conscience as his arbitrary visitor disappeared.

RACING ROGUERIES.

To a man not infected with the disease, Turfmania must appear the blindest of all infatuations. The gambler who trusts to the fall of the cards, arguing that in the natural fitness of things he is certain to be a winner some day, and spends all his time in calculating the doctrine of chances, is a rational person to the gull who, knowing what a mass of roguery leavens the Turf, will yet stake money, honour, and life upon its eventualities. Yet this is done every day, not only by greenhorns, but by men who are quite alive to the mysterious workings of the betting ring, who are fully aware that the ability of the horse or the jockey is the last factor to be taken into consideration; who can amuse you for hours with stories of the swindles practised by owners, trainers, jockeys, 'rings,' and who yet go on putting their money on the horse 'that must win'—and never wins—in utter defiance of their foregathered knowledge. The racing 'prophet' who is behind the scenes, who makes 'the turf' the business of his life, not only fools the readers of the newspaper to which he sells his vaticinations, but himself as well, and often returns from a race as penniless as the silly ones who pin their faith upon his oracular utterances. Even the bookmaker has his 'fancies,' upon which he stakes, and loses, the money that fools have put into his purse, with a blind confidence that is almost incredible.

A certain horse has acquitted himself well in his trial gallops; there is not one in the race can beat him; and if he were allowed to do his best, would undoubtedly be the winner. But, as Touchstone says, 'There is much virtue in an if.' In the first place, the owner may not intend him to win, and may have actually

made arrangements for laying against his own horse. Or if the owner be 'straight,' the jockey may have been bribed to check the horse's speed as he nears the winning-post by some one whose interest it is that the horse shall not win. All these may work together, or each may have different interests in the event. And even should the animal be meant in all honesty to win, a stable lad for a five-pound note may secretly physic the horse, and good-bye the chances of the favourite on the morrow. Or some lurking ruffian in the pay of another owner or bookmaker may contrive to gain admission into the stable unknown to the animal's guardians, and 'nobble' for himself. But even after every form of knavery has been set aside, there are contingencies that still render the risks of backing horses enormous. The jockey may spend the night before the race in dissipation, and mount with swimming head and nerveless hands; or in his cups he may betray some secret of the stable that will give the advantage to a rival; or the horse himself may become sick, or be out of form, or stumble, or be thrown out by a cur running across the course, or other accidents easy of occurrence; and yet, knowing all this, men will madly risk large sums upon the supposition that no such *contretemps* will happen.

A few anecdotes, however, of undeniable authenticity will better illustrate the tricks of the Turf than would pages of reflections and generalisations.

About half a century ago, at Newmarket, several horses who stood high in the betting, at different times suddenly went off sick just before the race for which they were entered; some died, others recovered, but all were disabled for the time being, and favourites that a few hours previously outstripped every rival, would come straggling yards behind the field. Every one knew they had been 'nobbled;' but for a long time the perpetrator remained undiscovered; at last, however, a notorious scoundrel, one Dan Dawson, was caught red-handed poisoning the troughs. During the trial, it came out that he had made a regular trade of these nefarious practices, and it was more than suspected that not a few of the biggest men on the Turf were his employers. But although he was condemned to death, whether from the hope that some among his influential patrons would intercede for a reprieve, or from that hatred which certain men of his class have against 'peaching,' he never betrayed them, and remained silent to the end. The most minute precautions are taken to guard the racehorse from such dangers, yet the cunning or daring of his enemies frequently proves more than a match for the care of his owners.

In 1842, Lanercost was regarded as the certain victor for the Ascot Cup. While he was being conveyed to the course in a van, the grooms in charge stopped at an inn between Leatherhead and Sunninghill to refresh, leaving one to keep watch. Just after they had gone into the house, two sailors came out of it. 'Hillo,' cried one, 'here's Lanercost; let's have a peep at him;' and he sprang up on the side of the van, while his companion at the same time diverted the attention of the man on guard. A moment afterwards, the first jumped down again, and then the two disappeared into a copse: it was all done so quickly that the groom had no time to interpose; and before he could summon his mates, the men were out of sight. When the race came on, instead of achieving the anticipated victory, poor Lanercost came in last. In the course of the ensuing month, he entirely changed colour, and was never fit to run again. There is no doubt that the pretended sailor had contrived to administer some powerful drug to the animal during the few seconds he hung over his box.

Somewhere about the same time, a horse named Marcus was the favourite for the St Leger. The day before the race, while he and some other horses were standing at the *Doncaster Arms*, an ill-looking fellow entered the kitchen of that tavern and seated himself beside a boiler from which the stable lads were every now and then drawing water for their charges. There was no one in the kitchen save a maid-servant, whom the stranger sent out to bring him a pot of beer. When she returned, the girl was going to fill her tea-kettle from the boiler, but the fellow stopped her by saying: 'I wouldn't take my tea-water from there if I was you, it looks so yellow and greasy.'

'All right; I'll get it outside,' she answered. When she came back the second time, the man had gone.

The next morning two horses were found dead in their stalls; while Marcus, who was just able to run, came in last, and also died during the day. Upon the bodies being opened, arsenic was found in their stomachs. The girl then remembered the incident of the loafer, who had no doubt poisoned the water in the copper; and had she been as stubborn as most of her kind, several human victims would have been added to the equine list. By the defeat of Marcus, the owner of a horse named Chorister won seven thousand pounds.

Sometimes the defeat of the favourite is brought about by less bold but more subtle means; and occasionally the tables are turned in a very unexpected manner, as in the following instance. For the Doncaster of 1824, Jerry—a horse belonging to a well-known sporting man named Gascoigne—was the favourite. A little before the event came off, however, George Payne, a noted Turfite, got 'the tip' from John Gully, the ex-prizefighter, that Jerry would not win; and the day before the race, these two worthies, doubtless well knowing *why*, laid six thousand against him. Gascoigne could not understand how it was that the more he backed his horse, which was in magnificent condition, the less it advanced in favour. He felt sure there was a screw loose somewhere, but he could not tell in what direction to look for it. Two nights before the race, as he was taking a walk in the outskirts of Doncaster, he paused at a turnpike gate, and just at that moment a postchaise stopped to pay toll. By the light of the lamp which the toll-keeper held in his hand, Gascoigne observed the jockey who was to ride Jerry next day seated within, almost helplessly drunk, between two of the most notorious blacklegs of the time. In a moment he saw it all. Hurrying away, lest he should be recognised, he went back to his hotel, and set about concocting measures to counteract

the plot that he perceived had been formed against him. Without making known his discovery to any one, he secured the services of another jockey, bound the man down to silence; and at the last moment, just as the traitor was going to mount, his substitute slipped into the saddle, and won the race, to the discomfiture and well-merited loss of the conspirators, who had betted all they possessed upon the event.

Men called 'Touts' are employed by bookmakers and others to watch racehorses at exercise and report upon their condition; these spies are abhorred by trainers and owners, and have to pursue their espionage under many difficulties, sometimes lying in a dry or a damp ditch, or a hole covered over with brambles, or on the roof of a stable, to be ready to witness the morning gallop. When detected, they do not often escape under a horsewhipping or a ducking. On one bitterly cold night, a fellow had crawled upon the roof of a stall to listen if the favourite had a cough. Aware of his presence, though pretending to be ignorant of it, the trainer ordered the stable boys to throw up pails of water upon the spot where he was ensconced until the very clothes froze upon the poor wretch's back; but he had the consolation of hearing the horse stabled beneath cough several times, and next morning the odds were heavy against the favourite. Unfortunately for the rogues, however, the favourite on the previous night had been moved into another stable, and a horse with a cough had been substituted, to deceive the tout, with the result that those who ventured their money on his information, lost.

A much cleverer ruse was the following. An owner named Wilson was about to try a two-year-old colt. 'We shall be watched, and his white right fore-leg will be sure to be noticed,' remarked the trainer.—'Leave that to me,' said Mr Wilson. Next morning, he was at the stable at daybreak, and with some black paint soon changed the colour of the leg; while a brush dipped in white transferred the distinguishing mark to a far inferior horse, which showed but poorly beside the other. The tout on the watch naturally took one for the other, and reported accordingly. The next day, a certain nobleman gave fifteen hundred for the falsified animal, which was worth about four.

We have purposely omitted the more celebrated Turf swindles, such as the 'Running Rein' fraud, and others that made a sensation in their day, confining ourselves to the less known affairs, which were not found out until reparation to the victims was impossible, our principal desire being to make clear to 'the outsiders' the enormous odds against which they stake their money.

Those who are not behind the scenes may suppose that the bookmakers (pencillers) and the 'knowing ones' generally, enjoy a perfect immunity from the perils and dangers, pitfalls and temptations, of horseracing; but that is not the case. Not unfrequently they walk blindly into the trap they set for others; the biter is frequently bitten; and many an ingenious fraud has been put upon the 'pencillers' by outside bettingmen, as the two following stories will show. For obvious reasons, all data are suppressed, but the truth of the anecdotes can be vouched for.

One day a City man, who was given to betting, and whom we shall call A, received a visit from a friend addicted to the same weakness, who shall be designated B. Locking the room door and sinking his voice to a whisper, B announced that he had made a wonderful discovery by which betting could be reduced to a system of all prizes and no blanks, and consequently a fortune very quickly realised. 'Now is your chance,' he said, 'if you like to join me. I shall give no explanation of the method; come and see for yourself.'

An appointment was made for the next morning, the date of the X. races, at the Z (betting) Club.

'Have you anything on this race?' was the first inquiry made by B as A came into the room.

The answer was in the negative.

'Now, listen to me,' said B, drawing him into a corner, for the place, as usual at such times, was crowded with betting-men: 'the final list for the twelve o'clock race will be telegraphed here in a few minutes.' (The Z, it need scarcely be said, had its private tape.) 'Lay all the money you like, at any odds, upon the horse I shall select, and I will guarantee that it shall be the winner. But mind, you must not lose a second after I have given you the hint. Go to the nearest bookmaker in the room and make your bet on the instant.'

A minute or two afterwards, the electric bell gave the signal, and there was a general rush to the machine. B was one of the first to scan the list: there were five runners. He passed his finger down the names until he paused almost imperceptibly upon Y, and looked at his companion, who, although it was the very last horse he would have thought of backing, boldly called out: 'I'll take the odds against Y.'

Y being a rank outsider, a bookmaker laid the odds on the instant. One minute afterwards came the announcement that Y was the winner.

After they left the club together, B unfolded the mystery. 'When the list of runners was telegraphed,' he said, 'the race was already won.'

'But how could that be?' asked A. 'The race was run at twelve, and the time on the telegram was three minutes to twelve.'

'The time was falsified,' was the reply. 'The message was not wired until past the hour, nor until the winner was declared.'

'And how could you fix upon the right one?' demanded A.

'There was the minutest dash on the tape against the name of the winner, only noticeable by one in the secret. You see, the clerks are in the pay of an Association. There are three or four other clubs beside this where we get the telegrams in the same manner, so that we vary our times. Here, for instance, we put upon the twelve o'clock race; at another, upon the one; at a third, upon the two, and so on.'

We may add that the fraud was ultimately discovered, and the clerks who worked it severely punished.

The next trick we shall relate could not be practised now, in consequence of an alteration in the Turf customs. It was worked in this

fashion by two confederates. Let us suppose it to be the Lewes races. One of the two goes down to Lewes on the previous day, and by the last post sends a letter addressed *in pencil* and unsealed to his brother-rogue in London. Inside the envelope is a note addressed to a bookmaker, simply containing the words, 'Please back for so much.—Yours truly, JONES'—a blank being left for the horse's name. This missive arrives in town by the morning post, and the instant the race is run the name of the winner is telegraphed to rogue number two, who then inserts the name of the horse, rubs out his own name and address from the envelope, writes that of the bookmaker instead, and seals it up. Everything is now perfect in appearance: there are the Lewes postmark of the previous night, the London of the morning, and the seal untampered with. We need scarcely say that the handwriting appears to be the same, and, according to the rules of racing at that time, if a letter be delayed in transmission through the post, the bookmaker is still made answerable for its contents.

And now, how is it to be got into his hands without exciting suspicion? There are several ways of doing this: sometimes he may be at the club, and then the letter is dropped into the letter-box; but the favourite dodge is to dress up a man as a postman, with bag and a bundle of letters in his hand, who will deliver it at the victim's office; or the confederate will watch for the real postman, walk behind him, drop the letter on the pavement, and then call out to the carrier: 'Hillo, you've dropped one of your letters.'

The man will pick it up, and, being almost certain to have others addressed to the same person, innocently play the rogue's game. As to the bookmaker, all he can do is to write a letter of complaint to St Martin's-le-Grand and pay the money.

You cannot touch pitch without being defiled, or play with edged tools without being cut, says the old proverb; and you cannot associate with rogues and play the rogue without occasionally being swindled yourself.

MISS MASTERMAN'S DISCOVERY.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP II.

SINCE she left the rectory, she had had two letters from Lady O'Leary, a passage in the second having made a powerful impression upon her: 'Since your departure, my dear Phœbe, I have had leisure for much reflection on the subject of your frightful discovery; and after considerable cogitation, I have arrived at the conclusion that it is certainly your bounden duty to acquaint the bishop with the conduct of Mr Draycott, and to do so at once before you return to Sunnydale. I should advise you to write and inclose that abandoned widow's note. I fancy that we are not the only ones who are beginning to see through this sanctimonious villain of a rector. I observed last Sunday that several of the congregation, amongst them Lady Conyers and General Scott and his family, who always stay for a chat with the Draycotts after service, left the church as quickly as possible, as if to avoid speaking to any of the family. Mrs Penrose was not at church; no doubt she had her reasons for staying away, though I heard from Miss Jones that it was given out that it was a bad headache that kept her at home.'

From Lady O'Leary's statement, it was not clear if Mrs Penrose's headache had been publicly announced in church or not; and the worthy lady had also omitted to mention that it was entirely owing to her own hints and innuendoes, industriously dropped here and there, accompanied by significant looks of unutterable meaning, that the mind of the parish was being considerably exercised with grave doubts as to Mr Draycott's moral character. The letter went on to say that invitations had been issued for a large evening party at the rectory on the following Thursday. Lady O'Leary strongly urged Miss Masterman so to time her return as to be present at it, adding: 'I intend to go, as I feel it my duty to neglect no opportunity of collecting evidence which may serve to deliver our hearths and homes from the contaminating presence of the shameless Draycott!'

On reading this, Miss Masterman considered that there was no further proof wanting of the enormity of the rector's guilt. Another suspicious circumstance was, that she had received no invitation, and in three days the party would take place. She therefore felt convinced that the rector, dreading lest her keen eye should detect more than would be noticed by the shallow members of his own family, had made some excuse to prevent Mrs Draycott from bidding her to the festivity; consequently, resolving to hesitate no longer, she sat down and indited the following letter:

To the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of ——.

MY LORD—I venture, as a temporary resident in the parish of Sunnydale, to call to your lordship's notice some heinous irregularities in the conduct of the Rev. Stephen Draycott, rector of that parish. I should indeed blush to record the details of his guilt in any words of mine; but the inclosed note, addressed to him by a person who calls herself 'Mrs Penrose,' will, I think, speak for itself. The individual whom I allude to is, I have every reason to fear, an astute adventuress; and should your Lordship think it worth while to make further inquiries respecting her, I have no doubt that sufficient evidence will speedily be found to substantiate my statements in every respect.—I have the honour to be, My Lord, Your Lordship's most obedient humble servant,

(MISS) PHŒBE MASTERMAN.

Miss Masterman next wrote a letter to the unconscious Mrs Draycott, fixing the following Friday for her return, at the same time fully intending to make some excuse for arriving

unexpectedly on Thursday afternoon instead, so as to be in time for the party in the evening. She then sent a few lines to Lady O'Leary acquainting her with all she had done; and after seeing her letters posted, she congratulated herself on the courage and resolution with which she had carried out what she believed to be a duty to society.

On Thursday, Miss Masterman left Bradborough early in the morning, having so arranged her journey that she would arrive at Sunnydale about six, which, as she calculated, would give her time to unpack and dress for the evening. But, by an unfortunate chance, it happened that as the train by which she travelled during the first part of her journey was delayed, it would be quite impossible to be at the rectory much before eleven o'clock P.M. Even Miss Masterman felt that that would be too late an hour at which to arrive unexpectedly; so she made up her mind that her only course would be to go to the village inn for the night, her one consolation being, that Lady O'Leary would be sure to give her a full and particular account of all that occurred at the rectory.

The alteration in her arrangements was most annoying to Miss Masterman, who, like many other rich people, if she made a plan, expected, as a matter of course, that it should be rigidly adhered to. During four hours which she had to wait at a junction, she sat and brooded over her grievances, waxing more and more grim as she did so. To add to her irritation, the rain began to come down in torrents; and the cold and draughty station was made additionally comfortless by the damp air which came in through every door and window, and penetrated to every bone in Miss Masterman's body.

At length, however, the dreary journey came to an end; and on reaching her destination, she took a fly, and ordered the man to drive her to the only decent inn that Sunnydale could boast. By this time it was past eleven o'clock. The rain had ceased, and the moon was shining brightly, throwing streams of silvery light on all around, and bringing every object into unusual prominence. In order to reach the inn, it was necessary to pass Fern Lodge, the pretty cottage residence of Mrs Penrose. Fancying she heard voices, Miss Masterman leaned forward and looked out of the window. What was her horror and amazement to see Mr Draycott gallantly escorting Mrs Penrose to her door! There was no mistaking the rector's tall figure and dignified deportment. But the widow! Dressed in what appeared to be an elegant costume, her bare arms and neck, plainly visible through her black lace shawl, were gleaming with diamonds! But even this was not all! The bright moonlight falling on her upturned face as she smiled upon Mr Draycott, plainly revealed powder and rouge! Slowly the pair advanced towards the house, and as a turn in the road hid them from sight, Mr Draycott was bending over his companion, apparently engaged in earnest conversation.

Miss Masterman sank back in the fly in the greatest agitation. Her worst suspicions were now confirmed! and by the time she arrived at the inn, she felt fairly exhausted with excitement. Miss Masterman at once requested to be shown to her room; and during the greater part of the night she lay awake, thinking over the startling discoveries she had made and their probable results. On one point she had quite made up her mind—that nothing would induce her to remain any longer under the same roof with the rector. So she arranged with the hostess of the *Sunnydale Arms* that she would stay there for a week—to await events. At an early hour she called upon Lady O'Leary; but, to her great disappointment, she found that lady confined to her room with such a severe attack of gout, that she had been unable to be present at the rectory on the previous evening. The invalid listened with greedy interest to Miss Masterman's revelations, and for the moment she forgot the pain she was enduring in the delight of hearing about Mrs Penrose's rouge, and especially the diamonds, which were 'confirmation strong,' if any were needed, of the words in the fatal letter. On her side, Lady O'Leary had little to tell Miss Masterman, except that two days ago she had seen Magdalen Draycott, who told her that they only expected about half the number they had asked to the party, as so many had refused. The girl had also said that her mother was a good deal worried about it; from which Lady O'Leary concluded that things were coming to a crisis, and that people were beginning to see the unprincipled Draycott in his true colours. The interview between the two ladies was terminated by a paroxysm of agony which seized upon the invalid, and completely incapacitated her for further conversation.

Miss Masterman returned to the inn for lunch, and then prepared for her momentous visit to the rectory; for she had resolved to beard the lion in his den, and to denounce him in the presence of his family as a hypocrite. On arriving at the rectory, she was told by the servant who appeared in answer to her imperious knock, that the rector was at that time engaged with the churchwardens and others on parish business, and could not be interrupted.

'My business will not admit of delay,' replied Miss Masterman. 'I must insist upon seeing the rector at once.' Then, as the servant endeavoured to expostulate—'No words!' continued the spinster; 'conduct me to him at once.'

The servant then led the way, though with evident reluctance, and throwing open the drawing-room door, announced Miss Masterman.

Bristling with conscious virtue, her tall form drawn up to its fullest height, she intrepidly advanced, seeming to breathe out threatenings and slaughter in her progress, and her whole appearance formidable to the last degree.

The dining-room was full of people, who were seated round the long table, at the head of which presided the rector. The two churchwardens were seated near him. The rest of the party included Mrs Draycott, Lady Conyers, General Scott, and many of the leading residents of Sunnydale, who had met to discuss some necessary alterations in the hours of the church services. At sight of Miss Masterman, a dead silence fell upon the assembly. Nothing daunted, she advanced to Mrs Draycott, and held out her

hand; but, to her surprise, she was repulsed. She was then addressed by the rector, who, rising from his chair, said in dignified accents: 'If you wish to speak to me, Miss Masterman, I will come to you presently in the study. At present, I am engaged, as you see, with my friends.'

'I can perfectly understand your motives in wishing to speak to me without witnesses, Mr Draycott,' replied she; 'but you shall not escape so easily. What I have to say shall be said here, in the hearing of your wife, and of the friends whom you have so grossly deceived.'

'I spoke for your own sake, madam, not mine,' said the rector, as he turned pale with anger. 'But since you insist upon it, pray, let my friends hear what excuse you have to offer for this uncalled-for intrusion.'

'I wish to acquaint them with your real character,' answered Miss Masterman firmly. 'You know that you are an unprincipled man and a profligate.'

At these audacious words, all the company rose to their feet, with the exception of Mr Sheldon, the rector's churchwarden, a young and rising solicitor, who—his professional instincts instantly on the alert—scented legal proceedings, and began quickly and silently to take notes of all that passed. The other churchwarden, Mr Blare, a little puffy, red-faced man, with a temper that was the terror of all the naughty boys in the parish, after vainly trying to express his wrath articulately, sank back into his chair again gasping and snorting, till his face assumed an apoplectic hue that was truly alarming. The rest of the assembly loudly expressed their indignation at Miss Masterman's extraordinary allegations; when above the din rang out the rector's clear and penetrating voice. 'My friends,' he cried, 'will you be seated, and listen to me?' Then, as they obeyed in silence, he turned to the furious woman before him, and continued: 'May I ask, Miss Masterman, by what right you abstracted a letter from my study, and then took the unwarrantable liberty of sending it to the bishop?'

'I wished to open the bishop's eyes to your real character,' replied Miss Masterman. 'I read that letter by the merest accident, and I felt that it was only right that others should be undeceived as well as myself.'

'And are you aware,' demanded Mr Draycott sternly, 'that you have rendered yourself liable to an action for libel?'

'Certainly not,' answered Miss Masterman, 'for I have only spoken the truth. It is of no use to try and bully, Mr Draycott; your character has now been discovered.'

At this crisis, Miss Masterman was interrupted by an angry snort from Mr Blare, who, after making another futile attempt to express himself coherently, subsided into a violent fit of coughing, after which, he contented himself with giving vent to a short jeering laugh whenever Miss Masterman spoke, in a manner that irritated that lady almost beyond endurance.

'Perhaps, before you indulge in any more strong language, you will be good enough to listen to a few words of explanation,' proceeded the rector. 'The letter which you purloined from my study referred merely to some theatricals. My wife had written a little play in which Mrs Penrose was to take part; the play was to be acted last night at a party in this house, which had been purposely kept a secret from you on account of your known dislike of all theatrical entertainments. The articles alluded to in Mrs Penrose's letter to me were required by her for the part she was to play. Had you mentioned the matter to me or to any member of my family, you would have heard the truth, and spared yourself and us much unnecessary pain.'

'Then,' gasped Miss Masterman, 'when I saw you and Mrs Penrose at eleven o'clock last night'——

'I was escorting her home, after her kindness in helping us,' replied Mr Draycott. Then, as his voice trembled with suppressed anger, he continued: 'I have been this morning, thanks to your impertinent interference, subjected to a severe cross-examination by my bishop; and though I trust he is now convinced of the falsehood of your allegations, I have been put in a most painful position. Owing to you and Lady O'Leary—who has not scrupled to spread scandalous reports about me in my own parish—I have been cut by some of my most valued friends; and if I refrain from prosecuting you both for libel, it is only on condition that you offer a full and ample apology for your most wicked and uncalled-for assertions.'

As Miss Masterman heard these words, she felt ready to sink through the ground, for she at once saw the folly and wickedness of her conduct in its true light. All her assurance deserted her, and she feebly tried to falter out a few words of regret; but the rector sternly interrupted her. 'That is not sufficient, Miss Masterman,' said he. 'I must trouble you to write at once to the bishop, and also to send a paragraph to the local papers, to retract every word that you and Lady O'Leary have said against my character. Should you, or she, refuse to do me this justice, I shall immediately commence proceedings against you both!'

Here the solicitor interposed with: 'I am in a position to warn Miss Masterman that should Mr Draycott determine to institute proceedings for libel, the damages in this case might be excessive.'

Baffled, confounded, and for the first time in her life completely cowed, Miss Masterman looked helplessly around her, and had the mortification of seeing Lady Conyers, General Scott, those rich and influential members of the congregation, whose friendship she had so sedulously cultivated, turn their backs upon her in utter contempt, as she passed down the room; even kind Mrs Draycott averted her eyes from her; and her equanimity was by no means restored when, on reaching the door, she found that it had been left partially open, and that the whole of the preceding conversation had been overheard by Master Hubert, who was now turning somersaults in the hall, as Miss Masterman more than suspected, in celebration of her own discomfiture.

It is scarcely necessary to add that Miss Masterman and her friend were only too thankful to accept the rector's terms, and so escape the just penalty of their conduct; and whenever, after this, Miss Masterman felt inclined to give

too free license to her tongue, the rising temptation was instantly subdued by the recollection of the mischief once wrought by that unruly member during her summer holiday in the parish of Sunnydale.

PHOTOGRAPHIC STAR-CHARTING.

It is now some years since photography was first called to the assistance of the astronomer, and the results which have been achieved show that it will play a still more important part in the future. A description of all its advantages would carry us far beyond the limits of the present article; but we mention four, as they are necessary to the understanding of the subject.

The power which the sensitive film possesses of recording the appearance of a bright object to whose light it has been exposed for only a minute fraction of a second, has enabled us to obtain pictures of the sun that are much more accurate than ordinary drawings. The camera, moreover, has the faculty of seeing a great deal in a very short space of time. If we confine our attention to a small area, a very few moments suffice to show us all that is to be seen by the naked eye; persistent looking for half an hour would only tire our eyes without enabling us to see anything at first invisible. It is different with the camera; the longer the light is permitted to fall on the plate, the more details do we find in the resulting picture. The fact that some rays are more effective (photographically) than others has enabled Dr Huggins to photograph, in full sunlight, that extremely faint solar appendage, the corona, which is visible to the eye only when the intense light of the sun is hidden as during a total eclipse.

The latest demand which has been made upon the astronomer's new assistant is no less than a great atlas of all the stars down to those of the fifteenth magnitude. The magnificent idea of photographing this immense number of stars—probably about twenty millions—is due to the officials of the Paris Observatory. The instrument which Messrs Paul and Prosper Henry have constructed for this research may be described roughly as two telescopes side by side and moving together. One of these, having a specially designed object-glass, carries the sensitive plate for the reception of the image. The arrangement is provided with a clockwork motion, in order that, during the time of exposure, the situation of each star's image may not alter; but as clockwork, however carefully made, is not infallible, an observer, looking through the second telescope, nips in the bud, so to speak, any tendency to aberration. Since the little spots that frequently occur on the photographic plates may be mistaken for stars, and so serve to swell future lists of 'variables,' each plate is exposed three times, and each star is therefore represented by three marks. The alteration in the position of the plate between each of the three exposures is so slight, that it requires a microscope to show that the dots are triple. With this splendid apparatus, only one two-hundredth of a second is necessary for the recording of the position of first-magnitude stars. Those of the sixth magnitude, which can only be perceived with the naked eye on a very dark night, require only half a second. The faintest which can be *seen* through the telescope, those of about the fourteenth magnitude, take three minutes to make an impression. But although the human eye is not sensitive enough to go any farther than this, stars of the fifteenth and even the sixteenth magnitude can be made to appear on the plate, if the exposure be sufficiently prolonged. In the latter case, an hour and a half is necessary.

In one of Messrs Henry's charts, about five thousand stars were counted. The construction of such a chart by the ordinary method of measurement would have taken many months; now it only takes three hours. Thus the preparation of a set of maps such as Messrs Henry suggest would occupy less time than the charting of one-hundredth part of the number of stars by ordinary methods. It has been calculated that if the work be divided among twelve observatories, five hundred and ten photographs would be required from each; and making every allowance, ten years would probably see the completion of the most elaborate survey of the whole heavens ever undertaken. This may seem a long time; but we must remember that Argelander's great charts of the northern hemisphere, which contained only three hundred and twenty-four thousand stars, occupied seven years of observatory work alone!

The importance of obtaining a permanent record of the present positions of twenty million stars cannot be overestimated. We find that if old measurements, such as those of Ptolemy, Copernicus, Tycho Brahe, and others, are to be trusted, very great changes must have taken place in the heavens. But are they to be trusted? The differences between their observations and ours must in many cases be attributed to the roughness of their instruments; but some cannot be altogether explained thus. As, however, we do not know where actual change ends and faulty measurement begins, no very definite knowledge can be derived from the comparison. A photograph of some part of the heavens by Cassini—what an invaluable legacy it would have been! With such a survey as Messrs Henry propose, future astronomers will be able not only to be sure of the existence of changes, but also to measure their extent. But the astronomers of the future will not be the only gainers. During an hour, a planet moves quite an appreciable distance; it will therefore appear on the plate as a short line instead of a point. Thus, one of the first results will probably be a considerable accession to the numbers of the minor planets which circulate between Mars and Jupiter. Who knows that the transneptunian planet itself will not be found in this way? Besides this very obvious advantage, these charts will be of the greatest use in the study of the form and constitution of the stellar universe. It is only by the employment of such charts that we can arrive at a proper understanding of star arrangement. The methods of star-gauging which Sir William Herschel employed for this purpose failed to give any satisfactory account of the form of the Milky-way in

space. His first method was to point his large telescope in various directions successively, counting the number of stars visible in the field each time. He argued that if the stars were scattered with approximate uniformity throughout the galaxy, then the more he counted in a unit of area, the farther must it extend in that direction. On this assumption, he calculated that the depth of the Milky-way was eighty times the distance of the first-magnitude stars. Sir John Herschel, by precisely the same method, found the proportion to be seven hundred and fifty instead of eighty! This discrepancy alone gives some idea of the untrustworthiness of the method; and there are many other arguments against it, into which we have not space to enter.

Sir William's second method, although sometimes confounded with his first, was in reality quite different from it. Instead of counting the number of points of light seen with the same telescope in equal small areas in various parts of the Milky-way, he now attempted to estimate the depth by noting the telescopic power necessary to 'resolve' the nebulous places into crowds of separate stars. When we examine the galaxy with the naked eye, it appears to be simply a cloud of misty light. A small telescope, however, suffices to show that it is made up of stars; but in most parts the background still seems nebulous. A stronger telescope entirely clears up and resolves some of these nebulous portions, while other parts require a still stronger power, and so on. In this way, then, assuming that the more difficult a misty part of the heavens was to resolve, the farther off the stars composing that misty part were, he attempted to gauge the star depths. It now appears that when he thought he was penetrating space farther and farther with telescopes of gradually increasing power, he was in reality only resolving masses of (smaller) stars situated at about the same average distance as the larger bodies which had been already distinguished with a feebler power, and which he had therefore assumed to be nearer. As a well-known writer says: 'In each case where Herschel had assumed that he was penetrating farther and farther into space, he was only analysing more and more scrutinisingly a complex cloud of stars.' It is interesting to notice in this connection that one still sees Herschel's so-called split-grindstone theory (which was based on observations made by the first method) quoted and illustrated in many text-books, although he renounced it himself; and it is perfectly obvious to any one who has considered the question in the light of recent researches, that that theory is totally untenable.

The charting method gives a very different account of the constitution of the universe. Investigation in this direction has shown that the Milky-way, far from being an affair of great depth in proportion to its distance from us, is really what it seems, an immense irregular stream or belt composed of stars of all sizes. Much information has been extracted from Argelander's great charts; but the photographic charts, that will contain sixty or seventy times as many stars will be still more useful. If the idea is taken up as enthusiastically as it ought to be, and if our government, so niggardly in matters scientific, can be induced to follow the enlightened example of the Emperor of Brazil, and provide our observers with proper instruments, there is no reason why this great atlas should not be an accomplished fact in a few years.

DAVID'S SON SOLOMON.

Mr David Moses, who is now dead, was a jeweller and pawnbroker in Wych Street. He kept a very good show of jewelry in the front window of his establishment, and was never known to complain as to trade being unsatisfactory in the line of watches and precious stones and electro-plate. But Mr Moses made much more money by his pawnbroking than by his jeweller's shop, and still more by discounting bills at cent. per cent., than by either of the two businesses which he ostensibly followed. The bill-discounting, which was also accompanied by money-lending at stiff rates, was not done at the shop in Wych Street, but at an office in the neighbourhood of Lombard Street. The office was handsomely fitted up; the shop was rather second-hand in appearance, and filled with odds and ends which had never been redeemed from pawn. At the shop, Mr Moses rarely showed himself, for he had a valuable assistant in the shape of his deceased wife's sister, Miss Rachel Levi, who managed the pawnbroking and jewelry business with a regard to the main point that would have done credit to Shylock. The aptitude of this elderly Jewess left Mr Moses plenty of time to attend to the office in the neighbourhood of Lombard Street. He was not Mr David Moses there; that cognomen was painted in faded gilt letters above the Wych Street shop; but the office bore the name of 'Mr Alfred Morris,' which title seemed more in accordance with the character of the clients who came thither to borrow on the strength of their aristocratic names or connections, or to transact business connected with what is technically termed a 'bit of stiff.' Anybody who was anybody could always get a 'bit of stiff' from Mr Alfred Morris, provided he had no objection to pay a handsome rate of interest, and allow a fair margin for commission and charges and other little incidental expenses. Many of Mr Alfred Morris's clients knew his real name to be David Moses, and were aware of the Wych Street business, where, indeed, some of them had property lying in pledge. These, however, were old customers, and could be trusted; to all new ones and to the outside world, Moses was Mr Alfred Morris.

In appearance, the old man was eminently Hebraic. He had a hooked nose, and very curly white hair; he spoke with a nasal accent, and called middle-aged men 'ma tear.' As regards his business character, he was Shylockish. He wanted, and took good care to get, his pound of flesh, and an ounce or two over. He never blushed to lend you fifty pounds on a hundred pounds acceptance, or seemed to think it out of the way to deduct five pounds from the fifty for

'present expenses.' By his orders, the poor folk who came on Monday morning to put the Sunday wearing apparel into pawn till the following Saturday evening were screwed down to the fraction of a penny; while the timid vendor of second-hand jewelry or old gold was browbeaten to such an extent that he or she gradually came to the opinion that the goods were really worth no more than Miss Rachel Levi represented, and thankfully accepted the price which that estimable lady offered. It was Mr Moses' idea of business to be hard and sharp and to look out for number one.

There was, however, in the heart of Moses one very soft spot. It may seem incredible that he who sucked the very lifeblood from young and foolish scions of noble houses, or made no difficulty in getting hold of the substance of widows and orphans, should have been capable of affection. But Moses was capable of a great deal of affection, and this soft spot was all affection. It is a pity that we should have to say the affection was lavished on a worthless object; for Mr Solomon Moses, the only son and child of the old money-lender, and whom the old man loved as well and as dotingly as his riches, was a thoroughly bad young scoundrel. When David Moses was sixty, his son Solomon was twenty-three, and schooled in vice and debauchery.

The senior Moses' plans with regard to his boy were from the boy's very birth of the high and mighty kind. He intended first of all that the little Solomon should be a 'shentleman,' and have nothing to do with the shop in Wych Street. He should, on attaining his majority, be provided with unlimited pocket-money and told to 'go the pace.' Perhaps, thought Mr David Moses, some of the young swells whom he was always having dealings with would take Solomon up and initiate him into the mysteries of society. When, therefore, Solomon came to his twenty-first birthday, Mr Moses took expensive chambers for him in the West, placed a handsome sum with a banker at his son's credit, and told the young man that nothing would please him better than to know that his boy was living the life of a gentleman. You may be quite certain that Mr Solomon Moses was not slow to take advantage of his father's kindness. His ideas of a gentlemanly life were somewhat hazy, but they were decided enough upon the subject of clothes of the fastest and loudest cut and style, of billiards and unlimited card-games, of gambling and prize-fights, and of disreputable companions. He 'went the pace' splendidly; and Mr David Moses liked it, and thought his son a fine, lively young gentleman indeed.

When Solomon was twenty-three, he was as villainous a scamp as one could find in all London. The money he wasted would have supported a dozen ordinary families in comfort, yet he had twice persuaded his father to double his allowance. The old man was beginning to fear his son, and readily acceded to any request for money which Solomon made. Once or twice a shadow of suspicion had crossed his mind that Solomon was not the brilliant result he had hoped for. The younger Mr Moses, for instance, had not gained the entrée to society which it had been his father's aim he should secure. He had not made the acquaintance of the aristocracy, nor did he seem likely to contract a brilliant marriage with a peer's daughter; and the only comfort old David had was the thought that these things took time.

One hot day in the summer of 1883, Solomon called a hansom, and was driven to his father's office near Lombard Street. He found 'Mr Alfred Morris' in and free, and forthwith made known his wishes, which ran in the direction of the sum of one thousand pounds. Old David stared.

'But, ma tear poy, I haven't so much moneys about me!' he objected. 'And pesides, ma tear, I gave you your money for the quarter only last week. What may you require the moneys for?'

'Betting heavy, and lost,' said young Solomon briefly.

'Betting! O my poy, that's pad—that's pad! And lost too—that's worse! I tolt you not to pet unless you was certain of winning, Solomon, ma tear. Oh, to think that you are making the peautiful moneys fly away like that!' And then Mr David Moses plucked up spirit, and gave his worthy son a real good lecture on the evil of wasting money. Solomon listened impatiently, and again repeated his request for a thousand pounds. And he got it—as he knew he would. Then he went away and called another cab, and prepared to be driven back to his elegant rooms. As he was piloted up the Strand, it occurred to him that he would call in at Wych Street and see Aunt Rachel; so he stopped his cab, and went into the jeweller's shop, and was welcomed by the old Jewess in the back-parlour. The worthy lady was polishing up some diamonds, and Solomon's eyes wandered over the precious baubles covetously.

'Anything very valuable there, auntie?' he asked presently.

'No, Solomon dear; nothing—nothing. The big diamond there is pretty well. It is worth two thousand pounds.'

'Two thousand, eh?' said young Mr Moses. 'Very fair that, ain't it?'

'Well, your father lent one thousand on it—or rather, I did.'

'Never redeemed?'

'No.'

Solomon took up the glittering stone and looked it carefully over. It was set in a massive ring, very plainly made, and with two or three distinctive marks inside the hoop. 'And you're asking two thousand for this, auntie?'

'Yes, my dear, that's the price. I shall put him in the window in a week or so.'

Solomon went home soon after that. His first proceeding, when he got out of his father's shop, was to write down in his pocket-book a very accurate description of the big diamond and its ring. A very clever and equally rascally plan was forming itself in his brain. By the time he reached Trafalgar Square, his plan was complete.

During the next week, more than one person stopped to gaze at the great diamond flashing in Moses' shop-window. Its price was not upon it; but it was evident from its size that it was of tremendous value. Passers-by speculated on the probable amount, and wondered when the thing would find a purchaser. About eleven o'clock

on the first day of its exposure, a middle-aged gentleman, sauntering leisurely up Wych Street from Booksellers' Row, stopped in front of Moses' shop, and looked for some minutes at the contents of the window. He was a good-looking man, well dressed in a quiet, unostentatious fashion; evidently a man of substance and position. He was turning away, when his eye fell on the great diamond. He looked at it a second, and then opened the shop-door and walked in. A red-headed boy of distinct Hebraic extraction was yawning behind the counter. 'What is the price of the large diamond in your window?' asked the solid-looking gentleman.

The red-headed youth didn't know, but would find out. He disappeared for a moment, and came back followed by Miss Rachel, who looked narrowly at the man who dared to ask the price of so large a stone. The gentleman bowed courteously to Miss Rachel, and repeated his question.

'Two thousand pounds,' replied Miss Rachel.

'Ah! A large price. May I see it?'

Miss Rachel acquiesced, and took the diamond ring from its case in the window. The stranger looked it carefully over, examined every mark with a sharp eye, and finally returned it to the old Jewess.

'I will purchase that ring, madam,' he said. 'Be good enough to put it aside for me until to-morrow morning, when I will call and pay for it. I have been in search of such a stone for some time.'

Miss Rachel Levi was delighted. So, she was sure, would Mr David Moses be. She carefully locked up the ring in a big safe, and the stranger went his way with many bows on either side.

Precisely at eleven o'clock the following morning the customer called. He was accompanied by a dapper little man, whom Miss Rachel recognised as one of Mr Attenborough's principal assistants.

'Good-morning, madam,' said the stranger. 'Here I am, you see, and here is the price of the ring—two Bank of England notes of one thousand pounds each. I think that is correct?'

Yes, that was correct; and Miss Rachel unlocked the safe and handed the ring over to the customer, who had laid his two one-thousand-pound notes on the counter before her. She placed the notes in the safe, looking them over with an experienced eye, to see that they were all right as regarded genuineness. The stranger received his ring, and turned to the man accompanying him.

'I brought this gentleman with me,' he said to Miss Rachel, 'just to tell me his opinion of the stone.—Very fine one, is it not, Mr Jones?' He passed the ring to the man as he spoke, and began to talk to Miss Rachel about the weather.

The man named Jones looked with attentive eye at the glittering thing in his hand. He examined the gold setting and seemed satisfied, and then looked at the enormous stone. Suddenly he uttered an exclamation which made Miss Rachel and the customer look round sharply. Mr Jones took a little peculiar-looking glass from his pocket and gazed at the diamond suspiciously. He said 'Ah!' very emphatically, and threw the ring on the counter.

'How much did you give, sir?' he asked of the customer, whose attention was now thoroughly aroused.

'Two thousand pounds.'

'Humph! Worth next to nothing. The gold's very good; the diamond's first-class paste!'

Miss Rachel uttered a faint scream as the customer turned to her. 'What explanation can you give of this, madam?' he asked.

The poor woman was dumb-stricken. She knew not what to say.

'Where did you get the ring, Miss Levi?' asked Mr Jones. 'Perhaps you've been imposed upon.'

'It was pledged with my brother David,' said Miss Rachel. 'O dear me, gentlemen, I can't think how it is! It must be an imposition.'

'Well, at anyrate, *I* can't be imposed upon,' said the stranger. 'So I'll thank you for my notes, madam; and there is your paste ring.—Dear me, what an escape I've had! I'm much obliged to you, Mr Jones, for your penetration.'

'Oh,' said Mr Jones, 'that's nothing! What puzzles me is that Moses, who is very sharp, should have been swindled, as he must have been. And then Miss Levi here is a regular authority on stones.'

By this time poor Rachel had handed over the notes, and was regarding the false ring with a very disconsolate face. She was thinking what David would have to say on his return home.

The stranger pressed something in the way of remuneration on Mr Jones and went away.

Jones stayed a minute or two longer and talked the matter over with Miss Rachel. It was his idea that old Moses had had a duplicate made of the big diamond for some purpose of his own, and that he had substituted the shadow for the substance. He suggested this to Miss Rachel, who was thereby a little comforted.

But Mr Jones' suspicion was wrong, as Miss Rachel quickly found on her brother's home-coming. She told him the story immediately he appeared, and the old man went nearly mad. He yelled for the ring to be brought him. Once in his hands, he literally shrieked with horror. 'It isn't the tiamont at all!' he cried. 'Mine was not paste, as this is. It's some conjuring trick, woman!' And he fell to moaning and sobbing as if his heart would break. But the first fit of rage passed off, Mr David Moses took a practical step. He called on Mr Jones, and the two went away together to Scotland Yard; there Jones described the strange would-be purchaser. The hard-featured 'chief' who listened to them smiled.

'That anything like him?' he asked, taking up an album and pointing to a portrait.

'The very man!' cried Mr Jones.

'Ah!' said the chief.—'Well, now, Mr Jones, be particular on one point. Did you keep your eye on the ring from Miss Levi's taking it from her safe till its coming into your hands?'

'No,' said Jones; 'I didn't. Miss Levi put the notes in the safe, and I was watching her for a second before the man passed me the ring.'

'Common trick,' said the chief—'changed it for a fac-simile.'

'But,' objected Jones, 'how could he make the fac-simile? The ring had only been in the window one day.—Had it, Mr Moses?'

'Only one day, ma tear—only one little day,' sighed the old Jew. 'O tear, O tear me!'

The chief set his lips very hard at this. 'Are the marks—hall-marks and so on, just the same?' he asked.

'Yes,' said Moses, 'and the gold too. It's only the stone.'

In the end, they went away, and the chief promised to do his best. He knew the stranger, who was a returned convict and a clever trickster. The mystery was the fac-simile of the ring. It implied previous acquaintance of a very intimate type. In about a week Mr Moses received news: the real ring had been pawned in Manchester for five hundred pounds, and was now in possession of the Scotland Yard authorities. The latter had, they said, got a clue to the persons implicated; but they would say nothing more. When Moses was wanted, they would let him have word.

A week or two passed on, and one morning Mr David Moses received an urgent message asking him to go to Scotland Yard. The thieves, or whatever you would call them, were found. He called on Mr Jones, and set out with an exultant heart up the Strand.

'Well,' said the chief, 'we've got 'em both. There are two of them. One is the man whose photo I showed you; the other is a young fellow who won't give any name. He pawned the ring under the name of Morris.'

Moses thought that rather a coincidence; but he let the thought slip out of his mind, and smiled pleasantly when two policemen brought in the well-dressed gentleman who so tricked poor old Rachel. The *ci-devant* convict winked in a friendly fashion at Jones.

'Did it well, eh?' he said. 'No good disguising it, I suppose? Reckon I'll get a good dose for this.'

'You're right there, my friend,' said the chief.—'Take him away, sergeant, and bring the young man in.'

In a minute or two the men returned, leading in a young, loudly dressed man, who hung his head on his breast. Old Moses turned from examining a pair of handcuffs hanging on the wall, and discovered the thief of his cherished diamond to be—his son Solomon! The old man saw it all in a moment. His white face and chattering teeth showed the chief that something was wrong. The old Jew strove vainly to speak for a second or two; then he turned to the chief and stretched out his hands imploringly.

'O Mr Inspector,' he said, 'it's a mistake—it's a terrible mistake, ma tear Mr Inspector! Don't say no more about it, and I'll—I'll give *you* the tiamont—yes, O yes! Why, this is ma tear son Solomon!—O Solomon, my poy, how could you do it?'

'Your son, eh?' said the astonished chief. 'Well, I'm sorry for you, old man; but the law must take its course.'

'Oh, don't say that,' screamed Moses—'don't sir, don't! I'll give you the stone, and a thousand pounds besides! Let him go, sir.'

'No; I haven't the power.—Take him away, men.' And they marched Mr Solomon off, while poor old David alternately wept and implored and raved, and beseeched the chief to have mercy on his 'tear poy.'

That night, they found poor David Moses, alias Mr Alfred Morris, dead in his little sanctum in Wych Street. The doctor said he had died of a sudden shock to the nervous system. We are of opinion that his son Solomon had given him a shock which broke his poor old heart.

A NEW ART-GUILD.

An admirable proposal has lately been made at Liverpool for the formation of an 'Art-workers' Guild,' with the view to the diffusion of sound principles of decoration, and to the encouragement of workmen and others desiring to undertake decorative work of all kinds. The general object would appear to be to find good art-workmen, and to bring them into communication with those who require their work, and also to form a collection of good examples of decorative work of various kinds. Perhaps one of the best results of this sort of effort will be to bring forward the actual worker himself—the real artist, in fact—and thus get rid of the middleman or art-tradesman who hires the genuine artist to do the work, and then stamps it with his (the tradesman's) own name, as though the work were actually his own, whilst, in fact, he is merely the employer of highly trained and perhaps highly talented art-labour—a system at once as unfair as it is unjust. It has been said that the ugly patterns in calico-printing seem to sell as readily as the pretty ones; and one of the objects of the proposed Guild is to try to alter this—to endeavour to produce a better taste. But teaching a prejudiced and often ignorant public to improve itself on subtle questions and nice points of art-excellence is at best a difficult if not a hopeless task; and if the Guild raises the artist-worker to a better position and gives him direct employment, it will certainly be conferring a benefit on a worthy class of men, never yet properly recognised.

A RETROSPECT.

I waited long;
My love was strong
For Cary.
'In spring,' she said,
The darling maid,
'We'll marry.'

The winter passed;
Spring came at last
With showers.
But what of them,
When after came
The flowers!

Our wedding-day,
A grand array—
Bells ringing!
Blue sky above,
Hearts full of love,
Flowers springing.

My blushing bride
And I beside
The altar:
She looked so nice,
Although her voice
Did falter.

Our honeymoon
Ran all too soon
Its measure:
We roamed at will
By vale and hill,
With pleasure.

And years have flown;
We're wiser grown,
And older;
But aye the same
Love's kindly flame,
No colder.

As down we glide,
Still side by side,
Life's river,
Each opening spring
Now joys will bring
For ever.

J. E. L.

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, 47 Paternoster Row, London, and 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

All Rights Reserved.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL
OF
POPULAR
LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART
Fifth Series
ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832
CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)

No. 151.—Vol. III. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1886. Price 1½d.

NOTHING NEW.

Antiquaries are always delighted to remind us that there is nothing new under the sun. When we boast of the great European art of printing, they bring in the Chinese as evidence against us. Certain it is, however, that the Romans used movable types to mark their pottery and bread, and even to indorse their scroll-books. But if this is to be called printing, then the Accadians, and their successors the Assyrians, did the like on a grand scale many centuries before. To the last-named people, moreover, must be ascribed, so far as we at present know, the invention of a magnifying lens of rock-crystal, a thing so well made, that Sir David Brewster pronounced it a true optical instrument. It was found amid the ruins of Nimroud by Layard.

It is curious to see also how great natural laws have been dimly apprehended centuries before they were rendered demonstrable. The law of gravitation was undoubtedly discerned by Sir Isaac Newton; but it is remarkable that in Cary's translation of Dante's *Inferno* an idea very like it occurs, namely:

> Thou wast on the other side, so long as I
> Descended; when I turned, thou did'st o'erpass
> That point, to which from every part is dragged
> All heavy substance.

Of this passage, Monti remarks that if it had met the eye of Newton, it might better have awakened his thought to conceive the system of attraction than the accidental fall of an apple.

For fifty or sixty years before any real light was thrown upon the nature of gravitation, Pedro Mexia of Seville had a clear and correct idea of its action. Thus, in his *Silva de Varia Leccion* (published in 1542, and which in various translations was in great demand until the middle of the seventeenth century), the following appears: 'The sky is above in all parts of the earth, and the centre of the earth is below, towards which all heavy things naturally tend from whatever side of the earth; so that if God had made a hole, which by a true diameter passing through the whole earth, from the point where we are, as far as the other opposite and contrary to this, on the other side of the earth, passed through the centre of it: then if one dropped a plummet, as masons do, know that it would not pass to the other side of the earth, but would stop and place itself in the centre of it; and if from the other side one let fall another, they would meet together in the very centre, and there they would stop. It is quite true that the force might well cause the plummet to pass somewhat beyond, because its movement, so long as it was going towards the centre, would naturally be accelerated, passing somewhat beyond, but in the end it would return to its place.'

Of this old Spanish work, an English translation was made by T. Fortescue, and printed in London in 1576, entitled *The Forest, or Collection of Historyes, no less profitable than pleasant and necessary*. Another appeared in 1613 with sundry essays by other authors, entitled *The Treasurie of Ancient and Modern Times*. Considering that London publishing was on a small scale two and three centuries ago, it is difficult to believe that Newton missed seeing these works, even if he had not heard of the original. At anyrate, he must in all probability have read what Shakspeare, borrowing probably from the same source, puts into the mouth of Cressida:

> But the strong base and building of my love
> Is as the very centre of the earth,
> Drawing all things to it.
> *Troilus and Cressida*, act iv. scene 2.

Some anticipations of telegraphy are also very interesting. Galileo, in his *Dialogues on the Two Systems of the World*, that is, the Ptolemaic and Copernican, and which he wrote in 1632, makes Sagredo say: 'You remind me of one who offered to sell me a secret art, by which, through the attraction of a certain magnet needle, it would be possible to converse across a space of two or three thousand miles. I said to him that I would willingly become the purchaser, provided only that I might first make a trial of the art, and that it would be sufficient for the purpose if I

were to place myself in one corner of the sofa and he in the other. He replied that in so short a distance the action would be scarcely discernible; so I dismissed the fellow, and said that it was not convenient for me just then to travel into Egypt or Muscovy for the purpose of trying the experiment; but that if he chose to go there himself, I would remain in Venice and attend to the rest.'

It appears, however, that telegraphy took form as an idea two thousand years ago, for Addison, in one of his delightful essays in the *Spectator* (No. 241), tells us that 'Strada, in one of his Prolusions, gives an account of a chimerical correspondence between two friends by the help of a certain lodestone, which had such virtue in it, that if it touched two several needles, when one of the needles so touched began to move, the other, though at never so great a distance, moved at the same time, and in the same manner. He tells us that the two friends, being each of them possessed of one of these needles, made a kind of a dial-plate, inscribing it with the four-and-twenty letters, in the same manner as the hours of the day are marked upon the ordinary dial-plate. They then fixed one of the needles on each of these plates in such a manner that it could move round without impediment, so as to touch any of the four-and-twenty letters. Upon their separating from one another into distant countries, they agreed to withdraw themselves punctually into their closets at a certain hour of the day and to converse with one another by means of this their invention.'

In Homer's *Odyssey*, translated by Pope, the following curious description—originally detected by an ingenious mechanic—of the Phœacian ships of old, has been well observed by the late Dr Birkbeck to be no inaccurate description of steam-navigation:

So shalt thou instant reach the realm assigned
In wondrous ships, self-moved, instinct with mind.
* * * * *
Though clouds and darkness veil the encumbered sky,
Fearless, through darkness and through clouds they fly;
Though tempests rage—though rolls the swelling main,
The seas may roll, the tempests swell in vain.
E'en the stern god that o'er the waves presides,
Safe as they pass, and safe repass the tides,
With fury burns; whilst careless they convey
Promiscuous every guest to every bay.

It would almost appear from the above passage, which for ages was considered merely a bold flight of the imagination, that the ancients were not unacquainted with some method beyond that of the ordinary sail, of propelling vessels through water with safety and celerity.

Even that horror of naval warfare, the fish-torpedo, seems to have been once afloat in the mind of Ben Jonson, although there are good reasons for thinking he derived the idea itself from Drummond the inventor, whom he visited at Hawthornden in 1619. In Jonson's play, *The Staple of News* (act iii. scene 1), we read:

Thomas. They write here one Cornelius' son
Hath made the Hollanders an invisible eel
To swim the Haven at Dunkirk, and sink all
The shipping there.
Pennyboy. But how is't done?
Cymbal. I'll show you, sir.
It's an automa, runs under water
With a snug nose, and has a nimble tail
Made like an auger, with which tail she wriggles
Betwixt the coats of a ship, and sinks it straight.
Pennyboy. A most brave device
To murder their flat bottoms!

Some of the most beneficent and useful discoveries in medical science appear to have been anticipated years ago. For example, certain skulls of prehistoric man have afforded the clearest evidence that even at that remote period the art of *trepanning* must have been practised upon them. A skull found in the tomb of the Incas, near the city of Cuzco, exhibited distinct marks of having undergone a like operation. According to a reputed discovery by M. Stanislaus Julien, it appears that as far back as the third century of our era, the Chinese were in possession of an anæsthetic agent which they employed during surgical operations. A description of this was discovered by M. Julien in a work preserved in the Bibliothèque Nationale, called *Kou-kin-i-tong*, or a General Collection of Ancient and Modern Medicines, which appears to have been published in the sixteenth century. In a biographical notice of Hoa-tho, who flourished under the dynasty of Wei, between the years 220 and 230 of our era, it is stated that he gave the patient a preparation of *cannabis* (*Ma-yo*), who in a few moments became as insensible as one plunged in drunkenness or deprived of life; then, according to the case, he made incisions, amputations, &c. After a certain number of days, the patient found himself re-established, without having experienced the slightest pain during the operation. It appears from the biography of Han that this *cannabis* was prepared by boiling and distillation.

Of the Germ Theory of disease, it must also be said, it is no novelty. That noted physician, Athanasius Kircher, in his work on the plague—published at Rome in 1658—attributed the origin of epidemics to germs, or, as he termed them, animalcules. He argued that each kind of putrefaction gives rise to a special virus, which produces a definite species of malady.

Even sticking-plaster is not a modern surgical appliance. One of the highest living authorities in organic chemistry states that the ordinary lead-plaster now so commonly used was said to be discovered by the Roman physician Menecrates in the middle of the first century.

Some readers of this *Journal* will remember that while the British Association was in progress at Montreal (1884), a telegram was received from Mr Caldwell in Australia, notifying that he had found *monotremes oviparous with mesoblastic ovum*—that is, that the ornithorhynchus, the duck-bill or water mole, laid eggs. This piece of news greatly interested naturalists, since it was justly regarded as furnishing one more link in the chain of evidence tending to support the evolution hypothesis. However, in a work entitled *The Literary Pancratium*, by Robert and Thomas Swinburn Carr, published in London in 1832, a quotation in the form of a footnote appears on page 8, as follows: 'But this is New Holland, where it is summer with us when it is winter in Europe, and *vice versâ*; where the barometer rises before bad weather, and falls before good; where the north is the hot wind, and the south the cold; where the humblest house is fitted up with cedar; where the fields are fenced with

mahogany, and myrtle-trees are burnt for fire-wood; where the *swans are black* and the eagles white; where the kangaroo, an animal between the squirrel and the deer, has five claws on its forepaws and three talons on its hind-legs, like a bird, and yet hops on its tail; where the mole lays eggs, and has a duck's bill; where there is a bird with a broom in its mouth instead of a tongue; where there is a fish, one half belonging to the genus *Raja*, and the other to that of *Squalus*; where the pears are made of wood, with the stalk at the broader end; and where the cherry grows with the stone on the outside.'—(Field's *New South Wales*, page 461.)

In striking contrast to all the above-named instances of rediscovery, is that fact furnished by some Assyrian bas-reliefs—that is, that the lion, or at least the Asiatic species, has a *claw* in the tuft of his tail. This fact, which, strangely enough, was disputed in classic times, although forty years before the birth of Christ, Didymus of Alexandria discovered it, had been quite overlooked by modern naturalists. Soon after the finding of the sculpture, Mr Bennett, an English zoologist, verified the observation.

Homer's famous story of the battle between the frogs and the mice is doubtless a political satire. That the story was originally suggested by actual observation is not an unreasonable fancy. Homer may even have seen the mimic campaign for himself, for it is but a tradition that he was blind. In a recent number of *Nature*, a correspondent states that he saw a short time since several mice pursuing some frogs in a shed. The alacrity of the reptiles rendered the attacks of the mice futile for some time. 'Again and again the frogs escaped from the clutches of their foes, but only to be recaptured, severely shaken, and bitten.' They were at length 'overpowered by the mice, which devoured a part of them.'

The first scientific expedition on record is one in which Aristotle was sent by Alexander the Great (more than 300 B.C.) for the purpose of collecting subjects for a History of Animals. In this enterprise he met with both the paper and the pearly nautilus; for in the *Historia Animalium*, he says, after describing different forms of Cephalopods, which no doubt abounded in Asiatic seas: 'There are also two other kinds of polypes which are in shells, the one [that is, the paper nautilus] has a shell which is not naturally adherent to it; it feeds very frequently near the land, and being cast by the waves on the sand, the shell slips, and it dies; but the other [the pearly nautilus] is in a shell in which it exists after the manner of a snail, and outwardly extends its arms.'—(*Scaliger's translation.*) Nothing was added to this account during the dark ages that succeeded, nor even till some time after the revival of literature. No further information respecting the nautilus was obtained until the discovery of a living specimen early in the eighteenth century by Rumphius, a Dutch merchant and naturalist, resident at Amboyna. His drawing of the soft parts separated from the shell was greatly valued for more than a century before another specimen was found, although the shells were cast ashore in comparative abundance. This specimen was sent to Professor Owen, and formed the subject of an elaborate memoir by him in 1832. It may be said to have been the first to confirm the history of this remarkable organism given more than two thousand years before.

Here, then, we have another instance of modern research simply verifying that which was an ancient discovery.

It is even said that the stereoscope, which is Professor Wheatstone's invention, was known to Euclid, and minutely described by Galen, the physician, sixteen centuries ago; moreover, it was still more completely defined in the works of Baptista Porta in the year 1599. As for photography, its discovery is by common consent referred to Daguerre, who announced it to the Academy of Sciences in 1839. This beautiful art has, however, been found clearly described by M. Jobard in his *Nouvelles Inventions aux Expositions Universelles*, 1857, taken from a translation from the German three hundred years ago.

An ancient gold coin *recast* is, after all, the same precious metal; even so, truths long lost are, when found, restamped by human thought and made current again for the world's good. How few are privileged, or have the genius, to enrich mankind with an original discovery!

BY ORDER OF THE LEAGUE.

CHAPTER XIV.

Le Gautier followed the footman into the drawing-room, where Enid was engaged with some visitors—three tall showy-looking girls, with an extremely vivacious mother. Le Gautier stood looking out of one of the windows, and noticed with satisfaction their intention of a speedy exit. For some moments the visitors remained chattering, and then, after a profusion of compliments, accompanied by much laughter, their voluminous skirts were heard switching down the broad staircase. It has often been a matter of speculation as to whether a man can be in love with two women at the same time; but without going into this delicate question, it is possible to imagine a man with a penchant for two women, though the experiment probably would be attended with great hazard and danger. Le Gautier forgot the dark-eyed Marie, as he gazed upon Enid's fairer charms.

'You have heard nothing of Maxwell?' he asked after a pause in the desultory conversation. 'A strange thing he does not write. Many men would imagine that such a thing is not altogether an accident; there are occasions when a little absence from the gaze of man is desirable, Miss Charteris.'

'Many men, as usual, would be wrong,' Enid answered coldly. 'You should not shield your want of charity by these generalities, Monsieur le Gautier, though perhaps you have derived benefit from these absences yourself, you seem to understand the subject so thoroughly.'

Enid was angry at his cool insolence, and replied to his want of taste by a little plain language herself; and her random shaft went home.

'You are severe; but really, while sorry for Maxwell, there is something in it which is comforting to me. Can you not guess what I mean?'

Enid Charteris, though guileless and pure as woman can be, had not mixed with the great world for nothing. She had had suitors enough to know what a proposal was, and above all things she dreaded one from this man. Some instinct told her he would be a dangerous enemy. 'You speak in riddles,' she said calmly. 'I have not been educated to the language of diplomacy. Pray, explain yourself.'

'Then I must be more explicit. Maxwell's absence rids me of a dangerous rival. Now he is away, the path is all the smoother for me. Need I tell you, Miss Charteris—Enid—that I love you? Surely you must have known that for a long time past. While another was in the way, I sealed my lips; but I can restrain myself no longer now.'

'It would be affectation not to understand you,' Enid replied with a calmness that boded ill for Le Gautier's success. 'I am sorry to hear it. If you are wise, you will not put me to the pain of a refusal.'

'I will take no refusal,' Le Gautier burst out passionately; 'for I swear that if you are not mine, you shall wed no other man. Enid, you must, you shall be mine! You may look upon me coldly now, but the time will come when you shall love me well enough.'

'The time will come when I shall—love—you?' The bitter scorn in these words stung Le Gautier to madness, stirring up a desperate passion in his veins, now that the prize seemed like slipping from his grasp. He fell at her feet on his knees. 'Hear me!' he exclaimed passionately—'only listen to me, Enid. I have vowed that you are the only woman I have chosen—the only girl I could really love. Such love as mine must win a return some day; only try; only give me a little chance of hope.'

'If you are a man, you will rise from that absurd position. Who am I, that you should kneel to me? You must take my word for it; and if you have any consideration for my feelings, you will change the subject.'

'And this is your absolute and final decision?'

'Yes, it is my absolute and final decision.'

Le Gautier rose to his feet, pale but smiling, and there was a darkly evil look upon his white set face. When he spoke again his words were cold and incisive. 'Consider, before you wilfully make an enemy of me.' He uttered the words with a low sibilation. 'I have made you an offer—the highest compliment I could pay, and you have scornfully rejected it. The next favour you ask from me you may seek for on your knees.'

'And to what purpose, sir, shall *I* ask a favour from you?'

'For your father,' Le Gautier answered quietly, though his tones were deep and earnest. 'You have guessed that Maxwell has gone away on a dangerous mission. Why should not Sir Geoffrey be chosen in his turn? And if so, who can save him? I, Hector le Gautier, and no other man.'

'And by whose evil counsel has my poor father been dragged into your infamous Brotherhood?—By yours alone! He would be a happy man now, if he had never known you'——

'On the contrary,' Le Gautier interrupted, 'I tried to save him. He has joined on his own wish. You do not credit my words. Go and ask him now if my words are not true, and that, if it is not his dearest wish that you should become my wife.'

'He might think so,' Enid answered haughtily; 'but he does not wish it in his heart. Monsieur le Gautier, if you are a gentleman, you will cease this discussion. The subject is painful to me.' She stood there, looking at him coldly and scornfully.

But her very iciness only served to increase the warmth of his passion. 'I cannot!' he exclaimed. 'I will not cease! For five years, ever since I first met you at Rome, I have never ceased to love you. Bid me do anything in reason; ask me any favour; but to forget you is impossible!'

'I am sorry for you,' Enid said gently, touched a little by the ring of genuine passion in his voice—'I am sorry; but it cannot be. I do not break my pledges so lightly, even if I wished to do so.'

'Which you do not,' Le Gautier bitterly remarked. 'I do not care. I am desperate now. You despise and scorn me; but I will not be rejected thus. If you will not be my wife for my sake, you must for your father's and the honour of your house.' He stopped abruptly, for standing in the room was Sir Geoffrey, his face pale, and his whole aspect downcast and degraded to a pitiable degree.

Enid turned to her father eagerly. 'Did you hear these words?' she asked. 'Can it be possible that you—that I—that the honour of our house is in any man's hands? Can it be your wish, father, that I—I—should form an alliance with Monsieur le Gautier? Speak, and show him how mistaken he can be!'

But Sir Geoffrey never spoke. His head sank lower upon his breast. For the first time, he realised the sacrifice he had imposed upon his daughter, and so he stood there, an English gentleman no longer, but a poor enfeebled, shamefaced old man.

A wild feeling of alarm took possession of Enid as she saw this thing. 'Why do you not speak?' she demanded. 'What cause have you to hesitate in indorsing my words?'

Still the baronet never spoke, never raised his head.

Enid ran swiftly to his side and threw one arm round his shoulder. She could feel the spasm that struck him as he encountered her touch. 'Father,' she asked in a dull even voice, 'does your silence mean that he is right?'

'Yes, my dear child; he is right. There is no alternative.'

There is a providence which helps us in such times as these, a numbness of the senses that for a time deadens pain. Enid's voice was very calm as she turned to Le Gautier, standing there trying to disguise his triumph. 'I do not know what all this means,' she said. 'I do not understand whence you derive your power. I cannot think now. For his sake,' she continued, pointing to her father, 'I consent.'

Le Gautier sprang forward; but she repelled him with a glance.

'Listen to my conditions,' she continued. 'I have said I consent; but I warn you that if there is any loophole for escape from you, I shall take it. You are going away, you say. Nothing

must be done till your return, and then the contract shall be fulfilled. Now, go.'

When Lucrece entered the room a few moments later, she found her mistress lying unconscious upon the floor. Looking out of the window, she saw the slim figure of Le Gautier disappearing in the distance, and smiled. He was smiling, too, as he walked away. Nothing remained now but only the final interview with Marie, and to regain possession of the lost moidore. A few weeks at Warsaw, and then——

CHAPTER XV.

Maxwell had been gone a week now, and no tidings of him had reached England, save one letter to say he was in Rome. As Le Gautier turned away from Grosvenor Square, his heart one glow of triumph, he determined that, come what may, the artist should never see England again. When he returned from Warsaw, he calculated that, through Marie St Jean's assistance, all information concerning the League would be in the hands of the police, freeing him from any further bondage, and throwing all the odium and danger on her. Full of these schemes, he arrived at his lodgings. A telegram was lying on the table. He took it up mechanically, and tore it open. The contents were terse: 'Visci died this morning from heart disease.' Le Gautier was wild with rage. Here was a pretty combination, he thought. Nothing now to detain Maxwell in Rome. The victim had fallen by a higher Hand than that of man, and Maxwell was free.

As a Head Centre of the Order, Le Gautier wielded much power, and even now he did not despair, with the command of nearly all the desperadoes in Rome at his command. He had only to get Maxwell arrested in Rome on some false charge and carried to the mountains; and there—after a little delay and a packed meeting of the League—shot. Desperate men such as Le Gautier, especially with such a prize in their grasp, do not long hesitate over such a trifling matter as a human life, and he trusted to his own good luck and native audacity to pull him through.

It was getting dark the same night as he despatched a telegram to Rome, and then turned in the direction of Fitzroy Square. He was as eager now to see Isodore as he had been to encounter Enid in the afternoon, and looked forward not only to a pleasant evening but a remunerative one.

She did not keep him long waiting in the drawing-room ere she sailed in all smiles and welcome. She was looking radiantly beautiful to-night; there was a deeper flush on her face, and a glitter in her glorious eyes not usually seen there—signs of a loving welcome, Le Gautier imagined in his egotistical way. There was, besides, a warmth in her manner and a gladness in the pressure of her hand which inspired him, and sent an electric thrill coursing through his veins.

'You are looking more transcendently lovely than usual, Marie!' he exclaimed with a fervour unusual even to him. 'Every time I see you, there is some additional charm in you to note.'

'It depends upon whether the observing eye is a prejudiced one,' she replied with a caressing smile, which brought him at once to her side. 'You say that now, Hector. How long will you continue to think so?'

'As long as I have power to think at all—as long as memory serves me. I shall remember you to the last day of my life.'

'I believe you will,' Isodore smiled bewilderingly. 'And yet, strange as it may seem, the time will perhaps come when you will wish you had never seen my face.'

'You are more than usually enigmatical to-night, Marie. You are a puzzle to me. I do not even know who you are. Tell me something about yourself, and why you are living in this solitude here.'

'No; not to-night; but, as I have often promised you, I will tell you some time. I will tell you who I am before you go away; and then, when your curiosity is satisfied, you will leave me.'

'Never!' Le Gautier exclaimed passionately. 'Leave you!—the only woman I ever saw that I could really love. Leave you, Marie! How can you entertain the bare idea!'

He would have approached her nearer, but she waved him gently but firmly aside. The distance she kept him fanned his passion all the more. 'Tell me something about yourself,' she said. 'That is a topic which never fails to interest me. How about the League, this Maxwell's journey? Has he accomplished his mission yet?'

'He is not likely to, now. Visci is dead!—Gracious powers, Marie! what ails you? Are you ill?'

Isodore uttered a sharp exclamation, and then reeled forward in her chair. Her face was white and drawn, her lips trembled. Gradually her bosom ceased to heave so painfully, and she turned to Le Gautier with a white wan smile, though he could see the fan still trembling in her hands. 'It is nothing,' she said with an effort. 'I am subject to these attacks of the heart, and any news of sudden death always affects me so.—Do not look distressed; it is past now.'

'There is nothing in the name to cause you any distress?' Le Gautier asked suspiciously.

'I have heard the name before, if that is what you mean. Tell me all you know of this Carlo Visci.'

'I did not say his name was Carlo,' Le Gautier observed, somewhat sharply. 'I can tell you nothing more. When I reached home this afternoon, I had a telegram to say he was dead.'

'And this Maxwell, what of him? I suppose he will return home now?'

'He has been somewhat dilatory in obeying orders. No; he will not return. He will be detained at Rome for the present.'

'Tell me why you hate this Englishman so.'

Le Gautier started. 'How do you know I hate him?' he asked. 'I have never said so.'

'Not in so many words; but in gesture and look, when you speak of him, your actions are eloquent, my friend. He has crossed your path. Ah, well, I like a good hater. Maxwell will suffer yet.'

'Yes,' Le Gautier exclaimed involuntarily, 'he will.'

Isodore rose and walked to the piano, where she sat for a moment striking the chords idly. 'When do you go to Warsaw?' she asked.

'I have six days remaining to me.—Marie, the time has come when we must no longer delay. The pear is ripe now; all my plans are matured. I have only to hold up my hand and the League will vanish.'

All this time, Isodore played on softly, musingly, the music serving like the accompaniment of a song to force the speaker's voice. As he stood there, and she answered him, she never ceased to play the soft chords.

'Then you have everything prepared?'

'Yes, everything is ready.' He drew a low seat to her side, and seated himself there. 'All the names are made out, the whole plot prepared.'

'And you propose to hand them over to me. It is a great compliment; and I suppose I must take them. I would run greater risks than this for your sake and—my own.'

She took one hand from the ivory keys and held it out to him. Drawing a packet from his pocket, he gave it to her. She thrust it in her bosom, and ran her fingers over the keys again.

'All is there, I suppose,' she asked, 'down to the minutest detail, everything necessary to betray the League and pull it up root and branch? You have taken good care to shield yourself, I presume?'

'Of course.—And now, to talk of more pleasant things. You know I am going away in a few days; and when I return, I shall expect to find myself perfectly free.'

'You may depend upon me. I will do all I can for you.'

Le Gautier looked up sharply—the words were coldly, sternly uttered, but the quiet placid smile never left her face.

'How strangely you speak! But oh, Marie—my Marie, the only woman I ever loved, you will stand by me now, and help me, for both our sakes! Look at me, and say you will do what I ask!'

Isodore looked down, smiling brightly. 'Yes, I will do what you ask,' she said. 'And so you really love me?'

'Passionately and sincerely, such as I never expected to love woman yet.'

'I am glad to hear you say that,' Isodore replied with a thrill of exultation in her voice. 'I have waited and hoped for the time to come; but never in my wildest dreams did I look for this.'

'With your nobleness and beauty, how could it be otherwise? I should be more than a man—or less—if I looked upon you unmoved.'

'Then, for the first time for years, I am happy.'

Le Gautier started to his feet rapturously. He did not understand her yet; he thought the soft earnest words all for him. He would have caught her there and then in his eager arms, but again she repulsed him. 'No, no!' she cried; 'I have not proved you yet. Let things remain as they are till you return again to England.'

How strange, Le Gautier thought vaguely, that she should use words so similar to those of Enid to a precisely similar plea. Despite his passion, he had not thrown all prudence to the winds.

'You had better leave me now,' Isodore continued—'leave me to think and dwell over this thing.'

'But what about my badge of membership? I dare not leave England without that.'

'I had almost forgotten it in this interesting conversation. It is not in my possession; it is in Paris. You have a meeting of the League before you go for final instructions. Come to me after that, and you shall have it. I am going to Paris to-morrow, and will bring it with me.'

'You are a witch!' Le Gautier exclaimed with admiration. 'You seem to know as much as the mysterious Isodore, that princess who never shows herself unless danger besets the League. If she is the wonder men who have seen her say she is, they stand in dire need of her now.'

'Beware how you talk so lightly of her—she has the gift of farsseed. At this very moment she may know of your perfidy.'

'Perfidy is a hard word, my queen, and sounds not prettily.—And now, good-night. And you will not fail me?'

'I will *not* fail you,' Isodore replied with the stern inflection Le Gautier had noticed before, and marvelled over. 'I never fail.'

'A woman, and never fail!'

'Not in my promises. If I make a vow or pledge my word, I can wait five years or ten to fulfil it.—Good-night. And when we meet again, you will not say I have belied my contract.'

When Valerie entered some minutes later, she found Isodore with firm-set face and gleaming eyes. 'My brother is dead,' she said quietly. 'Poor Carlo! And he loved me so at one time. Now, he can never know.'

'Dead!' Valerie exclaimed. 'You do not mean to say'——

'That Maxwell killed him?—No. His heart has been failing for years, long before I left Rome; his life was not worth an hour's purchase. But I have no time to mourn over him now.—Let me see if I can do a little good with my useless occupation. I start for Rome to-morrow.'

Valerie looked at her friend in stupid astonishment.

'I cannot explain to you now. Maxwell is free to return home. As you know, it means destruction to Le Gautier's plans, if he does. I dared not press him too closely to-night; but Maxwell will be detained in Rome, in all probability by Paulo Lucci, till some charge can be trumped up for his destruction. But Lucci and his band dare not cross me; my power is too great for that. To-morrow, I leave for Rome, and pray heaven that I may not be too late!'

AMERICAN TRAITS.

It is usual in this country to regard the Americans as a homogeneous people, and to accept the Yankee as a fair type of the whole nation. But this is a fallacy. The inhabitants of the South, and more especially the descendants of the early French and Spanish colonists to be found in the Gulf States, differ radically in their morals, manners, and customs from the population of other sections of the Union. It is not, however, our purpose in this paper to enter into an extended disquisition upon the characteristics

of the people of the United States, our object being simply to touch briefly upon a few of their more prominent traits. The Puritan element in the character of the first settlers of New England has exercised an influence upon social life there which has not been confined to that limited area, but has made itself felt, in a more or less marked degree, throughout the whole of the Northern States. The differences of race and climate have, however, not only been obstacles to the inhabitants of the South accepting the Puritan standard of morals, but have also prevented the development of those traits of character to be found in the population of other parts of the country, and which are more peculiarly distinctive of the Americans as a people. We shall therefore limit ourselves to dealing with those national characteristics which have come under our observation in the Northern States.

That submission to the will of the majority which is inculcated by democratic institutions has exercised a marked influence upon the social no less than upon the political life of the people of the United States, save in the late Slave States. It has not only had the result of preventing the development of individuality of character, but likewise has considerably modified that obstinacy of temper and dogged tenacity of opinion which are to be found in the Anglo-Saxon race. The late Lord Beaconsfield on one occasion said in the House of Commons that a gentleman who had spent several years in America had declared to him that it was his belief that 'the citizens of the republic were the most tractable people in the world, and the readiest open to conviction by argument.'

In the United States, the absence of that segregation of the various grades of society which exist in Europe is evinced by the habits and manners of the masses in that country. If the national independence of character be occasionally pushed too far, and degenerate into offensive self-assertion, at least it prevents any approach to servility. No inequality of position or circumstances will induce a native of any of the Northern States to submit to being dealt with in the manner or spoken to in the tone which, in England, the man in broadcloth too frequently adopts, as a matter of course, towards the man in fustian. The late Sydney Godolphin Osborne used to relate how, once, a respectable artisan said to him: 'I like you, my lord; there is nothing of the gentleman about you.' The meaning of the speaker was undoubtedly that Lord Osborne did not treat him in the patronising manner that members of the higher class usually address those whom they regard as their social inferiors. Now, no one perhaps has a keener appreciation of the advantages of wealth and education than the American; but that the possessor of them should feel himself justified in using towards the man who lacks these adventitious gifts the language of a superior to an inferior, is what he cannot understand, and which he will not for one moment put up with. An anecdote Thackeray used to relate of an experience of his when in the United States well illustrates this trait of the people. While in New York, he expressed to a friend a desire to see some of the 'Bowery Bhoys,' who, he had heard, were a class of the community peculiar to that city. So one evening he was taken to the Bowery, and he was shown a 'Bhoy.' The young man, the business of the day being over, had changed his attire. He wore a dress-coat, black trousers, and a satin waistcoat; whilst a tall hat rested on the back of his head, which was adorned with long well-greased hair—known as 'soap-locks'—a style which the rowdies of that day affected. The youth was leaning against a lamp-post, smoking an enormous cigar; and his whole aspect was one of ineffable self-satisfaction. The eminent novelist, after contemplating him for a few moments with silent admiration, said to the gentleman by whom he was accompanied: 'This is a great and gorgeous creature!' adding: 'Can I speak to him without his taking offence?'

Receiving an answer in the affirmative, Thackeray went up to the fellow, on the pretext of asking his way, and said: 'My good man, I want to go to Broome Street.'

But the unlucky phrase, 'My good man,' roused the gall of the individual spoken to. Instead, therefore, of affording the information sought, the 'Bhoy'—a diminutive specimen of humanity, scarcely over five feet in height—eyeing the tall form of his interlocutor askance, answered the query in the sense that his permission had been asked for the speaker to visit the locality in question, and he said, patronisingly: 'Well, sonny, yer kin go thar.'

When Thackeray subsequently related the incident, he laughingly declared that he was so disconcerted by the unexpected response, that he had not the courage to continue the dialogue.

The question, however, differently put would, in all probability, have elicited a civil answer from ninety-nine out of a hundred of the members of the class to which the man belonged. In fact, the discourtesy, and even rudeness, of which some travellers in the United States complain have arisen from the fact of their failing to appreciate the difference existing between the social systems of that country and their own.

The wide gulf in culture which in England separates the upper and middle classes from the lower orders, does not exist in America. This has arisen from various causes. In the first place, the great bulk of the people of the Union are much better educated than is as yet the case in this country. The admirable system of common or, as they are termed, 'public' schools which prevails in America affords facilities for all children obtaining a sound English education without the payment by their parents of any school fees, and at a trifling cost to the taxpayer in all sections of the Union, and especially in the West, where large grants have been made of the State lands in support of the public schools. In the second place, the social status of the working classes who are *natives* of the United States has been raised by the fact that the Americans are almost exclusively engaged in avocations demanding intelligence and skilled labour. This has been owing to the circumstance that upon the coloured population and the Irish and German immigrants have devolved those coarse and irksome occupations which have to be followed by a portion of the inhabitants of other countries. To give one instance of this alone, it may be stated that rarely is a native American citizen, man or woman, found occupying the position

of a domestic servant in any of the Atlantic cities.

The wages, too, commanded by artisans and mechanics averaging nearly double those of the same class in other countries, it follows, necessarily, that vice and crime—the inevitable concomitants of a state of society in which the condition of the mass of the lower classes is but one step removed from absolute indigence, as is the case in most European countries—are not nearly so prevalent in America. In the New England States, where the foreign population is small, there is not a country in Europe—possibly with the exception of Holland—where there is so little crime. Few persons, indeed, are aware how much the foreign element in the community, in many of the States, contributes to the statistics of the offences which come under the cognisance of the criminal tribunals. In the State of New York alone, seventy per cent. of the infractions of the law are committed by the Irish, whilst the fair ratio of this class in proportion to the whole population would be a little less than twenty per cent.

One of the most marked characteristics of the Americans is their rooted determination to resist any legislation which shall recognise any class distinctions in the community. Of course, no one contends that the man of wealth, education, and culture is not the superior, in one sense of the word, of him who lacks these. The equality insisted upon is simply this: that no class of society shall make the circumstance of enjoying these adventitious advantages a ground for the members of it basing a claim to be a separate caste, possessing rights and privileges—fenced in by law—denied to the bulk of their countrymen. This sentiment found expression in the opposition which the proposal met with, a few years ago, that persons in the Civil Service of the Federal government should be irremovable, save for misconduct, instead of being turned out of their places after every change of administration, as had previously been the case. It was argued that fixity of tenure of office would have the result of creating a bureaucracy, the members of which would come in time to regard themselves as a privileged class. That these apprehensions were unfounded, experience of the practical working of the new system of government patronage has proved. But the very fact of the objection having been raised at all shows how sensitive public opinion was on the subject.

One noticeable feature of American society is that in none of the Northern States does an officer in the army or navy enjoy the social status that he commands in all European countries. Holmes, in *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, has commented upon this trait of his countrymen. He says: 'It is curious to observe of how small account military folk are held among our Northern people. Our young men must gild their spurs, but they need not win them. The equal division of property keeps the younger sons of rich people above the necessity of military service. Thus, the army loses one element of refinement, and the moneyed upper classes forget what it is to count heroism amongst their virtues. Still, I don't believe in any aristocracy without pluck as its backbone. Ours may show it when the day comes, if ever it does come.'

The opportunity for young men of the wealthier class proving their manhood came sooner than Holmes anticipated when he penned the above remarks; for less than three years later, the civil war broke out, and then this class were not slack in responding to the call of their country for their services. Numerous instances occurred of young men reared in luxury—unable to obtain commissions owing to their want of military training—shouldering muskets in the ranks of the Federal armies; and their patriotism received due recognition from their fellow-citizens. But in time of peace it is the members of the community who are engaged in those pursuits best remunerated who are held in the highest estimation—a necessary result of a condition of society in which wealth is the standard by which social position is measured and defined. The girl who in the French song exclaims, 'Oh! que j'aime les militaires!' utters a sentiment which as a rule finds no echo in the hearts of the American fair. An odd illustration of this fact came under the observation of the writer when he was resident in New York. A lady—whose brother had been educated at the government Military Academy at West Point—gave, in all seriousness, the reason why this gentleman, after graduating, had not accepted a commission in the army, in these words: 'He had a higher ambition than to be a mere soldier, so he has become a dry-goods merchant.'

In New York, and indeed in all the larger Atlantic cities, a class has sprung up of late years which affects to look down upon the political and social institutions of their country. Mr Howells, in his novel *A Woman's Reason*, speaking of one of the Upper Ten, says: 'He saw what a humbug democracy and equality really were. He must have seen that nobody practically believes in them.' This sentiment may accurately reflect the opinions of a limited class, but it is an absolute fallacy to assert that such views are generally entertained. On the contrary, they have not to any appreciable extent permeated the people at large, and there is not the slightest likelihood of their affecting the national life or changing its standards.

In closing these desultory observations upon some of the characteristic traits of the Americans, the writer may state that they are based upon personal observation during a residence of several years in the United States.

COUSIN GEORGE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

Mr Nicholas Smethby lived, in pretty easy circumstances, at a town some thirty or forty miles distant from London, from which metropolis he had retired on leaving off business. His profession had been, nominally, that of an accountant; but he had seldom troubled himself greatly about accounts, and had not received many commissions to investigate them. He had really been a speculator in stocks and shares, in a small but profitable way; and while he lent but little of his own money in loans, had made a great deal of profit as agent, or 'middleman,' between those who wished to borrow and those who were able to lend. So Mr Smethby had

lived in a circle in which it was necessary for him to have his wits about him, and in which a somewhat decided hankering for gain was likely to be developed; yet in this he was perhaps no worse than most of his neighbours; while, 'cute as he was, he was not a bad sort of fellow, take him altogether. He was pleasant and social enough in his family circle, a pretty large one, but reduced, as far as his own household was concerned, to one daughter, Harriet, the other members having married. Two of these had settled in the neighbourhood of Valeborough, the town referred to; while Mr Smethby had long been a widower. He had no other relations, that he knew of, and, as he was wont to say when speaking on the subject, he did not want to hear of any. His cousin, George Styles, was the last he had had much to do with, and, ah!—Mr Smethby would exclaim at such times as the subject was brought up—he did not care about any more like him.

'Twenty years ago, sir,' he would explain, 'he called on me with a cock-and-bull story of his being in trouble and wanting to get to Australia; and I was fool enough to lend him twenty pounds. Yes, sir, lent twenty pounds to a man I did not care two straws for, and had seen barely a dozen times in my life. What was the consequence? Why, I never heard any more of him or my twenty pounds either, and don't know to this day whether he went to Australia or not. I should decidedly say *not*. That is all I know about my relations.'

It must be owned that it was at the best a selfish kind of cheerfulness, which was derived from the belief that he had no kith or kin out of his own household; but Smethby was rather a selfish man. He certainly was too fond of talking in this strain.

It happened that, towards the close of a bright June day, Mr Smethby was at a railway station some two or three miles from his residence. To aid in identifying the town, we may say that there was another line which ran through or at least close to it; but from the station in question, an omnibus plied to Valeborough, and it was for this vehicle that Mr Smethby waited on the little platform.

'We shall have a wet night, I expect,' said a voice in his ear.

He looked round, and saw a sailor-like man, whom he had already noticed, and who was scanning the horizon in a sailor-like manner. Mr Smethby made a fitting reply to this remark, and a desultory conversation ensued. The expected omnibus now coming into sight as it crossed a rise in the road at some distance, Smethby instinctively shifted his valise a little nearer to the gate. The man good-naturedly helped him, as he was close to the bag, and exclaimed, as he saw the label upon it: 'Smethby! It is odd that I should see that name to-day, for it is not a common one.'

'I do not think it is often met with,' said Mr Smethby. 'But what is there odd in your seeing it to-day?'

'Well, perhaps not much,' replied the man, with a smile; 'but I was talking about that name a good deal yesterday, and for weeks before.'

'Indeed! May I ask how that was?' said his listener.

'I have just come from Australia,' returned the sailor. (Mr Smethby could not help growing suddenly attentive at this.) 'I landed yesterday at Gravesend, and bade good-bye to an old chum. Ah! he was a good chum too! Five years had I worked in the next claim to old George, as we called him. His right name was George Styles.'

'George Styles!' exclaimed Mr Smethby.—'But I must apologise for interrupting you.'

'He had done well—better than any of us,' continued the sailor. 'Some folks said he was worth a quarter of a million of money; but I never believed that; about half the figure would be nigher. He said he had no friends in England he cared for now, except one Mr Smethby. That is why the name startled me. He was always talking about him. It was on purpose to see him he went on to London with the ship; he lives somewhere in the City.'

'O—h!' said Mr Smethby. This was a long-sustained syllable, the gentleman having a curiously complicated rush of thought just then.

'Yes, he lives in London; and I think old George means playing a rare trick on him,' said the sailor, whose smile broke into a laugh here. 'He used to say what a game it would be to go and pretend he was poor and broken down, so as to see who were his real friends and who were not. It is my belief he will do it too; and when I go back to London, I'll try to find him out, to hear all about it. Ha, ha, ha!'

The omnibus drew up at this moment; and the sailor, knowing their conference must end, touched his cap and drew back.

'A—was this George Styles really so rich? I ask, because your story has interested me,' said Mr Smethby hurriedly. 'He must be a droll fellow!'

'Rich! Why, I've seen with my own eyes the banker's receipts for the best part of a ton of gold of his, first and last,' returned the sailor; 'and that was only a part of his luck. His last words to me were: "Bill"—my name is Bill Brown—"Bill, as long as I live, you shall never want a friend." Nor I shan't, I know.—Good-day, sir.'

Mr Smethby entered the vehicle, and had a silent, thoughtful ride to Valeborough. The sailor's conversation, helter-skelter and rattle-brain as it was, had furnished him with much food for thought; and finding that his son was at his house, when he arrived there—this son was married and settled at Valeborough—he immediately took him, with Miss Harriet, into council. *During his narrative, repeated exclamations of astonishment broke from his hearers.*

'Why, father,' cried his daughter as he finished, 'this must be your cousin George; and you are the Mr Smethby he is looking for.'

'*Of* course I am; I saw that at once,' replied her father.

'*But what is to be done?' asked Mr Joe, the son.* 'You have left London for years; he may be looking about for you till doomsday, and be no nearer finding you.'

'I suppose he will go to my old address. The people there know where I am, and will send him down,' said Mr Smethby. 'I expect that is how it will be.'

'I hope so, I am sure,' continued his son; 'otherwise, we may lose a splendid chance.'

Smethby could not help admitting the possibility of this, which seemed to disturb him a good deal, yet nothing could be done to avert it.

'We must be careful to show him every kindness,' said Harriet. 'After having been away from England so long, he will feel pleased at'——

'Leave me alone,' interposed Smethby, with a nod and a wink, which meant much. 'I flatter myself I can see my way here pretty clearly. I only hope he comes, that is all.'

Mr Smethby would have written to his successors in London, asking them to give his address to any inquirer; but he abstained, partly because he felt sure they would do this in any case, but chiefly from the danger that his request might be mentioned to his cousin, and so show that he, Mr Smethby, had a knowledge of his arrival in England.

No days in the lives of Mr Smethby and his family had ever appeared so long as each of the next two or three which followed their little family interview. The suspense was—as the elder gentleman pronounced it to be—'excruciating;' but it came to an end in time.

Mr Smethby was in his front-garden in the afternoon, trying to occupy himself; but his mind was busy on a subject very different from botany, when, happening to look up from his flower-beds, he met the eyes of a man who was watching him over the fence, as this man stood on the footpath. He smiled when he met the glance of Smethby, who actually recoiled in his astonishment; for although he had been thinking without cessation of his cousin, yet it was like an electric shock in its suddenness to look round and find the very man face to face with him; for this was, must be, he felt, George Styles. He did not know him, had no recollection of his features; but the bronzed, bushy-whiskered, bushy-bearded man, dressed something like a sailor, yet not to be mistaken for one, who smiled at him across the garden fence, was his cousin, there could be no doubt of that.

'Well, Nick, old fellow!' began the stranger; 'I see you know me, although it is many years since we parted.'

'Why, it is George Styles!' exclaimed Mr Smethby, with an assumption of surprise and 'gush' which did him infinite credit, and of which he felt secretly proud for a good while. He seized the other's hand and wrung it over the fence with a prolonged heartiness, as though he could not bear to relinquish it. 'My dear old boy, how glad I am to see you!' he resumed, as soon, it appeared, as his feelings would allow him to speak. 'Come in. How did you find me out? But never mind that now. Come in! I shall have a thousand things to talk about.—This is Harriet; the only unmarried one now; she was in arms when you went away, so I don't expect you to remember her.—Now, Harriet, let us have a cup of tea; and put the best we have in the house on the table to-day, if we never do so again.'

'You are almost too kind, Nick,' said the other, and there was really a little catch in his voice as he spoke. 'I did not expect—indeed, I don't deserve such generosity. I think I had first better run down to the *Railway Tap* and bespeak my room there, for I hope to stay three or four days at Valeborough.'

'Three or four days!' exclaimed Mr Smethby; 'bespeak a room at the *Railway Tap!* I don't mean to part with you, now I have found you again, under three or four months; and if you do not make this your home for everything, I—I—I'll never forgive you.'

Miss Harriet, in an equally gratifying strain, indorsed these sentiments, at which Styles was evidently affected.

'I did not expect—could not have hoped for this,' he returned; 'and seeing that I have returned a—a poor man'—the awkward stop he made, ere he could get this out, amused Smethby—'it is so kind of you. If it will not cause any inconvenience, I will stay here a little while, and I will do anything I can to repay your generosity'——

Here he was interrupted by the good-tempered laughter which such an idea excited, and the evening passed off merrily.

Mr Joe and his wife looked in—by chance, as they explained; as did Mr Brooks and his wife—formerly Miss Susy Smethby—who came also by chance; the result being that there was quite a jovial party, and that Mr Styles received the warmest invitations to become a frequent visitor at the house of Mr Joe and at that of Mr Brooks.

After this night, too, there was unwonted pleasantry at Mr Smethby's, for not only his family but some of the neighbours were constantly dropping in, and it was wonderful what an interest they all took in the gentleman from Australia. The latter was very guarded—kept up his character well, did him great credit, Mr Joe said. But no one can avoid an occasional flaw, and one or two were detected even in him. He was wont to deplore the hardships which unsuccessful men suffered in a colony—in fact, he did not like to enter on any detail of his painful experiences—never would do so.

'Your hardships do not seem greatly to have injured you, George,' his host would answer; 'you look a good ten years younger than your age; and many a man who has never been fifty miles from London shows the wear and tear of toil and worry, of which you complain so much, more than you do.'

'Ah! but it is the future!' Mr Styles would say, when such a debate arose—he would say it with a sad shake of the head—'it is the future which preys on my mind, what I am to do for the rest of my life.'

It was difficult for Mr Smethby, knowing so much as he did, to listen gravely to such arguments as these; but he was grave, and his manner encouraged Styles to confide in him—after a fashion.

He soon showed an interest in speaking of certain Australian investments which it appeared some friend of his thought highly of; a shallow ruse, not likely to deceive such a man as his cousin. Styles further mentioned that a gold-miner whom he knew had put ten thousand pounds into one of these specs less than two years before, and he could now sell out for thirty thousand any day he chose; but he was too good a judge to do that, as in another two years the present value would be doubled, and then, perhaps, he might be tempted to realise. This same miner, as he had heard, held five or six

other investments, nearly all as good, and was in expectation of hearing news which would enable him to employ the other half of his capital, which was now lying idle—only making a paltry three per cent.—quite as well. All this Mr Styles had heard from his friend.

All this amused Smethby, who read his visitor the more thoroughly in proportion as the latter sought to envelop himself in these far-fetched disguises. No additional proof was needed to satisfy Smethby; but the evidence was in a manner forced upon him to expose most completely the absurd trick which his cousin was attempting to play off upon him.

Harriet found a letter on the floor of their visitor's room: it would have been expecting too much from the feminine, or perhaps from any temperament, to suppose she would not read it. Its contents were so interesting, although exceedingly brief, that she showed the note to her father. It was from a firm in London, a stockbroker's evidently, referring to some inquiry from 'George Styles, Esq.' as to the purchase of shares to the amount of twenty thousand pounds, in the Bodgamaree mines—the very speculation that Smethby had heard his cousin refer to in their last conversation as being in great favour with the unnamed gold-miner! The shares were low at present, the letter said, and could be bought at about eighty per cent., so that a little over sixteen thousand pounds would be sufficient.

'That settles it, then,' said Smethby. 'Be sure to put the letter back where you found it, Harriet; and mind what I told you the other day. Play your cards properly, and I am sure you will win.'

This utterance was rather obscure; but his daughter understood it well enough to induce her to pout and frown a little, and to move with what is generally described as a 'flounce.'

'Ah! it is all very well,' said the gentleman; 'but you ought to know better than to dream of allowing a quarter of a million of money to go out of the family.—Who is Robert Crewe, I should like to know?'

This speech would have been, to a third party, equally obscure with that which had gone before; but as we do not wish to have any mystery, we may explain that, almost from the first, Cousin George had appeared much impressed by Harriet's good looks, and had shown her attentions which gradually became more marked. He was five-and-twenty years older than the girl, it was true; but as he had himself said to Smethby, a man ought to be a good deal older than a woman, when they marry; and when a man had been abroad, knocking about the world best part of his time, he then knew what a home was, and felt the want of a young and cheerful wife.

All this Smethby had pointed out to his daughter before; but was shocked to find—for he really considered her a sensible, clear-headed girl, as a rule—that a ridiculous friendship with one Robert Crewe, a doctor's assistant in the town, blocked the way of this new road to wealth and position.

Robert Crewe! Smethby had not ordinary patience with the idea. He admitted that he had known of, and in some sort of way approved, or, rather, had not forbidden this intimacy—it was in this roundabout manner he now described his conduct—and the young fellow, in his place, might be well enough; but to compare him and his miserable gallipot and sticking-plaster prospects, with George Styles, was enough to put any man out of temper. Robert Crewe, forsooth!

Yet, with all this natural indignation and in spite of this sarcasm, Miss Harriet could not quite make up her mind to renounce the young doctor; but it might come in time.

That very night—after the discovery of the letter, we mean—Mr Styles on his return broached two subjects which were strongly suggestive, especially when his hearers were behind the scenes to a degree he did not suspect. These hearers were only Mr Smethby and his daughter. It was a quiet night, such as delighted Mr Styles; he really appeared to enjoy himself pretty well under all conditions; but he declared this evening that a snug little family chat was sweeter than anything else, to an old wanderer like himself. Port, sherry, and claret were at hand; for while Smethby was, as a rule, strictly economical, so that wine rarely appeared at his table, his hospitality to his cousin led him into a freer display of such luxuries now, than of old. But the taste of Mr Styles was simple—old-fashioned, he said; and he drank scarcely anything but cold brandy-and-water, to which he was remarkably partial. It was over a glass of this innocent beverage—always mixed half and half, at which, even in his bloom of hospitality, Mr Smethby winced—that he spoke of the subjects indicated. He referred to a friend of his—it was odd how satisfied he seemed with this shallow artifice, and how often he resorted to it—who was about to buy a small property near London. This property was at Richmond—only a mere toy, a little villa, with coachhouse and stables; a pretty conservatory, with a couple of acres of land—that was all. It was freehold—his friend would have nothing else—and it commanded the prettiest view on the river.

Now, what was Miss Harriet's opinion? Did she prefer living in the country outright, or near London? What did she think of his friend's choice? Harriet hesitated, and her colour went and came; but Smethby spoke up for her, and said that, like every other young girl, she would prefer living near the great metropolis, with its theatres, its balls, its parks and the like.—O yes! of course. Harriet but feebly echoed this opinion, which was repeated and enlarged on by Smethby.

Later in the evening, when the elders were alone, Styles brought up his friend again; it was, as before, in reference to an investment, and Mr George said how he wished his cousin 'had a little money to spare, as he knew—his friend knew, that was—of a chance for doubling and trebling every penny invested.

Smethby, with his usual good-tempered laugh—he was always good-tempered, when with Styles—said that for all George knew he might have a trifle by him. On hearing this, his cousin expressed his pleasure, and said that his friend was going to invest nearly twenty thousand pounds in the spec. Such figures were beyond Smethby, as that gentleman owned; but one, or even two thousand, he might command. In short, ere they parted that night, he had resolved to remove his cash from his deposit account at

the town bank and join this friend in his speculation.

Styles was pleased to hear this; and when Smethby said he should like to see his friend, laughed, and confusedly said he would tell his cousin more about him soon.

ECONOMY OF FUEL.

Mr Hull, a celebrated geologist, has calculated that there is still a quantity of coal in store in England and Wales sufficient to afford a supply of one hundred and twenty millions of tons for about five hundred years. This would be a cheerful estimate, if we could cordially and unquestioningly accept it. But, unfortunately, we cannot, other competent observers having affirmed that the coal deposits of this country will be exhausted in less than two hundred years. We would, therefore, urge with all earnestness, that the people and the government should pay more especial attention to this vital subject than they have hitherto done.

Of course, there are two chief points on which any interference could be effectual: these are, the exportation of coal, and the wasteful processes of mining now in vogue. The former of these involves the great question of free-trade, and the right of each coal-proprietor to sell the produce of his land and labour at the best possible price. The latter is even a still more difficult thing to meddle with, and must, perhaps, be met rather by the provisions made on the part of landed proprietors, when leasing their subterranean property to practical miners, than by anything government can do. At present, the proprietor, having a life-interest in his estate, desires to obtain from the mines the largest amount of the most valuable coal at the smallest working loss. The result is, that vast quantities of inferior but yet valuable material are left in the pits; quantities that would do something towards meeting the growing consumption in this kingdom.

Selfish, narrow-minded people might exclaim: 'Oh! there will be quite enough of coal to last us our time. We don't expect or want to live for ever; therefore, we won't bother ourselves about the economy of fuel.'

Let us remind such unpatriotic mortals that our manufacturing and commercial interests rest upon our supplies of coal as their foundation-stone. Our commercial rivals across the Atlantic possess magnificent coal-fields, that are practically of indefinite extent. Exhaust *our* coal-fields, and their supremacy will become complete. It behoves each and every one of us to think of the future of our country and of the interests of those who come after us.

Perchance some cynic may say: 'What has posterity ever done for me? Let posterity take care of itself.'

'Very well,' we reply; 'let posterity do for itself. Let us only be influenced by selfish and non-altruistic principles, and think only of ourselves. The question is, how can we put money into our own pockets by using less coal than we do?'

First, we can do so by using proper grates. Down to the time of Count Rumford, the modern world of coal-burners never thought of the true theory of caloric in connection with grates. Burners of wood had not tried to be economical; they did not expect to be warm on more than one side. When their bodies were scorched and their eyes smarted, they had what they bargained for. Rumford appeared as a new teacher; he laid down the principles of heat and combustion with admirable clearness, and flooded England with grates of his favourite type. But in spite of the teachings of the Count, coal-fires of to-day are as dirty, chilly, and as wasteful as ever.

The waste of coal in Britain is positively disgraceful. One hundred and twenty millions of tons are consumed every year. Of this, one half might be saved by the adoption of improved appliances. About thirty million pounds sterling might thus be kept in our banks, instead of being turned into cinders and smoke. The pall of smoke and fog that broods over London contains in a single day fifty tons of coal! The fact is that we burn coal in house-fires on an entirely false principle—that is, on the principle of a blast-furnace, letting cold air pass through the centre of the fire, to blaze the coal rapidly away, and hurry the heat and half-burnt gases unused up the chimney. We have to go back to the good old principle of the embers on the earth, when the hearth was, as it is at the present day in many Irish cottages, a true 'focus,' a centre of accumulated heat. We must, then, return to truer lines, and make our fireplace again a 'focus' or 'well' of stored heat, into which we put our fuel, first to be distilled into gas, which, rising at a high temperature from its hot bed, meets the air gliding towards the chimney, and bursts into flame, communicating heat to the firebrick back and to the room. Then, when all the gases have been burnt off, the red-hot coke remains, and burns away in the bottom of the grate at a slow rate, yet radiating abundant heat into the room.

This desirable end is gained by using Mr Teale's 'Economiser.' The 'Coal Economiser' is simply a shield of sheet-iron which stands on the hearth, and rises as high as the lowest bar of the grate, against which it should fit accurately, so as to shut in the space under the fire. Any ordinary blacksmith can make the 'Economiser.' It is applicable to any range, whether in the cottages of the poor or the mansions of the rich. Those who wish for greater elegance can have it made of steel or brass. Its chief purpose is to cut off the under current, and to keep the chamber under the fire hot.

Count Rumford affirmed that seven-eighths of the heat was carried up the chimney. Heat is wasted in three ways: by combustion under the influence of a strong draught; by imperfect combustion; by the escape of heat through the sides and the back of the fireplace. By using the 'Economiser' all this is altered. If there is plenty of heat round the fuel, then but little oxygen will do. But burn coal with a chilling jacket, and it needs a fierce draught of oxygen to sustain it. High temperature does not imply complete combustion, for in making gas, coke is left. When the 'Economiser' is applied, the fire burns with an orange colour, for the stream of oxygen is slow and steady, and the coal undergoes complete combustion; consequently, there is an entire absence of cinders, and only a little

fine snuff-like powder falls into the 'economised' chamber. Smoke is also conspicuous by its absence.

In a recent lecture delivered at the Royal Institution, Mr Teale mentioned several additional points about the structure of fireplaces, which tend to the saving of fuel. (1) As much firebrick and as little iron as possible should be used. Iron absorbs the heat, and chiefly in directions in which the heat is least wanted. Firebrick retains and accumulates heat. (2) The back of the fireplace should lean or arch over the fire, so as to become heated by the rising flame. The heated back sends forth abundant radiant heat into the room. 'Milner's' back is a capital arrangement; so is the Nelson 'Rifle' back. (3) The bottom of the grating should be deep from before backwards. (4) The slits in the grating should be narrow; this prevents small cinders from falling through. (5) The bars in front should be narrow.

If the foregoing instructions are attended to, there will be an enormous saving of fuel. Soot and smoke will be diminished, and there will be no half-burnt cinders.

The late Sir William Siemens was an ardent advocate for the use of gas as a heating agent. At the British Association of 1882, he said: 'The time is not far distant when both rich and poor will largely resort to gas, the most convenient, the cleanest, and cheapest of heating agents, and when raw coal will only be seen at the colliery or gasworks. In all cases where the town to be supplied is within, say, thirty miles of the colliery, the gasworks may with advantage be placed at the mouth, or, still better, at the bottom of the pit, whereby all haulage of fuel would be avoided, and the gas in its ascent from the bottom of the colliery would acquire an onward pressure sufficient, probably, to impel it to its destination.' No doubt, if this scheme could be realised, we would all be deeply indebted to the great man who first suggested it. More than one half of the coal now consumed would be saved by its adoption. At present, we must be content with the old order of things.

It is astonishing, however, that so few people employ gas instead of coal as a cooking agent, especially in summer. It secures an immense saving of labour, not to speak of its superiority over coal in respect to coolness. In the hot summer days, cooking with a coal-fire in an ordinary range is a tremendous trial to the poor cook. The kitchen is like an oven. What a difference if gas is used! The moment it is no longer required it can be turned off, and the temperature of the kitchen is soon lowered. By using a gas-stove, no coal is required during the summer. It is less expensive than coal. Of course, care must be taken to have it turned off directly it is no longer required, and a proper economy exercised in its use. Mr Fletcher, of Warrington, a high authority on gas for cooking and heating purposes, says: 'The cost of gas, even if wastefully used, must be considered not only as regards the saving of coal, but also, what is far greater, the saving in weight of meat roasted, which is considerable, and the reduced wear and tear, waste, dirt, and consequent labour. Taken altogether as affecting the total housekeeping expenses, gas is cheaper than coal for cooking at any price not exceeding twelve or fourteen shillings per thousand cubic feet; coal being, say, twelve to fourteen shillings per ton.' The majority of people, however, pay very much less for their gas, and more for coal; in which case, gas will be much cheaper than coal.

Asbestos heated by gas makes a suitable fire. It is cleanly, quiet, free from dust, and convenient; and it can be turned on or extinguished in an instant.

Enough has been written to show that economy of fuel is not merely theoretical and fanciful, but that it is practicable and worthy of earnest attention.

THE SIGN OF THE *RED INDIAN*.

Just on the outskirts of the seaport and garrison town of Chubleigh, in the south-west of England, stands a little old-fashioned hostelry called the *Red Indian*. How it came by its name is involved in obscurity. The antiquity of the inn is undoubted, and a tradition is current in the district, that during the unfortunate Monmouth's rebellion it was used as the temporary headquarters of Colonel Kirke. In its back-garden, a wooden seat is still shown to visitors on which that bloodthirsty officer, surrounded by his 'lambs,' is alleged to have sat in judgment, and thence ruthlessly consigned to the gallows scores of the unoffending rustics of the locality. From time immemorial, the *Red Indian* has been in the hands of a family named Slade. The present proprietor, though, generally speaking, as deliberate in manner as John Willet, is yet apt to be garrulously communicative in talking of his inn and its interesting historical associations. Above the rustic porch over the door there is fixed a large, rudely carved, wooden figure of a savage holding in its hand a tomahawk. The Indian's nose was long ago knocked off by a well-directed stone thrown by some mischievous urchin; his original coat of paint has peeled off, and large cracks are visible, which run the whole length of the figure. Altogether, this Indian is as disreputable-looking a sign as a traveller might perceive throughout the length and breadth of England. Nevertheless, it is in connection with this dilapidated timber savage that the writer obtained, from the landlord of the *Red Indian*, materials for the following story.

When the present century was in its infancy, the son of the then proprietor, and grand-uncle of the present landlord, was engaged in the capacity of boatswain of a privateer, which had been fitted out with the object of preying on the French merchant service. In the Mediterranean, the privateer captured a large vessel, which in part was laden with the product of the labours of a Parisian curiosity-hunter, who had been despoiling ancient Grecian temples, with the object of supplying the virtuosi of the French metropolis with antique sculptures and bronzes, and thereby securing a large profit to himself.

The privateersmen were greatly disappointed at not finding specie, and what they considered marketable merchandise, on board the Frenchman, and attached but little value to the battered though priceless bas-reliefs and statues. Boatswain Slade took a great fancy to a life-sized bronze gladiator, which he considered would prove an acceptable addition to the attractions of the back-garden of his father's inn, and managed, for a few shillings, to effect its purchase from the captain.

Shortly after the glorious victory of Trafalgar, the privateer was paid off at Chubleigh; and the boatswain conveyed the statue on shore to his father's inn. The gladiator was placed on a brick pedestal, flanked on either side by two rusty carronades; and the bareness of the surroundings was relieved by the artistic disposal of a number of huge shells which the boatswain had brought from 'foreign parts.' The host of the *Red Indian*, however, was soon struck by the idea of making the figure a sign for his hostelry. He had but little sentimental regard for the rich green mould of antiquity, so, with execrable vandalism, carefully scraped it off the statue, and had the gladiator painted a bright scarlet by a local artist, who took payment for his work in the old ale for which the hostelry was famous. This operation performed, the metamorphosed gladiator was removed to a prominent position in front of the inn door, and for years did duty as a Red Indian. Its brilliant appearance was a perpetual source of gratification and delight to the host and his numerous customers; while inquiring strangers were proudly informed that it had been captured from the frog-eaters. Once a year the extemporised Indian received a fresh coat of paint; and save when its head was decorated at times with a disused tin pail or an old hat by some facetious individuals, it was not otherwise interfered with.

At the close of the year 1815, Chubleigh was *en fête* in connection with the disembarkation of the 31st Regiment of Light Dragoons, which during that year had performed doughty service at Waterloo, and which had just returned from the occupation of Paris. The piping times of peace had again returned, and, naturally enough, the officers and men who had assisted to destroy the power of the once dreaded 'Boney' were the objects of popular pride and enthusiasm among the inhabitants of the town. When the regiment settled down in quarters, invitations to the houses of the principal townsmen were showered on the officers, and each vied with the other to entertain these heroes of Waterloo.

The younger officers, several of whom had left school to join their regiment in Belgium, gave themselves prodigious airs; but no one considered himself of so much importance as a raw young Connaught-man, a cornet named Mike Macnamara. Mike, a warrior of about nine months' service, created great amusement both in the officers' mess and in the houses to which he was invited by boasting about the number of Frenchmen whom he had placed *hors de combat* in the late short but eventful campaign. His bounce together with his extreme simplicity rendered him the butt of his brother-officers, and he was in consequence the victim of numerous practical jokes. In these days, and for many years subsequently, rough horse-play and the perpetration of the most uncomfortable imaginable practical jokes were characteristic of the spirited gentlemen who officered the regiments of British cavalry. Those of our readers who took the trouble, some years ago, to wade through the evidence at the Tichborne trial, will remember the description of the ruthless tricks played on the simple undoubted Roger by his brother-carabineers. At the present day, military practical joking is somewhat out of fashion, and any games that may be played are curtailed of their former disagreeable proportions, and have assumed a comparatively mild character.

Cornet Macnamara's room was the favourite arena for a display of the ingenious tricks of his facetiously inclined brother-officers. Thistles and dead cats were placed between his sheets; trapfuls of live rats were let loose in the apartment; the nuts of his iron bedstead were unscrewed, so that when the poor fellow turned in, the framework of the couch tumbled to pieces and landed the mattress on the floor, while at the same time he was douched by a tub of water from the shelf above, which was fastened with cord to the mattress, and upset simultaneously with the collapse of the bed. On such occasions Mike was naturally wroth, and expressed himself as anxious to call out the offenders; but despite his utmost vigilance and caution, he could never capture his tormentors.

Late one evening, a party of revellers from barracks were passing the *Red Indian*, when they espied the vermilioned gladiator. Nothing would satisfy them but to feloniously remove the statue and return with it to quarters—a work of considerable difficulty, as the figure was heavy. Arrived thither with their load, some one suggested that it should be placed in Cornet Macnamara's room; and this idea was hailed with general enthusiasm. A scout was despatched to the messroom, in order to keep watch on Mike's movements, and give the alarm in case he should appear on the scene. With great labour the gladiator was hoisted to the top of the staircase of the officer's house; and Mike's room door having been forced open, the jokers placed the statue in front of his dressing-table, on the top of an inverted iron coal-box. The staircase at the time was in process of being whitewashed, so the officers obtained possession of a tub of the mixture, and smeared the 'Red Indian' a dirty white; then taking the sheets from Mike's bed, they hung them about the figure, turning it into a respectable-looking ghost. Afterwards, the officers dropped one by one into the messroom, and joined a group who were listening with great amusement to a new-fangled story which was being retailed by Macnamara regarding his prowess at Waterloo.

Mike, after clapping an additional two Frenchmen to the previous grand total of the number who had fallen by his sword, as narrated in his tale of the previous night, left the messroom in order to proceed to his quarters, whither, in a minute or two, he was stealthily followed by the whole of the officers, who anticipated great fun from the consternation of their victim when beholding the ghastly apparition in his bedroom. Mike gaily entered the apartment, singing

a love ditty of his native land, and began to fumble for his tinder-box. After several attempts, he at last managed to light his candle, and of course at once perceived the ghost. The cornet was filled with the superstitious notions of a certain section of his countrymen, and started back nearly overcome with terror. 'Ye saints in glory! what's that?' he cried; then leaving the room, he plunged madly down the staircase, and rushed yelling across the parade ground in the direction of the messroom. In his headlong progress, poor Mike did not observe a party of two ladies and a gentleman, who happened to be the colonel, accompanied by his wife and daughter, who had just returned from a dinner-party. Mike ran full tilt against his commanding officer, and knocked him into a puddle in the barrack square. The ladies screamed loudly; and the colonel, with many objurgations, got on his feet and confronted his assailant.

'You—Cornet Macnamara!' he angrily exclaimed. 'What do you mean, sir, rushing about like a madman at this time of night? Consider yourself under arrest, sir.'

'Faith, colonel,' answered the unfortunate Mike, 'I am very sorry, sorr, but I did not perceive ye. But, sorr, I wint up to me room just now, and as I hope for salvation, I found the divil in it, wid a big white shate wrapped round him!'

The irate colonel at once surmised that another trick had been played on his subordinate; so he sent the ladies home to quarters, and then called loudly for the sergeant of the guard with a file of men.

When this detachment of the guard appeared on the scene, the colonel ordered them to follow him to Macnamara's room, where, by the light of the sergeant's lantern, he showed the trembling cornet that there was nothing supernatural in the character of the figure that had frightened him so much. He then, under the circumstances, relieved Mike from arrest and proceeded home.

Mike waited until the commanding officer and the men of the guard were clear of the staircase, and then slid the gladiator off the coal-box. He edged the statue to the top of the stair, and by main strength toppled it over the banister; and an instant later, with a loud crash, the gladiator was smashed into fragments on the flagstones of the lobby, four stories beneath.

It is needless to say that there was great anger and consternation in the breast of the worthy host of the *Red Indian* when, next morning, he awoke and found that his cherished statue had mysteriously disappeared. It was not long, however, before he obtained a clew to its whereabouts, as a customer informed him that late the previous night he 'met a lot of milingtary chaps carrying summut' in the direction of the barracks. This 'summut' Mr Slade shrewdly conjectured was his 'Red Indian;' and he at once wrote to the regimental quarters to make inquiries into the matter.

When the poor landlord discovered the gladiator in its fragmentary state, he became most angry and abusive; but was somewhat consoled when an emissary from the mess informed him that the officers would make good the damage, and requested him to inform them by letter next day the price at which he valued his statue. The landlord then procured the services of a passing cart and had the pieces removed to the inn. After a long consultation with his wife, he decided to assess the damage at ten guineas; and by way of making the most of the business, communicated with a marine store-dealer in town, intending to sell the smashed gladiator as old metal.

The colonel made the most strenuous though unavailing efforts to discover the practical jokers, and roundly abused the whole of the mess for their treatment of poor Mike; but after a while, the affair passed off in a general laugh.

Affairs, however, were speedily fated to take a turn which caused the implicated parties to laugh the other way. A large vessel arrived in the port of Chubleigh from Alexandria, which had among her passengers a celebrated London virtuoso, who, some months before, had been induced to pay a visit to Egypt by reason of the excitement produced in antiquarian circles by the discoveries of the celebrated Belzoni. This gentleman was posting to London when his chaise broke down opposite the *Red Indian*, and he entered the hostelry while the vehicle was being repaired. After partaking of a little refreshment, he took a walk in the garden, and his eye caught the fragments of the gladiator, which had been shot in a corner while waiting the arrival of the marine store-dealer's cart. Having elicited the story of the statue from the host, the antiquary submitted the pieces to a most careful examination; and despite the whitewash and coats of paint with which the figure had been adorned, he recognised it as a specimen of the work of the renowned ancient Greek sculptor Lysippus; and in answer to the excited inquiry of the astonished landlord, appraised its value at six hundred pounds!

Having, at the host's urgent request, given a written opinion on the matter, the virtuoso departed on his journey, and then Mr Slade hurried with his certificate to a Chubleigh attorney, in whose hands he placed the matter, with instructions to leave no stone unturned to recover the full amount from the officers.

Words could scarcely express the chagrin of the purloiners of the gladiator, when the colonel of the 31st Light Dragoons read at mess the contents of the letter he received from the legal adviser of the landlord of the *Red Indian*. The commanding officer further significantly hinted that the implicated parties would have to uphold their reputation as officers and gentlemen by paying the amount demanded, or run the risk of being cashiered.

At first, the jokers were inclined to dispute the claim, and invited the opinion of an expert; but that authority, when he had inspected the figure, corroborated the London man's decision, with a further assurance that the statue was cheap at the money.

Cornet Macnamara, with reasonable show of justification, stoutly declined to pay a farthing of the six hundred pounds. It was, however, with a very bad grace, indeed, that the sum was subscribed by the interested parties; and served as a valuable lesson to them to modify for the future their spirit of mischief.

When Mike discovered the identity of his tormentors, he sent a challenge to each, and an

arrangement was come to by which a representative was selected by ballot to meet the Irishman. The old trick of leadless pistols was resorted to; the combatants fired three shots at each other without any perceptible result, and then the seconds interfered, and declared honour satisfied.

A Jew purchased the fragments of the gladiator from the officers for a few guineas; but the wily Israelite well knew that a genuine Lysippus is almost as valuable broken as whole. He had the pieces skilfully rejoined, and disposed of the statue to a local virtuoso for a large sum, who in turn bequeathed it to the Chubleigh Museum.

With part of the money the lucky landlord of the *Red Indian* received for his gladiator, he invested in a wooden figure, which did duty for a sign equally well, and which he placed above the porch out of the reach of predatory officers, and where, as has been mentioned, it still stands, battered, cracked, and mouldy.

Shortly after the episode of the gladiator, the 31st Light Dragoons were hurriedly despatched to Lancashire, in order to quell the bread riots which had broken out in that county; and the actors in the comedy just narrated were heard of no more by the good folks of Chubleigh.

A little more remains to be told of the statue by Lysippus. We must come down to 1851, the year in which the Great Exhibition was held in Hyde Park. A middle-aged Frenchman landed at Chubleigh from Havre on his way to London, and while taking a walk about the town, entered the *Red Indian*. The landlord, who had profited so handsomely by his statue, had years before gone to his rest, and his son the ex-boatswain, then an aged man, reigned in his stead. The Frenchman was interested in learning that his host had taken a share in the old war, and after a time, he had narrated to him the whole history of the statue.

'Vat vas de name of de vessel you took?' he eagerly asked.

'The *Hercules*, sir.'

To the landlord's astonishment, Monsieur leant back in his chair and indulged in a fit of uncontrollable laughter, and recovering himself, asked to be directed to the Museum. Having reached that establishment, he was not long in picking out the Lysippus, of which the learned in Chubleigh were so proud. The Frenchman put on his glasses and examined the gladiator's toe-nail, and then gave vent to another guffaw, which speedily brought round him the officials of the establishment. He asked to see the secretary; and when introduced to the presence of that functionary, exclaimed: 'Begar, sir, dat gladiateur is no more a Lysippus dan I am de Czar Nicholas of all de Russias. My oncle, who die ven I vas a leetle boy, keep vat you call a foundree in Athens, and have casts, or *replicas* you call dem, made of all de antiques. He den put dem down a sewer until dey get a green magnifique; dey look like de real article; and he make heaps of money by selling dem as such in Paris. Your gladiateur is one of dem!'

'But, my dear sir,' asked the astounded secretary, 'how are you going to substantiate your statement?'

'Come wit me,' said the Frenchman; and the twain proceeded to the statue. 'My oncle,' resumed the Frenchman, 'deal in de antique, as I have told you; and in case he himself be cheated wit his own spurious statues, he have a private mark. Here is dis mark—a leetle hole drilled under dis toe-nail!'

The secretary communicated the purport of Monsieur's statement to the Museum directors; experts were called who substantiated the Frenchman's assertion that the work was spurious, and was no more the production of Lysippus than an Italian moulder's plaster-cast of Venus is the work of Phidias. In disgust, the directors ordered the statue to be transferred to the lumber-room of the establishment, and its description, 'Gladiator, by Lysippus, B.C. about 324; bequeathed by the late ——, Esq.,' disappeared from the Museum catalogue.

ANOTHER 'SHIP-CANAL.'

Another has been proposed, although the idea is not new, but seems to have been an old idea revived, and that is, to cut a canal from the sea to Birkenhead Docks across the low flat country lying between the outfalls of the Dee and Mersey, and thus getting a wide passage which will enable ships to avoid the bar of the Mersey. Elaborate plans have been prepared by an eminent engineer; and as the whole scheme seems feasible, and as money for great schemes seems to be readily forthcoming in this wealth-producing country, there can be no reason why the 'ship-canal of Birkenhead' should not be carried out as well as the 'ship-canal of Manchester.' It would have a great and reviving effect on the town of Birkenhead, which by this means may one day become an important commercial city, a rival to, instead of a mere suburb of, her wealthy sister on the opposite Lancastrian shore; and the expectations of half a century ago of a grand city, with magnificent streets, and squares, and splendid commercial docks, may even yet be realised.

THIS IS ALL.

Just a saunter in the twilight,
Just a whisper in the hall,
Just a sail on sea or river,
Just a dance at rout or ball,
Just a glance that hearts enthral—
This is all—and this is all.

Just a few harsh words of doubting,
Just a silence proud and cold,
Just a spiteful breath of slander,
Just a wrong that is not told,
Just a word beyond recall—
This is all—and this is all.

Just a life robbed of its brightness,
Just a heart by sorrow filled,
Just a faith that trusts no longer,
Just a love by doubting chilled,
Just a few hot tears that fall—
This is all—ah! this is all.

ROSIE CHURCHILL.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

All Rights Reserved.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL
OF
POPULAR
LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART
Fifth Series
ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832
CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)

No. 152.—Vol. III. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1886. Price 1½d.

SEALSKIN COATS, ALIVE AND DEAD.

The ladies of England, who, living at home at ease, shield themselves from the inclemency of our not very rigorous winters in their elegant sealskin coats, think little, and know less, of the curious animal from which their beautiful garment is taken, and of the peculiar circumstances of its habitat and capture. Nor can their ignorance be deemed much of a reproach, seeing that until recently, even scientists were accustomed to regard the fur-seal as but a variety of the hair-seal, not unknown on the shores of Scotland, and abounding in the North and West Atlantic. But the two are quite dissimilar in their individuality and character, and as Mr H. W. Elliott, of the Smithsonian Institute of the United States—to whom we are chiefly indebted for the substance of this article—says, 'the truth connected with the life of the fur-seal, as it herds in countless myriads on the islands of Aleutian Alaska, is far stranger than fiction.' Mr Elliott spent three years in continuous observations on the spot, and is the first to afford us a complete and trustworthy view of the strange eventful history.

The fur-seal formerly abounded in the southern hemisphere on the borders of the Antarctic Circle; but reckless killing has well-nigh exterminated it there, and now, one may say that the only habitat of commercial importance is in that portion of the North Pacific which washes the Aleutian division of Alaska; and even here, the range is practically confined to four comparatively small islands. These islands were discovered by the Russian navigator Pribylov in 1786, and are still called by his name. They lie about two hundred miles due north of the group usually called the Aleutian Islands, off the western extremity of the Alaska peninsula. The Pribylov Islands rest in the very heart of Behring Sea, but far enough south to be free from permanent ice-floes, and thus to escape the ravages of the polar bear; while also far enough from the mainland and inhabited islands to be free from the attacks of the primitive races. Thus the seals had collected and bred there for countless ages, undisturbed by beast or man, until the Russians first broke in upon their preserves. They have been the objects of constant attention and pursuit ever since.

There are three kinds of seals. The *Phoca vitulina* is the common hair-seal, which may often be seen on our north-western shores, which the fishing-vessels of Dundee, of Hull, of Peterhead, and of Greenock, go out to Greenland and Labrador to catch every season for the sake of the oil—the skin being of little value—and specimens of which, alive or stuffed, we may fairly assume every one of our readers has seen somewhere or other. There is probably not an aquarium of the country which has not a family of them. Then there is the *Eumetopias stelleri*, which the Russians call 'Seevitchie,' and which is known to our mariners as the 'sea-lion.' This and the walrus, which may be considered akin, are found in all the circumpolar regions. Lastly, there is the *Callorhinus ursinus*, called 'Kantickie' by the Russians, which is the true fur-seal, and which is the subject of our sketch. It has no generic affinity with the others, and is of quite different habits. As has been said, it is now found only on four islands of Behring Sea.

Of the fur-seal, it has been said that there is no known animal on land or water which can take higher physical rank, or which exhibits a higher order of instinct, closely approaching human intelligence. The male fur-seal is in his full prime at six or seven years of age, and will then measure from six and a half to seven and a half feet from snout to tail. He will weigh between four hundred and six hundred pounds—the latter weight, however, being found only in older animals, and not very frequently. He has a small head, with a muzzle and jaws not unlike both in size and form to those of a pure Newfoundland dog. The lips, however, are firm, and pressed together like those of man, and the large eyes of blue-gray are capable of expressing both soft and fierce emotions. On the

upper lip he has a long moustache of grayish bristles, which are often long enough to extend over his shoulder. He swims with his head high over the water, and on land walks with an undulating carriage and head erect. If frightened, he will run as fast as a man, but not very far—thirty or forty yards sufficing to exhaust his wind. The hind-feet are longer than the fore-feet or flippers, and in shape are very like the human foot elongated to twenty inches or so, and with the instep flattened. There are three toes on the hind-feet; but the fore-flippers are fingerless hands some eight or ten inches broad.

The female fur-seal is from four to four and a half feet in length from snout to tail, lithe in form, without the heavy covering of fat round the shoulders which the male has, and with beautiful, gentle, intelligent, dark-blue eyes. She will weigh from fifty to a hundred pounds, according to her condition. Her manners are as amiable as her eyes, and she never fights with her neighbours, as her quarrelsome lord and master does. The cow-seal has but one voice—a sort of bleating half-way between the cry of a calf and that of an old sheep—and this is used for calling the young, which, curiously enough, are known as 'pups,' although the mothers are 'cows,' and the fathers 'bulls.' The male seal, however, has four voices. One is for battle, and resembles the puffing of a labouring locomotive; another is a hoarse loud roar; a third is a sort of low gurgle or growl; and a fourth, a sort of chuckle, half-hiss, half-whistle. The breeding-grounds are called 'rookeries,' and there, during the season, the din of roars, puffs, growls, and whistles from countless thousands of vigorous 'bulls,' is ceaseless, and in volume has been compared to the boom of Niagara.

It is odd that the breeding-place of 'bulls' and 'cows' should be called 'rookeries,' but so it is. The first to arrive at these rookeries are the bull-seals, and the season begins about the first of May. As it is 'First come, first served,' and as there is an unwritten law among them that a bull requires a clear space of from six to eight feet square for the accommodation of himself and family, there is much scrambling and fighting for plots, and the late arrivals may be driven away without being allowed a landing-place at all. They fight with great strength and courage—only the adult males, however—running at each other with averted heads, and then seizing each other with their teeth. The battles are often long, and the wounds severe; but these soon heal; and an adventurous 'bull' thinks nothing of forty or fifty desperate combats in a season. While fighting, they utter both their roar and their whistle, the hair is sent flying in all directions, and the eyes gleam with angry fire. It is said that in a seal-fight there is always an offensive and a defensive party, and that if the latter is beaten, he simply vacates his position to the victor, who does not follow his foe, but lies down on the conquered territory and gives vent to his chuckle.

Although the cows are amiable, they are not particularly demonstrative to their infants, which are born immediately after the females are located in the rookeries. Twins are very rare, and mothers always suckle their own young. The pups do not know their own mothers, and if separated from them, will take with the greatest alacrity to the first kindly cow which will console them with her rich creamy and abundant milk. The pups, for the first three months after birth, are jet black in colour, and bleat in a minor key after the fashion of the cows. At birth, a pup will weigh three or four pounds, and measure twelve or fourteen inches in length. Curiously enough, the pup-seal cannot swim, and even if he is several weeks old, will helplessly sink, if thrown into the water. But about the second week of August begins one of the most curious episodes of seal-life—the education of the young. By the time he has counted six weeks or so of life, the pup-seal begins to feel an inclination to play on the margin of the sea, where, as the waves flow and recede, the shore is alternately covered and uncovered. The baby-seal finds that thousands and thousands and tens of thousands of his fellow-babies have been smitten with the same curiosity about the sea almost simultaneously with himself, and that the beach is swarming with tumbling, floundering, gurgling, whistling, playful, yet nervous young animals. By-and-by, one plucks up courage to try a plunge in the deeper surf; others follow; one gets carried beyond his depth, and in frantic struggles to reach the shore again, discovers that he has a power of locomotion even in the water. It is but feeble; and when a kindly wave chucks him out of harm's way on to the rocks, he is blown and exhausted. But he takes a short sleep, and then has another go; and after a few more efforts, finds, to his great delight, that he is even more at home in the water than on the land. For the next few weeks the coast-waters of the islands are black with the little fat bodies revelling in their new-found power, and gamboling among the breakers like children on the grass. It used to be believed by the old sailors that the parent seals drove their young ones into the water and taught them forcibly to swim; but more recent and careful observation places it beyond doubt that the parents take no part whatever in the process of education, but leave the young ones to learn the battle of life for themselves.

By the time the breeding season is over, all the young seals have become able-bodied swimmers. By this time, too, the pups have grown to thirty or forty pounds-weight, and have changed the black coat of infancy for the thick, gray, hairy coat of youth. At this age, the coats of both male and female are similar; indeed, not until the third year do they assume their permanent differences. The outer coat of the full-grown bull is of a dark-brown colour, and the hairs are short and crisp; beneath, like the down under the feathers of a bird, is the close, soft, elastic fur, so esteemed by man, or rather woman. The full-grown cows, as they come into the rookeries at the beginning

of the season, are of a dull, dirty-gray colour, which, after they have been a short time on land, changes to a rich steely gray on the back, and snow-white on the chest and belly; but after a few weeks the white changes into a dull ruddy colour, and the steel gray into a brownish gray. The breeding season is over by the end of July; the families begin to break up, and the rookeries to be disorganised during August. By the middle of September, all order and distinction is lost, and the young ones have commenced life on their own account. By the end of October, all the mature seals have left the islands; and by the end of November, even the youngest have disappeared.

Whither? That is one of the conundrums of nature, as is also the question, where do the seals die? It is certain that none perish from natural causes on the islands, and all that is known of their doings elsewhere is, that they seem usually to shape a southern course. They are lost in the vast mazes of the Pacific, not to be seen of man again until the following summer. They have natural enemies in sharks and other submarine animals of prey; but it is not thought that their numbers suffer much diminution on this account. Their own food is fish, and Mr Elliott has calculated that an adult male seal will consume forty pounds, and an adult female ten to twelve pounds, per day, of fresh fish. Taking, with the young ones, an average of ten pounds per day each, and the numbers annually frequenting the rookeries of the Pribylov Islands—which have been ascertained by careful measurement and estimate at about four millions and three-quarters—we have a total of six millions of tons of fish consumed every year by the fur-seals! The figures are stupendous, but they seem beyond doubt.

As to the now approximately known number of seals, there is no reason to believe that it is any greater than it was when the islands were first discovered; and while the number will not be decreased by the present method of capture, it is not thought that it will increase. The supply of fur-seals, then, may be taken as a fixed quantity, with a known annual yield to man. That yield is restricted by the law of the United States to one hundred thousand skins per annum. The government holds the islands for the State and leases the right of capture to a Company, who are permitted not to take a larger number than that just mentioned. They employ the natives of the Aleutian Islands, who work in gangs, under their chiefs, and receive forty cents, or one shilling and eightpence, for every 'pelt' or hide they hand to the Company's officials. Government officers, again, keep a separate tally; so there is a double check upon the Company, who cannot easily, even if they wish, exceed their prescribed rights. As the annual birth-rate is about one million, of which one half are males, the number annually abstracted by man can have no appreciable effect in reducing the supply or in affecting the natural increase. The average natural life of the male seal is believed to be from fifteen to twenty years, and that of the female, about ten years, so that deaths by man on the rookeries, and from submarine foes during the winter, suffice to keep the race within the bounds now known.

The men operate only on the haunts of the 'bachelor' seals. It is presumed that about two-thirds of the males are not allowed to land on the rookeries by the stronger and abler remnant, so that the wants of man can be supplied without interfering with the operations of the breeding-grounds. When the 'bachelors' are dozing about the shores in the early summer, the natives get in quietly between them and the sea. The seals on perceiving the men turn to run inland, and are easily driven to the appointed killing-grounds. Three or four men can easily guide and secure as many thousand seals, and the driving is done leisurely, for if the animals become overheated, the fur is injured. The men therefore allow them to rest from time to time, and renew the drive by clattering and shouting, to startle the seals to fresh exertions. They move with the docility of a flock of sheep, and only the old bulls ever show fight. These last will occasionally make a stand and act on the defensive; but as they are of little value commercially, the bellicose oldsters are allowed to drop out and go their own ways. It is only the animals between one and five years old which are desired, for after the fifth year, the fur deteriorates, the undergrowth becoming shorter and coarser. The thickest and finest pelts are those of the third and fourth years. Beneath the skin is a dense layer of oily blubber, which, unlike the blubber of the hair-seal, has a very offensive odour.

The work of catching and pickling the pelts occupies June and July, by which time the Company will have secured its legal number of one hundred thousand, or as many short of the number as circumstances have confined them to. After July, the seals begin to moult, and the skins become of less and less value as the season advances. Altogether, three hundred and ninety-eight persons are employed annually on the Pribylov Islands in this work.

After the 'catch' is ended, the skins are taken in the Company's steamers to San Francisco, and thence nearly all or about nine-tenths are shipped to London, for London has the monopoly of the preparation of these furs for market. The skins as they come into England are very different in appearance from what we see on the backs of our lady-friends. They are indeed very unattractive; and all the coarse stiff outer hair has to be carefully extracted before the rich under-fur is seen. This last is then dyed and dressed. It is hurried or defective dyeing and dressing which accounts for the variation in prices of the finished furs, for there is little difference in the original quality. The more careful and skilful the work of the furrier, therefore, the dearer becomes the sealskin jacket.

The Alaska Commercial Company's lease of the islands is for twenty years from the 1st of May 1870, and they pay the government a rental of eleven thousand pounds per annum for the islands, and a tax of eight shillings for each sealskin, ten and sixpence for each fur-seal skin, and fifty-five cents for every gallon of oil, shipped. The Company is also bound to supply the inhabitants with a stipulated quantity of dried fish, firewood, and salt; to maintain a school on each island for the education of the natives; and not to sell or give any 'distilled spirituous liquors' to the natives. We believe that the Company has in only one year (1881) taken its full number of skins, the usual number shipped being from ninety

to ninety-five thousand. Between 1870 and 1881, the Company had paid the United States Treasury nearly three and a half millions of dollars in rent and royalty.

BY ORDER OF THE LEAGUE.

CHAPTER XVI.

Consumed by conflicting emotions, and torn by a thousand hopes and fears, Maxwell set out on his journey to Rome. At any hazards, he was determined to commit no crime, and trusted to time and his own native wit to show him a way out of the awful difficulty which lay before him. All the old familiar country he passed through failed to interest him now; he saw nothing but his own fate before his eyes; and the Eternal City, which had once been a place of mystery and delight to him, now looked to his distorted fancy like a tomb, every broken statue an avenging finger, and every fractured column a solemn warning.

It was night when he arrived and secured apartments—the old ones he had occupied in his student days, the happiest time in his life, he thought now, as every ornament recalled this silent voice or that forgotten memory slumbering in some corner of his brain. He could eat nothing; the very air of the place was oppressive to him; so he put on his hat and walked out into the streets, all alive with the citizens taking their evening walk, and gay with light laughter over flirtations and cigarette smoke. He wandered long and far, so far, that it was late when he returned; and there, lying on the table, was a sealed packet, bearing the device of the Order, and in the corner two crossed daggers. He groaned as he opened it, knowing full well the packet contained the hated 'instructions,' as they were called. He tore them open, read them hastily, and then looked out of the window up to the silent stars. And it was Visci, his old friend Carlo Visci, he was sent here—to murder! The whole thing seemed like a ghastly dream. Visci, the truest-hearted friend man ever had; Visci, the handsome genius, whose purse was ever ready for a fellow-creature in need; the man who had sat at his table times out of number; the student who was in his secrets; the man who had saved his life, snatched him from the very jaws of death—from the yellow waters of the Tiber. And this was the friend he was going to stab in the back some dark night! A party of noisy, light-hearted students passed down the street, some English voices amongst them, coming vaguely to Maxwell's ears, as he sat there looking on the fatal documents, staring him in the face from the table.

'Et tu, Brute!'

Maxwell looked up swiftly. And there, with one trembling forefinger pointing to the open documents, stood the figure of a man with a look of infinite sorrow on his face, as he gazed mournfully down upon the table. He was young—not more than thirty, perhaps, and his aquiline features bore the marks of much physical suffering. There were something like tears in his eyes now.

'Carlo! is it possible it is you?' Maxwell cried, springing to his feet.

'Yes, Fred, it is I, Carlo Visci, who stand before you. We are well met, old friend; you have not far to seek to do your bidding now. Strike! while I look the other way, for it is your task, I know.'

'As there is a heaven above us, no!' Maxwell faltered. 'Never, my friend! Do you think I would have come for this? Listen to me, Visci. You evidently know why I am here; but sure as I am a man, never shall my hand be the one to do you hurt. I have sworn it!'

'I had expected something like this,' Visci replied mournfully. 'Yes, I know why you came. You had best comply with my request. It would be a kindness to me to kill me, as I stand here now.'

'Visci, I swear to you that when I joined the Brotherhood, I was in the blackest ignorance of its secret workings. When I was chosen for this mission, I did not even comprehend what I had to do. Then they told me Visci was a traitor. Even then, I did not know it was you. Standing there in the room, I swore never to harm a hair of your head; and, heaven help me, I never will!'

'Yes, I am a traitor, like you,' Visci smiled mournfully. 'Like you, I was deceived by claptrap talk of liberty and freedom; like you, I was allotted to take vengeance on a traitor; and like you, I refused. Better the secret dagger than the crime of fratricide upon one's soul!'

'Fratricide! I do not understand.'

'I do not understand either. Frederick, the man I was detailed to murder—for it is nothing else—is my only brother.—You start! But the League does not countenance relationships. Flesh and blood and such paltry ties are nothing to the friends of liberty, who are at heart the sternest tyrants that ever the mouth of man execrated.—But what brings you here? You can have only one object in coming here. I have told you before it would be a kindness to end my existence.'

'But why? And yet, when I come to look at you again, you have changed.'

'I have changed,' Visci echoed mournfully—'changed in mind and body. My heart is affected, diseased beyond all hope of remedy. I may die now, at any moment; I cannot live four months.'

They sat down together, and fell to discussing old times when they were happy careless students together, and Maxwell did not fail to notice the painful breathing and quick gasping spasms of his friend, altered almost beyond recognition from the gallant Visci of other days.

'Salvarini advised me to come here. You remember him; he claims to be a true friend of yours,' Maxwell observed at length. 'He said it would gain time, and enable me to form my plans.—But tell me how you knew I was in Rome. I have only just arrived.'

'I had a sure warning. It came from the hand of Isodore herself.'

'I have heard much of her; she seems all-powerful. But I thought she was too stern a Leaguer to give you such friendly counsel. Have you ever seen her? I hear she is very beautiful.'

'Beautiful as the stars, I am told, and a noble-hearted woman too. She is a sort of Queen of

the League; but she uses her power well, ever erring on the side of mercy. She has a history, report says—the old story of a woman's trustfulness and a man's deceit. Poor Isodore! hers is no bed of roses!'

'And she put you on your guard?' Maxwell asked. 'Come, there must be some good in a woman like that, though I cannot say I altogether like your picture. I should like to see her.'

'I should not be surprised if you did before many days. She is the one to protect you from violence. With her sanction, you could laugh the mandates of the League to scorn. Had I long to live, I should sue for her protection, and wherever she may be, she would come to me. Even now, if she comes to Rome, see her if you can and lay your case before her.'

'And shield myself behind a woman! That does not sound like the chivalrous Visci of old. She is only a woman, after all.'

'One in a million,' Visci answered calmly. 'If she holds out her right hand to you, cling to it as a drowning desperate man does to a rock; it is your only chance of salvation.—And now it is late. I must go.'

Despite his own better sense, Maxwell began to dwell upon the fact of gaining assistance from the mysterious Isodore. At meetings of the League in London, he had heard her name mentioned, and always with the utmost reverence and affection. If she could not absolutely relieve him from his undertaking, she could at anyrate shield him from non-compliance with the mandate. Full of these cheerful thoughts, he fell asleep.

He found his friend the following morning quite cheerful, but in the daylight the ravages of disease were painfully apparent. The dark rings under the eyes and the thin features bespoke nights of racking pain and broken rest.

Visci noticed this and smiled gently. 'Yes, I am changed,' he said. 'Sometimes, after a bad night, I hardly know myself. It is cruel, weary work lying awake hour after hour fighting with the grim King. But I have been singularly free from pain lately, and I am looking much better than I have been.'

'There might be a chance yet,' Maxwell replied with a cheerfulness wholly assumed, and thinking that this 'looking better' was the nearest approach to death he had ever seen. 'An absence from Rome, a change of climate, has done wonders for people before now.'

Visci shook his head. 'Not when the mainspring of life is broken,' he said: 'no human ingenuity, no miracle of surgery can mend that. Maxwell, if they had deferred their vengeance long, they would have been too late. Some inward monitor tells me I shall fail them yet.'

'You will for me, Visci, you may depend upon that. Time is no object to me.'

'And if I should die and disappoint you of your revenge, how mad you would be!' Visci laughed. 'It is a dreadful tragedy to me; it is a very serious thing for you; and yet there is a comic side to it, as there is in all things. Ah me! I cannot see the droll side of life as I used; but when the bloodthirsty murderer sits down with his victim tête-à-tête, discussing the crime, there is something laughable in it after all.'

'I daresay there is,' Maxwell answered grimly, 'though I am dense enough not to notice it. To me, there is something horribly, repulsively tragic about it, even to hear you discussing death in that light way.'

'Familiarity breeds contempt. Is not that one of your English proverbs?' Visci said airily.—'But, my good Frederick,' he continued, lowering his voice to a solemn key, 'the white horseman will not find me unprepared, when he steals upon me, as he might at any moment. I am ready. I do not make a parade of my religion, but I have tried to do what is right and honest and honourable. I have faced death so often, that I treat him lightly at times. But never fear that when he comes to me for the last time'——

Maxwell pressed his friend's hand in silent sympathy. 'You always were a good fellow, Visci,' he said; 'and if this hour must come so speedily, tell me is there anything I can do for you when—when'——

'I am dead? No reason to hesitate over the word. No, Maxwell; my house is in order. I have no friends besides my brother; and he, I hope, is far beyond the vengeance of the League now.'

'Then there is nothing I can do for you in any way?'

'No, I think not. But you are my principal care now; your life is far more important than mine. I have written to Isodore, laying a statement of all the facts before her; and if she is the woman I take her for, she is sure to lose no time in getting here. Once under her protection, you are safe; there will be no further cause for alarm.'

'But it seems rather unmanly,' Maxwell urged.

'Unmanly!' echoed Visci scornfully. 'What has manliness to do with fighting cowardly *vendetti* in the dark? You must, you shall do it!' he continued vehemently; but the exertion was too much for him, and he swayed forward over the table as if he would fall. Presently, a little colour crept into the pallid face, and he continued: 'You see, even that is too much for me. Maxwell, if you contradict me and get me angry, my blood will be upon your head after all. Now, do listen to reason.'

'If my want of common-sense hurts you as much as that, certainly. But I do not see how this mysterious princess can help me.'

'Listen to me,' Visci said solemnly. Then he laid all his schemes before the other—his elaborate plans for his friend's safety, designs whose pure sacrifice of self were absolutely touching.

Maxwell began to take heart again. 'You are very good,' he said gratefully, 'to take all this infinite pains for me.'

'In a like strait you would do the same for me, Fred.'

'Yes,' Maxwell answered simply. 'How Salvarini's words come back to me now! Do you remember, when I wanted to throw my insignia out of the window that evening, the last we all spent together?'

'I recollect. It was two days before little Genevieve disappeared,' Visci answered sadly.—'Do you know, I have never discovered any trace of her or Lucrece. Poor child, poor little girl! I wonder where she is now.'

'Perhaps you may see her again some day.'

'It has long been my dearest wish; but it will never be fulfilled now. If ever you do see her once more, say that I'——

'Visci!'

As the last words fell from the Italian's lips, his head hung forward, and he fell from his chair. For a moment he lay motionless, then raised his face slightly and smiled. A thin stream of blood trickled down his fair beard, staining it scarlet. He lay quietly on Maxwell's shoulder.

'Do not be alarmed,' he said faintly. 'It has come at last.—There are tears in your eyes, Fred. Do not weep for me. Do not forget Carlo Visci, when you see old friends; and when you meet little Genevieve, tell her I forgave her, and to the last loved and grieved for her.—Good-bye, old friend. Take hold of my hand. Let me look in your honest face once more. It is not hard to die, Fred. Tell them that my last words——Jesu, mercy!'

'Speak to me, Carlo—speak to me!'

Never again on this side of the grave. And so the noble-hearted Italian died; and on the third day they buried him in a simple grave under the murmuring pines.

No call to remain longer now. One last solitary evening ramble, Maxwell took outside the city wall ere his departure. As he walked along wrapped in his own sad thoughts, he did not heed that his footsteps were being dogged. Then with a sudden instinct of danger, he turned round. The feet that followed stopped. 'Who is there?' he cried.

A muffled figure came towards him, and another stealthily from behind. A crash, a blow, a fierce struggle for a moment, a man's cry for help borne idly on the breeze, a mist rising before the eyes, a thousand stars dancing and tumbling, then deep, sleepy unconsciousness.

(To be concluded next month.)

THE PLEASURES OF RUIN.

There must be many people to whom the above heading will be at once suggestive of the famous chapter upon Snakes in Iceland; but to the philosophical mind—and it is marvellous how philosophical one can become under adversity—there are certain compensating advantages in the state of ruin, which, if not quite so intense as the Pleasures of Hope, or Memory, or Imagination, do much to reconcile us to the change in our circumstances. The first feeling is one of extreme relief that the whole thing is over and we are out of suspense. The smash has come; writs and summonses have blossomed into sheriffs' officers, and the auctioneer, whose fell and inexorable hammer has made short work of our goods and chattels; our wealthy friends have said that they knew it would come to this; and Jones, who used to look dinners and five-pound notes at us whenever he met us formerly, now crosses over to the opposite side of the street. The cheap lodgings in the shady neighbourhood have become hard and ineradicable facts, and we can look about us at last and endeavour to make the best we can of the position.

You now have a newly acquired sense of freedom and independence to which perhaps you have long been a stranger. It is no longer a question of whether you shall dine at the *Bristol* or the *Blue Posts*, but in all likelihood the choice will lie between the *diner du jour* in Leicester Square, a chop, or Duke Humphrey. Nor, if you be a married man, need you now vex your soul with the proper precedence of a brigadier-general, an Indian judge, a colonial bishop, and a resident commissioner from the Punjab, as has happened in the days gone by when you gave a dinner. Nor will the varying merits of asparagus soup and turtle, salmon mayonnaise and aspic of lobster, truffled turkey and oyster-stuffed capon, and all the rest of it, come between you and your night's rest. Again, your circumstances are such that you are no longer harassed by the touters for subscriptions, male and female, and you find it therefore needless to discuss the comparative merits of the claims put forward by the friends of the Cannibal Islanders for French mustard, and by the friends of the Mayor of Little Pedlington for a new pump in the market-place in honour of that excellent cheesemonger and municipal chief.

When you go to the theatre or opera, you are no longer compelled to pay fifty or a hundred per cent. for the privilege of receiving your ticket from an agent, and you go to the pit, where, if the orange peel and ginger beer and nuts are a bit of a nuisance at first, you are not long in getting used to it; and at anyrate you are permitted to hear the piece without being bored by one of Smith's 'good stories' during Patti's chief *aria*, or while Irving is giving some fine piece of declamation. You discover sources of gratuitous amusement which indifference has hitherto hidden from you. That glorious rotunda in Bloomsbury, the British Museum Reading-room—the mausoleum of the mind of the world—gives you opportunities for study and recreation of which you have never before thought of availing yourself; and the treasures of South Kensington and the National Gallery, which you have hitherto neglected as 'slow' and 'bad form,' are now a source of delight to you. The only fault that you can now find with the latter institution is, that it spoils you for all the modern galleries about Pall Mall and Piccadilly. You have a feeling of proprietorship now in the royal parks, which you never had when you sauntered in the Row, or attended the meet of the Coaching Club at the Magazine, or dawdled about the Mall in St James's Park on a Drawing-room day. You don't attend these 'functions' now, for, though they are open to you as to the rest of the world, you feel yourself rather out of the race. But you often enjoy the air in the higher ground of Hyde Park, which you will come to consider as bracing as the Sussex Downs; nor are you to be persuaded that Burnham Beeches has a much finer show of trees than Kensington Gardens.

But the time when you do really and thoroughly enjoy the Pleasures of Ruin is when that delectable moment comes—which it inevitably will, sooner or later—when a temporary, or, let us hope, it may be a permanent, change in your fortunes takes place. Your book has found a publisher; your picture a buyer; some one pays up an old debt; or an unknown relative mentions your name in his will. Whatever it may be, the keen appreciation of the

benefits we formerly enjoyed which our vicissitudes have taught us, and the knowledge we have acquired of the dingier side of nature, give a remarkable zest to our return to a brighter life. And if a man has good health and good spirits, he will find that it is as true that 'hope springs eternal in the human breast,' as that when things are at their worst they mend; and if he is of an extra-hopeful disposition, he will welcome the increased depression of his fortunes as a sure forerunner of a change of luck.

COUSIN GEORGE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP. II.

All went well in the Smethby circle, indeed things had never before gone so smoothly in that not unprosperous group. Harriet, it is true, did not get more manageable in the Robert Crewe direction; she was perfectly ready to flatter and please the Australian cousin, and had an eye to the main chance as keen as others; but the young doctor was not to be jeopardised. Thus Harriet might be regarded as an exception; so, of course, might Mr Crewe; but after all, as he does not actually appear in our narrative, he need not count for much.

There were frequent indications that the ridiculous disguise, the absurd plea of poverty, at first put forth by Styles was being gradually discarded—was 'peeling off,' Mr Joe said, with a happy touch of description. But Mr Smethby would not see all these indications—pretended not to notice any flaws; he would humour his cousin just as long as the latter chose.

The proposed investment was still in favour, was about to be made, indeed; and so earnest was Cousin George in the matter, that when Smethby said he had given notice at the bank for his money, he confidentially told him that if there was any difficulty about getting it, his friend would advance the sum for a week or two—or for a year, if Smethby would like it. The latter thanked him, but declined. Of course he could see through this, as he had seen through the other flimsy screens.

The bank was good enough, he explained, and so it was, for the money was duly paid to him; and it was proposed that they should go up to town together, Smethby and Cousin George, where the latter would see his friend's broker and arrange for the purchase of this stock.

In a confiding mood, not usual with him, Smethby had proposed that Styles should send a cheque up, or go up with it by himself, if going up were necessary; but the latter declined to do this. He seemed to have a strange dislike to cheques or drafts, and as he said: 'It was not their way at the diggings; a man liked to look after his own business there.' So Cousin Nick must go with him.

He, Cousin George, had also asked Harriet what kind of bracelet she preferred; for his friend had desired him to consult some lady's taste, as he, the friend, was thinking of making a little present. Harriet was not proof against this temptation, so explained that amethyst bracelets with amethyst pendants—or sapphire and diamonds, if she *did* have her choice—was what she liked. Cousin George, with a highly expressive wink on hearing this, said his friend would be much obliged by her opinion. He should perhaps see him on the next day but one when he, Styles, and her father went to London.

'All which means, my dear,' said Smethby, when he had a chance of whispering to his daughter, 'that this farce is about to end. He means to present me with the whole of these twenty thousand shares, and you will have a present also. Beyond this, you will have an offer in plain language—his language has already been plain enough to show what he means; so, be a sensible girl, and don't lose a chance the like of which will not occur again, if you live for a hundred years.'

Harriet did not reply; there was indeed a recurrence of the pouting and flouncing; she could not resist the jewelry; but when Robert Crewe was endangered, she exhibited some of the old perverseness.

In the morning, Cousin George took a stroll into the town, as was his habit. Smethby knew quite well that his eccentric relative went to the post-office, whither his letters, as every one knew, were directed. No one, however, pretended to suspect anything like this arrangement, which was just as shallow and easily penetrated as his other schemes. On his return, he was in higher spirits than usual; a little fitful, perhaps, but certainly more jocular and fuller of sly allusions than he had hitherto allowed himself to be. This was evidence enough, to such a man as Smethby, to show that the end of the scheme was approaching. He broached a capital joke—he undoubtedly so considered it—in the way of a question as to what his cousin Nick would have thought of and said to him, Styles, if he had come back from the diggings loaded with shiners—'Not one or two, Nick, but some scores of thousands, eh!—what then, Nick?' he exclaimed.

Smethby was of course acute enough to seize such a palpable chance, so replied with the utmost heartiness and frankness, that, delighted as he should have been at such good fortune, it never could have made any difference in his feelings to his old friend and cousin, George Styles. The latter grasped his hand at this, and seemed for the moment almost overcome by his feelings. He was indeed about to say something, which Smethby expected would prove a clearing-up avowal; but he checked himself, and saying abruptly, 'No; wait a day or two,' turned the conversation.

Yet, all through the day, there was an uneasiness in Cousin George's manner which could not escape the attention of those around him; and he took several short strolls in the open air to soothe his nerves, which, he admitted, seemed rather shaky. On the last occasion that he took his saunter, it was in the twilight, and in the glance which he naturally threw around him before entering the house, he could see, standing in relief against the clear summer sky, the figures of two men, who were apparently conversing earnestly as they paused on a knoll not far from Mr Smethby's residence.

Then Styles went in, and found the lamps were just lighted, the curtains were drawn, while his host and his daughter, evidently in the best of moods, were awaiting him. With a decision

which was almost like abruptness, Styles began about the visit to London on the morrow. He explained, as he had done before, that until the transaction was completed, he did not want any one, not even the broker, to know that the stock was not entirely for his friend, who had promised to take over all the disposable shares; and that was why he had asked Mr Smethby to provide money instead of a cheque for the payment.

'I understand,' smiled Smethby; 'and, as you know, I have arranged to get notes in the morning. But here is the cheque, if that would suit you—you can have it to-night, if you like.'

'No; O no!' returned Styles; but the response came so slowly, that it seemed as if he had hesitated before deciding. 'There will be no use in that; so long as I can see the broker alone, that will do.'

'Just as you please,' said Mr Smethby. As he paused, a ring at the street door was heard.

'And now a word or two about that little villa my friend thought of buying at Richmond,' resumed Styles. 'I had a letter this morning'——

'If you please, sir,' said the maid-servant, appearing at the door, 'a gentleman wishes to see you.'

'To see me, or to see Mr Styles?' asked her master. Another ring was heard at the street door as he said this.

'I believe I want to see both of you,' said a voice behind the servant, which voice being deep and harsh in its tone, and coming so unexpectedly, made each person in the room start; 'so I shall take the liberty of coming in here,' continued 'the gentleman;' then, suiting the action to the word, he pushed past the attendant, and came close to the table which filled the centre of the room.

All looked at him in amazement; while, before any one spoke, Mr Joe and Mr Brooks, who had called just then to have a chat with Mr Styles, also entered, and gazed at the stranger with as much astonishment as was shown by their friends. The stranger was an elderly, grizzled, but powerfully built man, with hard features, high cheek-bones, indented nose, square jaws, hidden by his stiff iron-gray beard, and moustache.

'You are Mr Smethby—Nicholas Smethby, I believe: in fact, I know it,' said the man.—'But may I ask who this is?' pointing to Cousin George as he spoke.

'I really do not know what your business here is, or why you make this inquiry,' returned Smethby, a good deal nettled by the intrusion; 'but I certainly am Nicholas Smethby, and this gentleman is Mr George Styles. Have you any business with either of us?'

'Did you ever see George Styles look like a cross between a skittle-sharp and a stage smuggler?' continued the visitor, 'which is what this fellow looks like.'

'Do you mean'—— began Cousin George, but he spoke falteringly; while Mr Joe and Mr Brooks, who stood behind the stranger, could see that the speaker turned pale.

'Yes; I do mean,' interrupted the visitor; 'and I mean a good deal more than that, as you will find.' He flourished an ugly-looking stick which he carried, as if to give emphasis to these words.—'As for you, Nick Smethby, I am surprised and ashamed to think you could be such a fool as to mistake a fellow like this for your own cousin—for *me!*'

Here every hearer started in reality; and Smethby, drawing a long breath, looked from one to the other with an expression which clearly showed that he did not mean to contest the announcement.

'Do you think,' resumed the new-comer, 'that a man, after twenty years' beating about the diggings, which I have had, could look as young as he did when he started? which is pretty nearly what this fellow does, in spite of his make-up.—I have come back with enough to pay you your loan, Nick, but I have been down very low in my time. I have fought two battles in the colonial ring, and I am going to show this fellow, presently, how I won them.'

'All this is dreadfully mysterious!' exclaimed Smethby; 'yet one thing is clear enough: I will swear you are my cousin George Styles. But then, who is this?—Yes, who are you, you impostor?' he cried, turning sharply upon his guest, who gasped once or twice, as though trying to speak, but was paralysed by the new-comer, from whom he could not remove his eyes.

'Don't trouble yourself about him yet,' pursued the second Styles. 'I will just say what I have to say, and then I will get it all out of him; you will see that. I fancy, however, I am only just in time. Is it true that you have agreed to go up to London with this person and invest a lot of money among his confederates?'

The 'first cousin,' as he may fairly be called, groaned at this; while Mr Smethby uttered, as well he might, an ejaculation of intense astonishment at finding his intentions and plans thus known to a man whom he had not seen for twenty years.

'I see you are surprised, Nick, and that our customer there feels he is bowled out,' said the stranger. 'But after all, there is nothing to wonder at in the matter. I inquired my way at the station—having learnt your address from your old office—and a gentleman who overheard me, kindly offered to show me the place. I told him who I was; and he was just as much as flabbergasted as you are; but he was delighted as well. He told me all about this'—— The speaker paused while he cast a look of utter contempt at his predecessor, and then went on, evidently unable to find an epithet suitably strong. 'He told me he was a doctor, by name Robert Crewe.' (It was now Harriet's turn to start and change colour.) 'We walked together to a point just below here, where he turned off at the brow of a hill. He not only told me about the impostor who was taking my name, but pointed him out as he slunk in at the gate.' (The unlucky cousin remembered, and groaned audibly as he did so, the two men whom he had seen in converse on the rise in the road.) 'So here I am; and the first thing I mean to do is to collar this fellow, and thrash him until he has not a sound inch of skin on his carcase.—But don't you turn pale, my dear.' This was said to Harriet, and the speaker raised his cap with a sort of reassuring

politeness. 'Though I have come straight from the mines, I do not forget what is due to a lady; and I shall take the fellow outside to have his thrashing, and he shall have it now.' With this, he made a stride forward, and thrusting his huge hand inside the man's collar, clutched him with a grip which might have been of iron, and with a single tug pulled him to his feet; but the victim seemed unable to stand, and sank back on his chair all of a heap.

Harriet uttered a scream as the real Cousin George bent over the man, evidently intent upon dragging him out by main force; while Mr Joe and Mr Brooks seized his arm, and urged him not to be violent—Joe at the same moment briefly introducing himself and his brother-in-law.

'I am glad to see you again, anyhow, young Joe,' returned Styles. 'I remember buying you a drum the last time I was in your company.—But you had better let me settle this fellow at once.'

'Spare me!' whined the man. He could not speak comfortably with such a grip on his collar and with such knuckles buried in his neck.

'Why, what I am going to do is real mercy to you!' retorted his captor. 'You will be sore for a week or ten days, and then be as well as ever; but if I give you over to the police——Well, as you seem to dread a simple licking so much, we will go to the police. Come on!'

Another tremendous tug here dragged up the unfortunate creature, who broke into most despairing petitions, imploring that they would not give him up to the police—*they* knew him, he said.

'Why, confound it! you do not suppose you are to be let off scot-free, after such a game as this, do you?' exclaimed the other, whose astonishment was so clearly genuine, that Joe and Brooks could not repress a smile.

'I will confess everything; I throw myself on your mercy!' urged the man; 'but don't give me up to the police. I am sure to get it hot, if you do.'

'So you ought!' ejaculated Styles.

'I think if you were to quit your hold on his neck, he could speak freer,' said Mr Joe; 'and I should really like to know how all this came about.'

'Ah! so he might,' assented Styles, acting on the suggestion. 'I can easily catch hold of him again when I want him. I'll bet he does not give us the slip.'

In spite of the threat conveyed in the last speech, the culprit's face visibly brightened after Joe's remark. Mr Smethby had remained silent all this time, being not only confused with the unexpected revelation, but a little ashamed, possibly, of his own management, which was so over-cunning as to make him a readier prey to the swindler.

'Well, go on,' was the rough command of Styles. 'Who are you? Where do you come from?'

'My name is John Smith,' began the man. A furtive leer which he cast upon the company as he said this, might have been involuntary; but certain it is that none of those who saw it believed he was speaking the truth. 'I had got into trouble,' he continued, 'and wanted some money for a fresh start. While I was at my wits' end to get this, a pal—a friend—who knew I had been in a difficulty, said' (he paused here, and glanced at Smethby)—'he said there was a flat to be had at Valeborough, if he was properly worked.—No offence, I hope, sir. It was not me who said this; it was my friend.'

'It was correct enough, whoever said it,' replied Smethby, to whom the remark had been addressed.

'He knew a lot about the family affairs here,' continued Smith: 'he had scraped about and picked the particulars up, till he thought he had got quite enough to enable a man to act as the cousin they had not seen for twenty years; but he owned he had not got the headpiece to keep the game up for any time; so I was to be the cousin; and he was to be a friend who knew me, and was to manage—as he did very well—to get hold of Mr Smethby, as if by accident, and tell him all about the good luck of his old friend Styles, and how he was going to try on a game with his cousin Mr Smethby.'

'I never thought I was such an idiot; but go on,' said the host.

'We raked up some money between us,' resumed Smith; 'but it was a hard job to get enough, as of course I had to be pretty liberal; but luckily this gentleman would not let me spend much.—However, I got a letter this morning, saying that Ben—my friend—could not send another penny, and that unless I could make a haul at once, the thing must burst up. But the business was nearly ripe. I had prepared the way for persuading my cousin, as I called him, to invest a lot of money, by dropping a pretended letter from my stockbroker, which I knew they would find and read. In fact, there was no difficulty all through; and I had arranged for a visit to London to-morrow, so I was in hope that'——

'That you could make the haul,' said Smethby, as the other paused. 'How did you mean to do it, when I should be with you? I was to go to the office, you know.'

'I meant to take you to a place where you would wait in a room, while I went into what you would think was only an inner office, but which I knew had a way out,' answered Smith. 'In fact, if I had once touched the money, there would have been an end of it.'

'And your friend with the villa and the bracelets?' asked Smethby.

'All put in to make it seem more natural,' said the man. 'But I have not robbed your place of a pennyworth ever since I have been here, I assure you. I hope you will take that into consideration.'

He went on a little further, until he was interrupted by Styles, who led him to the door—no force was now wanted—and telling him that he would give him in charge to the nearest policeman if he ever saw him again, pitched him out on the dark road, and then returned to the circle he had left.

At first, Smethby was terribly chopfallen, but recovered ere long, and joined in the laugh with which first 'Cousin George' and then the others reviewed the past. Harriet was not the noisiest of the party, but she was not the least happy, and 'Cousin George' appeared to have taken a great fancy for her.

Styles paid his debt to 'Nick Smethby' that night, to prove, as he said, that he was not another impostor, and said, besides, that while he should not bother about amethyst bracelets or diamonds and sapphires, yet, if that young doctor had the courage to get married within three months, and a few hundreds would help him to get into practice, why, he George Styles, had enough for such a purpose, and Harriet should take care of it, until it was wanted.

Altogether, although rougher and coarser than the first cousin, this second edition was a great improvement; and settling down as he did in Valeborough, he was a regular visitor, not only at Mr Smethby's but at Dr Crewe's, when the latter set up his own house, after an early marriage to Miss Harriet.

And improvident and wild as George had once been, he was steady enough in his friendships now, so he never left the little circle; and when he died, his property—a good deal less than the hundreds of thousands attributed to the first cousin—went to the children of Dr and Mrs Crewe, with which cluster of young people he had always been a great favourite.

AIR AS A MOTIVE FORCE.

In a recent number of the *Journal* we touched on the various methods of transmission of power, and showed how steam had been laid on in mains in the streets of American towns, and a house-to-house distribution thus effected. Loss has been found, however, to result from leakage and condensation, and these defects have militated against the system. Water under pressure has obtained extended application in this country where power was required in docks and warehouses; but up to the present time, a motor has not been introduced satisfying the necessary requirements of economy sufficiently to render the system of commercial value for supplying small power either for domestic purposes or to the lesser industries. Bursting of pipes, through frost or other cause, might result in serious damage, moreover, in dwelling-houses.

The problem of transmission of power may possibly find a solution in electricity in the future; but as regards the present, suffice it to say that the cost of production of such agency entirely precludes it from entering into the field of competition. Attempts now being made, in Paris and Birmingham, to distribute power by rarefied air in the former, and by compressed air in the latter city, possess no slight interest. In each case, the method adopted differs in no way in principle from that of the systems already touched on. Central pumping stations, furnished with boiler and steam-power, supply the requisite energy; whilst the transmitting medium—steam, water, or air, as the case may be—is distributed through the principal mains, which feed in their turn the lesser arteries of the system supplying the individual consumer.

In the case of rarefied air, though, theoretically, a pressure of fifteen pounds per square inch could be obtained, in practice it is found advisable to work at a pressure of about ten pounds, without approaching nearer to an absolute vacuum. Three classes of motors are employed to convert the vacuum in the mains into useful work; suffice it to say, however, that whilst differing in the details of construction, the principle involved throughout is the same, and consists essentially of modifications of the steam-engine to the requirements of air-pressure. Payment is made according to the power absorbed by each consumer, an ingenious arrangement actuating as counter, indicating how much work is actually done, irrespective of the number of revolutions made by the motor. Even where gas is available, the cost of engines for using it has not unfrequently militated against its adoption by the smaller industries; hence the Parisian Company for the distribution of power by rarefied air has elected not only to supply power but to lease out the motors as well. Their customers embrace such users of small power as hat-block makers, jewellers, wood-turners, comb-cutters, stay and clothing manufacturers, dentists, butchers, &c. The cleanliness of this system, and its excellent ventilating capabilities, should form an argument in its favour. Not only is all smell from combustion, as in the case of the gas-engine, avoided, but, by drawing at every stroke a given quantity of air from the room, the motor directly produces ventilation.

Time alone can show whether the system will prove a commercial success; in any case, its promoters could hardly have chosen a better field for its introduction than Paris, a city containing upwards of a million persons engaged in the minor industries already indicated, and which require small motive power.

A NINETEENTH-CENTURY PIRATE.

It is not likely that many of our readers will have heard of a certain Captain Hayes, who a few years ago was one of the most notorious desperadoes among the numerous 'beachcombers' and other questionable characters who infested the South Pacific. A few instances of this worthy's escapades in the paths of fraud and villainy, drawn from *Coral Lands*, by H. S. Cooper (London: R. Bentley & Son), may be of interest, and will also show how, up to a comparatively recent period, a determined character could pursue a career of actual crime and piracy in the Eastern seas with impunity.

Of the antecedents of Captain (or 'Bully,' as he was commonly dubbed) Hayes, little is known before 1858, when he appeared in the Hawaiian Islands, having landed from the ship *Orestes*. After a short stay at Honolulu, he left for San Francisco in the beginning of 1859; and a few months afterwards reappeared in command of a brig bound for New Caledonia. Having entered a closed port without having first passed the custom-house, the sheriff arrested him and took possession of the brig. Captain Hayes put all the blame on his first officer, and was virtuously indignant with him for misinforming him as to the necessity of first entering at the custom-house at Lahaina, at the same time treating the sheriff with unbounded courtesy and every mark of respect. He at once agreed to proceed to Lahaina, and seemed delighted to find it was

the sheriff's duty to accompany him thither. When, however, the ship was clear of the land, Hayes 'changed his tune,' and coolly informed the sheriff he had no intention of going near the custom-house, and that he (the sheriff) could either remain on board and pay for his passage to New Caledonia, or find his way back to port the best way he could. The sheriff found himself completely outwitted, and was perforce obliged to take to his small boat—luckily, still alongside—and managed to reach the land with considerable difficulty, having the melancholy satisfaction of seeing his late prisoner laughing at him over the taffrail as he resumed his course for the Southern Ocean. Next mail brought instructions to the United States consul at Honolulu for Hayes' arrest; and it then became known that when last in the islands he had borrowed money from a confiding clergyman, with which he had gone to San Francisco and negotiated the purchase of the brig, fitted her out, engaged his crew and then set sail, paying nobody. His cruise at this time, however, did not last very long; shortly afterwards, his ship was wrecked at Wallace's Island, the captain and his 'chums' escaping in the boat to the Navigators' Islands, leaving the rest of the crew to their fate. They ultimately, however, succeeded in getting safe to shore by means of a raft.

Hayes was next heard of at Batavia in command of a barque; how obtained is not known. He succeeded in getting a cargo of coffee for Europe—which it would never have seen—when the Dutch East India Company got some information as to his antecedents, and were only too glad to get repossession of their coffee, losing the charter-money, which Hayes insisted on being paid before he allowed the cargo to be taken on shore again. Finding he had not much chance of doing any good—or evil, rather—at Batavia, Hayes resolved to depart in search of a fresh field for the exercise of his talents. Proceeding to Hong-kong, he succeeded in filling his vessel with Chinese coolies, and sailed for Melbourne. After a fair voyage, he was nearing the Australian coast, when he spoke a ship, and was informed that a tax had been imposed on all Chinese immigrants, and that he would have to pay fifty dollars per head on his passengers before he would be permitted to land them. This was rather a serious outlook for the captain, but, as usual, his inventive brain was equal to the occasion. He sailed calmly on, and soon arrived off his port of destination. Then he set to work to carry out the plan he had conceived. He coolly filled his ship half-full of water, hoisted signals of distress, and lay to, waiting the development of his ruse. He had not long to wait; his signals for assistance were perceived, and two tug steamers were soon alongside, proffering their services for the purpose of towing him into port. Hayes declared his ship would sink before she could be got into dock, as his pumps were choked and the water rising at a great rate. He implored them to take off his passengers, leaving his crew and himself to escape by means of their boats, should the barque not float till they returned. This the tug-owners agreed to do. The Chinamen were trans-shipped, and the steamers bore off, promising to return as speedily as possible to his assistance. They got their load of Chinamen safely landed, the owners paying the head-tax, and steamed back to bring in the ship; but she was nowhere to be seen, having, as they supposed, gone down with all hands. No such fate, however, had befallen the gallant captain. No sooner were the tugs out of sight, than he pumped his ship free of water, and lost no time in putting a good few miles between him and Melbourne, inwardly chuckling, no doubt, at the clever way he had duped the antipodeans and got his Chinamen landed at others' expense. Some time after this, Hayes speculated in another cargo of Chinamen; but this time he landed them without trouble and without paying anything, having gone through the formality of getting them all made British subjects before he sailed!

For a few years after this, Captain Hayes was little heard of, except at some of the South Pacific islands, where he occasionally turned up, ostensibly pursuing the avocation of an honest trader. By-and-by, however, he resumed his old habits, and for a couple of years or so he made raids on several of the island groups, robbing and destroying the stations of the traders and native villages. Eventually, he was arrested by the British consul at Upolu. As luck would have it, at this same time a certain friend of Hayes, Captain Pease or Peace, arrived at Upolu in his brig the *Leonora*. On some pretence or other, Hayes obtained leave to go on board; and when next morning dawned, the brig was invisible, having sailed during the night with him on board as a passenger. In due time, the *Leonora* arrived at Shanghai, and by some dodge or other, Hayes managed to get Captain Pease put in prison, passing himself off to the authorities as the owner of the brig. He next got on board the supplies he was in need of, and set sail, as usual paying for little or nothing. Hayes once more was in command of a good ship, with a crew who asked no questions, and in a position to resume his fraudulent career. His first port of call was Saigon, where he was chartered to take a load of rice to Hong-kong and other intermediate ports. At the first port of call, the owner of the rice went on shore to try and effect a sale. Hayes took this opportunity of leaving the owner behind, and set off for Bankok, where he disposed of his cargo at a good price, and departed once more for his favourite hunting-ground—the South Pacific.

Hayes some time after this was again without a ship, having imprudently intrusted his vessel to the care of his first officer, who treated the 'Bully' to a dose of his own game, and went off with her, leaving him in a quandary on one of the South Pacific islets. Hayes was now forced to change his play, and accordingly came out in a new character. Pretending to be converted from his evil ways, he completely got the better of the American missionaries, and obtained command of a small schooner belonging to the Mission. At the first favourable opportunity, as may be supposed, he disappeared with the schooner, and arrived at Manila. Here, however,

his fame had preceded him, and on being recognised, he was promptly arrested, and put in prison. The captain's game seemed now about up; but his good luck had not yet deserted him. Once more adopting the religious dodge, he turned a devout Catholic, and so talked over the priests, that, although there was evidence enough to hang him and a dozen others besides, he got off, and was next heard of at the scene of his first escapade, San Francisco, where he stole a smart schooner called the *Lotus*, and once more was off for the Sunny South.

On another occasion, Hayes was captured by the U.S. steamer *Naraganset*, which had been commissioned to look out for him. He was not many days on board the war-ship, when, by his affable manners and gentlemanly behaviour, he so won over the sympathies of the American officers, that they became convinced he was a most worthy individual, and set him free, actually supplying him with a new set of sails and other articles he was in need of!

On another occasion, Hayes called at Levuka, the capital of Fiji, to obtain supplies for a lengthened cruise. The goods were sent on board, and the bill rendered, payment being expected next morning before he sailed; but when the day dawned, the captain, as usual, was off. Unfortunately for him, however, in this instance the wind failed him, and the merchant was able to overtake the ship in a rowboat.

The captain was not at all put about when the merchant came on board; said 'he presumed he would have letters for him to post, and would be delighted to be of use.' The merchant was rather taken aback at such coolness in an absconding debtor, and mildly hinted at payment of his account.

'Why,' exclaimed Hayes, 'you were paid yesterday!'

The merchant assured him that he was mistaken.

Hayes expressed astonishment, and ordered up one of his officers. 'Didn't I give you the cash to settle this gentleman's bill?' he asked indignantly; and then the 'Bully' opened the vials of his wrath upon the innocent seaman, who was cunning enough to see the captain's object, and held his tongue. Seeing, however, that there was no sign of a breeze springing up, he was forced to pay for his supplies, no doubt very much chagrined at having to be honest for once in his lifetime.

After a long career of robbery and bloodshed—for he gets the name of having perpetrated several murders—Hayes at last met his deserts at the hands of one of his officers, whom he had defrauded and ill-used in a most disgraceful manner. No doubt, the secret of *his* eluding the hands of justice for so long a time was his particularly pleasing manners and appearance. He was by no means a common ruffian, but the reverse, having a handsome face and figure, and bestowing a deal of care and attention on his personal appearance. His urbanity of manner and conversational powers were of the most fascinating description, and he could entertain a friend or knock him on the head in an equally charming style. When he first appeared in the Pacific, he was accompanied by 'Mrs Hayes,' and was seldom without a female companion, several of whom are said to have been among his victims. He was possessed of great natural abilities. If he had only turned his talents into a proper channel, he might have made a good position for himself in the world.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

Mr C. Tankerville-Chamberlain, late acting consul at Panama, gives a hopeful account of the progress of M. de Lesseps' giant undertaking, the construction of the Canal across the Isthmus, which is very different from the description of the state of things lately published in the American newspapers. He believes that the great work will be actually completed in about three years' time. The line of the Canal, forty-six miles in length, has been divided into five sections, which have been handed over to five responsible and solvent contractors, who are bound under heavy penalties to complete their work by the end of 1888. The holders of railway stock and many others in America are interested in believing, and trying to make others believe, that the Canal is a failure and cannot succeed. That it will be a financial success, must remain an open question, for the expense already incurred, added to that which is to come, constitutes a larger sum than has ever yet been sunk in a single engineering undertaking.

A proposal is now on foot to connect by means of a submarine tunnel the defences of Portsmouth with the forts on the Solent and with the Isle of Wight, and it is probable that preliminary borings will be made to ascertain the practicability of the scheme. It has been before proposed that a fort should be built half-way between Stokes Bay and Ryde, on a bank which rises to within eight feet of high-water mark; but the scheme was abandoned because of the difficulty of finding fresh water for the garrison. The tying together of this proposed fort and the other defences would at once obviate this difficulty, and would at the same time relieve our expensive ironclads from the duty of protecting a spot which has always been looked upon as of great importance.

Among all the wonderful things which were exhibited in the late Colonial and Indian Exhibition, there was nothing more remarkable than the vast variety of different woods—strange to European eyes—which were shown in some of the Courts. These woods seemed to exhibit every shade of colour and every variety of grain. In one Court in particular could this be well remarked, for the different samples of wood were cut into the shape of books and highly polished, each pseudo volume bearing its own name. Messrs A. Ransome & Co. lately invited a number of colonial visitors—engineers, builders, and others—to their large works at Chelsea, in order that they might demonstrate the applicability of some of these woods to various purposes.

About forty different varieties were subjected to the operations of tree-felling, cross-cutting, sawing, planing, moulding, mortising, tenoning, and boring; while various articles, from casks to doors, were actually made and completed before the visitors' eyes. The exhibition not only formed an illustration of the suitability of many colonial woods for employment in this country, but it also showed to what a marvellous pitch of perfection wood-working machinery has been brought by Messrs Ransome. The demonstration is likely to lead to a great shipment of colonial woods to this country, many of which are plentiful, and therefore cheap.

The colossal statue of Liberty, which has been presented by the French Republic to the Republic of America, and which, with the pedestal, is over one hundred and fifty feet in height, is, at the time we write, nearly completed. When the statue is quite finished, it is proposed to illuminate it at night in a very novel manner. The female figure of Liberty holds aloft a torch, which will be furnished with eight electric arc lamps, each of six thousand candle-power, the rays from which will be thrown upwards towards the clouds. At the same time, several other lamps of similar power will shine on the statue itself, causing it to stand out in strong relief from its dark surroundings.

A correspondent of the *Times*, quoting a letter recently received from Sydney, New South Wales, gives an account of the extraordinary instinct shown by ants and other insects which live in and on the ground. Some months ago, the natives of a certain district predicted the approach of floods, and left their low-lying camping-grounds for the higher country. The floods came as predicted, several weeks later; and the natives said that their sole information regarding them was gathered from the insects, which had built their nests, &c. in the trees, instead of, as usual, in the ground. The correspondent asks whether this forecasting providence of the ant is recorded by any of our travellers, and whether any explanation of the fact can be given.

Here are two more natural-history notes recorded by correspondents. It is pointed out by one that, owing to our backward spring this year, the swallows on their arrival were kept so short of food that quite two-thirds of their number died of famine; hence the unusual plague of flies that we have experienced during the summer. He pleads that the little mud nests which are seen clinging under the eaves of so many houses in country and suburbs should be protected from injury, for if it were not for the swallows, flies would constitute a veritable pest.

In answer to this, another writer points out that sparrows will sometimes prevent the swallows building, and will often drive the rightful owners from their nests. This fact he has ascertained by direct observation. He also remarks that the swarms of flies this year may be due in great measure to the scarcity of wasps, which destroy an immense number. The scarcity of wasps in his particular neighbourhood is fully accounted for, one of his friends having destroyed no fewer than sixty-seven of their nests. His plan of procedure is, as far as we know, as novel as it is simple and effective. Tow soaked in spirits of turpentine is thrust into the wasp's nest at night, and the hole is afterwards filled up—presumably with earth.

We are so accustomed to wonderful news from the land of Niagara, that we are not much surprised to learn that the largest photographic negative ever produced has been taken by an American worker. The glass plate upon which the colossal picture was taken measured sixty by thirty-six inches, and weighed more than eighty pounds. The coating with sensitive material of such a plate was in itself a very difficult undertaking, while for its development after exposure in the camera, over three pailfuls of fluid had to be cast over its surface while it was lying in a specially constructed tray. The photographer succeeded in obtaining a good picture, as well as a silver medal to reward him for his enterprise.

A French journal says that flowers may be preserved with all their natural brilliancy and freshness by dipping them into a mixture made as follows: In a well-corked bottle, dissolve six drachms of coarsely powdered clear gum-copal; add the same quantity of broken glass, and fifteen and a half ounces (by weight) of pure rectified sulphuric ether. The flowers should be dipped into this varnish-like fluid four or five times, allowing them to remain in a current of air for ten minutes between each immersion. This plan, if it does not interfere with the delicate texture of the petals, should be of use to flower-painters, who often have to hurry their work unduly because of the perishable nature of their models.

Mr Graber has lately made some curious observations upon the effect of light upon eyeless animals, a Report of which appears in the Proceedings of the Vienna Academy. He put a number of earthworms into a box, which was provided with an aperture at one side, through which light was allowed ingress. The result of many experiments showed that the worms sought the darkest part of their temporary prison, and that at least two-fifths of their number shunned the light. Experimenting with rays of different colours by means of stained glass, he found that the worms exhibited a marked preference for red light.

According to the *American Druggist*, an alloy which will solder glass, porcelain, and metals, or one to the other, can be made in the following manner: Copper dust, made by precipitating the metal from a solution of bluestone by means of zinc, is put into a mortar and treated with strong sulphuric acid. To this mass, formed by the copper and acid, is added a little more than twice as much mercury, the addition being made with constant stirring. The amalgam thus formed is washed with warm water to remove the acid, and is afterwards cooled. When required for use, it is heated, and worked in a mortar until it becomes as soft as wax, and in this state it will cling tenaciously to any surface to which it may be applied. It is applicable more especially to those substances which will not bear a high temperature.

A year ago, Mr J. W. Swan of Newcastle described before the North of England Institute of Mining and Mechanical Engineers an electric

safety-lamp which he had invented for the use of miners. This lamp, although efficient, had no means of detecting the presence of firedamp. In an improved lamp which the same inventor has produced, this deficiency is supplied, for a firedamp indicator forms part of the lamp. This indicator is based upon one invented some time ago, and consists of a coil of platinum wire which can be switched on to the current which supplies the lamp and brought to a red-heat. If firedamp be present, the wire becomes far hotter, and therefore brighter than it will in pure air; and in one form of lamp a similar coil, shut up in a glass tube containing air, is provided, for the sake of comparison. In another form of indicator the hot wire is made to explode the charge of firedamp submitted to it, of course in a closed chamber, thus forming a partial vacuum, which acts upon a column of liquid in an attached gauge tube. By this means the exact percentage of fiery gas present can be accurately noted. It may be hoped that these improved appliances may come into common use; but of course electrical fittings are somewhat expensive, and this is the initial difficulty in introducing improvements which would lead to much saving of life.

In these enlightened times, when books without number are published to instruct even the youngest scholars about the nature of common things, it seems almost impossible to realise the ignorance which existed and the nonsense which was written even as lately as the last century concerning matters of the most elementary kind. So-called facts in natural history of the most ludicrous kind were handed down from writer to writer and accepted as the exact truth by all readers. Here is a specimen of chemical knowledge which dates from the year 1747, and is due to the pen of one George Adams. He naively remarks that 'some people have imagined that the sharpness of vinegar is occasioned by the eels striking their pointed tails against the tongue and palate; but it is very certain that the sourest vinegar has none of those eels, and that its pungency is entirely owing to the pointed figure of its salts, which float therein.' There is probably some confusion here between the sourness of vinegar and the acidity of sour paste, which latter is accompanied, as even young microscopists know well, by the development of innumerable so-called eels.

At a recent meeting of the Society of Medical Officers of Health, Dr Alfred Hill, the President, delivered an opening address, which dealt with the important subjects of the disposal of house-refuse and the best method of treating sewage. The employment of destructive furnaces for getting rid of dry house-refuse was strongly recommended. The efficient disposal of sewage is of course a far more difficult problem to solve, and one which has now for a number of years troubled the minds of many. Dr Hill is in favour of the sewage-farm principle, which has been so successfully tried at Birmingham. He showed that the system had not proved a nuisance to adjoining residents nor yet injurious to health. It was also a profitable system, for in the city referred to, twenty thousand pounds had been realised during the past year by the sale of stock and produce from the sewage-farm. He believed that if a similar system were adopted for the metropolitan area, the sewage which is now allowed to poison the Thames might realise in meat, milk, and vegetables two hundred thousand pounds.

Mr Thomson Hankey has lately pointed out a new use for sugar, which, however, is not new, but it is so little known that he has done good service in calling attention to it. In the preparation of mortar and cement, the addition of a certain quantity of unrefined sugar will give the mixture extraordinary hardness and tenacity. In India, sugar has been used for this purpose from time immemorial, and walls built with mortar of this description will defy all ordinary methods of destruction. Plaster of Paris will also set much harder if about ten per cent. of sugar be added to the water with which it is mixed. With plaster of Paris, it might be mentioned, the addition of alum has much the same effect.

At one of the recent meetings of the Iron and Steel Institute, M. Gautier of Paris read an interesting paper on 'The Casting of Chains in Solid Steel.' In the course of this paper, he pointed out that in order to compete successfully with wrought-iron in chain-making, the steel employed must be quite solid and absolutely free from blowholes, and it is most necessary to adopt a quick method of moulding the chains. In the process which has been adopted by Messrs Joubert and Leger of Lyons, these difficulties have been successfully overcome. The process combines chilled casting with instantaneous removal from the moulds, after which the chain is finished and annealed in oil. By this method he claims that better chains can be manufactured than those of wrought-iron, with the advantage of greatly diminished weight.

The deposition of dust and smoke by the passage of electricity has been more than once adverted to in these pages, more especially in connection with the collection of lead-fume. Messrs King, Mendham, & Co. of Bristol have recently constructed a convenient piece of apparatus for illustrating this phenomenon. It consists of a jar capped at the top with a cover, through which protrudes a rod furnished with a ball. This rod terminates inside the jar in a point; and a similar pointed wire, which finds a termination outside the lower part of the jar, is opposite to it. Below, there is a small combustion box, in which a smouldering piece of brown paper will soon fill the jar with smoke. Thus filled, the jar is connected by its brass terminals to a Wimshurst Electrical Machine. When the handle of the machine is turned, an electrical discharge takes place between the two pointed wires; and the smoke, after being violently agitated, disappears, leaving the air in the jar perfectly clear.

The Simplex Ironing Machine, which is invented by Mr S. Bush, and which has been examined and approved by the leading tailoring establishments in London and Paris, is designed to relieve workers from the heavy manual labour attending the use of pressing-irons. The simplex iron is suspended from a movable arm by a universal joint, and can be moved in any direction over the work and with any desired degree of pressure. This pressure is brought about by the aid of a pedal attachment. There is also provision made for pressing long seams, a movable

table being made to travel to and fro beneath the gas-heated iron. The inventor claims for his method a saving in fuel and more rapid and efficient work.

A new explosive has been invented by a Russian engineer, M. Rucktchell, about which some very curious particulars have been published, while the nature of the compound remains the secret of its discoverer. The explosive gives a penetrative power to projectiles ten times greater than gunpowder. It emits neither smoke nor heat, and its discharge is unaccompanied by any report. If this be true, can the compound—whatever it be—be called an explosive? But this wonderful product is to be utilised in the arts of peace as well as those of war, for it forms the motive-power for an engine constructed by the inventor, an engine for which he claims superiority over steam and gas engines. It will be remembered that an engine of much the same character was invented a few years ago in America. Its motive-power was a secret from everybody. The necessary and inevitable Company was formed to buy up the inventor's rights, and then—nothing more was heard of it.

Mr W. F. Dennis has been exhibiting at Millwall, London, a continuous wire-netting machine, which is a great improvement on former contrivances of this kind. The machine works from bobbins of wire only, not from bobbins and spools, as in the older machines, and these bobbins contain a sufficient length of wire to keep the machine at work for a whole day. In a day of ten hours, a single machine will produce three hundred and fifty yards of wire-netting twenty-three inches in width. The machine in question occupies a space of eleven by eight feet, by six feet in height. Nor is it confined to the production of netting from soft metal, for hard bright steel and iron wire can be used, producing a most rigid product. The consumption in Europe of wire-netting is estimated at forty million yards per annum, and the possibility of producing it of a rigid character, hitherto thought to be impossible, is sure to increase its fields of usefulness.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

WOODITE.

Woodite, a newly invented preparation of caoutchouc—so called from the name of its inventor—is attracting considerable attention at the present time. In woodite are united the useful elastic properties of india-rubber together with the advantages of immunity from injury by fire or salt water. The specific gravity of woodite is only one-tenth that of iron or steel; whilst the cost of the new material, as compared with these metals, is estimated to be as three to seven, or rather less than one half. Such facts fully explain the importance attached to the proposition now being made to utilise woodite as a protection—either internal or external, as regards the vessel's skin—to men-of-war and torpedo boats. Experiments recently made to ascertain the behaviour of woodite under fire were as satisfactory as conclusive, and established the interesting fact, that the caoutchouc closed up again so thoroughly and instantaneously, after the passage of the shot, that no leakage resulted, though the vessel was pierced below water-line.

The value of a material possessed of such qualities for naval purposes cannot be overestimated; whilst in a variety of other ways, woodite appears likely to play a not unimportant part in the near future. In the construction of lifeboats, a material so buoyant and indestructible cannot fail to be of service; whilst for lining quay walls, harbour entrances, piers, landing-stages, and the numberless cases where it is desirable to moderate the force of impact, woodite should be found of the greatest value. In the case of a collision at sea, a vessel fortified internally or externally with woodite would be more likely to remain afloat, than, *cæteris paribus*, one not similarly protected.

In an age when every effort is made to secure the requisite buoyancy in our huge floating citadels, heavily laden with ponderous armour and gigantic ordnance, a material combining buoyancy in so high a degree, with its other advantages, cannot but be destined, in the opinion of competent judges, to play a brilliant part; whilst its future in the more peaceful arts cannot fail to be equally commensurate with its merits.

TRAVELLING ARRANGEMENTS ON THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

A passenger by the Canadian Pacific Railway gives an interesting sketch of the travelling arrangements on this latest trans-continental line. We learn that the locomotives have a haul of about one hundred and twenty to one hundred and thirty miles in each division of the line, when they are changed, and fresh ones put on. The continent is crossed from Montreal to Vancouver, in British Columbia, in five days and fourteen hours; and this will soon be reduced to one hundred and twenty hours. Good time is kept. The first east-bound trans-continental train that was met in transit, passed Sudbury, going eastward, at 4.17 P.M., after being about five days on the journey. Before its arrival, there was some curiosity to learn whether it was in time, and bets were made on the time it would arrive. This train, after travelling a distance of two thousand five hundred miles, arrived only fifteen seconds behind time. The railway route from Montreal to Vancouver covers two thousand nine hundred and nine miles; and the through sleeping-coaches attached to the train run the entire distance without change, which is a great comfort to the traveller. Every week-day, a train starts from each end of the line, leaving the eastern terminus at Montreal at eight o'clock in the evening, and the western terminus at one o'clock in the afternoon. On Sundays, the trains do not start; thus making six trains each way every week. The west-bound train is called the Pacific Express; and the east-bound train the Atlantic Express.

The Pacific Express, in which this correspondent travelled, was made up of five coaches. At the head was the luggage, mail, and express coach, which carried the baggage. The next is the colonists' coach, a third-class carriage with seats arranged so that they can be turned into a double tier of berths on each side for sleeping

accommodation. The train carries passengers at three rates. The ordinary American first-class passenger coach follows the colonists' coach, which usually takes local travellers along the line. Following this is the dining-coach, which usually accompanies the train only from seven o'clock in the morning till nine o'clock at night. Following the dining-car is the through sleeping-coach, which is constructed with six sections on each side. In the aggregate, twenty-six persons can be given sleeping accommodation in this car; while at one end, toilet-rooms and a bathroom are provided. At the rear of the sleeping-coach is a large open apartment with a good outlook, which can be used as a smoking-room, and where passengers may have a view of the line passed over.

OVERHEAD TELEGRAPH WIRES.

This arrangement of wires has always been considered as a disfiguring and dangerous eyesore, and at last our quick-sighted cousins 'across the water' have determined that the nuisance shall be forthwith abated. In New York, Washington, St Louis, Chicago, and other great cities of the United States, legislative decrees have been issued for the compulsory abolition of all overhead wires, which will in future be conducted underground in tunnels beneath the pavement, and by this means a great improvement will be effected in the matter of street architecture, and some dangers to passengers will be removed. Many instances have been known in America where, from violent storms of wind or snow, the telegraph posts have been blown down, occasioning injury and even death to passengers. All this will be avoided by the new arrangement.

ANGRY BEES.

As a supplementary note to the article on 'Bees and Honey' which appeared in No. 135 of the *Journal*, a correspondent sends us the following:

'A painful instance of the terrible consequences of provoking bees is connected with one of the loveliest sights in India, the famous Marble Rocks of Jubbulpore. These rocks form a gorge through which the great river Nerbudda flows, and the marble formation extends for about a mile. The dazzling walls which shut in the river are studded with pendent bees' nests, and for any one proceeding in a boat down the narrow channel to disturb the bees is a fatal proceeding. If any warning were required, it is given by a tomb which stands on the outskirts of the village just above the gorge, to the memory of one who was stung to death in this beautiful spot. Actuated by a foolish impulse, he fired his rifle at one of the nests, whereupon the bees came down on him in such numbers that he attempted to save himself by jumping overboard. The relentless insects, however, still pursued him, with fatal results. I quote the story from memory, but believe it is to be found in detail in Forsyth's charming work, *The Highlands of Central India*.

'A friend once told me that as he was driving near a village some miles from Jubbulpore, he and his servant and horse were attacked by bees without any real provocation. The enemy crowded round in such numbers that the situation became serious. After receiving several stings, and finding the horse, too, becoming restive, my friend resolved to save his own life and that of his servant, both of which were really in jeopardy, at the risk of a little discomfort to other people. Accordingly, he whipped up his horse and made for the village, a cloud of bees keeping up with the trap without the least effort. When the village was reached, the bees, as my friend anticipated, found so many other objects of interest, that they distributed their attentions with less marked partiality than hitherto. In other words, the cloud left the trap and scattered among the villagers, who were, however, so numerous, that two or three stings apiece probably represented the total damage. The expedient was not, perhaps, a charitable one, but, in the circumstances, was, I venture to think, justifiable.'

The PUBLISHERS *have pleasure in intimating that next year will appear in this* JOURNAL *an Original Novel, entitled*

RICHARD CABLE,

by the distinguished Author of the well-known works of fiction, '*Mehalah*,' '*John Herring*,' '*Court Royal*,' *&c.*

A BRIGHT DAY IN NOVEMBER.

A SUMMER hush is on the golden woods;
The path lies deep in leaves—the air is balm;
No sound disturbs these silent solitudes,
Save some faint bird-notes, which, amid the calm,
Seem like the sad, sweet song of one who grieves
Over a happy past—yet with a strain
Of Hope, which sees amid these yellow leaves,
Bare boughs all clothed with Spring's young buds again.

Even thus, most gracious Lord, in Sorrow's hour,
When Life seems saddest, and our hopes decay,
Thou sendest comfort—as, in wood or bower,
Some humble flower remains to speak of May;
Some gleam of joy lights up the wintry scene;
Some tender grace returns to bless and cheer;
And though our trees no more are clothed in green,
Bright days may light the closing of our year.

J. K.

The Conductor of CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL begs to direct the attention of CONTRIBUTORS to the following notice:

1*st*. All communications should be addressed to the 'Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2*d*. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3*d*. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

4*th*. Offerings of Verse should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

If the above rules are complied with, the Editor will do his best to insure the safe return of ineligible papers.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

All Rights Reserved.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL
OF
POPULAR
LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART
Fifth Series
ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832
CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)

No. 153.—Vol. III. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1886. Price 1½d.

'ON GUARD' AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

Though the honour implied in the protection of the principal residence of the sovereign is considerable, military duty at Windsor is not by any means held in high estimation by soldiers, that is to say by those whose lot it is to perform the ordinary functions of 'sentry-go' around the castle. In a word, the duty is 'hard.' This term, applied to peace-time soldiering, means that the men have few 'nights in bed'—the criterion by which such service is invariably judged. At some stations the rank and file have as many as twenty of these coveted consecutive nights in barracks; but at Windsor the present writer has at times enjoyed the honour of passing every third night on the exposed terraces of the castle; and as the 'Queen's Regulations' lay particular stress on each soldier having at least one 'night in bed' before going on guard, it will be granted that the Windsor duty is not unjustly considered somewhat trying. Perhaps a glimpse at the inner life of the Castle-guard may interest some readers.

The armed party, which consists of some fifty soldiers, is under the command of an officer, assisted by two sergeants, together with as many corporals, and it enters upon its twenty-four hours' tour of duty in the forenoon. A drummer-boy also 'mounts:' his chief employment being to go messages and to carry the lantern used in making the nocturnal 'rounds.' When the guard marches into the lower ward of the castle, after having in its progress considerably enlivened the quiet streets of Windsor, the 'old' guard is formally relieved, and the men not immediately required as sentinels take possession of the guard-room—a large, comparatively modern building, in the vicinity of the antique Curfew Tower. With a view, probably, to the preservation of discipline, the two sergeants are provided with a 'bunk,' a small portion of the area of the apartment partitioned off, and fitted with a miniature guardbed. Here they often employ their time in the making up of pay-lists, duty-rosters,* and the like. On entering the guard-room, the privates quickly divest themselves of their valises and folded greatcoats; for it is now admitted by the authorities that a sentry may march about quite 'steadily' without being constantly burdened with his kit. The valises are suspended from rows of pegs furnished for this purpose; and—what might in fine weather seem surprising—the greatcoats set free from their tightly buckled straps. Ostensibly, the 'loose' coats are necessary to spread out on the guard-bed, so as to slightly soften that uneasy couch, as well as to prevent dust, which may there have lodged, from adhering to the tunics of recumbent guardsmen. But the real reason for shaking out these garments frequently is to allow them to dry, because in many cases they have been liberally sprinkled with water before being buckled up, to insure a more compact 'fold.'

A stranger to things military, on surreptitiously glancing in at the guardroom door early in the day, and while the sentry's back was turned, would notice a large number of white basins drawn up on the tables and 'dressed' with extraordinary precision. These vessels are placed in position for the reception of the soup, which is served shortly before mid-day, and they bring us to the important subject of the culinary department. There are four cooks connected with the castle guard. One is 'corporal of the cooks;' another is 'standing' (or permanent) cook; and the remaining two are merely sent daily on 'fatigue' from the barracks. The provisions are conveyed to the castle in a barrow of peculiar construction, and deposited in the cook-house—a place not at all resembling a conventional kitchen, but both in situation and appearance very like the dungeons one is occasionally introduced to when visiting ancient strongholds. In this dismal region are capacious 'coppers,' in any one of which soup, beef, vegetables, or tea can be prepared.

* *Roster*, in military language, is the list of persons liable to a certain duty.

To return, however, to the proceedings of the members of the guard. When they have satisfactorily arranged their equipments and, above all, thoroughly repolished their boots, a corporal calls for silence. This obtained, he begins to make out the duty-roll, or 'detail' as it is usually termed, of the sentries; and when the detail is completed, he affixes to the wall in a primitive fashion—with pieces of damped ration bread—a short abstract, in which the men are represented by figures. To the uninitiated observer, the purport of this might be rather puzzling. After a particular numeral, for example, is inscribed the word 'Cocoa.' The soldier to whom it refers has assigned to him the task of preparing the beverage named, which is issued to the guard at midnight—the 'standing' cook having the privilege of every night in bed. The abstract is attentively perused by the men, who sometimes take private memoranda of the parts of its contents that apply to them individually. Not unfrequently this is done with a pencil on their pipeclayed gun-slings, in such a position as not to be apparent to the inspecting officer.

As soon as every one has mastered the corporal's hieroglyphics, a sergeant issues from the bunk already alluded to, bearing the 'order-board,' which is of rather portentous dimensions. As the great majority of the men know the regulations off by heart, they are read in a slightly hasty and perfunctory manner; though, with true military exactness, not a word is omitted. There is little in the list of orders that calls for special remark; but one paragraph is, we imagine, almost if not quite unknown elsewhere; it relates to the conduct of the corporals when marching round the 'reliefs.' If, when so marching along with his men, Her Majesty the Queen should meet or pass the party, the non-commissioned officer is directed to halt his subordinates, draw them up in 'open order,' and see that the appropriate salute is rendered. The curious order which prohibits soldiers from 'working at their trade while on guard' is of course represented on the board; but as a matter of fact, some men pass a good deal of their spare time in the not very martial occupation of making beadwork pincushions. These articles, however, command somewhat tempting prices, especially in the metropolis.

While the men of the guard have thus been engaged, the commandant has taken over his quarters, adjacent to the guardroom, and reached by a pretty long stone stair, well worn by the iron-shod heels of many generations of corporals and drummer-boys. Soon after mounting duty, the officer is joined by his servant, who brings with him a portmanteau containing various comforts. A cooking department is also required in the case of the officer, whose meals, however, are conveyed to him by the messmen from barracks. Before long, the steps of a corporal ascending the stair warn the captain of the guard that the hour approaches for him to march off the 'second relief.'

The 'posts' are numerous. One sentinel paces about in front of the guardroom, much of his attention being devoted to saluting the Knights Pensioners of Windsor, who reside in the lower ward of the castle. Another soldier has ample leisure to examine the architectural features of the celebrated Round Tower, at the base of which he is stationed. A third takes post on the North Terrace, where a splendid prospect enlivens the monotony of his vigil, and whence, if of a philological turn, he can contemplate the windings of the river which are said to have given the place the name Wind-shore, or Windsor. Or, if historically inclined, he may recollect that the North Terrace was once the favourite promenade, for an hour before dinner, of Queen Elizabeth, to whom it is alleged the English soldier was originally indebted for his daily ration of beef. Then there are two sentries on the eastern façade of the castle. These men are in close proximity to the royal apartments. By night, they do not challenge in the ordinary manner, but by two stamps with the right foot; and they are charged to pronounce the words 'All's well' in an undertone. The grand entrance to the upper ward of the castle is in the keeping of a 'double' sentry, as is also a gate near at hand; and there are several other sentry-posts which it would be tedious to visit in detail. In each sentry-box hangs a heavy watchcoat, which the soldier may put on when he thinks fit, and of the large buttons on this cloak he is expected to take sedulous care.

By night, the sentinels around Windsor Castle are slightly augmented in number; but it will only be necessary here to notice one nightpost, the cloisters of St George's Chapel. This is a somewhat eerie quarter in the small-hours. There is a military tradition to the effect that the cloisters are occasionally visited by shadowy and unearthly forms, to the perturbation of young soldiers. The writer has had no experience of these supernatural visitants; but he has noticed, when marching round the relief, an unusual alacrity on the part of some men to quit the cloisters.

While the men on guard are engaged in their usual routine, the officer is not altogether idle; he inspects and marches off the relieving detachments at intervals of two hours; and in the afternoon visits the sentries, taking pains to ascertain that they are familiar with their instructions. At eleven o'clock at night he makes his 'rounds,' preceded by the drummer-boy with his lantern, as well as by a corporal bearing a bunch of keys, wherewith to open a number of iron gates in and near the castle; and when the rounds return to the lower ward, the captain of the guard is at liberty to retire for the night.

In the morning, such members of the guard as may be slumbering are roused by the arrival of the cooking-party; and soon afterwards the officer's man, with his portmanteau, appears on the scene. Before long, a sergeant comes forth from the 'bunk,' uttering the mandate: 'Get these coats folded.' During the period when the equipments are being operated upon, the senior sergeant is engaged on the 'guard report.' One important part of this is already in print upon the form, and it commences by saying that 'Nothing extraordinary has occurred during my tour of duty.' When the sergeant has carefully finished the report, he takes it to the officer for signature, and on his return calls out: 'Fall-in the guard.' The men, who are already fully accoutred, promptly form-up outside the guardroom; and the commandant is seen descending

the stair from his quarters. Then the 'new' guard arrives. In the course of half an hour, the first stroke bestowed by the big-drummer on his instrument announces to the 'old' guard that their tour of duty is at an end.

BY ORDER OF THE LEAGUE.

BY FRED. M. WHITE.

IN TWENTY CHAPTERS.—CHAP. XVII.

When Maxwell came to himself, it was broad daylight. He was lying upon a straw mattress in a small room, containing no furniture besides the rude bed; and as he looked up, he could see the rafters, black with dirt and the smoke of ages. The place was partly a house, partly a hut. Gradually, as recollection came back to him, he remembered the events of the previous night, wondering vaguely why he had been selected as a victim for attack, and what brought him here. By the clear sound of voices and the rush of water, he judged himself to be in the country. He had no consciousness of fear, so he rose, and throwing open the heavy door, looked out. Towering away above his head were the snow-capped peaks of mountains, and below him the spreading valley of the Campagna. Wood upon wood was piled up before him, all aglow with bright sunlight, the green leaves whispering and trembling in the breeze. The hut was built on a long rocky plateau, approached by a narrow winding path, and ending in a steep precipice of two hundred feet, and backed up behind by almost perpendicular rocks, fringed and crowned by trees. In spite of his position, Maxwell drew a long breath of delight; the perfect beauty of the scene thrilled him, and appealed to his artistic soul and love of the beautiful. For some time he gazed upon the panorama, perfectly oblivious to his position, till gradually the sound of voices borne upon the wind came to his ears. He walked to the side of the hut and looked around.

Seated upon the short springy turf, in every picturesque and comfortable position the ingenuity of each could contrive, were four men, evidently, to Maxwell's experienced eye, banditti. They seemed peacefully inclined now, as they lounged there in the bright sunshine smoking, and renewing the everlasting *papilito*, without which no such gentry are complete, either in the pages of fiction or as portrayed upon the modern stage. With the exception of one, evidently the leader, there was nothing gorgeous in their costume, it being the usual attire of the mountaineers; but the long carabines lying by their sides and the short daggers in their waistbands spoke of their occupation. Maxwell began to scent an adventure and enjoy the feeling; it would only mean the outlay of a few pounds, a little captivity; but when he approached nearer, and saw each bearing on some part of his person the gold moidore, his heart beat a trifle faster as he stepped forward and confronted the group.

'What is the meaning of this?' he asked, in the best Italian at his command. 'I suppose it is merely a question of ransom. But it is useless to put the figure too high. Come, what is the amount?'

The brigands looked to each other in admiration of this coolness. Presently, the leader removed his cigarette from his mouth and spoke: 'You have your watch, signor, and papers; you have your rings and purse. It is not our rule to forget these with an ordinary prisoner.'

Maxwell felt in his pocket, and, surely enough, his valuables were perfectly safe—nothing missing, even to his sketch-book. For the first time, he began to experience a sensation of fear. 'Then, if plunder is not your object, why am I detained?'

'Plunder is not a nice word to ears polite, signor,' the leader replied with a dark scowl. 'You are detained by orders. To hear, with us, is to obey. You will remain here during our pleasure.'

'But suppose I refuse to remain?'

Without rising, the brigand turned on his side and pointed towards the sheer precipice, and then to the wall behind; with a gesture he indicated the narrow winding path, the only means of exit, and smiled ironically. 'You may go; there is nothing to prevent you,' he said; 'but before you were half-way down the path yonder, you would be the target for a score of bullets, and we do not often fail.'

Maxwell was considerably impressed by this cool display; and indeed, when he considered the matter calmly, there appeared no prospect of immediate escape. Remonstrances or threats would be equally unavailing, and he determined to make the best of his position. 'Perhaps you would not mind telling me why I am here, and by whose orders you have arrested me. It would be some slight consolation to know how long I am to stay. I am anxious to know this,' he continued, 'because I am afraid your mountain air, exhilarating as it is, will not suit me.'

The group burst into loud laughter at this little humour: it was a kind of wit they were in a position to appreciate.

'It is impossible to say, signor. We only obey orders; we can only wait for further instructions as regards your welfare—or otherwise. We were told to bring one Maxwell here, and lo! we have done it.'

'I see you are brothers of the League,' Maxwell replied; 'and for some act of omission or commission I am detained here. You can at least tell me by whose orders you do this.'

'Signor, they say you are a traitor to our Order.'

'That I am not!' Maxwell cried indignantly. 'Tell me why I am here, and at whose orders. There is some mistake here.'

'Not on our part, signor. The instructions came from London. I only received them last night. You will be well treated here, provided you do not make any attempts to escape. For the time, you are our guest, and as such, the best I have is at your disposal. If orders come to release you, we shall conduct you to Rome. We shall do everything in our power to serve you. If, on the other hand, you are tried in the balance and found wanting, we shall not fail to do our duty.' He said these last words sternly, in contrast to the polite, grave manner with which he uttered the first part of his speech.

Maxwell had perception enough to comprehend his meaning. 'You mean that I should

have to die,' he observed. 'I suppose it would be a matter of the utmost indifference to you, either way?'

'As a matter of duty, signor, yes,' he answered gravely; 'though I do not wish to see a brave man die; but if the mandate came to that effect, I must obey. There is no refusing the word of the League.'

'Then I really am a prisoner of the League,' Maxwell returned bitterly. 'Well, the cause of liberty must be in a bad way, when the very members of the League treat brothers as I have been treated.'

'Ah, it is a fine word liberty,' the brigand chief replied sardonically. 'It is a good phrase to put into men's mouths; but there can be no freedom where the shadow of the sword dwells upon the land. Even Italy herself has suffered, as she will again. Perfect liberty and perfect freedom can only be founded upon the doctrine of universal love.'

By this time, Maxwell and the chief had drawn a little aside from the others. The artist looked in his companion's face, and noted the air of sorrow there. It was a fine manly countenance, haughty and handsome, though the dark eyes were somewhat sombre now. Maxwell, with his cosmopolitan instinct, was drawn towards this man, who had a history written on his brow. 'You, too, have suffered,' he said gently.

'Suffered!' the brigand echoed. 'Yes, Englishman, I have suffered, and not more from the Austrian yoke than the cruelties of my own countrymen. There will be no true liberty here while a stiletto remains in an Italian's belt.'

'I suppose not,' Maxwell mused. 'These Societies seem to me a gigantic farce. Would that I had remained quietly at home, and let empires manage their own affairs. And Salvarini warned me too.'

'Salvarini! What do you know of him?' the chief exclaimed.

'Nothing but what is good and noble, everything to make one proud to call him friend.—Do you know him too?'

'He is my brother,' the chief replied quietly.—'You look surprised to find that a relative of Luigi should pursue such a profession as mine. Yes, he is my brother—the brother of an outlaw, upon whose head a price has been put by the state. I am known to men as Paulo Lucci.'

Maxwell started. The man sitting calmly by his side was the most famous and daring bandit chief of his time. Provinces rang with his fame, and the stories of his dashing exploits resounded far and near. Even away in the distant Apennines, the villagers sat round the winter firesides and discoursed of this man with bated breath, and children trembled in their beds at the mere thought of his name. He laughed scornfully now as he noted Maxwell's startled look.

'I am so very terrible,' he continued, 'that my very name strikes terror to you! Bah! you have been listening to the old women's tales of my atrocities, about the tortures my victims undergo, and the thousand-and-one lies people are fond of telling about me. I can understand Luigi did not tell you I was his brother; I am not a relative to be proud of.'

'He is in total ignorance of your identity. That I do know.—I wonder at you choosing such a life,' Maxwell put in boldly. 'With your daring, you would have made fame as a soldier; any path of life you had chosen would have brought you honour; but now'——

'But now I am an outlaw,' Paulo Salvarini interrupted. 'And why? If you will listen, I will tell you my story in a few words.'

Maxwell threw himself upon the grass by the other's side and composed himself to listen.

'If you will look below you,' the chief commenced, and pointing with his finger across the distant landscape, 'you will see the sun shining upon a house-top. I can see the light reflected from it now. That house was once my home. I like sometimes to sit here and think of those days when Gillana and I were happy there—that is ten years ago now. I had done my best for my country; I had fought for her, and I retired to this peaceful spot with the woman of my heart, to live in peace, as I hoped, for the rest of my life. But the fiend of Liberty was abroad. My wife's father, an aged man, was accused of complicity in political crimes, and one day, when I was absent, they came to arrest him. My wife clung to him, and one of the brutal soldiery struck her down with the butt of his rifle; I came in time to see that, for my blood was on fire, and I did not hesitate. You can understand the rest. My wife was killed, actually murdered by that foul blow. But I had my revenge. When I crossed the threshold of my house, on my flight to the mountains, I left three dead behind me, and another, the officer, wounded sore. He recovered, I afterwards heard; but some day we shall meet.'

He stopped abruptly, shaking in every limb from the violence of his emotion, his sombre eyes turned towards the spot where the sun shone upon the roof-tops of what was once a peaceful homestead.

'Luigi can only guess at this,' the speaker continued. 'To him I have been dead for years; indeed, I do not know what makes me tell you now, only that you surprised me, and I like to hear a little news of him.'

'I have heard this history before,' Maxwell observed. 'It is five years ago now; but I am not likely to forget it. Still, you cannot enjoy this life. It is wild and exciting, no doubt; but your companions'——

'I live for revenge,' Salvarini exclaimed sternly. 'I am waiting to meet the brutal officer who ordered his follower to strike down my wife. I have waited long; but the time will come at length, and then, heaven help the man called Hector le Gautier!'

'Le Gautier!' Maxwell exclaimed. 'He, an Italian officer! Why, he is at present Head Centre of the Brotherhood in London. He and your brethren are bosom friends. He was even present at the time when Luigi told us your sad history. Surely he cannot know; and yet I trusted him too. Signor Salvarini, you bewilder me.'

The outlaw laughed loud and long; but the mirth was strained, and jarred harshly upon the listener. 'And that fiend is a friend of Luigi's! Strange things happen in these times. Beware, Signor Maxwell—beware of that man, for he will work you mischief yet. It was by his orders you were arrested. He knows me by

name, and as one of the Brotherhood only, so I did his bidding.'

'Strange! And yet I have done him no harm.'

'Not that you are aware of, perhaps. Still, no doubt you have crossed his path in some way. If I have a command in the morning to lead you out yonder to face a dozen rifles, I shall not be surprised.'

'And you would countenance such murder?'

'This morning, yes. Now, I am doubtful. You are my brother's friend; I am Le Gautier's enemy; I do not wish to help him.'

Three days passed uneventfully by, at the end of which time Maxwell had become a great favourite with the outlaw band. Following the lead of their chief, they treated him with every kindness; nor was he in his turn inclined to resent his captivity or chafe at this delay. His chief fear was for Enid; for Paulo Salvarini, though he was inclined to allow his prisoner every latitude, was firm upon the point of communication with the outer world; for, as he pointed out, he might after all be guilty of some great treachery to the League, and in that case must be answerable for anything that happened.

So the days passed on in that quiet spot, no further news coming to him till the morning of the fourth day. Then he was sitting at the door of his hut, watching the sunrise glowing on the distant hills, when Salvarini approached him, his face perturbed, and his whole manner agitated. 'You are in danger,' he whispered. 'The orders have come, and you are proclaimed traitor. The men are mad against you, and declare you shall be brought out for instant execution. Ah! you have only seen the best side of their character; you have not seen them hungry for blood.'

'Do they want to murder me?' Maxwell exclaimed. 'Cannot you'——

'I am powerless now,' Salvarini interrupted. 'I will do what I can; but I fear nothing can save you now.'

'Do not be afraid,' said a calm voice behind. '*I* shall save him!'

'Isodore!'

'Yes, Paulo Lucci; it is I.'

Maxwell looked up, and saw the most beautiful woman he had ever seen in his life. For a moment he could only gaze in rapt astonishment. This, then, was the Empress of the League—the woman Visci had mentioned, whose lightest word could free his feet and clear his path for ever.

'You have come in time,' Salvarini said with a low obeisance. 'An hour hence and our prisoner would have been no more.'

'I am always in time,' Isodore replied quietly. —'I have come to deliver you from a great danger,' she continued, turning to Maxwell. 'Come; we must be in Rome at once, and away, or we may yet be too late. Hark! Are the wolves clamouring for their prey already? We shall see.'

It was light now, and from the plateau beyond came the hoarse yells and cries for revenge from the brigands. On they came towards the hut, clamouring for blood, and mad with the heat of passion. They rushed in, seized Maxwell, and led him out on to the level grass, while six of the party stepped back a few paces and cocked their rifles. The whole thing was so sudden that Lucci and Isodore w[illegible] totally unprepared to resist. But the gi[illegible] used herself now, and quitting the hut, sw[illegible] across the open space and placed herself in fr[illegible] of Maxwell.

'Drop your arm[illegible]!' she cried. 'Are you mad, that you do this thing? Ground your rifles, or you shall pay dearly for this indignity.'

Appalled by her gestures and the dignity of her voice, the desperadoes hesitated for a moment, and then one, more daring than the rest, raised his carabine to the shoulder, standing in the act of firing.

'You may fire,' Isodore cried. 'Fire! and every hair of my head shall be avenged for by a life! Fire! and then pray for the mercy of heaven, for you shall not meet with any from the hand of man!'

The desperate men were amazed by this beauty and daring, the audacity of which appealed to their rude instinct. One by one they dropped their firearms, and stood looking suddenly in the direction of the scornful woman, standing there without a particle of fear in her eyes.

'Who are you,' cried one bolder than the rest —'who are you, that come between us and justice?'

They all took up the cry, and bade her stand aside.

'If she falls, I fall!' Lucci exclaimed in a firm steady voice. 'Go on your knees, and ask for pardon.—Madam,' he continued, falling upon one knee, 'I did not think my followers would have shown such scant courtesy to Isodore.'

At the very mention of her name, a change came over the mutineers. One by one they dropped their firearms, and came forward humbly to implore her forgiveness for their rashness, but she waved them aside.

Long and earnestly the three talked together, listening to the revelation of Le Gautier's treachery, and how the final act was about to be played over there in England: how Le Gautier had confessed his treachery, and how, out of his own mouth, he was going to be convicted. Silently and slowly they wound their way down the mountain path, under Lucci's guidance, out on to the plains, beyond which the sun lighted upon the house-tops of distant Rome. When they had got so far, Isodore held out her hand to the guide.

'Good-bye. It will not be safe for you to come any farther,' she said. 'Rest assured, in the general reckoning your account shall not be forgotten.'

'It will not,' Lucci answered sternly. 'I shall see to that myself. By the time you reach England, I shall be there too.—Nay, do not strive to dissuade me. I do not take my revenge from another hand. I shall run a great risk; but, mark me, when the time comes, I shall be there!' Without another word he disappeared; and Isodore and Maxwell walked on towards the Eternal City both wrapped in their own thoughts. Mile after mile passed on thus, ere Maxwell broke the silence.

'Do you think he will keep his word?' he said half timidly.

'Who, Lucci? Yes; he will keep his word; nothing but death will prevent that.—And now, you and I must get back to England without a moment's loss of time.'

'I cannot say how grateful I am,' Maxwell

said earnestly. 'If it had not been for your bravery and courage'—— He stopped and shuddered; the contemplation of what might have been was horrible.

Isodore smiled a little unsteadily in answer to these words. 'I owe you a debt of gratitude,' she replied. 'My memory serves me well. I was not going to allow you to die, when you would have perished rather than raise a hand against Carlo Visci.'

'Indeed, you only do me justice. I would have died first.'

'I know it; and I thank you for your kindness to him at the last. You were with him when he died. Things could not have been better. He was always fond of you. For that, I am grateful.'

'But I do not understand,' Maxwell faltered. 'He did not know you except by reputation.'

'I think you are mistaken. Am I so changed that you do not recognise your friend Genevieve?'

'Genevieve! You? Am I dreaming?'

'Yes; I am Genevieve; though much changed and altered from those happy old days when you used to come to the Villa Mattio. You wonder why I am here now—why I left my home. Cannot you guess that Le Gautier was at the bottom of it?'

'But he professed not to know you; he'——

'Yes, he professed to be a friend of yours. But until I give you permission to speak, not a word that Isodore and Genevieve are one and the same.'

'My lips are sealed. I leave everything in your hands.'

'And cannot you guess why you have incurred Le Gautier's enmity?—No? Simply, because he aspires to the hand of Enid Charteris.—You need not start,' Isodore continued, laying her hand upon the listener's arm. 'You have no cause for anxiety. It will never be!'

'Never, while I can prevent it!' Maxwell cried warmly.

'It is impossible. He has a wife already.'

Only tarrying for one mournful hour to visit the cemetery where lay Carlo Visci's quiet grave, Isodore and Maxwell made their way, but not together, to England, as fast as steam could carry them.

THE ORDNANCE SURVEY, ITS PAST AND FUTURE.

The Ordnance Survey is now a hundred years old, and it is expected, according to present arrangements, to be finished in 1890. That, in one sense, is a considerable time to look forward to; but there are several knotty and important questions connected with the completion of this great scientific enterprise which it would be well duly to weigh and consider beforehand. A suitable opportunity for calling attention to the results of this national undertaking is afforded by the publication of a popularly written volume, *The Ordnance Survey of the United Kingdom* (Blackwood & Sons), by Lieutenant-Colonel T. P. White of the Royal Engineers, the executive officer of the Survey. An additional reason for noticing the matter at this stage may also be found in the amount of ignorance which prevails on the subject. To most persons, the Ordnance Survey only means some kind of measuring of the land; but they have little idea of the methods adopted for the purpose, of the multifarious ends served by the publication of the maps, of the difficulties which had to be overcome, and of the marvellous and unexampled accuracy with which the work has been carried on. There are indeed few things of which as a nation we may feel more proud than the accomplishment of this gigantic work; a noble illustration and monument of persistent perseverance, of infinite ingenuity of resource, and of general engineering skill.

A beginning was made, according to Colonel White, with the primary triangulation for the Survey in 1784 (the Annual Report says 1791), under the charge of General Roy, an able scientific officer, who had been associated with General Watson, thirty-six years before, in a survey of the Highlands made for military reasons, after the crushing of the rebellion of 1745. The idea of a scientific survey of the whole kingdom was first mooted in 1763; but for various reasons, nothing was done till twenty-one years later, when, in response to a proposal from the French government to connect the system of triangulation already existing in France with that about to be set on foot here, the work was at last begun. Hounslow Heath was selected as the base-line of that great system which has now overspread the land. It may not be unnecessary here to remark that the work of a cadastral survey is carried on by a series of triangles proceeding from a base-line—that is, a space of level ground usually about five miles long, which is measured by chain in the most exact manner—this forming the nucleus. From the two ends of this measured space a triangle is formed to some point at a distance, and the length of the two unknown sides computed by trigonometry. From this primary triangle, other triangles are formed, and calculated similarly, until there is a series of these like a network all over the country. Four or five other base-lines were also measured for verifying the correctness of the calculations—hence called 'bases of verification'—notably that on Salisbury Plain, on which as a foundation the principal triangulation of the kingdom was eventually to rest.

It forms a remarkable illustration of the care and exactness with which the work has been done that the lengths of these base-lines calculated from the original one by trigonometry through all the intervening triangles, has been found to coincide within four inches with the lengths as actually measured by chain. A result like this reminds one of the yearly balancing by the system of double entry of the transactions of a great bank with branches all over the country, and where the totals on both sides, amounting to many millions, square to a farthing. These primary triangles, some of them containing sides one hundred miles long, are broken up into smaller ones, and these again subdivided; the latter, with sides from one to two miles, being then measured in the ordinary way by the surveyors. We have thus, from one or two measured spaces—it might be from one only—a triangulation worked out of the whole country, and its area and the relative geographical position of every spot on its surface fixed

for all time. This principal triangulation, as it is called, was completed in 1852. What has been going on since is survey work.

The battle of the scales is another noteworthy point in the history of the Survey. When it was resolved, about the close of the last century, to publish maps based on the triangulation, the scale of one inch to a mile was adopted, and this embraced all England and Wales south of Yorkshire and Lancashire, these two counties being surveyed about 1840 on the six-inch scale, which had been adopted for the Irish Survey, and was now introduced into England. Afterwards, the scale was enlarged to twenty-five inches to a mile, and the four northern counties of England were so surveyed and published. It was then agreed to re-survey all those counties which had been done on the one-inch system. Some of these are completed, while others are still in progress.

In Scotland, the course of the Survey has not run very smoothly. The triangulatory work was begun in 1809, and went on with intermissions till 1823, when it was stopped for fifteen years, to allow the Irish Survey to be taken up. The latter was begun in 1824, and finished in 1842. But six-inch county maps have now been published of the whole of Scotland, one-inch maps of nearly the whole, and those on the twenty-five-inch scale also, with the exception of Midlothian, Fife, Haddington, Kinross, Kirkcudbright, Wigtown, which had been the earliest surveyed, and were completed before the larger scale was sanctioned. The uncultivated portions of Scotland, it may be added, are also excepted from the larger scale. These six counties, and Yorkshire and Lancashire, are thus the only counties in Great Britain whose maps are not published on the twenty-five-inch scale. Towns with populations over four thousand have been surveyed on a still larger scale, varying from one-five-hundredth, or a hundred and twenty-six inches to the mile, to one-ten-hundred and fifty-sixth, or about sixty inches to the mile. Edinburgh and thirteen other towns are done on the smaller scale, and forty-four other towns on the larger. In any future revision of the Survey, those towns and counties which have not been published on the larger scales will probably have priority.

It is needless to add that great delay and vexatious hindrance to the general efficiency and progress of the Survey have been caused by the vacillation and frequent changes made at the instance of the House of Commons. One session it would be in a liberal mood, and rule that the Survey should be carried on with all speed and on the most liberal scale; and at another it would rescind its good resolutions and pass others of a more economical kind. In 1851, for example, a Committee of the House of Commons, with the present Earl of Wemyss at their head, recommended that the six-inch scale in Scotland should be discontinued and the one-inch maps only published. Much dissatisfaction was felt in Scotland at this retrograde recommendation, and remonstrances from all quarters poured in to the Treasury on the subject. Three years afterwards, the twenty-five-inch scale was approved of; but an adverse vote was carried in the House of Commons two years later; and the question was not put to rest till 1861, when the latter scale was finally sanctioned; and since then, as Colonel White remarks, 'parliamentary committees have troubled us no more.' A recommendation to accelerate the progress of the Survey was made in 1880; and in the following year the working force was nearly doubled. As a result of this arrangement, it is expected that the work will be completed in 1890; this is on the supposition that the present numbers and organisation are kept up. From the last Annual Report, we learn that on the 31st of December 1885, there were employed 28 officers, 2 warrant-officers, 364 non-commissioned officers and sappers of the Royal Engineers, and 2846 civilians—total, 3240. This, presumably, includes all those connected with the production and publication of the maps at Southampton, the headquarters of the Survey.

Of the inestimable benefit to the nation at large of the Ordnance Survey there can be but one opinion among all persons capable of forming an intelligent opinion. It has proved of great value in a large number of matters of the highest public interest. Its necessity and importance in connection with the national defences are perhaps of primary interest; but there are numerous other departments where it has proved equally essential, such as for valuation purposes—facilitating the taking of the census; for drainage, waterworks, railways, and engineering works generally; for extension of town boundaries, and surveys for various purposes. As a practical example of the public advantage derived from the Ordnance Survey, Colonel White mentions that during the progress of the Redistribution of Seats Bill the enormous number of four hundred and fifty-three thousand maps were required for the Boundary Commissioners; and special duties of a similar kind were also rendered in 1868, and also to the Irish Church Temporalities Commission. These and other services of a more strictly scientific nature, as those rendered to geodesy and geology, afford ample testimony to the value of the labours of those engaged in this arduous and honourable service.

The all-important question remains, how are we to carry on this confessedly important work? We must not lose the benefit of what, through great toil and cost, has been already achieved. Valuable as have been the results, it is evident that many portions of the Survey are now obsolete. The triangulation portion of the work has of course been done once for all; but in a very large number of cases, especially in the suburbs of towns, the whole face of the country is changed. There are hundreds of districts which are presented in the Survey sheets as green fields, surrounded with trees and hedgerows, where now are densely populated towns or parts of towns. The hills and the rivers remain, but all else is changed. Glebe-lands, residential estates, farm steadings have become streets and lanes, or perhaps have succumbed to the operations of the miner, or afforded space for a great industry of some sort. It is obvious, then, that the Survey, unequalled, it is believed, in any other country, should undergo periodical revision in order to keep pace with the progress of the nation, otherwise we shall find ourselves unable to cope satisfactorily with many questions and difficulties arising from time to time in a great country

like our own. How, for instance, would the Boundary Commissioners in the instance already mentioned have performed their duties had there been no accurate survey of the country? And in the war-scare of 1858–9, Colonel White mentions that a great expense was incurred by the government of the day in getting special surveys of large districts hastily made, as at that time the twenty-five-inch scale was just begun; and it would have been still more had there been no force ready to undertake the duty. Imperfectly, then, as the case has been here stated, there is sufficient, we think, to demonstrate that there is a strong plea for a deliberate and favourable consideration of this important matter at no distant date.

It only remains to make acknowledgment to Colonel White for the use here made of many of the facts in his interesting volume. To those who feel any interest in the subject, and even to those who do not, his story of the labours of his comrades is worthy, in literary and other respects, of all commendation, and we venture to say will do much to popularise the subject.

WANTED, A CLUE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

'"COMPANION required for a Young Lady. Must be cheerful, musical, and of good family. Salary, £60 per annum."' Such was the advertisement my aunt Margaret read out to me one morning, as we sat at breakfast in her neat little house in London.

I am the orphan daughter of a missionary, and my aunt's was the only home I had ever known. For the past three years I had been resident governess in a wealthy family in Yorkshire; but my employers' purse-proud arrogance was too much for my self-respect, and I had to leave, resolving if possible to try and obtain a post as companion.

Tempted by the excellent salary offered, I at once wrote to the address indicated. Promptly I received a reply, from Mr Foster of Great Gorton Hall, Westernshire. He stated that companionship was required for his step-daughter, Miss Thorndyke, a delicate girl of eighteen, who resided with him and his widowed sister, Mrs Morrell; her mother, his dear late wife, having died the previous year. He added that my acquirements and credentials were satisfactory; and requested to know whether I had ever been in Westernshire, and if I had any friends or connections there.

I replied that I was an entire stranger to the county and to all the people in it; and in a few days I was overjoyed at receiving the nomination to the post; for I was unwilling to be a burden on my aunt's slender means.

Gorton Hall was a fine building of gray stone, standing in beautiful grounds, on the outskirts of a pretty country village. I was shown into a spacious drawing-room, where a middle-aged lady in black greeted me very pleasantly, introducing herself as Mrs Morrell. She kindly bade me be seated, and sent a servant in search of her brother.

Mr Foster was a fine-looking man, with iron-gray hair, and a keen and searching expression—a man whom I instinctively felt it would be dangerous to offend. His manner to me, like his sister's, was courtesy itself. He explained the duties expected from me. 'And one thing more I must add, Miss Armitage,' he said in conclusion—'although willing to concede everything reasonable, there is one thing I cannot permit in members of my household—gossiping with strangers concerning my family. I prefer that my daughter's companion should have no friends or acquaintances in this neighbourhood; and I must request that during your residence here, you discourage any intimacy which people at Gorton or any of the neighbouring villages may seek to establish with you. I have seen so much mischief caused by gossip and tittle-tattle, that I am obliged to request this.'

The stipulation seemed a very reasonable one, and I readily acceded to it. Mr Foster then went on to speak of his step-daughter.

'Our darling Edith is not so strong as we could wish, and indeed is frequently confined to the sofa. The doctor orders her to keep early hours and avoid all excitement; she therefore goes but little into society; but we hope the companionship of a bright and lively girl will prove beneficial. Keep her amused and happy, Miss Armitage, and we ask no more from you.'

I found my future charge in the drawing-room, when I descended dressed for dinner. She was a fragile-looking creature, with light hair and large blue eyes. She greeted me very kindly. Her manner was childish, considering her age; but I was much relieved not to find her a fine fashionable young lady. She was still in mourning for her mother.

We had a musical evening. Mrs Morrell and I executed several duets on the piano, accompanied by Mr Foster on the violin, which he played very well. Edith kissed me very kindly as she said good-night; and before I went to rest, I sat down and wrote to my aunt in glowing terms, saying that Gorton Hall was an earthly paradise.

Nor did I see reason to change my opinion for many weeks. I soon felt perfectly at ease in my new home. Edith was so gentle, so unassuming, and so considerate, that it was impossible not to love her; and Mr Foster and his sister were most kind. I was treated as a gentlewoman and an equal; and my duties were very light, being chiefly to drive Edith in a pretty pony-carriage, to play duets, and occasionally to read aloud.

We did not mix very much in society, although Mrs Morrell received a due amount of calls from the ladies in the neighbourhood. A few quiet garden-parties and dinners were the limit of our dissipations, on Edith's account. I was always included in any scheme of pleasure, and Mr Foster made quite a point of introducing me to all visitors.

There was a fine old church in the village, to which we all went on Sundays. It was a mile and a half across the fields; but we usually drove, on account of Edith. I had been nearly six months at the Hall, when one fine Sunday morning in July it fell to my lot to go to church alone, for the first time since my arrival. Mr Foster was in London; Edith had a headache; and Mrs Morrell would not leave her, although

she was urgent that I should go. The service over, I was returning across the first field, when I heard steps behind me, and a gentleman's voice said: 'Miss Armitage!'

I turned round in surprise, to see a young man who was a perfect stranger to me. Lifting his hat politely, he begged for the honour of a few words with me.

I was both amazed and indignant, and somewhat loftily informed him that I was not in the habit of conversing with total strangers; so saying, I was walking on, when he interrupted me, and begged me to listen, for Edith Thorndyke's sake.

'My father, Dr Archer, was her father's oldest friend, Miss Armitage. My family is well known in this neighbourhood; and I live in the next village, Little Gorton, where I am in partnership with Dr Selby. You are well known to me by name, and for some time I have endeavoured to contrive an interview with you, in vain. I could not come up to the Hall,' he added, no doubt seeing amazement written on my face. 'The fact is, Miss Armitage, I love Edith Thorndyke; but her step-father considers my position inferior to hers, and refuses to allow me to see her until she is of age. Doubtless you are aware that she will inherit a great deal of property.'

'I strongly disapprove of discussing these family matters with a total stranger, sir,' I said, trying to move away. 'Also, Mr Foster has absolutely forbidden it.—Good-morning.'

'One moment!' he pleaded. 'Edith Thorndyke's very life may depend upon it! Have you heard the terms of her mother's will?'

'They are nothing to me, sir.'

'Oh, but please, Miss Armitage! I entreat you! Do listen to me! When Mrs Foster's first husband died, he left her some thousands a year, in addition to Gorton Hall and the estates, entirely at her own disposal. She married again, and died last year, when it was found that she had left her husband Edith's sole guardian until she should be twenty-one, when she would enter into the possession of the Thorndyke property. In case she died before attaining her majority, one half of the property would devolve upon Mr Foster, and half upon relatives of the Thorndykes. Even the half is a very large sum, Miss Armitage—quite enough to tempt a man like Mr Foster to—to—— In short, I sadly fear Edith Thorndyke will not be allowed to live until she is twenty-one.'

'This is downright madness!' I exclaimed. 'Mr Foster is the kindest and best of men—quite incapable of harbouring designs upon his step-daughter's life.'

'I know Lawrence Foster; you do not,' he answered quietly. 'I know him to be bold and cunning and unscrupulous. Edith believes in him and his sister; but she is sadly deceived. I hoped to be able to enlist you on my side, Miss Armitage, when I heard of your arrival at the Hall. I should be glad to feel sure that Edith has one disinterested friend in the house.'

'But I ought not to speak to you at all,' I said, feeling very uncomfortable. 'Mr Foster has strictly forbidden me to gossip with strangers.'

'Because he is afraid that you might hear the truth.'

'But if he is what you say, why does he have a companion for his step-daughter at all? I must be a check on his movements. I see all that goes on; he never hides anything from me.'

'Don't you see that your presence is an additional security for him? It disarms suspicion. Supposing Edith—well, died suddenly; people would say: "Miss Armitage was there; she knows all about it;" and no comment would be excited; whereas it would probably seem suspicious, at all events to the Thorndyke family, who are by no means satisfied with the terms of the will, if Edith were to die whilst living alone with Mr Foster and his sister. There can be no doubt that the money must be an immense temptation to him. He has nothing of his own. Ten thousand a year, and only one fragile girl's life in the way!'

I must say the speaker's earnestness and unmistakable sincerity began to make an impression upon me. I had fancied once or twice that Mr Foster exercised an unusually close surveillance over Edith and me. Were Dr Archer's words true, and was I merely a lay-figure at Gorton Hall, to deceive the world? Had I been taken into society by my employers, and my praises trumpeted forth to all their acquaintances, merely in order that my presence should disarm suspicion? 'You have made me very uncomfortable,' I candidly confessed.

'Believe me, Miss Armitage, I would not have taken this course but that I was compelled by necessity. Edith's step-father has such a complete ascendency over her, that it is difficult to know what to do. But you are always with her, and can watch over her.'

'But I am only a paid companion, liable to dismissal at any time.'

'True; but I hope you will try and stay as long as you can, for Edith's sake.'

'I fear she is very delicate.'

'She is delicate; she needs care. But, as she gets older, her health will probably improve. There is really no reason, humanly speaking, why she should not live for many years. But I fear—I fear many things, but chiefly poison, slow and secret. Mr Foster is an accomplished chemist; and his antecedents—better known to me than to most people—give me little confidence in him. If you knew as much as I do about him, Miss Armitage, you would not wonder at my suspicions. But be sure of this: there is danger. I have no proof against Mr Foster, and therefore cannot interfere in any way. Promise, promise me, Miss Armitage, that you will inform me of everything suspicious that you may see from this time. Here is my address.'

I hastily took the proffered card and gave the promise, anxious to return before Mrs Morrell should be uneasy at my absence. She laughingly remarked that the sermon must have been unusually long, and in a casual manner asked what was the text. Luckily, I was able to supply chapter and verse and a lengthy catalogue of my fellow-worshippers. It then struck me for the first time that if, by chance, I was allowed to go out alone, either Mr Foster or Mrs Morrell might find out, by skilfully put questions, everything I had said, seen, and done.

Now that suspicion had once entered my mind, I saw grounds for it everywhere, as might have been expected. The most absurd fancies entered

into my head. I persuaded Edith in secret to lock her door at night before retiring to rest, which she had never done before. I do not know what I expected to happen. The precaution was a senseless one; for the foes I was fighting against were far too clever and subtle to contemplate anything so foolish as commonplace midnight murder.

I will do my employers the justice to say that with all this I spent a delightful summer. They took Edith and me to Scotland for a two months' tour; and I never enjoyed a holiday so much. A more charming cicerone than Mr Foster could not be. Then we went back to Gorton, and settled down for the winter. For some time, absolutely nothing of any importance occurred. I wrote occasionally a brief, reassuring, cautious note to Dr Archer, but carefully refrained from speaking when we met, to avert suspicion. Edith and I grew daily more attached; and nothing could exceed my employers' kindness.

Edith had been decidedly better in health, until she received a severe chill in November. Mrs Morrell at once sent for the doctor, the same old family practitioner who had attended her from her birth.

Dr Stevens was a worthy man, and once a skilful physician, no doubt; but when I saw him, he was nearly eighty and quite past his work. Feeble, weak in sight and hearing, the old man seemed more fit to be in bed himself, than to be employed in his professional capacity. I hinted as much to Edith; but she was quite indignant, and reiterated her assurances that she had more confidence in Dr Stevens than in any one else; so I had to rest satisfied.

Miss Thorndyke's illness dragged on with fluctuating strength. She was too delicate to shake off anything easily; and she had frequent relapses, which sadly weakened her strength. Mrs Morrell nursed her most assiduously, declining professional attendance, but permitting me to help her to the best of my ability. But although I was allowed to be in the invalid's room all day, if I chose, Mrs Morrell would not permit me to exhaust my strength in night-nursing. She had had her bed placed in a dressing-room communicating with Edith's room, and there she slept, ready, at the slightest movement of the invalid, to spring up and wait upon her. Edith spoke warmly of Mrs Morrell's kindness and devotion; and certainly she spared no pains to humour the fancies of the sick girl.

About Christmas, the disease assumed a new phase. Symptoms of stomach derangement set in, which Dr Stevens attributed to the long-continued recumbent position and lack of exercise; and he set himself to combat the new evil by every means in his power. This was all discussed in my presence, for no mystery was made of the matter; and indeed I was usually accustomed to administer Edith's food and medicines when I sat in her room. This, however, never occurred in the evening; for Mr Foster so pathetically pleaded his loneliness in the deserted drawing-room after dinner, when his sister always went to the invalid, that in common civility I could not refuse to play chess and cribbage with him, and occasionally accompany his violin on the piano.

But one night about nine o'clock I slipped quietly out of the drawing-room, and went upstairs to Edith's room to see if she was awake. She had been worse that day, and I was beginning to feel rather anxious about her. For a wonder, Mrs Morrell was not on duty, and I entered unchallenged. I had not been into Edith's room so late as this since the beginning of her illness, and was astonished to find it lighted up by eight large wax candles, dispersed about the apartment, although the glare was carefully screened from the invalid's face. I stooped over the thin face on the pillow, and received a faint smile. I could not help remarking: 'How light your room is! I wonder you can sleep in such a blaze.'

'Mrs Morrell likes it,' was the languid answer. 'She always burns eight candles like that, all night. I don't mind them.—O Alice dear, I am so tired of lying here! and I'm always so thirsty, so dreadfully thirsty! Do give me something to drink!'

I poured out a tumblerful of a cooling drink from a handsome red glass jug on the table near me. She drank it eagerly, and sank back on her pillow as Mrs Morrell came into the room.

I fancied that an angry gleam shot at me from under the widow's black eyebrows; but if so, she smoothed away her irritation before she addressed me. 'Alice, my dear, it is most kind of you to be here, but I left my darling girl, as I hoped, to sleep. She is more likely to get a good night's rest, if she is not disturbed by late visitors. After nine o'clock, please, I must request you for the present, dear, not to come here again.'

I apologised, and said good-night, turning, however, at the door to ask if Mrs Morrell did not think so much light might have a disturbing effect upon the invalid.

'Now, my dear Miss Armitage, that is not like your usual common-sense,' answered the widow sweetly. 'Above all things, plenty of light is essential in a sickroom, where medicines have to be accurately measured out, and where at any moment the nurse may be summoned to her patient's side. I should be tumbling over the furniture in the dark, if the candles were not kept burning. And now, my dear girl, I must really request that you go; Edith is nearly asleep. Good-night.' So I ran down-stairs, to be gently scolded by Mr Foster for my long absence.

When a week went by and Edith grew worse every day, I became seriously alarmed, and expressed my uneasiness in a letter to Dr Archer, which I posted myself, for fear of accidents. He sent me a brief note by a trusty messenger, in reply, which did not tend to allay my fears:

'Your account of her symptoms was most alarming. You say she is wasted and prostrate, and suffers from painful cramps and insatiable thirst. These are the symptoms of arsenical poisoning. You must contrive to secure portions of all her food and medicine, and bottle them securely, and bring them to me. Be in the fir plantation at four o'clock to-morrow to meet me; it is a matter of life and death.'

You may imagine how terrified I was; but luckily I had nerve enough to hide it. I looked out all the small bottles I could find, washed them out carefully, and determined to put them into my pocket one at a time, to fill as occasion should serve. At the same time I could hardly believe that Dr Archer was right in his suspicions. I believed they could not poison Edith

without my knowledge. I was in and out of the sickroom all day, from about ten o'clock in the morning, until I was dismissed at five to dress for dinner; and at least half of her food and medicine I administered with my own hands. The medicine bottles I frequently opened fresh from Dr Stevens' wrappings; and it was difficult to imagine that poison could get into puddings and jellies brought straight from the kitchen to the bedside. I could only conclude that at night must occur Mrs Morrell's opportunity—if at all.

I felt like a conspirator, as I contrived to secrete small portions of everything of which Edith partook. I secured the last drops remaining of the cooling drink which Mrs Morrell had had to administer to the invalid during the night; also a portion of the farinaceous pudding which Miss Thorndyke had had for her dinner, a part of her sleeping-draught, a wine-glassful of the mixture she was taking every two hours, and some of the beef-tea which Dr Stevens had ordered for her. If poison were really being administered, it must be present in one or other of these. I chiefly suspected the remains of the cooling drink. I was young and unsophisticated, and my experience as a novel-reader made me believe it quite possible that Mrs Morrell should carry small packets of arsenic about in her pocket, to mix in Edith's medicines and food, as occasion should serve. I can only smile at my credulity now.

It was a difficult matter to meet Dr Archer in the fir plantation unobserved. Mrs Morrell had first to be evaded, and then Mr Foster, who manifested a most amiable and pressing desire to accompany me in my walk. I dared not linger, but hastily thrust the phials into the young doctor's hands, telling him I particularly suspected the cooling drink. He informed me that he was going to send them at once to an eminent analyst at one of the London hospitals; and that, if they proved to contain poison, he should instantly apply to a magistrate for a warrant.

I could not control my feelings that evening sufficiently well to prevent Mr Foster remarking, as we sat at chess: 'Your walk to-day did not do you much good, Miss Armitage.'

'I have rather a headache,' I hastily answered. It was perfectly true. 'I sat with Edith all the morning, and her room seemed to me very stuffy.' Indeed, I had frequently noticed a strange closeness pervading it, especially when I first entered it in the morning; and I very often found my head the worse for a prolonged sojourn in it.

'As soon as Dr Stevens will allow it, she shall be moved into a larger room,' he answered, as if he wished to evade a discussion of the subject.

SOME ANECDOTES OF AMERICAN CHILDREN.

The subject of children is one in which every one is more or less interested; for even those who have none of their own were babies themselves in some dim period of the past, and probably most of us have wondered at times what sort of babies we were. Happy they who have it on the authority of those who ought to know, that they were 'well-behaved children'—lumps of good-nature, and never addicted to crying. How kindly does Charles Lamb revert to the days of his childhood, dwelling with something of reverence on the image of that 'young master' whom he could scarcely believe to have been indeed himself, and whose pure memory he cherished as tenderly 'as if it had been a child of some other house,' and not of his parents. So perhaps some of us also have yearned over those little phantoms of the past, our own childselves.

But it is of American children that we have now a few words to say. Perhaps, however, we make a mistake at the outset in calling them *children* at all, for many of them seem to belong to some species of fairy changelings, so remarkable and almost uncanny is their precocity, and that, too, from the earliest infancy, while they are still in their nurses' arms, or at the bottle. Gilbert's little urchin of the *Bab Ballads* who chucked his nurse under the chin when she fed him, and vowed by the rap it was excellent pap, was nothing to them. They would be too *blasé* for such infantine manifestations as these. We have one of them before our 'mind's eye' now, an ideal-looking little maid, with sunny hair, blue eyes, and rosy cheeks, the youngest darling of a happy household. Being of a wakeful disposition, she was indulged with her bottle at night up to the mature age of nearly two years. Her mother, waking once at midnight, was aware of some disturbance in the cot beside her, where baby seemed to be searching vigorously in the moonlight for something. Hoping the little one might forego her search and drop to sleep, the mother lay quiet, when suddenly baby raised her soft fair head, and with the startling question, 'Where do debil is my mouf-piece?' fairly banished all slumber from her fond parent. It must be explained that this occurred in a part of the country where children were liable to overhear the talk of negroes, both indoor and outdoor servants; and this race, as represented in the States of America, are evidently of the opinion of the old sea-captain's Scotch wife who, while agreeing with her minister as to the advisability of her husband's giving up the habit of swearing, was yet constrained to acknowledge that 'nae doubt it was still a great set-off to conversation.' Baby's grandmamma, however, on being informed of this last addition to her darling's vocabulary, remarked somewhat grimly that it was about time the bottle should be given up.

The foregoing was scarcely so bad as what a little two-year-old neighbour was guilty of; for on this young scapegrace being mildly remonstrated with for some misdemeanour by his grandfather—a venerable old doctor, of much repute with all who knew him—he retorted, in his half-articulate baby speech, 'Gan-pa, you 'so a old fool!'—waking a burst of unhallowed merriment from all within hearing distance.

The propensity on the part of their children to use profane language is a source of great uneasiness to American mothers. One lady, the daughter of a clergyman, who had brought her up on strictly old-fashioned principles, was much distressed to note the habit growing on her only child, a fine manly little boy of four years. At her wits' end for a timely cure, she at last resorted to the expedient of a whipping, threatening, with the most unmistakable air of sincerity, that it would be repeated if ever a certain word

were used by him again. The morning after this occurrence, Georgie was, as usual, at his spelling lesson with his mother, the task for the day consisting of a string of words all rhyming with 'am.' The first few of them had been accomplished with praiseworthy accuracy, when suddenly the young student came to a dead-stop. 'Go on, sonny,' said his mother encouragingly, not seeing for the moment where the difficulty lay. 'C-a-m—cam,' repeated Georgie in evident embarrassment, the next word apparently presenting some insurmountable obstacle. 'Go on!' insisted his mother—when, with a sudden blurt, out came the monosyllable 'D-a-m—*dam*, a mill-pond dam,' added Georgie, the threatened punishment being uppermost in his mind.

The same little boy had a cousin, a year older than himself, and ages ahead of him in knowledge of the world, so much so, that he would sometimes assume the part of mentor towards his more unsophisticated junior. When the two were together one day, the elder announced his intention of paying a visit to a family living near them. 'But I won't take you with me,' said he. 'Why not?' asked Georgie, disconcerted. 'Because they'll teach you to swear,' returned the other gravely. 'But you go there yourself,' argued little George. 'O yes,' rejoined his senior with a world-worn air; 'I swear already.'

Young America does not take kindly to correction in any form, probably resenting it as an infringement of natural liberties. One little boy having been punished for some childish transgression, astonished his family by coming down suddenly from his room up-stairs with a small bundle under his arm, saying, 'I'm going to leave this blessed house.'

American children are, as a rule, more practical and less imaginative than those of the old country—inclined from the very beginning to look on life as a struggle, though a pleasant one on the whole, and on the world as their oyster, which they, with their sharp-set wits, must open. They bring this matter-of-fact element even into their devotions. A little girl was promised by her father, on his leaving home for a few days, that he would bring dolls for her and her sister when he came back. That night, when at her prayers, she put in the very laudable petition, 'Pray God, bring papa home safely;' but somewhat compromised the effect by adding with great emphasis, after a moment's rapt reflection—'with the dolls.' But this was devotion itself compared with the following. A little mite of a creature running out of her room one morning was called back by her mother: 'Dolly, you haven't said your prayers.' 'I dess Dod tan wait,' returned little Miss Irreverence; 'I'se in a hurry.' In both these cases, the utter unconsciousness of presumption on the part of the tiny speakers took away the effect of profanity from their words.

Reverence is certainly not the strong point of our small kinsfolk across the water. Almost from their entrance into the world, they begin to assume airs of equality with all around them. One sweet little damsel, who was of peculiarly small and fairy-like proportions, could with difficulty be prevailed upon to call her parents otherwise than by their Christian names; and the effect was quaint to hear her, when offered candy or such-like forbidden dainties, refuse them with a wistful look and the words: 'Willie not likes it' (Willie being her father); or, 'Annie' (her mother) 'said no.' Nay, she did not scruple even to call her grandmother by *her* name, as far as she could pronounce it, for 'Margaret' offered some obstacles to the baby lips. You would have fancied this same little maiden too soft and gentle to brush the down from a butterfly's wing; but on one occasion she shocked the sensibilities of her young cousin, fresh from England, by exclaiming, on an innocent, newly fledged chicken being brought in for the inspection of the family: 'Me have dat pitty bird for my dinner!'

From the youngest age, American children are ready to share—as Wordsworth once expressed it—'in anything going.' A visitor injudiciously offering a little boy some wine at dinner, was requested by his watchful mother not to give him 'too much;' when young Hopeful took the words out of her mouth by protesting with vehement eagerness: 'I *like* too much!'

It is no easy task to impose any restrictions, even of time or place, on one of these little free-born Americans, or to impress them with any sense of restraint or regard of persons. One little daughter of Eve, brought up for baptism at the ripe age of two—episcopal visits being rare in the part of the country where she lived—somewhat scandalised the bishop by calling his attention, just before the ceremony, to her attire, thus: 'Look at my new dess;' and drawing it back to display her dainty feet—'Look, bissop, at my pitty new boots!' The good father took it all in very amiable part, though he remarked to her mother afterwards, that the little one had evidently no intention of giving up the vanities of the world just yet.

But we must say good-bye for the present to our little American cousins, on whom we must not be understood to have cast the shadow of an aspersion. Their intelligence and quickness, indeed, combined with the other charms of infancy—of which they have their full share—make them as attractive, to say the least, as any of their kind. We can assert, moreover, from our own knowledge, that some of these tiny gentry, with whose scarce-conscious childish profanity we have dallied for a while, are growing up at this present moment into decent and in every way excellent members of society.

A STRANGE LOVE AFFAIR.

Hector Mackinnon, the hero of the strange story we are about to unfold, a story perhaps unequalled for uniqueness in the annals of love, was a divinity student. He had just completed his fourth year of the Hall, and expected soon to be licensed as a probationer. He was the only son of a wealthy merchant, and had been destined for the ministry from his birth.

Mr Mackinnon, senior, was a prominent and influential adherent of one of our strictest dissenting bodies, and had brought up his son in the belief that there was little also good in the world outside the pale of its communion. There was some mystery about Hector's mother, who had died shortly after giving him birth. Some people whispered that she had been on the stage before she was married, and that

Mr Mackinnon had fallen violently in love with her pretty face, and married the young girl while in the ecstasy of his passion, and before the cold dictates of prudence, or the counsel of his friends, could intervene. The marriage had not been, it was said, a happy one. While the magic glamour of love lasted, all went well; when it began to wane, the angular austerities of Mr Mackinnon's disposition became painfully apparent to the young bride. On his part, he looked without sympathy, if not indeed with positive contempt, on what he termed the 'worldly frivolities' of her gay and joyous nature. Above all, he felt keenly the loss of social status which the marriage entailed on him in the estimation of his own sect. The young wife was sternly forbidden to have any intercourse with her relatives and friends; and her husband's sister, who was a maiden lady of very gloomy religious views, was installed as housekeeper ostensibly, but really to play 'propriety' to her unregenerate young relative. Happiness could not, of course, exist in this state of matters; and when the grim messenger arrived with the fiat which dissolved the ill-assorted union, it was perhaps a relief to all.

Brought up under a terribly severe code of social ethics, the theatre, concert, and ballroom were represented to Hector as only so many roads to perdition; and being of an amiable disposition, and desirous of pleasing his father, he had up till now, when he had attained his twenty-third year, sedulously eschewed these enticing forms of social amusement. It was not destined, however, that he was always to remain in this state of innocent ignorance. A brilliant theatrical star visited the city, and turned the heads of all—both young and old, male and female, alike. Her stage-name was Violet d'Esterre (no one knew her real name), and it was on her exquisite delineation of Shakspearean tragedy that her justly earned fame rested. The college students were particularly enthusiastic in her praise, and crowded the theatre nightly to admire her beauty, and listen entranced to the melody of her sublime elocution. One evening, Hector, persuaded by his companions, consented to accompany them to hear this paragon of passionate declamation. The play was the old, old story of the hapless lovers of Verona. Such a hold had her impersonation of the intensely loving Juliet taken of the public, that they insisted on it being performed night after night, to the exclusion of other tragic parts in which she was equally celebrated. If any of our readers have not been in a theatre until they were about the age of Hector, they will be able to realise the very powerful sensuous effect the music, beautiful scenery, bright dresses, and decorations had on his imagination, and how they conduced to give full effect to the sense of bewildered admiration he felt when the curtain rose on the banqueting hall in Capulet's house, and the fair daughter of Capulet. How feebly, it seemed to him, did Romeo express his feelings in saying:

> O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
> It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
> Like a rich jewel in an Ethiope's ear:
> Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!

Mademoiselle d'Esterre's physical qualifications for the part were superb. Her countenance, which was Italian in cast of features and complexion, boasted of a pair of orbs of the deepest violet black. Large and lustrous, they were mobile and expressive in the highest degree. When they first rested on Romeo's form, they dilated with the eager fire of southern passion, and as quickly drooped in maidenly confusion and modesty. Her whole attitude showed she felt she had met her destiny; and before she had even spoken a syllable, the audience felt they were under the spell of an enchantress. Then, with what simple natural dignity did she invest the few words the girl-lover addresses to love-stricken Romeo, already commencing his love-making as 'holy palmer.' From the moment the curtain was raised until it descended at the end of the fifth act, Hector sat spellbound, oblivious to everything on earth save the scenes that were being enacted on the stage. His companions had to arouse him when it became time to quit the theatre.

'Well, Mackinnon,' said Charley Smith, 'what do you think of the d'Esterre? Jolly-like girl, isn't she?'

'Don't speak of the young lady in that vulgar way,' he replied. 'I am certain that girl is as pure and good as Juliet was.'

'I am not saying a word against her—nobody can do that,' his companion rejoined. 'Surely, surely, you've not got hit with her charms—you, of all men!'

Hector was in no mood for badinage at that moment, and pleading a headache, he hurried off to his lodgings. He could not imagine what was the matter; but after tossing all night uneasily in bed, he had to confess to himself next morning that he, Hector Mackinnon, the budding clergyman, the lifelong hater of things theatrical and bohemianisms of every sort, had fallen hopelessly and irretrievably in love with an actress he had seen for the first and only time a few hours ago! There was no use in trying to disguise the truth to himself; he felt—or fancied he felt, which comes to much the same thing—that life without possession of this fair divinity would not be worth living; but that, with her by his side, the roughest tempests that fate could send would feel like gentle wooing zephyrs.

It was not to be expected that this state of matters could long remain secret from Hector's companions. His theses and themes remained unwritten; his answers to the Professor's questions were of the most incoherent description, and at last he discontinued his attendance at college altogether. Inheriting a considerable share of his father's stern determination, he was not of a nature to suffer in silence the agonies of a secret and unrequited passion. The inspirer of the consuming yet delicious flame which burned within his bosom must, he admitted, be some few years older than himself; for had she not been a celebrity in her profession for over a dozen years now? Well, what of that? Was that any reason why he should deny himself the lifelong companionship of the only woman he ever loved or could love? To marry her meant, he knew, an open rupture with his father, and the abandonment of his ministerial career; but were these

trifles for one moment to be weighed in the balance against the pure and unalloyed bliss of a lifetime spent in the society of his darling? No—a thousand times, no! In this wise did he reason with himself, as many a lover has done before, and, we may safely predict, will do again. His life had now only one object, and that was to gain an introduction to Mademoiselle d'Esterre, and press his suit with all the ardour of a lover who felt that his life's happiness depended on the result.

Every night found him at the theatre, gazing on the unconscious cause of his distraction 'till his life's love left him through his eyes.' The rich clear notes of her magnificent contralto voice seemed to flood the theatre with the music of the spheres, and filled his soul with an agony of delight. At this period, it would have been an unspeakable relief to his overcharged feelings, if he had had some sympathetic friend to make a confidant of. But, alas, the sufferer from the darts of the rosy god, like the victim of prosaic toothache, obtains no sympathy from his kind.

Time wore on, and the posters announced the last six nights of Mademoiselle's engagement. He had tried his best to procure an introduction, but without success, the friends and associates of his past life being widely outside of theatrical circles. He found out, however, where she lodged, and the hour at which she usually took her daily promenade. In vain did he follow her at a respectful distance, in the fond hope that some drunk man, runaway horse, or other street casualty, might afford the means of an impromptu introduction; unfortunately, the pedestrians were all sober, and the horses jogged on in a manner remarkably sedate and correct. At last, when almost reduced to despair, an ingenious thought occurred to him. The talented actress occasionally gave morning recitations and readings. He was possessed of considerable literary ability, and what was to hinder him from composing a suitable piece for recitation, sending it to her for approval, and by that means obtaining a personal interview? Being favourably impressed with the feasibility of the scheme, he set to work, and composed a hundred-line poem in blank verse, in which the torments of unrequited love were very forcibly if not elegantly portrayed. With a trembling hand, he dropped this in the letter-box, accompanied by a polite note craving her acceptance of the offering.

Who shall attempt to describe the thirty-six dreary hours of suspense that elapsed before a reply came, in a polite little epistle redolent of patchouli, thanking Mr Mackinnon for his kind present, which she would be glad to use on the first suitable occasion? She was, however, of opinion that, from an elocutionary point of view, certain alterations would tend to make it much more effective. Would Mr Mackinnon honour Mademoiselle by calling on her at her residence at noon the following day, when said alterations could be discussed? The poor fellow almost cried as he again and again pressed the precious missive to his lips; and it was some time before his spirits were sufficiently calmed down to admit of his inditing a coherent reply. Hope now lent her roseate hues to our hero's love prospects, and it was with difficulty he compelled himself to await the slow progress of the hands on the dial of his watch till they were conjoined over the happy hour appointed for his interview with her who held his life's happiness at her sole command.

Arrived at his destination, he timidly rang the door-bell, and on giving the servant his card, was informed the lady was 'at home.' On entering the drawing-room, he beheld Mademoiselle reclining in a graceful attitude on a low ottoman. She wore a *négligé* costume of some sort of soft warm cream-coloured material, which harmonised delightfully with her clear, transparent, olive complexion, and displayed the symmetry of her exquisitely formed figure to great advantage. She wore no jewelry; her only ornament was a beautiful Marshal M'Mahon rose, the deep crimson petals of which formed a charming contrast to the raven tresses on which they reposed. There were two other occupants of the room; and it was easy to see, from their 'at-home' air, that they were not merely visitors. One was a brisk little lady, with a pleasant good-humoured expression, who it would be safe to guess had seen at least fifty summers. The other was a tall stately girl of not more than seventeen or eighteen. She had evidently been practising at the piano, which lay open, with the score of a new opera on the music-holder. Had Hector's mind not been so fully engrossed, he probably would have noticed a considerable resemblance between her and the fair object of his devotions. The principal difference lay in the colour of the hair, the complexion, and the stature. The young lady was a pronounced blonde, possessing large azure orbs of almost dreamy softness, and a wealth of light reddish-golden hair carelessly twisted and fastened in a coil at the back of the head.

As Hector advanced, Mademoiselle rose gracefully from her seat and, glancing at his card, said in the same rich contralto tones which had so enthralled him in the theatre: 'Ah, Mr Mackinnon, I perceive! Good-morning, sir. Pray, be seated.' Holding out her hand, he had the brief precious delight of pressing it for a second in his trembling palm.—'Now, you needn't leave the room,' she said, addressing her two companions. 'This is the gentleman who did me the honour of sending me the poem entitled *Amor in Mors*.—Permit me to introduce you to my good friend Mrs Eskell; and to Mademoiselle Andresen, my niece.'

The introductions being over, Hector resumed his seat. He never felt so embarrassed in the whole course of his life. How fondly had he rehearsed in his mind the many brilliant tender speeches he would give utterance to on this occasion! Now that the wished-for opportunity had arrived, he sat speechless. It is but fair to say, however, that he did not contemplate the presence of third parties at the interview. Still, their presence should not have tongue-tied him as it did—he, the glibest debater and the best elocutionist in the college.

Seeing his embarrassment, the lady came to his relief. 'Well, Mr Mackinnon, I am very much pleased with your poem, and I think, with a few slight alterations, it might make a very effective recitation. Do you not think, though,

the title is a little too lugubrious? Could you not substitute some other word for Mors? Just reflect! Fancy me dying every night for the past fortnight as Juliet! It is really too bad of the good folks of your city to insist on my manager making me repeat night after night a part which I have begun really to detest.'

'O Mademoiselle, do not say that,' cried Hector. 'Ah, if you but knew the delightful thrill you send through the audience in the balcony scene—and—and—the tears you cause them to shed when the unfortunate heroine—Shakspeare's greatest creation'——

'Shakspeare's greatest fiddlestick!' she replied, laughing merrily. 'What people see in her, I'm sure I don't know! To my mind, she's a forward young chit, that would have been much better employed in mending Papa Capulet's hose and helping her mother to keep house, than philandering with her Romeo.—But about *Amor in Mors*. Don't you think, now, you could make it just the tiniest little bit funny? I do so long to get out of this continued round of love-making, murder, and suicide.'

Could he believe his ears? Was this cynical, matter-of-fact woman identical with the fair embodiment of transcendental, ethereal love, on whose accents he had hung with enraptured delight for the past few nights? No, it could not be; there must be some strange mistake. Yet, when her mobile features were for a moment in repose, there he beheld the same deep, lustrous, unfathomable eyes—the same sweet innocent mouth, with its half-childlike pouting lips. He was bewildered, and as in a dream.

'You are pleased, Mademoiselle, to be satirical this morning,' he replied. 'I cannot do you the injustice of supposing you are in earnest in what you say. No one could enact the part of Juliet so nobly unless she were capable of imbuing herself thoroughly with the divine passion attributed to her by her creator.'

'Believe me, you are quite wrong there, Mr Mackinnon. It is not by any means those parts which actors have the natural emotional qualifications for, that they excel in portraying. Nature in that case *destroys* art; and hence it is that parts that actors like best are precisely those they act worst. For myself, I am guided entirely by public criticism, and confine myself to those rôles that draw the best houses. Of course I have my own predilections. I have a very fair singing voice, and think I should be able to do very well in opera-bouffe. Oh, I *do* dote on opera-bouffe!—But about *Amor in Mors*. I really think the language is splendid—quite as good as Shakspeare's, I daresay, although I don't profess to be a literary critic. Well, if you would alter the conclusion in such a way as to make the audience take a good hearty laugh after I had wound them up to the crying pitch, I believe it would be effective, and I will line it in the bills for my first Saturday morning readings.'

'Alas, Mademoiselle, I fear my poor verses are not susceptible of being changed in the way you wish; but if you allow me, I shall endeavour to write something in a lighter vein, that may have the happiness to merit your approval. Permit me to ask you to retain the verses you have.'

'With pleasure, sir,' she replied.—'I presume you are of the literary profession?'

Hector was not very sure whether a divinity student came of right under that category or not, but he replied in the affirmative.

'Well, then, we shall be glad to see you, if you can come along here to supper at twelve o'clock on Friday first. It is a farewell entertainment I am giving to a few friends of the press, and others. If you have your new piece done, bring it with you; I'll recite it, and we'll see what they think of it.' Thus saying, she rose, as if to indicate the interview was at an end; and after making his adieux, Hector departed in a very anomalous state of mind. The bright, girlish, gushing Juliet of the footlights was for ever annihilated in his mind. In her stead stood an undeniably handsome, accomplished woman of the world, gay, good-humoured, and apparently good-hearted; but so utterly devoid of all sentiment as to frankly avow a longing for opera-bouffe! By all the rules of common-sense, our hero being disillusioned, should have at once fallen *out* of love. This, however, did not happen. After the first shock of finding her so different in her ideas from what he expected was over, the subjectivity of his passion asserted itself, and his mind soon formed a fresh ideal of female perfection, of which she was again the incarnation.

He had but two days in which to compose his second recitation. Striking a new chord, he wrote it in a light cynical vein, such as he thought would please the fair actress, judging from her conversation with him. He wrought hard at it, polishing and repolishing every line, until it reached, as he thought, as near as possible to a state of brilliant perfection. When the eventful Friday night arrived, he started for Mademoiselle's residence with a much greater feeling of confidence than he had experienced on the former occasion. He was the first arrival, and while he sat in the drawing-room, Mademoiselle Andresen and Mrs Eskell entered. On his first visit, he had not paid much attention to the appearance of the former, and he was almost surprised to see how exceedingly pretty she was. The old lady was very talkative, and was not long in making him aware she was a distant relative of Mademoiselle's, and always played 'Nurse' to her Juliet. Mademoiselle Andresen, whose father was a celebrated violinist in Stockholm, had just completed her course of training for the lyric stage at the Conservatoire, and was now on a visit to her aunt, to benefit by her instructions in the technicalities of stage business. On being invited by Hector, the young lady sat down to the piano, and sang an exquisite Danish ballad, which fairly charmed him. The company now began to arrive, and he conducted the two ladies down to the supper-room.

Exceedingly pretty, and exceedingly happy too, did Mademoiselle d'Esterre look, as she sat at the head of the table listening to the cheerful conversation of her guests. There were not more than a dozen and a half present—four ladies and four gentlemen of them being members of Mademoiselle's company. After supper, and a due period of vivacity over the wine, the fair hostess called for silence, and intimated her intention of reciting Mr Mackinnon's new poem. The author felt himself blushing to the tips of his ears as he heard the—to him—familiar lines

tripped off in her melodious voice with rare elocutionary art. At the conclusion, the applause was great; and the gentlemen of the press declared with one voice it was the best thing of the season, and that the author would be sure to make his mark if he applied himself to dramatic literature. With toast and song the hours sped pleasantly away till two o'clock, when the cabs began to arrive for the guests. Hector had been all night in brilliant spirits, and fairly astonished himself with the smartness of his witty repartees, and the ease with which he accommodated himself to society so different from that to which he had been accustomed. His intoxication of bliss reached its climax when, as the dispersing company were singing *Auld Langsyne* in the lobby, his hostess whispered in his ear: 'Wait; I wish to speak with you. Go up to the drawing-room.'

He did so, and awaited her coming with trembling, eager impatience. When she came into the room, she looked grave, even sad, he thought. 'We may never see each other again, Mr Mackinnon, and I cannot think of letting you go away to-night without some recompense for the pretty poem you wrote for me. Pray, accept of this in recognition of it, and—and as a token of my regard for you;' and she handed him a magnificent cluster diamond ring.

His head swam; he scarcely knew what he was doing, and fell on his knees before her.

'O Mademoiselle!' he cried, his voice hoarse with emotion, 'you are an angel!—infinitely too good for me—too good for any one on earth. Oh, how can I dare look in your sweet face and utter the words which burn on my tongue! Forgive me for my presumption in daring to say so, but I love you—love you with my whole heart and soul. Dare I ask you to be my wife!'

Mademoiselle d'Esterre at first looked frightened, thinking her friend had taken leave of his senses, or was giving her a small sample of his histrionic powers. When he had made an end of his speech, however, she apparently could not help bursting into an immoderate fit of laughter.

'Rise up, you silly fellow!' she cried, 'and don't make a baby of yourself.'

Her suppliant, who was in a state of bewilderment, mechanically obeyed.

She continued: 'Upon my word, Mr Mackinnon, you have paid a great compliment to my skill in preserving my looks. Why, my poor boy, I could easily be your mother! I was forty-three on my last birthday!'

It might have been expected that this astounding piece of information would have effectually quenched the flame in the breast of the unfortunate lover, yet it had not that effect. 'Alas! Mademoiselle, I am sorry that the disparity in our years is so great, although I knew you must be a few years older than myself. But what is age where true love exists? Believe me, if you consent to our union, never will you hear me refer to the dis'——

'Stop, stop, you foolish boy!' the lady cried. 'Even were I such a terrible fool as you suppose, there is an insuperable legal obstacle in the way.'

'What is that?' he asked, wonderingly.

'Why, I'm your aunt!' she replied. 'My sister Agatha was married to your father!'

The mortification experienced by our hero, in consequence of the ludicrous incident we have described, was extreme, and it was a few weeks before his mind recovered its accustomed equanimity. When it did, he resumed his college studies; but from the time lost, and the still partially unsettled state of his mind, he failed to pass his examination, and gave up his intention of qualifying for the ministry in disgust. His aunt's company soon paid another visit to the city, and she advised him to try 'adapting' French plays. He was tolerably successful in this, and by her influence, was able to get them placed with some of the London managers. He then determined to devote himself entirely to dramatic literature, and being much thrown into the company of his fair cousin, Miss Andresen, a mutual affection grew up between them, which culminated in marriage. We understand they live very happily, although his wife does sometimes joke him on his love-adventure with his aunt.

MEHALAH.

[This poem is written on the chief character in the novel of the same name.]

Sleep on, Mehalah; let the rude waves beat
Their sullen music in thy deafened ear;
Whether they roar in storm, or whisper peace,
Thou canst not hear.

What matter though the gale in fury rave?
Beneath the surface, all is calm and fair;
Held close by flowers too beauteous for the day,
Thou slumberest there.

Unseen by mortal eye, the ocean sprites
Vie who shall deck thy form with fairest grace,
And many a sea-born flower and waving weed
Adorn thy face.

But when the shadows of descending day
Gleam on the marsh, and fire the western sea,
Thy spirit 'scapes the chains that bind it down,
And rises free.

As vesper chimes grow dimmer and more faint,
And sink to silence, conquered by the storm,
The fishers, hast'ning home to those they love,
Behold thy form,

Thy face so proud, thine eyes so dim and sad,
Thy hair unshackled streaming towards the west,
The crimson 'Gloriana' burning bright
Upon thy breast.

But as they gaze, the vision fades away,
Dragged to the depths by iron hand and chain;
The seamew shrieks, and darkness o'er the world
Resumes his reign.

J. B. P.

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, 47 Paternoster Row, London, and 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

All Rights Reserved.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL
OF
POPULAR
LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART
Fifth Series
ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832
CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)

No. 154.—Vol. III. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1886. Price 1½d.

INN-SIGNS—THEIR ORIGIN AND MEANINGS.

In these days of enlightenment, the signs displayed by our inns, taverns, and public-houses are not matters of great or urgent importance to us in the ordinary routine of our daily life. But in times past the case was widely different. For several centuries at least, signs and signboards were matters not only of convenience, but even of necessity. During this time they played a by no means unimportant part in the busy world of trade and commerce, and were of great service to mankind in general in a way they are no longer capable of being. Under these circumstances, it will be easily understood that they gathered around them no small amount of interest, not only of a commercial, but also of a domestic, and even of an historical kind. Many, even of our modern inn-signs, are able to speak instructively to those who trouble to decipher their now somewhat indistinct and illegible meanings. They tell us of the customs of our forefathers, of the superstitious beliefs they held, of the wares they made and dealt in, and of the party strifes in which they engaged. They speak to us also of the great men who had so large a share in the making of English history in bygone times, and are able in many other ways to remind us of the pursuits, the pleasures, the manners, and the customs of our ancestors. It will therefore be worth while to devote some attention to the subject of our modern inn-signs, especially as comparatively little has hitherto been written about them.

The use of signs as a means of distinguishing different houses of business is a custom which has come down to us from times of great antiquity; nevertheless, it is not now at all difficult to discover the reasons which first led to their being employed. During the last and preceding centuries, only an infinitesimally small proportion of the people was able to read and write. In those times it would obviously have been useless for any tradesman to have inscribed his name and occupation, or the number of his house, over his door, as is now done. The words 'W. & R. Chambers, Publishers,' would then have conveyed very little meaning, or none at all, to the popular mind. But if each tradesman suspended before his house some easily recognisable device of a pictorial nature, the case would obviously have been different. If the sign thus displayed indicated the nature of the wares sold within, it would answer a double purpose; but in any case, it would serve to mark the particular house displaying it. Signs, too, would be especially useful in distinguishing different establishments in times when many members of the same craft dwelt together in a particular street or quarter. This they used formerly to do, very much more than now; and in the various large cities of the East the custom still to a great extent survives.

In speaking of the origin of the use of signs, it must never be forgotten that in past times they were not confined, as now, almost exclusively to 'public-houses.' We have still the sign of the Pole for a barber, the Black Boy for a tobacconist, the Rod and Fish for a tackle-dealer, the Golden Balls for a pawnbroker, and some others; but formerly, almost all houses of business displayed their signs, just as inns and taverns do now. Evidence of this fact is afforded by the imprint of almost any old book published in the seventeenth century. Such books were generally either printed or sold by an individual dwelling at the White Hart, the Red Lion, the Green Dragon, the Golden Tun, or some such sign. Most of Shakspeare's works, it may be noted, were first issued from houses displaying devices similar to the above, and situated in or near to St Paul's Churchyard. Were an imprint, like that which each of these works bore, to appear on any modern book, it would certainly convey to many the idea that the volume had been printed at an ordinary 'public-house.' In Paris, moreover, to the present day, it is almost or quite as common for ordinary tradesmen to display signs, as it is for hotel-keepers and liquor-sellers to do so. In that city, too, all vendors of firewood and coals have the

fronts of their houses painted so as to convey the idea that they are built of rough logs of wood. This device, though not displayed upon a signboard, is in every way of the nature of a modern tradesman's sign.

In the times when signs were in general use by all tradesmen, it was only natural that each man should endeavour to outdo his neighbours in the obtrusiveness of his signboard. These firms who advertise on street hoardings do precisely the same kind of thing at the present day; each endeavours, by means of brilliancy of colour or novelty of design, to obtain, through his posters, greater publicity for the wares he deals in, and to attract more attention than his neighbours. Just so, a century or more ago, many ingenious devices were made use of to force into notice the signboards of those days. Some of the boards were made of enormous size; others were painted in flaring colours; others bore striking or amusing objects, likely to be remembered by those who saw them; while others were projected far out into the street, or suspended within elaborate, and often really ornamental, frameworks of iron. When each tradesman thus endeavoured to eclipse the signboards of his neighbours, it may well be imagined that inconvenience was caused to the general public. Complaints that the size and prominence of the signboards prevented the access of sunlight and the free circulation of the air in the narrow London streets, first began to be heard, we are told, as early as the beginning of the fifteenth century, when an order was made to abate the nuisance. In the course of time, however, the evil grew again, till Charles II., in 1667, directed that no signboards were thereafter to hang across the streets, but that they were to be fixed against the sides of the houses. Again, however, as years passed by, the nuisance reappeared. In 1762, large powers were once more granted, and there was a general and final clearing away of the too obtrusive signboards. Old prints and engravings of the last century often give a good idea of the way in which the public streets, both of London and other towns, were once disfigured by these overgrown signboards.

This general demolition in 1762 gave a blow to the use of signboards from which those evidences of past ignorance have never since recovered. But had the conditions which first brought them into existence remained the same, there can be no doubt that the signboards would have again risen, phœnix-like, from their own ruins. Happily those conditions have *not* remained the same. That knowledge of reading and writing which during the present century has become widespread among all classes, has, it may be truly said, given a death-blow alike to the universal use of signs and to the art of the sign-painter. This, to be sure, is not a matter to call for regret on its own account; nevertheless, the great decline in the use of the old-fashioned pictorial signboards is to be regretted for many reasons. The signs our forefathers used have—as already pointed out—largely interwoven themselves with our history. In losing them, we are losing one of the well-known landmarks of the past. The signs of the Woolpack and the Golden Fleece, for instance, which are still common in the Eastern Counties, are mementos of the time when the woollen trade flourished in that part of England. The sign of the Coach and Horses, still a very frequent sign everywhere, calls to mind the old coaching-days. Our numerous Arms, our many Lions, Bulls, Dragons, Bears, and Horses—red, blue, black, green, or white—and divers other strangely coloured animals, most of which are quite unknown to men of science, are all relics of medieval times, when heraldry was cherished and understood by every one. Many similar instances might be pointed out, did space permit.

Most of the signboards now displayed by our inns and taverns bear strong evidence of their own degradation from the high position they once occupied. Inasmuch as they now usually bear the name of the house in written characters, they show most clearly how entirely forgotten are the reasons which originally led to the adoption of the use of signs. Only now and then do we see a pictorial signboard of the real old-fashioned sort.

This decay in the use of inn-signs, however, is no greater than the decline in importance of the inns themselves. These have, within little more than the last half-century, descended from a position of great importance and prosperity to one of comparative degradation. Few persons of the present day have an adequate idea of the extent to which tavern-life influenced thought and manners fifty, one hundred, or two hundred years ago. Then each man had his tavern, much as we now have our clubs and reading-rooms; there he nightly met his friends, heard the high-priced London newspapers read aloud, and discussed the political and business topics of the time. Dickens, in *Barnaby Rudge*, has well sketched the select village company which for many years had met nightly at the old Maypole to tipple and debate. Ale was the universal beverage on these occasions; and in days when there were no colossal breweries at Burton, Romford, or elsewhere, the fame of any tavern was great or small according to the skill of the landlord or his servants in producing this beverage. Inns, too, formed the stopping-places of the many coaches of a hundred years ago, and at them were kept the numerous horses then required for the traffic. In the old coaching-days, indeed, many a small town or village on any main road consisted largely or chiefly of inns; and supplying the necessaries for the passing traffic may be said to have formed the 'local industry' by which the inhabitants of such places lived. Thus the inns of olden times combined to a large extent within themselves the various uses to which modern clubs, reading-rooms, institutes, railway stations, eating-houses, hotels, public-houses, livery stables, and the like, are now severally put. Then they were the centres round which most events of the time revolved; now they are little more than tippling-houses for the lower classes.

The various *devices used as signs* are of infinite variety and varying degrees of interest, from the *Heads*, or portraits, of modern political, naval, or

military celebrities, to such signs as the Rose and Crown, the Fleur-de-Lys, the Spread Eagle, the Cross Keys, our numerous Arms, fantastically coloured animals of all kinds, and many other similar devices. Signs of the former kind require little or no explanation; they are usually modern and uninteresting vulgarisms, and their meanings are self-apparent. With signs of the latter class, however, the case is generally far different, and a search for their original significance, often much obscured by the mists of antiquity, is usually an interesting one. As a rule, such signs will be found to have been derived from the armorial bearings of some sovereign, noble, or other historical personage.

From the quaint and now almost forgotten science of heraldry, indeed, has been derived a large majority of our oldest and most interesting signs. This fact need cause no surprise when it is remembered that in former days every one was familiar with this so-called 'science.' The incomprehensible jargon, spoken of as 'blazon' by heraldic writers, and the various devices appearing on all modern coats of arms, though little more nowadays than grotesque hieroglyphics to most, were once read and perfectly understood even by the common people. A knowledge of heraldry was once, probably, as general as a knowledge of the 'three Rs' is now. It was no wonder, therefore, that the idea early suggested itself to the minds of tradesmen and others to use their own coats of arms—when they had any—or those of the great trade guild to which they belonged, or those of their landlord, or some patron, as signs. This convenient custom, once established, would be sure to be largely followed; there can, indeed, be no question that in this way arose the custom of naming houses the 'So-and-so Arms.' At the present time, the custom itself remains, though its origin has been almost entirely lost sight of. Many inns have in consequence come to be known as the Arms of persons, trades, places, and things which never did, and never could bear, a coat of arms. Such signs, for instance, as the Lilliput Arms, the Cricketers' Arms, and the Libra Arms, are modern and meaningless absurdities. Clearly the origin of the sign of the King's Arms had never occurred to the simple clodhopper of whom it is related that he once walked many miles to see King George IV. on one of his journeys, and who came home greatly disappointed; for he found the king had arms like other men, while he had always understood that His Majesty's right arm was a lion, and his left a unicorn. Arms of various kinds form a large proportion of our modern signs, often as much as ten per cent., and sometimes double that in particular districts. As a general rule, where a house has displayed for many years together an armorial sign, the 'coat' will be found to be that of the largest landowner or most prominent personage in the district.

When the general knowledge of heraldry began to decline, and armorial bearings fell largely into disuse, many houses, formerly known as the 'Somebody's Arms,' probably came gradually to be called after, and distinguished by, the most prominent 'charge' in the coat, or after the 'crest' or one of the 'supporters,' which might have been, in heraldic blazon, a lion gules (red), a boar azure (blue), a white hart, or a rose crowned. Thus undoubtedly originated many strange signs which are still common.

The personal 'badges' adopted by kings and great nobles in early times, and worn on the arm by their servants and retainers, have also given origin to many similar signs. Thus, the White Hart—one of our very commonest signboard devices—represents the favourite badge of King Richard II., although the white hart has also a legendary existence. The Rose and Crown—another extremely abundant sign—owes its existence to the fact that most of the earlier English sovereigns used a rose crowned as a badge. The Blue Boar, the badge of the once powerful De Veres, Earls of Oxford, is to this day commoner in the county of Essex, where lay the family seat, than anywhere else. The Red Lion, another of our very commonest signs, is probably in the same way derived from the personal badge of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, though it doubtless represents also the lion in the arms of Scotland. As a rule, fantastically coloured animals will be found to have had an heraldic origin. Creatures in their natural colours either may or may not have been derived from heraldry; thus, the Greyhound, though it has figured both as the badge, and one or both of the 'supporters' of the arms of several English sovereigns, may owe its frequent appearance on the signboard to its modern use in the coursing-field. In the case of the White Horse, too, a very common sign, it is difficult now to decide whether it represents the White Horse of the Saxons, or that of the House of Hanover, or one of the many white horses to be seen in our streets.

The number Three, it will be found, occurs on signboards in most districts more than twice as often as all other numbers put together. This may be partly explained by the fact that three has been regarded as a lucky number from very early times. It is, however, extremely common for three 'charges'—that is, objects—to appear on coats of arms; and there can be no doubt that very many of our modern Threes have had, either directly or indirectly, an heraldic origin. Among signs which have, in all probability, been derived directly from heraldry, may be mentioned the Three Cups, taken from the arms of the Salters' Company; the Three Tuns, from the arms either of the Brewers' or the Vintners' Companies; the Three Compasses, from the armorial bearings of the Carpenters' Company; the Three Pigeons, probably derived from the arms of the Tallow-chandlers' Company; the Three Fleurs-de-Lys—formerly, though not now, a common sign—taken from the arms of France; and many others. To this class also belongs the sign of the Three Golden Balls, still displayed by every pawnbroker. The balls, it is said, represent certain round gilt objects, technically known as 'bezants,' which formed part of the coat of arms of the dukes of Medici, from whose states and from Lombardy most of the early bankers came. These capitalists advanced money on valuable objects, and thus gradually became pawnbrokers. The custom of naming houses the 'Three Somethings' still survives, although the origin of that custom has been lost sight of. Thus, we get such meaningless absurdities as the Three Jolly Wheelers (whatever they may be), the Three Mariners, the

Three Loggerheads, and various others, which may be said to have had an indirectly heraldic origin.

Many signs, too, once formed a 'rebus' or pun on the names of the persons who displayed them; such signs are not now common, though they appear frequently on the 'tokens' issued so numerously by tradesmen in the seventeenth century. Most of these bore the sign under which their issuers traded. Thus, we find Three Conies, or rabbits, on those of Hugh Conny; a Finch on those of John Finch; a Hand and Cock representing Hancock; and a Babe and Tun representing Babington.

Many most absurd and altogether incongruous combinations still appear on our signboards, though these are not so abundant as formerly; thus, we have the Sun and Whalebone, the Dog and Gridiron, the Plough and Sail, the Crown and Blacksmith, the Bull and Horseshoe, and numerous others. In some cases, a connection between the two objects is obvious; every one, for instance, will be able to see what brought together on a signboard the Cat and Fiddle, the Eagle and Child, the Dog and Partridge, George and the Dragon, &c. But in the case of the examples given above, there is no connection between the two objects referred to, and their combination is quite meaningless. They have in most cases arisen from an ancient custom of adding the sign of the old house to that of the new, when a tradesman has been removing from one place of business to another; or else an apprentice, when beginning business on his own account, has added some sign of his own selection to that of the master under whom he formerly served.

Not a few signs for which no likely meaning or derivation can be found are in all probability corruptions; that is to say, they were originally set up to commemorate some person, object, or event of, perhaps, only local celebrity. In the course of time, this became forgotten; and under vulgar pronunciation—or, possibly, on the advent of a new landlord, who knew nothing of the original meaning of the device—the sign was changed to something else which it seemed to imply or nearly resemble. Thus, it is said the sign of the George Canning has become changed into the George and Cannon, and that of the Island Queen into the Iceland Queen. In Oxfordshire there is a house with the sign of the Sheep and Anchor, which probably was once the Ship and Anchor. Another house, in Hertfordshire, formerly had a ship in full sail represented on its signboard; of late years, however, the board has merely been inscribed the Ship; and quite recently, on the advent of a new landlord who had been a cattle-dealer, the sign was changed to that of the Sheep.

Inn-signs have in some cases been painted by artists of considerable eminence. An interesting account of various instances in which this has been the case will be found in the volume of this *Journal* for 1881, page 107.

Want of space obviously prevents any attempt being here made to explain in detail the origin and meanings of all our innumerable existing signs. The last edition of the London Directory enumerates no fewer than seventeen hundred and forty-two distinct devices as appearing in the metropolis alone. All that it is possible to do here is to indicate in a general way the manner in which most of our modern signs originated, and that has now been done.

BY ORDER OF THE LEAGUE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

'You wished to see me?'

'Yes; if you will be so good as to sit down and listen to me.'

Enid stood looking at her mysterious visitor in some perplexity. There was something almost weird about the strange woman's beauty; but in obedience, she seated herself to listen.

'I have a strange story to tell,' Isodore commenced. 'For a long while now I have been watching over your welfare. Do not think me personal or rude in any questions I may ask. Believe me, I do not for one moment wish to pain you; indeed, on the other hand, I wish to do you a great service.'

Enid inclined her head gently. 'Perhaps it will be as well to have as perfect confidence between us as possible. You already know my name. Will you be so good as to tell me to whom I owe this visit?'

'My name is Isodore.'

Enid looked at her visitor in interest and admiration. This, then, was the beautiful mystery about whom Maxwell had often spoken, the princess to whom the fatal Brotherhood owed allegiance. Then she grew frigid. Had it not been for her and such as her, Frederick would have been with her now.

'You misjudge me,' Isodore continued sadly, for she had read the other's thoughts as easily as an open book. 'Believe me, had I known, Mr Maxwell would never have been sent to Rome. But if I am to continue, I must have your confidence. What if I tell you your lover is in England now?'

'In England, and never came to see me!' Enid exclaimed with a little gasp. 'Impossible! He would surely have written.'

'Nevertheless, it is perfectly true, though he only arrived yesterday. He would have come to you, or written, had I not forbidden him.'

'Forbidden him,' Enid echoed haughtily. 'And why?'

'Because things were not ready,' Isodore replied calmly. 'I did not take a journey to Rome at the hazard of my life, to rescue him from a great danger, to have my plans upset at the last moment. If it had not been for me, Mr Maxwell would not be alive now.' Isodore could not restrain herself sufficiently to conceal this touch of womanly feeling.

Enid's face softened strangely. 'I have heard of you. Forgive me, if I seem cold, but I have been severely tried lately,' she said. 'You do not know what a load you have taken off my mind; and yet, perhaps'—— She stopped abruptly; her thoughts turned in the direction of Le Gautier, and wondering how she could face her lover now.

'And yet,' Isodore replied—'and yet you would see a way out of the difficulty into which

the miserable schemes of Le Gautier have placed you? Do I speak plainly, or shall I be more explicit?'

The random shot went home; Enid's face flushed crimson to the fair curls lying on her forehead. 'You speak plainly enough,' she faltered. 'You need say no more. I am dazed and bewildered by your wonderful knowledge.'

'It will be clear enough presently. The clouds are dark now; but I see rays of light here and there. Do you study spiritualism?'

'No,' Enid answered, puzzled by the abruptness and inconsequence of the question. 'I cannot say that I have. But why?'

'If your father is in the house, I shall be glad to see him. Will you be good enough to ascertain if he can be seen?'

'If I tell him he is wanted on supernatural affairs, he will come.' Enid smiled as she rang the bell. 'It is his craze.'

After a little pause, the baronet entered the room, and, like his daughter, stood inthralled by the visitor's perfect beauty. He bowed low; in spite of his age, he was a lover of the beautiful still. He looked up admiringly in the perfect eyes, and waited for her to speak.

'Sir Geoffrey, you are a swindled, deluded man!'

'Bless me!' the startled baronet exclaimed at this unceremonious opening. 'Swindled, deluded, I? Who by? Impossible!'

'By the conjurer, Le Gautier.'

Sir Geoffrey stared in open-mouthed amazement; even the breeding of the Charterises did not rise to this occasion. Enid's heart gave one leap, and then began to beat violently. She was conscious of some coming revelations of the deepest interest to her, and waited with impatience for Isodore to speak.

'Some time ago, you went to a house near Paddington. You will please correct me if I am in error, Sir Geoffrey. During your presence there you saw several startling manifestations: you were commanded to do certain things, one of which affected deeply your daughter's happiness, and which, by some happy accident, were equally acceptable to Le Gautier. Am I right?'

'Perfectly,' the baronet gasped. 'And I need not say they will be carried out to the letter. I believe'——

'They were a common, vulgar, barefaced swindle!'

'I beg your pardon,' Sir Geoffrey interposed politely, ready to do battle in defence of his pet scheme. 'I cannot agree with you. Le Gautier'——

'Is a low adventurer. I am not talking idly; I can prove every word I say. This very morning, I was at Paddington, and saw the manifestation room, or whatever you may choose to call it. At the back of the room is a large mirror; over the window is another. Preparations for the manufacture of visions to suit any taste were manifest. And one thing in conclusion: the girl who personated your better self and your dead brother, who never was married, is at present under your roof. She is Linda Despard, the girl who met with the accident in Piccadilly.'

Sir Geoffrey began to feel uncomfortable, and moreover experienced a twinge of common-sense. There was something so horribly realistic about the beautiful stranger's story, that it shook his faith to its foundation. 'But really, such an extraordinary tale,' he stammered, 'and everything appeared so real. I cannot doubt, the likeness to my brother was so perfect. Am I mad that I should believe this?'

'If you will excuse me for a moment and permit me to see this Linda Despard, I will introduce you to your brother in a few moments.—Miss Charteris, have I your permission?'

'You have my permission to do anything which will clear up the wretched mystery,' Enid cried passionately. 'Even now, I am totally at a loss to know what you are speaking of. Go! Do anything you may desire, so that we can have a little quietness hereafter.'

Without another word, Isodore vanished, leaving Sir Geoffrey pacing the drawing-room in great perturbation and casting uneasy glances in Enid's direction. He was not convinced yet, but his doubts were troublesome. 'It is all nonsense,' he exclaimed. 'I saw with my own eyes'——

'Your brother, Sir Geoffrey.'

The baronet looked up, and there, standing in the doorway, saw Isodore, holding by the hand a figure dressed in a slouch-hat and enveloped in a cloak. For a moment, he staggered back in amazement: it was the lost Ughtred to the life!

'This is the long-lost brother,' Isodore continued.—'Linda, throw your hat away, and tell Sir Geoffrey the tale you told Lucrece.—Listen, Sir Geoffrey, and you will hear something entertaining, and Miss Charteris something that will restore the bloom to her cheeks.'

Linda Despard pushed her hat aside, and stood, half-boldly, half-timidly, before the startled baronet. There were tears in her eyes as she looked at Enid.

'But what can this possibly have to do with Le Gautier?' Sir Geoffrey demanded.

Isodore waved him aside haughtily. 'Much, if you will have patience,' she said.—'Linda, you had best commence. We are trifling.'

There was an air of command in these words there was no disputing. Enid sank into a chair pale but collected, the baronet standing behind her, looking anything but comfortable. Lucrece took up her place beside her mistress. Isodore stood through the interview.

'Well, I will do anything to help that angel of mercy who has been so good and kind to me!' the actress commenced, with a grateful glance at Enid. 'I tried to do her a great injury; but, thank heaven, I am not too late to save her yet. I am much to blame; but this is a hard world, and there are times when a few shillings are a godsend to me. It is not a long story. Lucrece here, and Isodore, knew my husband, and how he used to treat me, beating, half-starving me, and taking all my earnings to spend at the cafés. Well, I put up with that life as long as I could; and then, after one awful night, I left him. I came to England, and brought my boy with me. After some hardships, I contrived to get a situation in a London theatre under a new name. It was only a small part, for my imperfect English was against me. One night, some months ago, as I was coming out of the theatre, I met Le Gautier. I had known

him in better days, and though I was not ignorant of his character, it was pleasant to hear the old familiar tongue again. It appeared he had been in the theatre, and recognised me, and waited to say a few words as I came out. Time went on, and he was really kind to me. Through his influence I obtained a rise of salary, and I was grateful. What he really wanted with me you shall hear presently.' The narrator paused a moment here, and looked round in the eager faces. Every sound could be heard distinctly—the ticking of the clocks, and Sir Geoffrey's heavy breathing. 'One night he came to my lodgings,' the speaker resumed, 'and then he asked me if I had forgotten the old spiritualism tricks. I must tell you that once on a time I travelled the continent with a company that played ghostly pieces, such, for instance, as translations of Dickens' *Christmas Carol*, a simple thing, a mere optical illusion, what you call Pepper's Ghost. I told him I thought I could remember, and then he made a proposal to me. I never hesitated; the pay was too good for that. I was to meet Le Gautier at a house near Paddington one night, and go through the old tricks for a gentleman deeply interested in spiritualism. I learnt my lesson well. I was first to personate the better self of the spectator, and afterwards the spirit of his brother.'

'Ah!' Sir Geoffrey exclaimed. 'Go on!'

'I interest you now. I thought I should. I know at the time, to my shame let me confess it, from the things I had to say, that the spectator was to be got into Le Gautier's power. Well, the night came; the simple apparatus was fixed; everything promised well. I was a bit nervous, for I was out of practice, and I wanted to see what sort of a man the victim was. While they were at dinner, I looked into the room, and there I saw the gentleman whom I now know to be Sir Geoffrey Charteris. When I saw your credulous face,' the narrator continued, addressing the baronet, 'I was no longer afraid. Presently, when it became dark and they sat over their wine, I listened till a word agreed upon was uttered by Le Gautier, and I commenced. First, there was some music, sounding strangely enough in the room, but not to me, for I played it. That was simple to an unbeliever with ordinary nerves; then came flashes of light, also easy enough; and when I deemed I had created a sufficient sense of fear, I entered the room. It was quite dark by that time, and I was dressed from head to foot in close garments. I touched Sir Geoffrey on the face and whispered in his ear; and once when he showed signs of unbelief, I clutched him by the throat and nearly strangled him.—Sir Geoffrey, if I make a mistake in a single particular, correct me.'

'You are perfectly correct,' the baronet answered, flushing scarlet. 'Pray, continue. You do not know what the suspense is to me.'

'Had you been quick and strong of nerve, you would have found it out then, for, as it was, you grasped my arm, covered in wet eel-skins, a creepy thing to touch in the dark, even if you know what it is. That was the first part of the performance, and then the real business commenced in earnest. Le Gautier led you to a room at the back of the house, a room draped in black cloth, and seated you in a certain spot, daring you to move at your peril. I wonder I did not laugh at this; I did once or twice, I know, so that I had to finish with an hysterical scream, which had the advantage of relieving me and heightening the effect. Well, the jugglery commenced—the meanest trickery, hardly sufficient to deceive a child. It was easy enough to work it under cover of the incense and smoke; for behind your chair, Sir Geoffrey, the curtains were pulled back and a mirror exposed. I stood upon a pedestal in the window, behind another mirror. The illusion is perfect, and all I had to do was to ask and answer questions. I got through the first part of the performance well enough; but when I had to personate Sir Geoffrey's brother, the case was different. Had you, sir, been calm and collected, you must have discovered. I personated the spirit of your brother, desiring penance for some fancied wrong done to my children; and to heighten the effect, two ragged little boys were introduced to personate the dead man's starving and abandoned family. Frightened almost to death by the fear of being haunted, Sir Geoffrey, you promised me anything. You promised to join some League, the meaning of which I do not know, to carry out your dead brother's work; and last, but not least, that my good angel and preserver there should become Le Gautier's wife. The illusion was perfect, and a little of Le Gautier's matchless ventriloquism completed it.—And now,' the speaker continued, running forward and falling at Enid's feet, 'let me implore your forgiveness! My benefactress, how grateful I am that I have been able to serve you!'

'I have nothing to forgive,' Enid replied. 'You have taken far too great a load off my mind for me to reproach you now.'

'But the whole thing is inexplicable to me,' Sir Geoffrey exclaimed. 'How did you manage to impersonate my late brother so accurately?'

Linda Despard smiled and pointed to a photograph album. 'Easy enough with plenty of those about. What simpler than to abstract a likeness from one of these books and give it me! With my theatrical training and knowledge of make-up, the task was nothing.'

'I am all the more astonished,' Isodore remarked, 'that the audacity of the command relating to Miss Enid did not open your eyes.'

'But you understand Le Gautier professed to know nothing of what had taken place,' Sir Geoffrey explained. 'I even had to broach the subject to him. He never by any chance alluded to it.'

'Such cunning as his always proves too deep for simple honesty. I need not ask if you believe what you have heard, Sir Geoffrey?'

'Indeed, I do.—Enid, my child, come and kiss me, and say you forgive your foolish old father. Take me away into the country, where people cannot find me. I am not fit to mix with men of sense; and, O Enid, as soon as it is convenient, tell Varley to go into the library and pick out all the works he can find on spiritualism and burn them.'

'You are sure you have forgiven me?' Linda Despard asked Enid timidly.

'From the bottom of my heart. You have done me a service to-day which I cannot forget, or indeed ever repay.—And to you, Isodore, if

I may call you so, I am grateful. You will pardon me if I seemed harsh or hard when you came here, but I have distrusted every one of late.'

'You have no cause to thank me,' Isodore replied simply. 'I am afraid I must confess that it is not entirely upon your behalf I have done this thing.'

'I care not for that. I shall always remember you with gratitude.'

Isodore turned quickly from the window. 'Le Gautier is coming up the steps,' she exclaimed. 'He must not see me here now, or everything will be ruined. I must see you again before I leave the house. Where can I hide? I would not have him discover me now for ten thousand pounds!'

STORIES OF CATS.

So much praise has been lavished on dogs and horses, as exceptionally favoured friends, that scant measure of justice is meted to equally deserving if less popular animals. Notably is this the case towards one animal which Shakspeare, with all his marvellous knowledge of creation, has denominated the 'harmless, necessary cat.' Persons most familiar with the feline race will indeed plead their cause enthusiastically; but such honourable exceptions are few and far between. Those who consider no luxury too costly for the indulgence of a dog, think it no sin to tacitly countenance—if not worse—any amount of harsh treatment or indifference that may under the same roof be accorded to a cat. The origin of so unfair and ignorant a prejudice is somewhat difficult to trace; for, in point of fact, one is no more faultless than the other, although their failings are very differently judged and condoned. At the generality of houses, cats are merely tolerated—as a choice between two evils—lest rats and mice should abound; and supposed to fare sumptuously on such prey, even where, through ill-requited service, none are to be found. When theft or destruction of fragile articles is discovered, blame is usually awarded in one convenient quarter only; whereas the accused thereby is too often made a scapegoat for the shortcomings of others. An animal may be driven by sheer hunger to purloin food, because, through inhumanity, none has been given. A clear case of justifiable larceny! Dumb plaintiffs, unable to employ counsel, can tell no tales. Could they contradict plausible but false evidence, how many high and hitherto unimpeachable reputations for honesty and veracity would perish!

Cats, in the abstract, might well exclaim with Shylock, 'Sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.' They nevertheless have numerous estimable qualities, from which little credit is derived. They are devoted mothers as a rule, guarding their young at the risk of life itself; facing opponents on their behalf from which, by nature, they would fly in abject terror; playing juvenile games, even at an advanced age, to amuse their kittens; keeping them sleek and glossy as satin, while patiently teaching those accomplishments that they will need when left to their unaided resources in after-life. A pattern for the imitation of too many parents. Notwithstanding such creditable traits of character, kittens are mercilessly destroyed; though some of all other progeny are spared, out of consideration for maternal affection and well-being. A cat is vulgarly said to have 'nine lives;' but, in sober truth, the single existence it can lay claim to is seldom open to envy. Without entering here upon details of many cruelties almost too barbarous for belief, it cannot be ignored that boys, and even men, not otherwise supposed to be utterly devoid of common humanity, think nothing of allowing this most unoffending animal to be deliberately tortured to death by dogs, or similarly revolting practices. They appear to be under a delusion that there is something manly in expressing detestation of cats, while professing fondness for animals in general, and choosing for pets very uninviting specimens. Sundry so-called 'sports'—save the mark!—are now happily illegal; offenders in brutality towards cats are rarely convicted; and—under the present imperfect state of the law for the protection of dumb animals—can then be only very inadequately punished.

Cats are tolerably popular in stables, where they are able to render good return for their lodging at little cost for board. They become greatly attached to horses, their favourite sleeping-place being frequently on a horse's back; a strange selection, which yet appears to be mutually agreeable. It has been widely said that cats are incapable of any great degree of affection, and that the small amount evinced is for their home, and not its inmates. They are, in addition, considered unable to learn tricks and actions which make dogs such amusing companions. It is also thought to be much more difficult to cure the former of faults and natural aversions. Too great reliance may, however, be placed on these assertions. A bad name is easily acquired where champions are few and little intimacy is allowed. 'Leading the life of a cat and dog,' for instance, is popularly supposed to represent the reverse of harmony; yet some cats and dogs—which have not been *made* enemies—become devoted friends, affording an illustration of peaceful unanimity that many of their biped detractors might profitably imitate. Again, cats, though they have a decided instinct for killing birds, have been taught to abstain from molesting those in cages. Two cases came under the writer's notice where cats were left constantly in places filled with birds, yet never injured any, having been early impressed by the idea that there are birds and birds, some species requiring even protection from harm. The home of one conscientious creature was at a bird-fancier's shop, and no breach of faith resulted from the watchman's being left nightly on guard. The experiment might be hazardous to quote, but other examples could be mentioned. A few well-authenticated anecdotes may clear away some mistaken notions, and tend to the saving of helpless animals from cruelty and neglect.

A military chaplain, when living with his family at Madras, had a favourite cat. Having to change his residence, he removed to another side of the city, a distance of several miles. The in-coming tenant's wife took a great fancy to the cat, and begged that it might be transferred with the house. Through fear that it

would be lost in going so far from familiar haunts, added to the knowledge that a good home would be given, and, more especially, because poor Puss was then in delicate health, she was, after much hesitation, allowed to remain. About three weeks afterwards, the chaplain's wife sitting in the drawing-room of her new home, was amazed to see their old friend enter the veranda, spring into her lap, overwhelming her with caresses, and showing every possible demonstration of delight at their reunion. It was assumed that she had, in an unaccountable manner, come to take up her quarters where an unequivocal welcome was received. Towards evening, the visitor disappeared, as mysteriously as she had arrived, returning the following day, but this time not alone, for in her mouth was a very small kitten, which she gently laid at the feet of her mistress with a pleading and most eloquent expression, as though craving for sanctuary. It need hardly be said that both refugees were incorporated into the household. Upon inquiry, it was ascertained that one kitten only had been spared out of a family born at the former residence. With this 'sole daughter of her house and heart,' the faithful creature had travelled to those she had 'loved and lost a while.' How such a journey could have been thrice accomplished, through the intricate and wholly unknown streets of so large and populous a city as Madras, bringing on the last occasion so young a kitten safely with her, surmounting all the difficulties and dangers of such a formidable transit, is inexplicable, and must certainly be deemed a marvellous feat. No member of the chaplain's family had visited their old home, not even a servant had passed between the two localities, nor had the new tenants called on the original inhabitants. The extraordinary reflection and foresight shown in first taking the journey alone to insure success, and then fetching the fragile little being prudently left behind, is perhaps the most curious part of this 'owre true tale.' It will be conceded readily that this strong attachment could only have been for those with whom she had so long and happily dwelt. Truth is again stranger than fiction.

A lady living near Eton College—close to that memorable spot, dear to the heart of Eton boys, 'Chalvey Ditch'—possessed, amongst her children's many pets, a beautifully marked tortoiseshell cat, whose 'lot had fallen in a fair ground,' amidst 'the smooth stones of the stream.' When the lady's sons left college, she removed to London—where the cat would not only have led an unhappy life, after roaming about of her own free will, but would probably have been lost—she was, to the sincere regret of her young companions, presented to some friends living at a considerable distance in Windsor Forest, where a luxurious home was offered. A family from elsewhere took the remainder of the lady's lease off her hands, through which arrangement the following story came to light. When writing on business, the question was asked if the lady while living near Eton had amongst her pets a beautifully marked tortoiseshell cat; which being answered in the affirmative, a striking proof of intelligence was narrated. Not long after possession was taken, such a cat—identified by minute description—arrived during the night, and was found next morning, with a newly born family of kittens, in an outhouse—her chosen lodging on previous interesting occasions—having found her way from far in the Forest, whither she had been taken after dark, through or round Eton and Windsor, and thence to her once happy home. It may be a disputed point in this instance whether such fidelity to old associations might be attributed to love for the house or its former owners. Nevertheless, from the warm affection shown by the cat towards the latter, no doubt was felt on the subject by those best able to decide. They were gone beyond her reach, but she had done her utmost, in loving memory of them.

Some boys were observed in a Welsh village carrying a very small snow-white kitten, with 'eyes of most celestial blue,' and being asked its destination, stated that they were about to consign the pretty little creature to an early and a watery grave; from which cruel fate it was promptly rescued by right of purchase. The kitten being too young to quit its bereaved parent, was temporarily returned to her charge, she having in the interim been placed on board-wages. This presumably equitable plan, from some hidden reason, did not answer, and the juvenile pensioner seemed far from thriving. Taffy's peculiar notions as to *meum* and *tuum* may have had something to do with the failure. Prematurely removed to its proprietor's care, the junior member was patiently reared by hand. This Samaritan-like deed brought fairly earned reward, for the foundling grew into a very handsome cat, and became a highly prized favourite. So great was the love of 'Jenny Lind' for those who had saved her from death, subsequently, under domestic difficulties, bringing her to full years of discretion, that although accompanying them in several long journeys, and living in many temporary homes, she never once offered to leave them. Petted and coveted by newer friends, she remained loyal in her allegiance to the end of her days. Another proof of attachment to persons, not places.

A cat belonging to a gentleman resident about eight miles from London, was given to a brewer living at a distant part of the metropolis; taken there after dark in a closed basket placed in a covered wagon. A fortnight had elapsed, when the poor animal, weary and footsore, walked into her former master's kitchen, and lay down in its accustomed corner by the fire, purring with joy at having reached the old home. Such fidelity was deservedly rewarded.

A lady visiting a bird-fancier's shop, was struck by the beauty and size of an Angora cat exhibited for sale, imprisoned in a large parrot's cage. The captive effectually pleading for pity by licking her hand, was purchased and taken home. After some years, the cat was removed with his mistress to Brighton, though under protest as to future reformation. Tom was then probably one of the largest of his species, and universally admired. He had adopted an apparently incurable habit of sharpening his claws on a highly polished dining-room table; and also committed sad havoc amongst the flowers in the garden of his new abode, spending

a great portion of leisure time luxuriously lying in the sunshine, amidst mignonette, &c. A decree of banishment was at length unwillingly issued, and poor innocently erring Tom forthwith departed to a country rectory, where he was much valued. Every kindness that could conduce to his comfort was shown, all his special tastes as to diet consulted; but the exile remained inconsolable. He never attempted to return, not seeming to have sufficient energy left to attempt aught in self-defence; he simply gave himself up to despair. It was vainly hoped that time would reconcile the mourner to his changed lot, but matters only grew worse, the cat pining and fretting till he became the shadow of his former self. He could not twine 'fantastick garlands,' or utter an altogether 'melodious lay,' like 'the fair Ophelia,' but wandered aimlessly about the garden, eating little except green fruit and such strange fare; dying, after a brief period, literally of a broken heart. The chief object of this devoted love was the cook he had left behind him. The attachment, unlike that of Shakspeare's ill-starred heroine, may not have been a romantic one; still, it was purely disinterested, unwavering amidst all mere worldly temptations.

> Nature is fine in love: and where 'tis fine,
> It sends some precious incense of itself
> After the thing it loves.

Poor faithful Tom gave the sole offering he had to give—his life. If it be true that 'Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,' it was in the above case proved to be a cat's 'whole existence.'

As an illustration of maternal devotion, the ensuing fact was contributed by a relative. A little girl had set her heart on capturing a wild kitten, which resolutely refused to enter human habitations, neither would it allow any one to go near it, having thus from its birth led a truly Bohemian life. An old gardener told the child, in forcible language, that she might as well try to catch Lucifer himself. Children are not easily daunted in such kindred pursuits, acting confidently on the understanding that everything comes to those who wait. By very slow degrees the waif was first cautiously approached, next timidly caressed, then borne triumphantly home, and finally installed there as a favoured guest. From having been literally in a savage state, it soon became remarkably gentle and domesticated, by the same principle that no rabbit grows so thoroughly tame as the wild species. She was also, during after-years, extremely fond of her young, several of which were reared without disaster; but upon one occasion the cat came to her mistress in a sadly distressed state of mind, eagerly trying to induce her to follow it. Compliance being for the moment put off, the suppliant left in dire grief; presently coming back carrying a dead kitten, which was laid before her friend with bitter lamentations. This being taken away, she brought, one by one, every member of a luckless family, none of which had seen the light. They were then buried, the mother remaining a picture of sorrow. It was hoped the curtain had fallen over the final scene of a domestic tragedy; but the interment could not have been properly carried out, for she dug them up, and again brought each successively into the house, after which they were more effectually disposed of. A long time elapsed before the poor creature could be consoled for their loss.

WANTED, A CLUE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP. II.

Another week passed by, Edith growing more and more prostrate each day, and I was very anxious to hear from Dr Archer. At last arrived a letter, in a hand disguised as a lady's, on girlish light-blue note-paper, with 'Helen' stamped on it. These precautions would have made me smile, had I not known how necessary they were. All the letters which entered the house had first to undergo Mrs Morrell's scrutiny.

'I am utterly baffled,' he wrote, in a very shaky hand. 'The experiment from which I hoped so much has turned out an utter failure. All the substances submitted to me have been subjected to the most minute and delicate tests known to science, without discovering in any one of them the slightest trace of arsenic, or any other poison. I am in despair. I know that somehow my darling's life is being undermined by poison, and yet I cannot trace it. I am powerless to interfere. I have nothing but suspicion to go upon, and dare not apply for a magistrate's warrant. My only hope is in you, Miss Armitage!'

I knew I was but a slender reed to trust to; and I went up-stairs to the sickroom, feeling miserable to the last degree. Mrs Morrell was seated by the bedside. Edith looked paler and thinner than ever. She moaned out, when she saw me, that she was 'so thirsty;' and had hardly been supplied with a cooling draught, when the racking cramps from which she had lately suffered so terribly, came on, and she writhed in every limb. I wiped the cold dews from her forehead, afraid at the moment that she was dying, the attack was so terribly severe, and seemed to exhaust her so much. By-and-by, she fell into a doze, and Mrs Morrell went out of the room. Feeling perfectly desperate, I commenced a thorough search through the apartment for anything suspicious, without finding the smallest thing which could serve as a clue. Probably I aroused the invalid, for, in returning to the bedside, I found her staring at me with the fixed gaze of a sick person.

'Edith, dear, tell me, have you ever seen Mrs Morrell—or anybody—put any powder or liquid into your medicine or your food? Have you ever noticed that it had a disagreeable taste, or a sediment at the bottom?'

'No, never,' she answered, with evident surprise. Her brain was clear enough between the paroxysms. 'Never, Alice.'

Just then, a tap sounded at the door, and purblind old Dr Stevens came tottering in, nearly upsetting a small table, and seeming scarcely able to hold his patient's wrist firm in his shaky old fingers. I watched him with the maddening feeling, that if ever two unscrupulous poisoners had the very medical man most desirable in their case, it was these two. Mrs Morrell came into the room, as usual during his visits, and followed him down-stairs.

I waylaid her later on in the day and asked her what Dr Stevens had said. She replied, that unfortunately their darling was very ill, but while there was life there was hope. Then summoning all my nerve, I boldly asked that I might be allowed to sit up with Edith that night. She looked rather astonished, then, thanking me warmly for my 'kind offer,' declined on the plea of not robbing me of my rest. I replied that it was not fair that she should have all the night-nursing; but all I got was a very decided 'No.'

I went away convinced that the danger, whatever it was, was reserved for the night. When the invalid was left alone with her traitorous nurse, in some form the poison was administered.

'Does Mrs Morrell sit beside you all night?' I asked Edith, next time we were alone.

'O no. She would, if I wanted her; but I don't like it. It fidgets me to see her. Besides, I generally sleep pretty well the first part of the night. She puts on her dressing-gown and lies on the bed in the next room, ready to come if I call her.'

The mystery only seemed to grow the more inscrutable, the further I pursued it. I went thoughtfully to my room, in search of a book I was reading aloud to Edith, promising to return immediately. As I stooped to lift the volume from a low shelf, the one ring I wore, which had always been a great deal too large for me, slipped from my finger and rolled away across the floor, to disappear underneath the hangings of my large, old-fashioned bedstead. Much annoyed, and anxious to recover it, for it was priceless to me as my dear mother's engagement ring, I went down on my hands and knees and tried to find it; but in vain. The darkness under the massive draperies was complete, and I could see nothing in the shadow.

I looked round for a light. But there was no gas at the Hall, and my candlestick was carried down-stairs every morning by the housemaid, to reappear no more until late in the evening, on the slab in the hall. I scarcely liked to ring for it, for my position disposed me to trouble the servants as little as possible. All at once, I recollected that the candlesticks were never taken out of Edith's room, and that I could borrow one of hers. I did so, and lighted it, and setting it on the floor, I soon found my ring.

'How badly that candle burns, to be sure!' I remarked to myself as I rose to my feet. 'The wax cannot be good.' The light was anything but pure, being of a peculiar reddish colour; and the flame sputtered so much, that more than once I thought it was going out. At the same time it gave off a fine white smoke.

I stood watching the sputtering flame for some minutes, much puzzled, until I remembered that the invalid was alone all this time. So I carried the candle, still burning, back to her room. To explain my delay, I pointed out what I had noticed, saying that I thought the servants must have substituted some inferior articles of their own for good wax candles, either from carelessness or dishonesty.

'The servants never meddle with my candlesticks,' said Edith languidly. 'They are not sent down to the kitchen; but when they want refilling, Mrs Morrell puts fresh ones in here. She keeps them in that cupboard; look, and you'll see.'

I opened the cupboard for the first time—for I had never had occasion to go to it before—and there, sure enough, were three or four wooden boxes, which proved to be full of wax candles; thirty pounds-weight at least. Before I closed the door again, Mrs Morrell entered the room. I fancied that her face changed and she turned pale as she saw me standing by the cupboard; but if so, she quickly recovered, and when I made some remark about there being a large stock of candles, composedly answered: 'Yes; she found it best to keep plenty ready at hand, so as not to have to disturb dear Edith by leaving the room to search for lights in the middle of the night.'

I made no further remark, as something warned me it was better to say no more; so I opened my book and began to read.

The next morning, as I was on my way to the invalid's room about eleven o'clock, I became aware of high voices in the hall, and came upon Mrs Morrell and the housemaid Jane engaged in altercation. Jane, who was generally a civil and obliging girl, was flushed with anger, whilst her mistress was paler than usual.

'Very well, then, ma'am, I'll go somewhere else, where I shan't be called to account for every paltry little bit of candle,' said the housemaid as I approached.

'You know perfectly well that it is not the candle I care about, but the disobedience to my express orders, Jane. A month to-day you leave my service.'

'I'll go to-day, ma'am; I don't care if I do lose a month's wages,' returned the girl independently.

'Very well. You need never refer to me for a character,' said Mrs Morrell, biting her lips, as she followed me to Edith's room. She said nothing to me in explanation, beyond merely stating that Jane had been very impertinent.

I found Edith in a terribly prostrate condition, and I could see that Dr Stevens, when he came, had very little hope. I watched Mrs Morrell as she hung over the invalid, and wondered whether I ought not to believe that she was the most tender, loving, and devoted of nurses; for I really almost thought that Dr Archer might be mistaken after all, and that her guardians were as anxious for her recovery as I was. She herself evidently realised her danger, for she asked to have the Bible read to her, and would insist upon pressing a valuable diamond ring upon me as a keepsake. My gentle little friend had so won my heart by her unvarying sweetness, that I could not restrain my tears, and retreated to my own room, where I could give free vent to my feelings.

By-and-by, a knock came at my door, and opening it, I confronted Jane in hat and jacket, ready for departure. 'You've always treated me well, miss, and I thought before I go I'd like to tell you why I'm turned out like a thief, without a character, after being here three years!' began the girl in honest indignation. 'Mrs Morrell's sure to take care you hear her story; so, if you please, you shall have mine first!'

'But I would rather not. You know I am not my own mistress here. Mrs Morrell might not like'——

'Oh, but, please, miss, do listen. It's all on account of the candlesticks in Miss Edith's room. You know, miss, Mrs Morrell never lets us servants touch them—they never go down to the kitchen. But this morning, when I went in at eight to see to the fire, I noticed that one candle had been guttering awfully, and the wax had run down over the sides, and made such a mess as you never saw! Mrs Morrell wasn't there, and Miss Edith was asleep; so I took the candlestick down with me to clean it, meaning no harm. But I had the breakfast to get ready; and to tell you the truth, Miss Armitage, I forgot about it. By-and-by Mrs Morrell came down-stairs, looking reg'lar pale, and wanting to know who took one of the candlesticks away out of Miss Edith's room. I said I had. Then Mrs Morrell went on at me awful, and wanted to know how I dared do such a thing; and I was to bring it back at once. Sarah had washed it; but when we came to look for the piece of candle that was in it, nowhere could we find it. I suspect Sarah threw it into the fire. I told Mrs Morrell it was only a little piece, not so long as my finger. But if you'll believe me, Miss Armitage, she made as much fuss over losing that paltry bit of candle-end as some folks would over a diamond necklace. I really didn't think missis was so mean. I suppose my temper got up, and when she said I was impertinent and should leave, I told her I'd go to-day.'

'I fear you have been foolish and hasty, Jane,' I said reprovingly.

But she went on: 'The queerest thing of all, Miss Armitage, is, that when Mrs Morrell first came into the kitchen she was as white as a sheet. I should have said she was frightened—only it seems ridiculous that any lady could ever be afraid of losing a candle-end! I can't make it out at all, miss. She always is so mortally stingy with those candles of Miss Edith's. Do you know, is there anything about them, miss, that makes them more valuable than other candles?'

'Not that I am aware of.'

'Well, really, do you know, miss, I've sometimes thought there must be something odd about them,' said Jane, turning to go. 'I know, for one thing, they're not bought with the rest from the grocer at Beecham, but come all the way from London; so perhaps that's why Mrs Morrell sets such store by them.—And now, miss, I'll say good-bye.'

I gave the honest girl a little silk handkerchief as a parting gift, and sat down to ruminate on what I had just heard. A drowning man clutches at a straw; and in my terrible distress of mind, I was ready to clutch at any theory, however absurd, for solving the mystery of Edith's illness. Jane's casual remark about there being something queer about the candles so lavishly burned in the sickroom, had set me thinking whether after all there might not be something deleterious in them, intended to act injuriously upon the invalid. It was certain they burned very badly, as if there were some foreign substance incorporated in them. On the other hand, I had never, in my wildest dreams, imagined that there could be such things as poisonous candles. I had never heard of them before. The theory seemed to me at best a very wild one; but Edith's life was at stake, and I was bound to do my very uttermost to aid her. Mrs Morrell's conduct about the candles seemed odd and suspicious all through. The jealous watch she kept over them; her dread of losing them; her unwillingness to let me be in Edith's room by candle-light—surely all these extraordinary precautions meant something.

Feeling perfectly desperate, I went back to the sickroom. Edith was lying back on her pillows in utter exhaustion, and Mrs Morrell was softly reading a chapter of St John's Gospel. Seeing no other way out of the difficulty, I said boldly: 'Mrs Morrell, if you will go down-stairs into the dining-room, I think Mr Foster wants to speak to you.'

It was an untruth; but I could not afford to be too scrupulous. Mrs Morrell disappeared. I sprang to the cupboard, and took two candles out of a box, and at once went to hide them in my room. When the widow came back, saying she could not find her brother anywhere—I had seen him leave the house some time before—I apologised, and professed to have misunderstood the message. She resumed her reading, whilst I slipped out of the room and hastily put on my outdoor garments. I knew that in going out without leave at such a moment, I risked losing my situation; but I did not care; I was in no mood to stand upon etiquette.

I made my way to the village, to the cottage of a trustworthy man who was sometimes employed to do odd jobs about the Hall. He readily promised to take my small parcel to Dr Archer at once. Had the distance not been three miles, I should have taken it myself.

I heard nothing from Dr Archer during the whole of the next day; and in a perfect torment of doubt and apprehension, I waited and waited, too agitated to eat or sleep, seeing Edith grow worse every hour, and fearing that after all she would die before the mystery of her illness could be solved. She was in a state of prostration fearful to witness. Restless and miserable, I sat in the sickroom or wandered about the house, and had the further trial of seeing that my behaviour had at last aroused suspicion in my employers' minds, and that a quiet surveillance was kept upon my movements. Although I had made no appointment, and scarcely expected to meet Dr Archer, I endeavoured to be in the afternoon in the fir plantation which had already been the scene of several interviews; but Mr Foster so decidedly intimated his intention of accompanying me if I took a walk, that I abandoned the attempt. I detected under the mask of grief so cleverly assumed by both brother and sister, a subdued eagerness and restlessness, attributable no doubt to anxiety as to the success of their scheme.

I felt that all was as good as lost, when, on entering the sickroom on the second morning, I found Edith pallid and almost lifeless, and learned that Mrs Morrell, in real or pretended alarm, had already sent off a messenger for Dr Stevens.

Sick at heart, I sat down by the bedside, and watched the invalid, who was too far gone to recognise me, as she usually did. There came a tap at the door, and 'Please, ma'am, you're wanted,' in the voice of one of the maids; and the widow rose and noiselessly glided out of the

room. My ears were quickened by anxiety, and my curiosity was intense at hearing a short sharp scream, a scuffle, and the sound of an authoritative man's voice on the landing outside. Edith was too languid to notice anything; and even when the door opened again and Dr Archer and an elderly gentleman entered the room, she never opened her eyes.

'My darling! Have the wretches brought you to this?' was the young doctor's quick exclamation; and hurrying to the window, which Mrs Morrell had always religiously kept closed, he opened it, and a stream of chilly but life-giving air came rushing in. The other doctor, who was, I afterwards found, an eminent physician from London, bent over the patient, examining her pulse and administering restoratives. I glanced interrogatively at Dr Archer and murmured one word.

'Those candles? Poisoned. Thoroughly impregnated with arsenic. A very few nights more of breathing the poisoned air, and nothing could have saved her.—I don't know how you came to hit upon the clue so cleverly, Miss Armitage; but I shall bless your sagacity all my life long.'

'And Mrs Morrell and her brother?'

'Are safely in charge of two policemen, and on their way to the county jail. I analysed those candles at once, and then applied for a magistrate's warrant, telegraphing to Dr Weston to meet me here. Two policemen in plain clothes were detailed for the arrest, and the affair was managed very quietly, so that even the servants do not know precisely what has happened. Mr Foster was arrested in his study, and made no resistance, although he assumed a high tone of injured innocence.—Do you know, Miss Armitage, where the rest of the poisoned candles are kept?'

In reply I opened the door of the cupboard and pointed to the rows of boxes. He and Dr Weston then carefully locked and sealed up the door, until the state of the invalid should permit a fuller investigation of the apartment. Dr Archer then informed me that a nurse had been telegraphed for from the Nurses' Home at the county town, and that I need feel no apprehension lest Edith should suffer from the want of skilled attendance.

Nurse Mary soon after arrived, and proved invaluable. All her care and skill, however, were needed to counteract the effects of the poison upon Edith's delicate frame. For days she hung between life and death. Her convalescence was long and tedious; but at length she recovered sufficiently to leave Gorton Hall for the Isle of Wight, where the pure sea-breezes soon brought back the colour to her cheeks.

Investigation proved that the candles similar to those which had been burned nightly in the sickroom for over two months, were highly deleterious. The wax was pure, but the wicks were impregnated by a strong solution of arsenic. The remainder were analysed, and from them much of the poisonous drug was extracted. The closest research, however, failed to discover from whom they had been originally procured. Beyond the fact that the boxes came from London, their origin remains a mystery to this day. The plans of the conspirators had been so cleverly laid that it was almost impossible to bring their wrongdoing home to them.

I wish I could say that both Edith's treacherous guardians received an exemplary punishment; but unfortunately, punishment in this world does not always overtake the criminal. Mr Foster maintained the assertion of his innocence to the last; nor was there one tittle of evidence, direct or indirect, against him. Ably defended by a most skilful advocate, he escaped absolutely scot-free. Mrs Morrell maintained the same line of conduct, and was merely sentenced to imprisonment for two years. Dr Archer and I were aghast and bitterly disappointed at such an obvious failure of justice. But we had one small consolation—that Edith's fortune was secured to her, and that the scheming adventurers who had risked all to grasp her gold were not benefited, after all their trouble, by one farthing.

The Thorndyke family interfered, and her affairs were placed in trustworthy hands until her coming of age. Her twenty-first birthday was also the day of her marriage to Dr Archer; and they are indeed a united pair. I will not write down here all the expressions of gratitude I received from Edith, her lover, and her relatives, for my 'courage' and 'sagacity' in defeating her step-father's murderous designs. I declined Edith's offer of a home with her, for I believed that married people are happiest by themselves; but, though still working for my living, I spend all my holidays with her, and little voices already call me 'Auntie.'

Their home is perfect in all its appointments; but one fact, which is never explained to casual visitors, sometimes strikes new-comers as strange: nothing will induce Dr Archer to have a wax candle in his house. They set it down as a fad and singular fancy; only Edith, he, and I know the truth.

THE LAW OF INNKEEPER AND GUEST.

These two terms, appendant one to the other, are now to most people somewhat vague, and seem to point out a state of things a little strange. Of course, we all know what a guest is; but we associate that term more with the friendly interchange of courtesy than with the relation between innkeeper and guest in modern times. The usage is derived from a condition of things that has to a great extent disappeared—when the means of communication between one part of the country and another were less rapid and more limited than now. The roads also were far from good; indeed, about the reign of Queen Elizabeth they were so bad that there were only a few coaches existing; and everything had to be done by means of packhorses and light gigs. To many places, especially in Cumberland, Westmorland, North Lancashire, Wales, and many of the western counties, there were no roads, only a beaten path over a huge lonely common, often a long way above the level of the sea, and extending for many hours' journey. To get to Cumberland out of Westmorland was practically almost impossible, except with the aid of a guide who knew the various passes and the many dangers that lay in the route, including those from the footpad and mounted highwayman. If a traveller visited these lonely places, he would get

rest and refreshment at the village inn; and if he came on horseback, his horse was fed and well taken care of.

In those remote times, therefore, the business of an innkeeper was an important accessory to every country village. His house was usually situated on the high-road, and was called by a variety of names, quaint and funny; and sometimes his sign bore the telling legend, which he did well to follow—that he

> Selleth goode ale and beer,
> And giveth to all righte goode cheer.

Thus the duty of an innkeeper came to be recognised as one which was most important to the state, one which it was the bounden duty of judges of the high courts to look well after.

It is long since the duty of an innkeeper to his guest or traveller was regulated by the common law of the land, while the abuses into which he is liable to fall, have also been made the subject of statute law regulation. The whole law on this subject in England and Scotland is derived from the famous Edict of the Roman prætor, beginning with the words: '*Nautæ caupones.*' Here is a brief outline of what the innkeeper has to do, and what he has to guard against. Before he is allowed to have a license, his house must be proved to be substantial, and to have sufficient accommodation for man and beast. In fact, anything that a traveller may need or reasonably demand, he should and must supply him with. If the innkeeper refuses without any good or justifiable reason, he is liable to be sued for any damages that the traveller may think due to him for such refusal, and for the annoyance and inconvenience caused thereby. The innkeeper is compelled to let into his house at any time of the night any person who is a *bonâ fide* traveller; immediately to supply him with refreshments, according to his needs, and to put up his horse and vehicle. When he takes the traveller into his house, the latter immediately becomes his guest, and the innkeeper himself is transformed into 'mine host.' Here begins the proper employment of the innkeeper. He takes care of his guest's luggage, houses his carriage, feeds his horse, and does everything for the care and safety of the accompaniments of his guest. If the latter has servants, he puts them up, sees to their welfare and ease, and indeed becomes one of the most hospitable of men. Of course he knows he will be paid for his trouble—perhaps well paid—and this urges him to make everybody as comfortable as possible. It will be kept in view that a coffee-house, a boarding-house, or a lodging-house, is not an inn.

Let us suppose that some of the property of the guest is stolen; some village rogue has noticed the wealth of the traveller or the abundance of luggage, and has secretly—perhaps during the night—entered the house of the innkeeper and made off with something belonging to the traveller. Or, again, the inn might be set on fire, and except the inmates who would escape, everything within it would be destroyed and consumed. Who, then, is responsible for the traveller's goods? If this had occurred in a friend's house, or anywhere else, of course the owner would be the loser; but it happened in the house of an innkeeper, amenable to certain precedents of our common law, and he is liable to the full extent of the loss. But in Scotland, a loss by fire is regarded as *damnum fatale*, and the innkeeper is not liable unless a case of fire-raising by the servant of the inn is proved.

You may say this seems hard, and we answer it does; but still it is an exceptional case. At the same time, it shows what an innkeeper is bound to do, and gives additional security to the goods of a person, seeking the assistance of another unknown to him. The case is different from a person taking upon himself the custody of goods for a premium or charge according to the value of the goods so left with him; for it is not necessary that the innkeeper should even know that his guest had any property with him; and for what might appear to be the absurd carelessness of the owner, he is in many cases responsible.

But perhaps it will be better to give a few of the cases which have occurred on this subject, as proving definitely this peculiar feature of our law. We will first take a case which was tried at the Lancaster assizes in 1793, in which it appeared that a merchant called Bennet was accustomed to send his servant with goods to the market at Manchester. At the time in question, this man had bought certain goods, but had not been able to dispose of them. He consequently endeavoured to find a place where he could leave them until the next market-day. He went to an inn, and there asked the wife of the innkeeper—whose name was Mellor—if he might leave them there; but she replied that she could not tell, for they were full of parcels. The servant then sat down, put behind his chair the parcels of goods he had brought, and had some drink. After sitting a little while, he got up, and found that the parcels were missing. Bennet, the master of the servant and owner of the goods, then sued the innkeeper for their value, and obtained a verdict in his favour.

This case certainly gives the idea that the servant was very careless in allowing his goods to be stolen just behind him; but the matter was well argued out on a rule for a new trial of the cause, which was discharged, the judges holding that the man had immediately upon his entry and asking for something to drink become a guest; and the innkeeper was responsible for the care of the goods brought with him into the house, even though his wife had refused to take care of them until the next market-day, for that was a separate transaction.

But let us cite another case, in which a verdict was given for the innkeeper, it being proved that there were suspicious circumstances, which ought to have been guarded against by the owner of the goods sued for. Some seventy years ago, a Birmingham factor in the course of his business stopped at an inn in Oxford, having with him three boxes of valuable goods, chiefly jewellery. As he desired to show his wares to customers, he asked for a private room, which was provided him. The landlady also gave him the key to the room, so that he might lock the door when he went out. The boxes were removed into this room; and a customer calling, the factor opened his boxes and displayed his goods. Several purchases were made. During this time, the door of the room was twice opened; a stranger looked

in, begged pardon, and immediately withdrew. The door was then bolted, to prevent further interruption. After they had completed their business, the customer left, and the factor packed up his goods, but did not lock the door. What was stranger still, he said afterwards that he did not know whether he had shut it or left it open. The door also opened into a gateway which led to the street, and on the outside of this door there was found a key. The result of this carelessness was that two of the boxes with their contents were stolen. The factor then endeavoured to recover their value from the innkeeper, but failed. The matter was brought before the superior courts, the judges of which, although they held that the giving of the key to the factor was not sufficient of itself to absolve the innkeeper from his liability, yet they decided he could not be held responsible, after the gross carelessness shown by the plaintiff.

Another case happened at Brighton in 1830, in which a gentleman named Kent sued to recover the value of a reticule and a number of bank-notes which were in it at the time it was stolen. The plaintiff, his wife, and a young lady called Miss Stratford, took a sitting-room and two bedrooms at an hotel in Brighton, so situated that when the door of the sitting-room was open, a person could see the entrances into both bedrooms. Mrs Kent, shortly after they had taken possession, went into one of the bedrooms, laid the reticule on the bed, and afterwards returned into the sitting-room, leaving the door open. After she had been there for about five minutes, she sent Miss Stratford for the reticule; but it was not to be found. Here the jury had no difficulty in finding a verdict for the plaintiff; the only question being, whether money came within the scope of the writ, in the same way as goods undoubtedly did. It being decided in the affirmative, the plaintiff succeeded.

There is no doubt that the liability of the innkeeper is excluded by the contributory negligence of the guest; but the innkeeper must show not only that the guest did not show the ordinary care that might be expected from a prudent man, but also that the loss would not have happened if such care had been shown. But as the guest is entitled to rely on the common-law obligation of the innkeeper, these cases of contributory negligence seldom arise, except where it may be inferred, from the acts or words of the parties, that the innkeeper's liability has been qualified or superseded, or where the guest is put on his guard by suspicious circumstances. The usual notice on a bedroom wall about locking the door will not protect the innkeeper, unless the guest actually read it and made no objection. The only other case in which an innkeeper is not liable is that of *damnum fatale*, as where the goods are destroyed by a tempest.

Let us take three other cases, which will show a little diversity, but will further explain our subject. A man came to an inn with a horse, and left it under the innkeeper's care to be fed. The latter put the horse into a field, whence it was stolen; and for this the innkeeper was held to be liable. In the same way, a gentleman, whilst taking refreshments within the house, left his carriage in the care of the hostler, who placed it, as was his custom, in the road; and it was stolen. The innkeeper was held to be responsible.

The peculiarity of these cases is not only in the fact that the place whence the horse and carriage were severally stolen was not in the inn, but also in the circumstance that they were put in a certain place without the sanction or knowledge of the owner. In a similar case, however, in which the owner had asked that the horse should be put out to pasture beyond the precincts of the inn, the innkeeper was exonerated from all liability in respect of its loss.

We think we have shown by these cases that the responsibility of an innkeeper is by no means a light one, and that it may be taken as a fact, that in ordinary and unexceptional cases, he is liable for the goods of his guest. Here we may add in parenthesis, that he is *not* liable for the person of his guest beyond his own actions; that is, if the guest is assaulted or in any way maltreated on his premises, the innkeeper is not liable beyond what he may himself personally have contributed to such maltreatment. There are, however, many points which may be, and have been, raised, according to the particular circumstances of the case, as where there is attached to the inn an ordinary refreshment bar, and the owner of the goods only makes use of that part of the house; in which case he cannot recover. Again, the innkeeper is only responsible for what happens in his own house—with the exceptions we have before noticed—and by his default, or by that of his servants. He is protected, if the theft is committed by the servants or companions of the traveller. If his house is full, but a person says he will shift for himself among the guests, then he is not responsible for anything that is lost; neither is he, unless the relation of landlord and guest is established.

On this latter point, we will give one more case, which was tried at the last summer assizes at Carlisle. The plaintiff was a traveller for a firm of wine-merchants, and in the course of his journeys he alighted from the train at Carlisle station, to which is connected the *Crown Hotel*. He at once intrusted his luggage to the hotel porter, with the intention of staying until the next day and sleeping in the hotel. He went up the covered passage into the hotel; but there received a telegram, which he considered necessitated his going to Manchester that day. Before doing so, he asked for some refreshments, and was shown into the refreshment room, which was legally not part of the inn, and not endowed with the same liabilities as the other part, the inn proper. On his way to this room, he met the hotel porter, who asked the number of his room. He said that he did not know whether he was going to stay overnight or not. The porter then locked the luggage in a room in the passage used for that purpose. When the traveller required the luggage, part of it could not be found. For this he sued the innkeeper, but failed, as it was not considered to be satisfactorily proved that he had become a guest of the innkeeper.

By an Act passed in 1863 (26 and 27 Vict. c. 41), the liability of innkeepers for the goods of their guests was limited to the sum of thirty pounds, except in two cases: (1) where the goods were

deposited expressly for safe custody; (2) where the goods were stolen, lost, or injured through the wilful act or neglect of the innkeeper. The innkeeper must put up a notice of the Act in the hall of the inn, and he is entitled to require that deposited goods shall be in a sealed box. This Act does not apply to horses and carriages.

INCIDENTS OF RENT-COLLECTION IN IRELAND.

The collection of rents in Ireland is often an unpleasant duty; but amusing incidents sometimes arise. Last year, a farmer in the county of Cavan came to me on the rent-day and said he could not pay more than half the sum he owed. He had much to tell of losses, bad times, and low prices, and I listened with patience until he had finished. I then reminded him that his rent had been reduced under the Land Act, and that I had voluntarily cancelled a considerable arrear; and I firmly refused to accept less than the full amount. Mickey Sheridan—that was his name—was married, and I knew his wife ruled the roast.

'Now, Mickey,' said I, 'you ought to be ashamed of yourself! After what has been done to relieve you, I did expect you to behave better. I am sure your wife would not approve of your conduct.'

Mickey had frequently confided to me that 'herself'—his wife—gave him 'a sore life;' and I desired to learn how far she had meddled in this matter.

After some hesitation, he replied: 'Well, sir, if ye won't discover on me, I 'll tell ye the thruth. Herself advised me to pay only half the rent. She 's a good scholar, an' reads the papers; an' she tells me a new Land Act will soon be passed an' all arrears wiped out.—Will yer honour take the half-year?'

'No, Mickey, I cannot. Be honest, and pay the money you owe. I feel sure you have it all in your pocket.'

That was a hit; for Mickey, with an Irish peasant's quick sense of the humour of the situation, replied: 'Begorra, it 's in two pockets! Herself made up the two half-years in separate parcels, an' put thim into different pockets, to purvint any mistake; an' I was only to give yer honour one of thim, if I could manage it. But here 's the full money, an' maybe it 's best to keep out of debt.'

A few weeks later, when I was collecting rents in the county of Longford, one of the principal tenants came forward, before any money had been paid, as the spokesman of thirty others who were present, and asked for an abatement.

'Why, Pat Molloy,' said I, 'you and all here hold your farms at reduced rents, which you agreed to pay under an amicable arrangement made only two years ago and according to the provisions of the Land Act. I cannot do what you ask; but if you really have not the full year's rent, I will accept three-fourths of it and give you a reasonable time to pay the remainder.'

'We thank yer honour,' said Pat; 'an' here is my money.'

'How much did you give me?' said I, after I had carefully twice counted the bundle of notes.

'Thirty pounds, sir; an' all in one-pound notes; an' shure, it 's the hard work I had to make it!'

'Och, thrue for ye, Pat Molloy!' said a voice behind him; 'faith, it 's not aisy to make the rint those times!'

'Well, Pat,' said I, 'you have given me thirty-nine pounds; and I now have the pleasure of handing you the receipt for the same.'

Whether the ten-pound note had been paid to Pat Molloy in mistake for one pound, and its value was unknown to him, or that he had omitted to take it out of the bundle, could only be matter of conjecture. He kept a close mouth, and left the room.

The misadventure of their leader broke up the concerted union of the tenants; and when I announced, after Molloy departed, that I should insist on full payments—seeing ten-pound notes were apparently plentiful in the district—nearly all the tenants came forward and paid.

It is well known that a great part of the thirty million of deposits held by the Irish joint-stock banks have been lodged by farmers. I have often received deposit receipts when collecting rents. I remember a thrifty man who used to lodge his savings when they reached even five pounds. On the rent-day, it was his annual custom to enlarge on the badness of the times and the low prices; but he invariably supplied the best refutation of his statements by producing a number of deposit receipts for small sums and indorsing them with much pride.

When the land agitation was at its height a few years ago, a friend of mine was collecting rents one day in a town in the county of Leitrim. He was seated in a large room of a hotel, and nearly fifty tenants were present. Very little money had been paid. Abatements were asked which the agent had no power to make, and there was more conversation than business going on. But my friend understands the Irish character and its love of talk, and he knew that if he permitted the men to expatiate on the reasons why they could not pay, he would be more likely finally to get the money; so, he patiently listened to the usual jeremiades, and bided his time. But fortune favoured him. The ringleader, or chief Land-Leaguer, amongst the assembled tenants was Denis Lynch. He held a small farm, but was also a cattle-dealer, and his time was of value to him; and finding he could extract no further concession from the agent, who had offered a fair abatement, he announced that he would pay a half-year's rent.

'I must be off,' he said, 'to the fair of Boyle, sir, an' can't delay here, like those men. Here is a deposit receipt for ten pounds, an' the half-year's rint is nine pounds. But be all the saints, yer honour, I made the little thrifle by dealing, an' not out of the farm!'

'Well, Denis,' said the agent, 'you could not deal in cattle without a farm to feed and rest your stock; and I have told you that I am instructed not to accept less than a year's rent. But'—glancing at the deposit receipt, which he had taken from the man, and turning it down on the table—'indorse this receipt, and I will consider your case.'

Lynch wrote his name across the back of the

document; and the other adding his own signature, said to his clerk: 'Take this receipt to the bank up the street and fetch me pound-notes for it.' He then proceeded to fill a form of receipt for a year's rent, and handed it to Lynch, who was astute enough to see that he might profit by what he supposed was an error, and quietly folded up the receipt and put it into his pocket.

When the clerk returned, the agent said: 'Now, Denis, here is your change;' and he began counting and pushing across the table, to the astonished tenant, note after note.

'O sir,' cried Lynch, 'what are ye doin' at all?'

'Why, Denis,' replied the other, 'I am paying what is due to you. You gave me a deposit receipt for one hundred pounds; you have got a receipt for a year's rent; and here are eighty-two one-pound notes, together with eighteen shillings in silver, which is five per cent. discount on your rent. You can't blame me for retaining a year's rent—you accepted a receipt for it. And indeed, when a man has hundreds at his banker's, he may fairly be required to pay his rent in full. Yet, I make you an allowance. You cannot suppose, after what has taken place, and your readiness to avail yourself of what you believed to be an error in the rent receipt, that you should receive the ten per cent. abatement offered to the tenants generally. I have given you half of it, not wishing to be severe. But your tricks have not succeeded; and I hope you won't forget the lesson of to-day, and that you will remember in future that honesty is the best policy.'

All eyes in the room were turned on Lynch, who hastily gathered up the notes and stuffed them into his pockets; and as he made his way to the door, he was heard to murmur, 'Begorra, 'twas the wrong receipt!'

He departed, feeling he had lost all title to leadership; and as men will still worship success, even when accidental, many voices joined in complimenting 'his honour, who was too sharp for Denis Lynch, who thought to act the rogue, but met wid a mistake, glory be to God!'

'His honour' was soon busily employed in receiving the full rents, which nearly all the tenants had brought with them. But he believes his collection on that day would have been a very small one, if Denis Lynch had not presented the 'wrong' deposit receipt.

'CLERGYMAN'S SORE THROAT.'

Dr Thomas Whipham, M.B., F.R.C.P., physician to St George's Hospital, and in charge of the department for Diseases of the Throat there, claims to have discovered the origin of 'clergyman's sore throat,' a disorder which often proves so troublesome to ministers of religion. He was struck, it appears, by the circumstance that barristers—from whom as great oratorical efforts are exacted as from clergymen—do not suffer from this highly painful and inconvenient form of sore throat. He looked around for an explanation, and endeavoured, at first, to trace it to adverse atmospheric conditions. But he early decided that the air of a crowded court of law must be more injurious than that of an ordinary place of worship; and hence he was forced to seek elsewhere a satisfactory solution of the problem he had set himself. At length the different positions, in relation to their auditors, from which clergymen and barristers spoke, suggested itself for consideration. While a barrister slightly threw back his head in addressing the judge and jury who were seated above him, the clergyman depressed his in addressing the congregation seated below him. Experiments were made with a man reading aloud with his head in the two positions. In the first, the tone of his voice was clear and penetrating, and phonation was practised with a minimum of exertion; in the second, the tone grew muffled, and the previous distinctness could only be approximated with additional effort. Nor was indistinct utterance the only result recorded of the experiment in the second position. The friction of the air passing through the throat of the reader was very much increased. Thus, says Dr Whipham, hyperæmia was established in the parts affected by this excessive friction; and temporary hyperæmia, if frequently encouraged, soon becomes chronic congestion. Dr Whipham was satisfied that he had arrived at the true cause of 'clergyman's sore throat;' and facts soon came to confirm his impression. Two clergymen, hailing from different parts of the country, placed themselves under treatment for the disorder, which had long held a hold on them. They were directed, in speaking from the pulpit, for the future to hold their heads well up, instead of allowing them to droop forwards and downwards. Both soon reported 'a speedy relief from their suffering.'

IN THE DISTANT YEARS.

We met last in the distant years,
And parted, ne'er to meet again;
My aching eyes were filled with tears,
My heart was sore with untold pain.
But, though we parted thus for aye,
A lingering hope my heart yet holds,
That we may meet again some day
Ere Death shall shroud us in his folds.

We parted; 'twas the old, old way;
A too well-trusted friend's deceit
Had taken each from each away,
Both hoping nevermore to meet.
He thought that I was false; while *I*,
Enshadowed under falsehood's spell,
In anger said a last good-bye
To him I once had loved so well.

But now I know the truth at last;
I would I know *he* knew the same,
To come to me from out the past
And tell me I was not to blame.
But, ah! 'tis maybe all too late:
That day of joy may never dawn;
I can no more than watch and wait,
And through the future years hope on.

J. A. M'Donald.

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, 47 Paternoster Row, London, and 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

All Rights Reserved

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL
OF
POPULAR
LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART
Fifth Series
ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832
CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)

No. 155.—Vol. III. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1886. Price 1½d.

JUST BEFORE WINTER.

BY RICHARD JEFFERIES,
Author of the 'Gamekeeper at Home,' etc.

A rich tint of russet deepened on the Forest top and seemed to sink day by day deeper into the foliage like a stain; riper and riper it grew, as an apple colours. Broad acres these of the last crop, the crop of leaves; a thousand, thousand quarters, the broad earth will be their barn. A warm red lies on the hillside above the woods, as if the red dawn stayed there through the day; it is the heath and heather seeds; and higher still, a pale yellow fills the larches. The whole of the great hill glows with colour under the short hours of the October sun; and overhead, where the pine-cones hang, the sky is of the deepest azure. The conflagration of the woods burning luminously crowds into those short hours a brilliance the slow summer does not know.

The frosts and mists and battering rains that follow in quick succession after the equinox, the chill winds that creep about the fields, have ceased a little while, and there is a pleasant sound in the fir-trees. Everything is not gone yet. In the lanes that lead down to the 'shaws' in the dells, the 'gills,' as these wooded depths are called, buckler ferns, green, fresh, and elegantly fashioned, remain under the shelter of the hazel-lined banks. From the tops of the ash-wands, where the linnets so lately sang, coming up from the stubble, the darkened leaves have been blown, and their much-divided branches stand bare like outstretched fingers. Black-spotted sycamore leaves are down, but the moss grows thick and deeply green; and the trumpets of the lichen seem to be larger now they are moist, than when they were dry under the summer heat. Here is herb-Robert in flower—its leaves are scarlet; a leaf of St John's wort, too, has become scarlet; the bramble leaves are many shades of crimson; one plant of tormentil has turned yellow. Furze bushes, grown taller since the spring, bear a second bloom, but not perhaps so golden as the first. It is the true furze, and not the lesser gorse; it is covered with half-opened buds; and it is clear, if the short hours of sun would but lengthen, the whole gorse hedge would become aglow again. Our trees, too, that roll up their buds so tightly, like a dragoon's cloak, would open them again at Christmas; and the sticky horse-chestnut would send forth its long ears of leaves for New-year's Day. They would all come out in leaf again if we had but a little more sun; *they* are quite ready for a second summer.

Brown lie the acorns, yellow where they were fixed in their cups; two of these cups seem almost as large as the great acorns from abroad. A red dead nettle, a mauve thistle, white and pink bramble-flowers, a white strawberry, a little yellow tormentil, a broad yellow dandelion, narrow hawkweeds, and blue scabious, are all in flower in the lane. Others are scattered on the mounds and in the meads adjoining, where may be collected some heath still in bloom, prunella, hypericum, white yarrow, some heads of red clover, some beautiful buttercups, three bits of blue veronica, wild chamomile, tall yellow weed, pink centaury, succory dock cress, daisies, fleabane, knapweed, and delicate blue harebells. Two York roses flower on the hedge: altogether, twenty-six flowers, a large bouquet for the 19th of October, gathered, too, in a hilly country.

Besides these, note the broad hedge-parsley leaves, tunnelled by leaf-miners; bright masses of haws gleaming in the sun; scarlet hips; great brown cones fallen from the spruce-firs; black heart-shaped bindweed leaves here, and buff bryony leaves yonder; green and scarlet berries of white bryony hanging thickly on bines from which the leaves have withered; and bunches of grass, half yellow and half green, along the mound. Now that the leaves have been brushed from the beech saplings, you may see how the leading stem rises in a curious wavy line; some of the leaves lie at the foot, washed in white dew, that stays in the shade all day; the wetness of the dew makes the brownish red

of the leaf show clear and bright. One leaf falls in the stillness of the air slowly, as if let down by a cord of gossamer gently, and not as a stone falls—fate delayed to the last. A moth adheres to a bough, his wings half open, like a short brown cloak flung over his shoulders. Pointed leaves, some drooping, some horizontal, some fluttering slightly, still stay on the tall willow-wands, like bannerets on the knights' lances, much torn in the late battle of the winds. There is a shower from a clear sky under the trees in the forest; brown acorns rattling as they fall, and rich coloured Spanish chestnuts thumping the sward, and sometimes striking you as you pass under; they lie on the ground in pocketfuls. Specks of brilliant scarlet dot the grass like some bright berries blown from the bushes; but on stooping to pick them, they are found to be the heads of a fungus. Near by lies a black magpie's feather, spotted with round dots of white.

At the edge of the trees stands an old timbered farmstead, whose gables and dark lines of wood have not been painted in the memory of man, dull and weather-beaten, but very homely; and by it rises the delicate cone of a new oast-house, the tiles on which are of the brightest red. Lines of bluish smoke ascend from among the bracken of the wild open ground, where a tribe of gypsies have pitched their camp. Three of the vans are time-stained and travel-worn, with dull red roofs; the fourth is brightly picked out with fresh yellow paint, and stands a marked object at the side. Orange-red beeches rise beyond them on the slope; two hoop-tents, or kibitkas, just large enough to creep into, are near the fires, where the women are cooking the gypsy's *bouillon*, that savoury stew of all things good: vegetables, meat, and scraps, and savouries, collected as it were in the stockpot from twenty miles round. Hodge, the stay-at-home, sturdy carter, eats bread and cheese and poor bacon sometimes; he looks with true British scorn on all scraps and soups, and stockpots and *bouillons*—not for him, not he; he would rather munch dry bread and cheese for every meal all the year round, though he could get bits as easy as the other and without begging. The gypsy is a cook. The man with a gold ring in his ear; the woman with a silver ring on her finger, coarse black snaky hair like a horse's mane; the boy with naked olive feet; dark eyes all of them, and an Oriental, sidelong look, and a strange inflection of tone that turns our common English words into a foreign language—there they camp in the fern, in the sun, their Eastern donkeys of Syria scattered round them, their children rolling about like foals in the grass, a bit out of the distant Orient under our Western oaks.

It is the nature of the oak to be still, it is the nature of the hawk to roam with the wind. The Anglo-Saxon labourer remains in his cottage generation after generation, ploughing the same fields; the express train may rush by, but he feels no wish to rush with it; he scarcely turns to look at it; all the note he takes is that it marks the time to 'knock off' and ride the horses home. And if hard want at last forces him away, and he emigrates, he would as soon jog to the port in a wagon, a week on the road, as go by steam; as soon voyage in a sailing-ship as by the swift Cunarder. The swart gypsy, like the hawk, for ever travels on, but, like the hawk, that seems to have no road, and yet returns to the same trees, so he, winding in circles of which we civilised people do not understand the map, comes, in his own times and seasons, home to the same waste spot, and cooks his savoury *bouillon* by the same beech. They have camped here for so many years, that it is impossible to trace when they did not; it is wild still, like themselves. Nor has their nature changed any more than the nature of the trees.

The gypsy loves the crescent moon, the evening star, the clatter of the fern-owl, the beetle's hum. He was born on the earth in the tent, and he has lived like a species of human wild animal ever since. Of his own free-will he will have nothing to do with rites or litanies; he may perhaps be married in a place of worship, to make it legal, that is all. At the end, were it not for the law, he would for choice be buried beneath the 'fire-place' of their children's children. He will not dance to the pipe ecclesiastic, sound it who may—churchman, dissenter, priest, or laic. Like the trees, he is simply indifferent. All the great wave of teaching and text and tracts and missions and the produce of the printing-press has made no impression upon his race any more than upon the red-deer that roam in the forest behind his camp. The negroes have their fetich, every nation its idols; the gypsy alone has none—not even a superstitious observance; they have no idolatry of the Past, neither have they the exalted thought of the Present. It is very strange that it should be so at this the height of our civilisation, and you might go many thousand miles and search from Africa to Australia before you would find another people without a Deity. That can only be seen under an English sky, under English oaks and beeches.

Are they the oldest race on earth? and have they worn out all the gods? Have they worn out all the hopes and fears of the human heart in tens of thousands of years, and do they merely live, acquiescent to fate? For some have thought to trace in the older races an apathy as with the Chinese, a religion of moral maxims and some few josshouse superstitions, which they themselves full well know to be naught, worshipping their ancestors, but with no vital living force, like that which drove Mohammed's bands to zealous fury, like that which sent our own Puritans over the sea in the *Mayflower*. No living faith. So old, so very, very old, older than the Chinese, older than the Copts of Egypt, older than the Aztecs; back to those dim Sanskrit times that seem like the clouds on the far horizon of human experience, where space and chaos begin to take shape, though but of vapour. So old, they went through civilisation ten thousand years since; they have worn it all out, even hope in the future; they merely live acquiescent to fate, like the red-deer. The crescent moon, the evening star, the clatter of the fern-owl, the red embers of the wood-fire, the pungent smoke blown round about by the occasional puffs of wind, the shadowy trees, the sound of the horses cropping the grass, the night that steals on till the stubbles

alone are light among the fields—the gypsy sleeps in his tent on mother-earth; it is, you see, primeval man with primeval nature. One thing he gains at least—an iron health, an untiring foot, women whose haunches bear any burden, children whose naked feet are not afraid of the dew.

By sharp contrast, the Anglo-Saxon labourer who lives in the cottage close by and works at the old timbered farmstead, is profoundly religious.

The gypsies return from their rambling soon after the end of hop-picking, and hold a kind of informal fair on the village green with cockshies, swings, and all the clumsy games that extract money from clumsy hands. It is almost the only time of the year when the labouring people have any cash; their weekly wages are mortgaged beforehand; the hop-picking money comes in a lump, and they have something to spend. Hundreds of pounds are paid to meet the tally or account kept by the pickers, the old word tally still surviving, and this has to be charmed out of their pockets. Besides the gypsies' fair, the little shopkeepers in the villages send out circulars to the most outlying cottage announcing the annual sale at an immense sacrifice; anything to get the hop-pickers' cash; and the packmen come round, too, with jewelry and lace and finery. The village by the Forest has been haunted by the gypsies for a century; its population in the last thirty years has much increased, and it is very curious to observe how the gypsy element has impregnated the place. Not only are the names gypsy; the faces are gypsy; the black coarse hair, high cheek-bones, and peculiar forehead, linger; even many of the shopkeepers have a distinct trace, and others that do not show it so much, are known to be nevertheless related.

Until land became so valuable—it is now again declining—these Forest grounds of heath and bracken were free to all comers, and great numbers of squatters built huts and inclosed pieces of land. They cleared away the gorse and heath and grubbed the fir-tree stumps, and found, after a while, that the apparently barren sand could grow a good sward. No one would think anything could flourish on such an arid sand, exposed at a great height on the open hill to the cutting winds. Contrary, however, to appearances, fair crops, and sometimes two crops of hay are yielded, and there is always a good bite for cattle. These squatters consequently came to keep cows, sometimes one and sometimes two—anticipating the three acres and a cow—and it is very odd to hear the women at the hop-picking telling each other they are going to churn to-night. They have, in fact, little dairies. Such are the better class of squatters. But others there are who have shown no industry, half gypsies, who do anything but work—tramp, beg, or poach; sturdy fellows, stalking round with toy-brooms for sale, with all the blackguardism of both races. They keep just within the law; they do not steal or commit burglary; but decency, order, and society they set utterly at defiance. For instance, a gentleman pleased with the splendid view, built a large mansion in one spot, never noticing that the entrance was opposite a row of cottages, or rather thinking no evil of it. The result was that neither his wife nor visitors could go in or out without being grossly insulted, without rhyme or reason, merely for the sake of blackguardism. Now, the pure gypsy in his tent or the Anglo-Saxon labourer would not do this; it was the half-breed. The original owner was driven from his premises; and they are said to have changed hands several times since from the same cause. All over the parish this half-breed element shows its presence by the extraordinary and unusual coarseness of manner. The true English rustic is always civil, however rough, and will not offend you with anything unspeakable, so that at first it is quite bewildering to meet with such behaviour in the midst of green lanes. This is the explanation—the gypsy taint. Instead of the growing population obliterating the gypsy, the gypsy has saturated the English folk.

When people saw the red man driven from the prairies and backwoods of America, and whole States as large as Germany without a single Indian left, much was written on the extermination of the aborigines by the stronger Saxon. As the generations lengthen, the facts appear to wear another aspect. From the intermarriage of the lower orders with the Indian squaws, the Indian blood has got into the Saxon veins, and now the cry is that the red man is exterminating the Saxon, so greatly has he leavened the population. The typical Yankee face, as drawn in *Punch*, is indeed the red Indian profile with a white skin and a chimney-pot hat. Upon a small scale, the same thing has happened in this village by the Forest; the gypsy half-breed has stained the native blood. Perhaps races like the Jew and gypsy, so often quoted as instances of the permanency of type, really owe that apparent fixidity to their power of mingling with other nations. They are kept alive as races by mixing; otherwise, one of two things would happen—the Jew and the gypsy must have died out, or else have supplanted all the races of the globe. Had the Jews been so fixed a type, by this time their offspring would have been more numerous than the Chinese. The reverse, however, is the case; and therefore, we may suppose they must have become extinct, had it not been for fresh supplies of Saxon, Teuton, Spanish, and Italian blood. It is in fact the intermarriages that have kept the falsely so-called pure races of these human para-sites alive. The mixing is continually going on. The gypsies who still stay in their tents, however, look askance upon those who desert them for the roof. Two gypsy women, thoroughbred, came into a village shop and bought a variety of groceries, ending with a pound of biscuits and a Guy Fawkes' mask for a boy. They were clad in dirty jackets and hats, draggle-tails, unkempt and unwashed, with orange and red kerchiefs round their necks (the gypsy colours). Happening to look out of window, they saw a young servant-girl with a perambulator on the opposite side of the 'street;' she was tidy and decently dressed, looking after her mistress' children in civilised fashion; but they recognised her as a deserter from the tribe, and blazed with contempt. 'Don't *she* look a figure!' exclaimed these dirty creatures.

The short hours shorten, and the leaf-crop is gathered to the great barn of the earth; the oaks alone, more tenacious, retain their leaves,

that have now become a colour like new leather. It is too brown for buff—it is more like fresh harness. The berries are red on the holly bushes and holly trees that grow, whole copses of them, on the forest slopes—'the Great Rough'—the half-wild sheep have polished the stems of these holly trees till they shine, by rubbing their fleeces against them. The farmers have been drying their damp wheat in the oasthouses over charcoal fires, and wages are lowered, and men discharged. Vast loads of brambles and thorns, dead firs, useless hop-poles and hopbines and gorse are drawn together for the great bonfire on the green. The 5th of November bonfires are still vital institutions, and from the top of the hill you may see them burning in all directions, as if an enemy had set fire to the hamlets.

BY ORDER OF THE LEAGUE.

CHAPTER XIX.

Near one window stood a high Japanese screen, with plate-glass panels. Isodore had barely time to conceal herself behind this, when Le Gautier entered. He seemed somewhat hurried, but otherwise calm enough, as he walked into the room and towards Enid. 'Before I leave'—— Then he stopped suddenly.

Sir Geoffrey was standing a little way back from the group, one hand behind his back, the other pointing with unsteady forefinger to Linda Despard, while he never moved his eyes from Le Gautier's face. A little flick of the nostrils, a quiver of the lip, and the Frenchman was himself again. But Sir Geoffrey never moved; he merely opened his lips, and snapped out one word, 'Well?'

'Is this a theatrical rehearsal?' Le Gautier asked at length.

'I am waiting,' the baronet returned, 'for some explanation. To a man of your astuteness, I need not be explicit. This lady, monsieur, and you, I hear, are old acquaintances.'

'You talk in riddles, Sir Geoffrey.'

'You are anxious to gain time. I, on the other hand, do not wish to be too hard upon you. Let me explain. Miss Linda Despard—who has been in my house for some time, the result of an accident, the details of which you have probably heard—turns out to be an old friend of yours. She is dressed this moment, you perceive, in a character which had been rehearsed under your personal superintendence—the character of my late brother.'

'But what can this possibly have to do with me?'

'A truce to this folly!' Sir Geoffrey cried warmly. 'I have heard everything about the jugglery at Paddington—the mirrors, and Pepper's Ghosts, and the whole miserable machinery by which I was deluded.'

'Then you no longer believe?' Le Gautier asked, fixing his glittering eyes upon the baronet's face.

But the magnetic power was gone now; the glance was returned as sternly. Sir Geoffrey seemed a new man. 'I do not believe,' he replied.

'Then take the consequences—be a haunted, miserable man for the rest of your days! You will not be warned. I have done all I can for you. If you like to believe the tale you have heard, I will not prevent you. I say again, take the consequences.'

'On the contrary, my good sir, it is you who will be the principal sufferer. I wish to make this interview as pleasant as possible, and cannot do better than by making it brief. There was a little contract between us, which you will consider at an end from this moment.'

'And why?' Le Gautier asked hotly. 'You have proved nothing against me at present. This Linda Despard, whose tale you have been listening to, is no friend of mine.'

'Can you look her in the face and say that she is wrong?' Sir Geoffrey interrupted. 'Of course, you cannot deny the truth of her words. Then why am I bound to fulfil my contract with you?'

'Because I have your word it shall be so. On your word, and by the power I hold over you, I claim my wife still.'

'And in good time, you shall have her, Hector le Gautier.'

The group assembled there looked suddenly at Lucrece, as she spoke. She came forward now, facing the Frenchman, who eyed her with an undisguised sneer.

'And what has the maid of Miss Charteris to do with me?'

'Much,' she answered quietly.—'Do you know who I am?'

'A servant who has got into the drawing-room by mistake. If I am wrong, please enlighten me.'

Lucrece stepped forward, throwing her head back, and placing one hand upon a table at her side. 'I will enlighten you. Five years is a long time in a lifetime like mine, but your memory will carry you back to the Villa Mattio. Hector le Gautier, I am Lucrece Visci, sister of your *friend* Carlo Visci.'

'And I am no wiser now.'

'But I am,' Enid exclaimed.—'Father, you remember Signor Visci, the artist who used to meet us at Rome?'

'Yes, my dear'—with a glance at Le Gautier—'a fine specimen of an Italian gentleman. The only unpleasant recollection I have of him is, that he first introduced me to Monsieur le Gautier.'

The Frenchman's eyes flashed, and he moved as if to speak; but Lucrece continued rapidly: 'You may not remember me; but you have not forgotten my sister, Genevieve.—Ah! I have moved you now!—Miss Charteris, you were in Rome when she disappeared. Her false lover stands before you now!'

'It is false!' Le Gautier exclaimed. 'Prove that!'——

'It is true.—Prove it? Look at your own face there!' Lucrece cried, pointing to a mirror opposite him. 'Look there, and deny it if you can!'

'True or false, I cannot waste words with you.—Sir Geoffrey, I hold you to your promise.—Enid, you shall keep your word.'

'We are not in the habit of bestowing the daughters of our house upon adventurers,' Sir Geoffrey replied. 'I am sure your natural good sense and a little calm reflection will show you the folly of your demand.'

'My father has spoken for me,' Enid said. 'I have nothing to add.'

Le Gautier stepped across the room to her. She rose to her feet in alarm. Lucrece stood between the two, and grasping Enid by the wrist, and laying her hand upon the Frenchman's shoulder, held him back. 'Are you mad that you ask this thing?' she asked.

'And wherefore? How does it concern you?'

She looked him steadily in the face as she replied: 'Then I must refresh your memory;' and raising her voice, till it rang through the lofty room, 'because you have a wife already!'

Le Gautier staggered back; but he was not beaten yet. 'Another of your little fabrications,' he said mockingly.

'Look at him!' Lucrece exclaimed, turning to the others, and pointing at the detected man with infinite scorn. 'Look into his face—mark his dejected air, though he braves it out well, and tell me if I am wrong.'

'Your word is doubtless a good one; but there is something better than words, and that is proof. Do you not think I can see through this paltry conspiracy which has been got up against me? But you have the wrong man to deal with in me for that. I will have the compact fulfilled; my power is not over yet; and, Sir Geoffrey, I give you one more chance. Refuse at your peril.'

'I do refuse,' Sir Geoffrey answered icily. 'Do your worst.'

'That is your decision?—And now, as to these groundless accusations you have brought against me. You have made them; prove them.' He turned to Lucrece with a gesture which was almost noble, all the actor's instinct aroused in him now. There was one desperate chance for him yet.

'You had best take care, if I accept you at your word.'

'I wish to be taken at my word. I demand your proofs!'

'And you shall have them!' Saying these words, Lucrece glided swiftly from the room.

An awkward silence fell upon the group. Le Gautier was the first to speak. There was a kind of moisture in his eye, and an air of resigned melancholy on his face. 'You have misjudged me,' he said sorrowfully. 'Some day, you will be ashamed of this.—Sir Geoffrey, you are the victim of a designing woman, who seeks, for some reason, to traduce my fair fame. If I have a wife, let them bring me face to face with her here.'

'You have your wish, Hector, for I am here!'

Le Gautier bounded forward like a man who has received a mortal hurt, and gazed at the speaker with glaring eyes. Valerie was standing before him, not without agitation herself. A low cry burst from his lips, and he drew his shaking hand down his white damp face. 'What brings you here?' he asked, his voice sounding strangely to his own ears, as if it came from far away. 'Woman! why do you come here now, to destroy me utterly?'

She shrank back—an eloquent gesture to the onlookers—a gesture seven years' freedom from thraldom had not obliterated. 'You wished to see me. Lo! I am here! Turn round to your friends now, and deny that I am your lawful wife—deny again that you have ever seen me before, and put me to the proof.—Why do you not speak? Why do you not show a little of that manhood you used to have? Strike me, as you have done often in the times gone by—anything better than standing there, a poor, pitiful, detected swindler—a miserable hound indeed!'

There was a dead silence now, only broken by Le Gautier's heavy breathing, and the rustle of his sleeve as he wiped the perspiration from his face.

'There is the proof you demanded,' Lucrece said at length. 'We are waiting for you to deny the witness of your eyes.'

But still Le Gautier did not speak, standing there like some stone figure, his limbs almost powerless. He raised his head a moment, then lowered it again swiftly. He tried to articulate a few words, but his tongue refused its office.

Sir Geoffrey laid his hand upon the bell. 'Have you nothing to say?' he asked.

'I—I—— Let me go out—the place is choking me!'

Sir Geoffrey rang the bell sharply. 'Then this interview had better close. It has already been too long, and degrading.—James, show Monsieur le Gautier out, if you please.—I have the honour to wish you good-morning; and if we do meet again,' he added in a stern undertone, 'remember, it is as strangers.'

Le Gautier, without another word or look, left the room, Lucrece following a moment later, and leading Valerie away. Isodore stepped out from her hiding-place, her face alternately scornful and tender.

'We owe you a heavy debt of gratitude indeed!' Sir Geoffrey exclaimed warmly. 'It is extremely good of you to take all this trouble for mere strangers. Accept my most sincere thanks!'

'We are not quite strangers,' Isodore replied, turning to Enid. 'Lucrece told you who she was; let me tell you who I am. I have never met you, though once I hoped to do so. I am Genevieve Visci!'

'What! Signor Visci's sister—the girl who—who'——

'Do not hesitate to say it. Yes, Isodore and Genevieve are one. Out of recollection of old times, when you were so kind to my dear brother, I have not forgotten you, knowing Le Gautier so well.'

'But Lucrece, your sister, to come here as my maid. And Le Gautier—how did you know? I am all at sea yet.'

'It is a long sad story, and some day, when I know you better, I will tell you all, but not now. But one thing, please, remember, that come what will, Le Gautier cannot harm you now. He may threaten, but he is powerless. I have only to hold up my hand'——

'And Frederick—Mr Maxwell?'

'Do not be impatient. You will see him to-morrow; for this evening I have need of him. You have not the slightest grounds for anxiety. Le Gautier will never harm any one more.'

'How strangely, sternly, you speak,' Enid replied.

Isodore smiled. 'Do I? Well, you heard what Lucrece said, and I may have planned a little retaliation of my own. The eastern eagle flies slowly, but his flight is sure. Trust me, and fear not.'

Enid was bewildered. But the time was near when she was to understand.

With baffled fury and revenge raging in his heart, Le Gautier turned away in the direction of his lodgings, anywhere to get away from himself for a time, nothing left to him now but to wreak his vengeance upon Sir Geoffrey in the most diabolical way his fiendish ingenuity could contrive—and Isodore. By this time, Maxwell was no more; there was some grain of satisfaction in that; and he had Marie St Jean to fall back upon.

He sat brooding in his rooms till nearly nine—time to attend the meeting of the League, the last one he determined that should ever see his face. Had he known how fatally true this was, he would have faced a thousand dangers rather than gone to Gray's Inn Road that night. It was nearly ten when he lowered his gas, and struck off across the side streets in the direction of Holborn. When he reached his destination, he walked up-stairs, the only arrival as yet. Had he been less preoccupied, he would not have failed to notice the glance bestowed upon him by the custodian. He lingered about the room till one by one the company came in.

They were not long in commencing business. Le Gautier did not occupy the chair on this occasion; the proceedings of the evening were important, and a Supreme Councillor was present. He greeted each man coldly. To Le Gautier his manner was stern to the last degree. The routine commenced, and was conducted quietly for some time in the briefest, dryest fashion. Then the president for the evening rose, and taking from his pocket the gold moidore, commanded every one there to throw his upon the table. Presently, nine golden coins glittered on the green baize. 'One short,' the president said sternly. 'Whose?'

They looked round, each waiting for the other to speak.

'It is mine,' Le Gautier exclaimed. 'I did not think it necessary.'

'You have no right to think; it is not in your province. If you have in any way parted with it'—— He stopped significantly, and Le Gautier hastily intervened.

'I humbly beg your pardon. I will fetch it immediately. I have not far to go; I can return at once. In justice to myself, I am sure you will permit me to fetch it.'

'No!' thundered the Chief Councillor with a glance in Le Gautier's face that made his heart beat thick and fast. 'And as to justice, you shall have it presently, to the uttermost scruple.—Gentlemen, there is a traitor present!'

With one accord they sprang to their feet, suspicion and alarm in every eye.

'Who is it?' they cried. 'Death to the traitor!'

'Look round among yourselves, and see if you can discover him.—No? Then he wears a good mask who has a hard conscience.—Stand up, traitor!—ay, the most despicable; stand up, and look us in the face! Who is the man who has enjoyed our deepest confidences—the man we have to thank Isodore for discovering?—Stand up, I say! Rise, Hector le Gautier!'

The Frenchman knew his last hour had come; he knew that such a bold accusation as this could not be made without the most convincing proof. But despite his failings, he was not the man to cower before such a great danger. He braced his nerves till they were like steel; there was no particle of fear in his face as he turned at bay.

'I had expected something like this,' he said. 'It is not likely that my promotion should pass by without incurring some jealousy. I will say nothing about my long services, the years I have spent in the service of the League. My accuser, and your proof!'

A murmur of applause ran round the table at this sentiment. There was no appearance of guilt here.

'Isodore is your accuser—the proofs she holds. You are charged with conspiracy to overthrow the League, in conjunction with another person. Your companion is one Marie St Jean.'

Even with his iron nerves under control as they were, Le Gautier could not repress a start, which was not lost upon the Councillor.

'Marie St Jean,' he continued, 'received from you certain papers for the purpose of handing them over to the police. The information contained therein is complete. Do you deny your handwriting?'

He threw a bundle of papers across the table to Le Gautier. As he read them, his white face became corpse-like in its livid hue. But he was fighting for his life now, and summoned all his self-command to his aid, knowing full well that if he was condemned, he would never leave that room alive. His calm air came back to him.

'I admit the handwriting—private memoranda stolen from my apartments. I am still waiting for your proof. Besides, Marie St Jean is a member of the League; she restored to me'——

'Your insignia, which you had the temerity to stake upon the colour at Homburg.—Salvarini, I call upon you to say if this is not so?'

'I would rather say nothing about this,' Salvarini said. Le Gautier noticed how distressed and agitated he was. 'I fear—I much fear you have too much proof, without calling upon me.'

'You stand by a friend, Luigi!' Le Gautier said bitterly. 'Do not think of me now. Every man must look to himself!'

'Sufficient of this,' the president interrupted. 'My proofs are overpowering. You are charged with packing the cards, to force the Brother Maxwell upon a dangerous mission.'

'Enough!' the prisoner exclaimed; 'confront me with my accuser!'

'You shall see her.—Isodore!'

As he raised his voice, a breathless hush fell upon the assembly. Presently, a woman entered; for a moment she looked at the group, and then raising her veil, showed her beautiful face.

'Marie!' A deep, bitter cry, following this word, burst from Le Gautier's lips, and he fell forward upon the table, his head upon his hands. There was no escape now, he knew full well. And the woman he thought had loved him—the woman who knew all his plans to the letter, was the Princess of the League, the most dangerous member, Isodore herself! Salvarini looked into her face for a moment, and then whispered one word—Genevieve; but she heard it, and smiled at him, pleased that one man should remember—heard the little word which struck a womanly chord in her heart, and was thankful. Then she made him a sign to be silent.

Stunned by the crushing force and suddenness of the blow, Le Gautier half lay there, with his head resting upon the table, no sound breaking the solemn silence. The president addressed the wretched man, asking him if he had anything to say.

He raised his head and looked dazedly around, then down again. 'I? No! I have nothing to say. My doom is sealed!'

'Bind him!'

Rough hands were laid upon the doomed wretch, and fastened him in his chair securely, taking care to make his bonds too tight for escape. Le Gautier did not resist; he knew now that there was no escape in all the wide world for him. They left him thus, trooping in to an adjoining room to go through the mockery of the trial which the orders of the League demanded.

When Le Gautier looked up, he was alone, save for Isodore. 'You are satisfied with your work now?'

'Yes, I am satisfied now,' Isodore echoed. 'So you thought to play me off against Enid Charteris, poor fool! Hector le Gautier, I am going to tax your memory. Do you remember one evening in the Mattio woods when you abandoned a lonely trusting girl, the sister of your friend? Do you remember laughing at a vow of vengeance five years ago? Justice is slow, but it is sure. Do you remember?'

'Yes. Is it possible that you can be?'——

'Yes, it is possible, for I am Genevieve Visci! It is my turn now.' And without another word she left him.

Presently, a desire to live took the place of his dull despair. In an agony he tugged and turned, cutting his wrists with the keen rope till the blood ran down his hands. He could hear the low monotonous voices from the adjoining room, the hurrying footsteps in the road below; and only that thin wall between himself and safety. Even the window leading from the iron staircase was open, and the evening breeze fanned his white despairing face. He struggled again till his heart nearly burst, and then, worn out, broke into tears.

'Hector!'

He turned round, hardly certain whether it was a voice or a fancy. Gradually out of the mists a figure emerged, and creeping stealthily across the bare floor, came to his side. It was Valerie.

'So you have come to gloat over my misery too,' he whispered hoarsely. 'Go, or, manacled as I am, I shall do you a mischief.'

For answer, she drew a knife from her pocket, and commenced, with trembling fingers, to sever his bonds. One by one the sharp knife cut through them, till at length he stood a free man. One grudging, grateful glance at the woman, and he disappeared.

CHRISTMAS IN A DÂK BUNGALOW.

I HAVE spent Christmas Day in England and abroad, in my own family, in mess, and with three commanding officers; but till the year 1883, I had never spent one absolutely alone. I had on this occasion another opportunity of spending the day in mess, for I was in India at the time; but I came to the conclusion that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush; and three days' leave for certain is better than a fortnight's in prospect; and having had rather a trying share of work for some time before Christmas, I decided to forego the usual 'going round the men's dinners,' with its concomitant drinking of curious and, I hope, rare liquors, eating pieces of Christmas pudding, and subsequently getting through the day in a manner more Sunday-like than actually amusing. So, on the 23d December I found myself about seven P.M. in the dâk bungalow of a river-side station in the Punjab, to which I had been recommended by a messmate as a good spot for a few days' duck-shooting. My servant, a Madrassi, rejoicing in the name of Zacharias—the 'Madras-man every time liking Christian name, sah'—had preceded me, and had got the principal agent for my three days' shooting in the shape of a shikaree, who bore the very unchristian name of Rukkum (Rook'em) Deen, in attendance to make arrangements for the morrow.

Now, I am not going to enter into a discussion on the subject of duck-shooting, for many reasons, of which I will mention, first, that I might have conducted such operations on any other three days of the year, if I could have got leave; second, that I am not very proud of my own prowess with a gun; third, that I didn't get much, though I saw a great deal; and fourth, that the subject of wildfowl shooting is not one to enter into in a light and frivolous spirit, but must be approached with awe, and with a due appreciation of nice distinctions of weights and measures, and a ready desire to hear all manner of extraordinary asseverations, however fond of truth the listener may be. Mine is a true story, and is only a collection of jottings and thoughts. After this explanation, I can safely skip over my doings on the 24th, which were confined solely to the region of the river and the somewhat distant society of the wildfowl.

Christmas Day opened fine and clear. That is a matter not of much note in India, where the weather is remarkable for its succession of fine clear days; but in England, Christmas Day—if my recollection serves me true—does not always open fine and clear. I was called at half-past six A.M.; and by eight had put my cartridges together, dispensed with a tub, had breakfast, and started for the river again. Outside the dâk bungalow, as luck would have it, I met an Englishman—a terrible thing on the continent, I know; but somehow in India we are not so painfully exclusive. I wished *him* good-morning and the compliments of the season; he returned

the sentiments; and that was all the conversation I had with a fellow-countryman on that day. I was on the river from half-past eight till four; but skip that period for the third of my reasons for making this no wildfowler's story. Soon after getting in, cleaning my gun, having my tub, and generally assuming a more civilised appearance, I heard the church bells ringing; and hurried off to find a children's service being conducted by a very nice, benevolent-looking clergyman, who had for his congregation about twenty children and a round dozen of adults, parents and so on. The reverend gentleman was giving the children a simple address as I entered, and I felt at home and happy. The little voices joined in singing hymns and saying prayers; and when the lines, 'Guard the sailors tossing on the deep blue sea,' were sung, I let my thoughts wander over a good many leagues of land and sea to where others were, as I felt sure, thinking of me in the midst of their Christmas doings.

On my return to the bungalow, I found that there was an Englishman living under the same roof, and felt that I should very much like to have a companion at my dinner. I accordingly sent Zacharias to find out who the Englishman was and what he was doing here; for I did not want to bore him with an invitation if he had come here for the express purpose of being alone with his thoughts. I imagine my faithful valet found the inquiry difficult of prosecution, or, what is more likely, that he gave it up in favour of seeing 'master's Christmas dinner' being properly cooked. Anyway, it was not till Zacharias brought me my soup that he brought the intelligence that 'the English gentleman having joint;' so my intentions were frustrated, and the only attention I could pay the mysterious stranger was to send him the following note:

DÂK BUNGALOW, *Christmas Day.*

DEAR SIR—I should be very proud if you would accept a glass of wine from my bottle, which I send by bearer, and drink with me to Absent Friends. I am very sorry I did not find out till too late that there was an Englishman in the bungalow, or I would have done myself the pleasure of asking if you would care to dine with a fellow-countryman on this occasion. Hoping you will excuse my intrusion, I am, sir, with all the compliments of the season, yours truly, H. S.

I sent him at the same time an open bottle of 'Sparkling Wine,' and soon after received my bottle back, with but very little gone, and at the same time the following answer:

DEAR SIR—Thanks very many. A merry Christmas to you. I drink your health.—Yours sincerely, ——.

I am very sorry I cannot put in the name of an eminent politician or other dignitary, by way of completing the story; but as I couldn't read it, my curiosity must remain for ever unsatisfied, and the mysterious stranger of Christmas Day, 1883, will remain wrapped up in his mystery, unless he chances to peruse these lines, and, remembering the incident, discloses himself.

As for my Christmas dinner, I must say it was as good as any government establishment, and much better than most dâk bungalows could produce. The hand of Zacharias was betrayed in potato chips and cunning sauces. I can here fairly bring in that I had a duck of my own shooting, and the only thing wanting was bread. The forgetful *khansamah* or housekeeper had not warned the native baker, and I had to make the best I could of *chupatties*, a poor substitute; and I am convinced that its permanent institution on the English diet table would soon reduce us to a very low ebb indeed. But being in a properly Christmas frame of mind, good-will to all men, &c., I determined to make the best of a bad business, and toasted them before a wood-fire, thus giving myself an opportunity of introducing to Zacharias' notice, à la Mr Barlow, of *Sandford and Merton* fame, 'The Story of King Alfred and the Chupattie, or the Indigent Monarch and the Haughty Swineherd's Wife.' Wishing to be understood, I endeavoured to put the simple narrative in a somewhat Indianised language, and the following was the result:

'One time in Englishman's place, one King Alfred living.—Do you understand "king?" *Mr Queen subse burra rajah'* (the biggest swell of all).

Zacharias. Yes, sah.

'One time Alfred Sahib young man, and wanting to study how the newly franchised ones would vote.—No; I mean liking to see how his people's getting on *mallum.*—Do you understand?'

Zach. Yes, sah.

'Very well; he went to house of one man looking after pigs (*Suir ke kubberdarwallah*). That right?'

Zach. Yes, sah.

'Pigman's wife not knowing Alfred Sahib have much *Burra Bahadur* (Great Panjandrum), giving him some chupatties to toast before fire, same like Master doing now. Then pigman's wife going out to see pigs. Alfred Sahib besides being king of England, was a bit of a *Bajawallah* (music-man). When pigman's wife going out, Alfred Sahib playing on his baja same like Master on banjo. Chupatties getting burned; pigman's wife coming back, getting plenty angry, then stick-striking (*Lackri-marta*) Alfred Sahib.—Now, Zacharias, you understand all that?'

Zach. Yes, sah.

'What do you understand?'

Zach. Master not liking raw chupatties.

'Yes; and I would take this opportunity of impressing on you the many advantages to be gained by entirely giving up chupatties in favour of bread. Look at that piece of garbage I have got to eat! I warn you that so long as you and your fellow-men in India continue to eat chupatties and such-like nastiness, so long will you remain in that state of degradation and darkness that England was in, in the days of Alfred Sahib.—Do you understand?'

Zach. Yes, sah.

After this expression of sentiment, I went to dinner, and really enjoyed my toasted chupattie, as I had converted it into a sort of ship's biscuit, than which there is nothing better. When I felt the influence, benign and benevolent, of doing myself well, creeping over me, I was at the stage of my first glass of wine, and this was a bumper to Absent Friends. What a host of faces passed before my eyes as I shut them and

quaffed the time-honoured toast! How I could have moralised, and become sentimental and maudlin! But as that was not my intention at all, I wished all the dear good souls the 'Best of luck—lots of it, and may I soon be there to see!' and resumed my lessons in civilisation to Zacharias. I never before appreciated so thoroughly what a capital thing it is to have an English-speaking servant in India. Did I say English-*speaking?* I am afraid I did; but English-understanding would be a better expression, for I never gave Zacharias a chance of speaking till after dinner, when he came in capitally. I told him how shameful it was that his fellows would use the poisonous *dekshai* (cooking-pot), with its bi-monthly demand for tinning or for a substitute 'leading,' when kind English people tried to introduce the more familiar saucepan of iron and enamel. I told him how much better a slow-burning moderate fire was for cooking purposes than the pot-destroying furnaces of charcoal over which everything is cooked in India; how nothing was cooked through, but everything sodden inside and burned outside. I ingratiated myself again by drinking his health. I then attacked him on another point, and told him confidentially that if it was not for his fellows' silly ideas on the subject of caste, that we should never have taken the country; and was rather glad that he put a stop to this unwise disclosure and counsel by saying: 'God is good, sah. Gentlemens never knowing why caste, and not liking.'

At last I finished dinner; and then gave a few directions for the morning—to be called at half-past six, to have breakfast ready at seven A.M., and to shut up rooms and come with me. But the demon of speechifying was on me, the *cacoethes loquendi*, and nothing under an eighteen-hundred horse-power steam fire-engine could quench the raging fire that had mastered the movements of my tongue. The only consolation was that I gave Zacharias more chances. I asked him questions. 'When Master going to the war' (there was none in prospect), 'what will Zacharias do?'

'I will always come with Master. Master good to me, sah.'

'Has Zacharias ever heard of Russian peoples?'

'Yes, sah. I was always hearing when I was little child in *i-school*, Russian peoples coming—never come. God is good, and Russian peoples bad peoples. If Russian peoples coming, then Queen's peoples putting them back to their own land; but never coming, sah.'

'But the Baboos say they are not well treated sometimes; and they make a lot of hobbery, and do plenty bad talking, and not liking English peoples. I tell you, Zacharias, if the Russian people came, the Baboos won't have a chance of holding their silly meetings; they'll be put to clean the Russian gentlemen's backyards, and do all the dirty work that can be found for them.'

'Yes, sah. These Baboos are fools. If English gentlemens not coming, where is got Baboo? Only Bengal people talking that way. Madras peoples always right.'

'Bravo, Zacharias! Here's a toast to Madras, the benighted presidency, and may she always have as staunch countrymen as you!'

'Thank you, sah.'

'But about these Russians—tell me some more.'

'Russian peoples got no money; Queen got plenty money. English soldiers plenty strong, so Russian peoples not coming.'

'That's right. You stick to that; and when you hear the silly Baboos saying they are down-trodden, you tell them, with my compliments, that they are a pack of fools, and that they had better not wait for anybody else to tread on them, when they hear the *Sahibloguies* [Englishmen] are going.'

'Yes, sah; that is right. If English peoples not coming here, I would never be wearing such clothes as these.' (Zacharias is very well pleased with himself when he has got on his clean dinner clothes, as he had, to celebrate Christmas Day of 1883.)

'Now, you understand what I say, eh?'

'Yes, sah.' (Here came the crushing blow, the long-deserved snub to my loquacity.) 'Master wants calling at half-past six, and breakfast at seven.—Good-night, sah.'

I couldn't help but take a hint so gently given; and so, bidding my faithful Zacharias—I sincerely believe he is faithful—'good-night,' I knocked the ashes out of my pipe, and brought to a conclusion my Christmas Day.

A NOVEL ADVENTURE.

It was always my conviction that a Briton ought never to go abroad to seek beautiful scenery until he had travelled all over his own country, and accordingly in early manhood I made a series of walking tours until I had seen every variety of English, Welsh, Scotch, and Irish scenery. It was in the course of one of these tours that I came across the pretty little village of Ferneville. Hills softly undulating and beautifully wooded surrounded the place; while two large ponds and numerous brooks supplied fishing enough to satisfy the wants of even an ardent angler like myself. The village was one of those little places where the population seems never to increase and the trade of the builder to be unknown. Visited by few strangers, this secluded village was just the kind of place for a traveller to rest himself and recruit. Here, then, I resolved to take my ease until such time as I felt disposed to resume my journey. The village inn afforded comfortable quarters, and here I ensconced myself, filling up part of my time in posting up my diary and writing to relatives and friends, matters which I had very much neglected. Much of my time was spent, too, in taking long rambles into the country and exploring the district for miles round; often, too, I took my fishing tackle with me, and seldom returned empty handed.

One day, when I was about setting off on one of these rambles, a young fellow arrived at the inn, having had apparently a pretty long walk. He had started, he said, early that morning from the town of B——, purposing to reach C—— in the afternoon; but having taken what he understood to be a short-cut, he had lost his bearings—a thing people often do when they take 'short-cuts'—and now found himself some twelve miles from his destination. From what

he said, however, I found that it was not really necessary for him to be in C—— before the next day; and as he seemed an agreeable and companionable gentleman, I suggested that he should keep me company for the rest of the day, sleep at the inn that night, and resume his journey next morning. This he agreed to do; and my bedroom having two beds, it was arranged that he should share it with me.

Half an hour's conversation with my new acquaintance confirmed my good opinion of his sociable qualities, and I congratulated myself upon the agreeable companionship I had secured for the better part of a day. We dined together, and then set out for a stroll, returning in time for supper, well pleased with each other's society; at all events, I was charmed with my companion, his light-heartedness and extreme vivacity coming as a refreshing and an agreeable change after the rather dull company of the few villagers whose acquaintance I had cultivated. A chat and a pipe followed supper, and then, in good spirits, we retired for the night.

As was usual with me, I was soon lost in slumber; but after being asleep for what seemed a considerable time, I found myself awake and dimly conscious of some one moving about the room. The day was beginning to break, and sufficient light penetrated through the window-blind to render objects in the room dimly visible. My ideas were at first hazy, and no recollection of my companion crossed my mind; hence I concluded that I was alone in the room with this burglar, as I took him to be, and I resolved to watch him quietly. His back was towards me; but he turned suddenly, and as the feeble light from the window fell across his face, I recognised my companion of the previous day. His expression was wild and savage, and in his right hand he held a large, long knife, with which from time to time he struck fiercely at the empty air, muttering rapidly words of which I could not catch the import! I am not a timid man, but I must confess that a kind of sickly feeling came over me as it flashed across me that I was alone with a lunatic, and that, too, at a time when, the rest of the household being asleep, the chance of any help was very remote. To be alone in bed at night while an armed burglar is prowling about the room, is bad enough; but when, in place of the burglar, you have a madman, the case is infinitely worse; an attack might be made at any moment, and without the least provocation.

My mind reviewed rapidly the incidents of the previous day. I had noticed nothing in my companion's demeanour which would lead any one to suppose he was insane. True, I had been struck with his vivacity, and rather astonished at the rapidity with which he would pass from one topic to another; but this had simply pleased me as a trait of originality. Through my half-opened eyes and by the increasing light, I now saw him suddenly pause in his movements, bend forward, and gaze half eagerly, half hesitatingly in my direction. My heart nearly ceased to beat. Would he come forward? He advanced quickly a couple of steps, his face lighted up with a fiendish anticipatory pleasure; then he stopped for a moment. Should I spring from the bed and rush upon him? There was still about half the length of the room between us. No; the distance was too great for me to take him by surprise. He again came quickly forward, stood for a moment by my bedside, and then, with a savage scowl, the knife was thrown back to strike. But before it could descend, I had darted from the bed and was upon him, my left hand grasping his right wrist. 'Madman!' I hissed, as I forced him backwards, 'drop the knife!' In another moment we had fallen heavily, he undermost. His leg had caught against his own bed, and my weight had forced him backwards. In falling, his head struck against a piece of furniture with sufficient force to stun him. I took advantage of this to possess myself of the knife, which I had scarcely done when he opened his eyes. I planted myself firmly, expecting that he would renew the struggle; but, to my surprise, he burst into a laugh, and at length exclaimed: 'Well, I have made a fool of myself, I must admit. I am no more mad than you are; and I am sure I have no designs against your life, however suspicious things may appear. Loose me, and I will explain all, although I know that in doing so I shall lay myself open to your ridicule.'

The laughter was so hearty and the tone so genuine, that I complied; besides, I had the knife if the worst came to the worst.

'The fact is,' he commenced, 'I am stage-struck (don't laugh at me more than you can help). I wanted to go on the stage, but to this my father strongly objected. The craze was, however, too strong upon me to allow of my quietly giving up the idea, and at last the opportunity of realising my ambition presented itself. Near our town is a small place where there is a little theatre—a poor affair, and visited only by third or fourth rate companies. Well, I made acquaintance with a party of travelling players there, and one of their number having left them, it was arranged that I should take his place at the next town they visited. I was walking on there, when, getting rather out of my course, as you know, I met you. I had expected being alone last evening and going over my part in private; but, of course, your being with me stopped that. I woke very early this morning, and being full of anxiety to make sure of my part, and imagining you to be fast asleep—as I believe *now* you really were at first—I could not resist the temptation of trying a rehearsal *sotto voce*. In the play, I have to murder my rival in his sleep; and your lying there in bed gave such a realistic air to the thing, that I could not resist going through my part of the play with you as the rival, seeing you were, as I thought, safe asleep. Judge, then, of my feelings when, without a moment's warning, you suddenly sprang upon me! Surprised and confused, I knew not for the moment what to do; but before I could collect myself, I had stumbled and fallen; and I suppose I must have been stunned, for I remember nothing more until I found myself on the floor, with you kneeling upon my chest, and looking quite prepared for a deadly struggle.—Now, you know all, and I hope you are none the worse off for the little adventure than I am?'

My answer was that I was only too glad

the affair had terminated in so peaceable a manner, and that my sleeping companion, instead of being a lunatic, was only afflicted with a mania for the stage. I added, that I hoped the incident might cure him of the craze. And so it did. My companion did not appear on the professional stage, though I have often seen him to advantage in private theatricals, and have frequently watched him rehearse, but never with the same uncomfortable feelings as I did that night at the village inn.

SOME ASPECTS OF CANADIAN PROGRESS.

For those who cannot actually travel over the Canadian Pacific Railway from Montreal to Vancouver, in British Columbia, perhaps the next best thing is to look through the eyes of the *Times* correspondent, whose 'Canadian Tour' has just been reprinted from the columns of that journal. Progress in the North-west is so rapid, that even this journey, performed quite recently, will soon grow antiquated; but many of the particulars are so full of interest for all who are concerned in the progress of the Canadian Dominion, that we make no apology in gleaning the most important facts therefrom, and from other sources, for the general reader.

The completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway has been the signal for embarkation in other comprehensive designs for opening up and furthering the interests of the Dominion. The Hudson Bay Railway, running from the heart of Manitoba to Port Nelson, on Hudson Bay, is proceeding apace, and will open up a region hitherto almost shut out from communication with commercial centres, besides giving an opportunity of testing the feasibility of the proposed short sea-route from Canada to Liverpool. This route by way of Hudson Bay, which will save about one thousand miles as compared with the Quebec route, has been reported upon by officials on behalf of the Canadian government, and the various reports agree that it will be navigable for four months of the year at least.

In the last session of the Canadian Parliament, an Act of Incorporation was passed on behalf of a new railway scheme to be called the Winnipeg and North Pacific Railway. Starting from Winnipeg, it has been planned to run in a north-westerly direction, bending to the west, and to strike the Pacific Ocean at Port Simpson, a point which is said to be four hundred miles nearer Yokohama than Vancouver, the present terminus of the Canadian Pacific. The country to be passed through is highly fertile, with great mineral wealth; and it is expected that this saving in distance will tell in its favour.

Meantime, the trade arrangements of the Canadian Pacific seem to meet with growing favour. Mr Everett Frazar, who has been concerned in more than one shipment of tea from China and Japan by this new route, reports that tea-importers in Canada and the United States are more than pleased with the quick despatch given to their orders, and the excellent condition in which consignments have reached them. One result has been that Chicago is rapidly overtaking New York as a tea-distributing centre. Yokohama being about five hundred miles nearer the western terminus of the Canadian Pacific than to San Francisco, two or three days can be saved by the Dominion route. The total tea imports for the season by the seven vessels already chartered are reckoned at 7,878,033 pounds, of the value of half a million pounds sterling. Suitable docks and wharfage have been prepared at Vancouver for the growing trade, and a fine three-story stone and brick hotel, which will be open for guests in the spring, is being erected.

The main characteristics of the line are thus described by the *Times* correspondent. The first three hundred and fifty miles, carrying the line westward from Montreal to Lake Nipissing, is through old and well-developed country, commanding the timber traffic of the Ottawa River valley. For the next one thousand miles to the edge of the great prairie east of Winnipeg, the country passed through has extensive forests, and lands abounding in copper, iron, and silver. For nine hundred miles westward of Winnipeg there is a flat or rolling prairie, which is being rapidly settled, and which comprises some of the richest agricultural soil in the world. Nearly the entire length of the land-grant of the railway is already located here. This rich soil extends to the base of the Rockies. The railway now passes over a rough country, through mountain ranges, with immense forests, and splendid scenery. The best materials have been used in its construction throughout; the bridges and trestles are built in the strongest possible way; and the arrangements for traffic are efficient. The manager of the line told the *Times* correspondent that he could at present undertake to transport eight thousand armed men a day from the Atlantic to the Pacific, should any Eastern complication render this necessary.

The distance from the eastern terminus at Montreal to the western end at Vancouver is two thousand nine hundred and nine miles, or three hundred and sixty-two miles less than the line between New York and San Francisco. From Liverpool to Vancouver by the Canadian Pacific route is five thousand one hundred and sixty miles. Across the Pacific Ocean to Yokohama, by the Canadian route from Liverpool, is nine thousand five hundred and forty-six miles, or eight hundred and eighty miles less than by the New York and San Francisco route. The traveller may choose the all-rail route westward, round the northern shore of Lake Superior, or by way of Owen Sound and Lake Superior, in the new steel steam-ships, the *Alberta* or *Athabasca*.

No city in Canada has grown with greater rapidity than Winnipeg, the capital of Manitoba, which has now from twenty-seven to thirty thousand inhabitants, and no part of the country owes more for its development to the railway than the Red River Valley. Butter, cheese, vegetables, fruit, and grain, are now exported in large quantities. To further open up the prairie region, an elaborate network of branch railways has been arranged for, and town-lots have been laid off in connection therewith. The Manitoba and North-western Railway runs north-west from Portage La Prairie towards Prince Albert.

Regina, the capital of the North-west, stands on Pile of Bones River, a tributary of the

Qu'Appelle River, one thousand seven hundred and seventy-nine miles west of Montreal. This place, of three hundred houses and not more than one thousand people, is the residence of the Governor of the North-west. Our correspondent likens the present appearance of the place to a section cut out of the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, with a few scattered rows of wooden houses set down upon it. In a little square-built brick courthouse, outside the town, Louis Riel, leader of the late rebellion in the North-west, was tried, and afterwards hanged at the barracks, about two miles off. Here are the headquarters of the mounted police, the constabulary of the North-west, the entire force consisting of about one thousand men.

There are few places of any importance westward of Regina; the villages and settlements are as yet in their infancy, and we hear such grotesque names as 'Moose Jaw,' 'Swift Current,' and 'Medicine Hat.' The large cattle ranges of Canada are situated in the south-western portion of the province of Alberta, Fort MacLeod and Calgary being two great centres for the ranchemen. Experienced cattle-men have pronounced the eastern slope of the Rockies as furnishing the best grass and water for large herds, in Western America. The winter there is less rigorous than in Manitoba and the older provinces. When the Canadian Pacific reaches Calgary, it runs along the valley of the Bow River, and crosses the summit of the Rockies at an elevation of five thousand five hundred and sixty feet.

At Donald, past which the Columbia River flows with a swift current, house-building is going on for the settlers, who at first had to live in tents and cabins. This place is destined to be an extensive settlement, with railway repair shops. The surface is covered with forests, except where clearings have been made. On leaving the Columbia, the railway turns sharply to the south, into the cañon of the Beaver River, a stream which rises from the centre of the Selkirk Range. As the railway rises, all the slopes of the mountains are seen clad with timber, and sawmills are busy. Trestle-bridges span the gaps made by tributary streams, and one of these is two hundred and ninety-six feet high, and four hundred and fifty feet long. The great mountain ranges of the Selkirk passed, the Gold or Coast Range comes next, where the traveller finds himself amongst the better-settled districts of British Columbia.

Kamloops, a place of fifteen years' growth, at the junction of the North and South Thompson Rivers, is a prosperous town, with English residents living in the centre, and the Chinese at either end. Burrard Inlet lies to the north of the Fraser River, and here, at Port Moody, the finished line ends at present. But an extension to Vancouver, at the sea-entrance of Burrard Inlet, is being made, and will be finished next year. There are several settlements on the banks of the Inlet, where timber-mills are at work. One place is an Indian mission settlement, and has three hundred inhabitants.

Vancouver, the western terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway, has a very hopeful outlook at present. Being a wooden town, it was almost entirely burned in June 1886, but is now recovering from that serious fire. Streets are laid out, a substantial wharf has been built, and the trade in town-lots is described as brisk. Much of the cleared surface of the town is covered with stumps of the 'big trees,' spruce, pine, or cedar, which grew there; it costs from one hundred to one hundred and fifty pounds per acre to clear the ground of these stumps. One large pine, standing solitary in the town, was saved on the intercession of the Princess Louise, and has been rightly named after her. The Vancouver chief of police is a gigantic Highlandman, with a force of five men under him. Wood-cutting is the chief industry of this section, and Vancouver as a terminal city has great commercial possibilities.

In conclusion, the *Times* correspondent does not hesitate to confirm the statement, that the Canadian Pacific Railway has 'more good agricultural land, more coal, and more timber, between Winnipeg and the Pacific coast, than all the other Pacific railways combined, and that every part of the line from Montreal to the Pacific will pay.'

WAS IT MURDER?

I HAVE thought it over and over, and cannot come to any definite conclusion. Was I justified in killing the man? If I was, I am a benefactor to some of my fellow-creatures; if I was not, I am a murderer. My readers shall have an opportunity of judging, and I hope their judgment may be lenient.

Some years ago, I was well off, and received the education and bringing-up of a gentleman; but partly through my own folly, and partly through unfortunate speculations, I gradually lost all my capital; and about two years ago I found myself penniless, and saw starvation grinning at me within measurable distance. Then I determined to attempt no longer to keep up appearances, but to try and earn a bare existence in any walk of life that was open to me. After some fruitless efforts and a good deal of the 'hope deferred' which 'maketh the heart sick,' I obtained, through the kindness of a gentleman connected with the Great Junction Railway, the position of stoker. I never was given to drink, so that I was well enough able to fulfil the lowly duties of my position. I am now a station-master; and it is during my few hours of leisure that I prepare this plain narrative for the decision of a discerning public.

It is a great point for a stoker to be on good terms with the engine-driver, and I generally found little trouble in making friends with my nearest travelling companion.

On the day when I went through the most disagreeable experience of my life, I was travelling from Padlington to Cowchester on the well-known—to railway employees—engine named 'Pluto.' She is a fine upstanding, bold sort of engine, and when in good temper, does her work right well. The engine-driver on this occasion was a man named John Morgan. I had not often travelled with him before, only two or three times, and I never could get on comfortably with him. He had been many years in the

Company's service, and bore an excellent character for steadiness, but was considered rather taciturn. He seemed to be always in the sulks, and was, I suppose, of a surly temper. Before we started, he hardly answered any remark I addressed to him, and seemed more surly than usual. Once when I took up a cloth to brighten one of Pluto's taps, he called out to me in a savage tone: 'Let her alone, can't you. I'll make her travel to-day without your bothering.'

I made him no answer, as I did not see the good of having a quarrel in the small space we were confined to. The train was to start at twelve noon, and before that time, we on the engine were all ready; but it was a quarter past twelve before we got the signal to move. There was such a crowd of people of all classes on the platform, that room could hardly be found for them in the train. However, at last the head-guard gave us the signal, and Morgan turned the handle, and we moved slowly and steadily out of the station. When we got well out into the country, Morgan turned to me and said shortly: 'More coal.'

Now, in my opinion, no more coal was wanted, as there was quite enough in the fire to keep up the usual speed. However, as a stoker, I was only an underling, and must obey reasonable orders. So I stoked as bidden, and then curiously watched to see if the engine-driver would turn on full speed. He did nothing of the sort, but sat with his back to the boiler, and began to talk to me quite affably. Amongst other things, he said he was quite tired of this perpetual travelling, and that he meant to look out for a wife with a little money, and never set foot on an engine again. There was nothing at this time peculiar in his manner, except that he was more talkative than usual, and he would now and then turn half-round to the engine and call out: 'Get on, old girl, get on!' We had before us a run of an hour and a half, and by that time we were due at Blinton, a big junction, at which every train must stop; so we had plenty of time to talk.

About an hour after leaving Padlington, Morgan stopped suddenly in the middle of a sentence, and said: 'Well, I must get to work now.' Then he opened the firebox door and called out to me: 'More coal.'

I expostulated with him, and pointed out that we were going at a high rate of speed, and would not need more coal before Blinton; but this seemed to excite him terribly. 'Shovel it in!' he roared, with an oath; 'I'm going to make her travel.'

To pacify him, I took up a shovelful, and managed to upset a good deal of it before I reached the firebox.

'You clumsy fool!' he called out; 'here, give it to me;' and snatching the shovel out of my hands, he crammed on as much coal as he could get in.

I was beginning to get alarmed; and looking out over the well-known country—for I had travelled that journey many and many a time before—I saw that we were much nearer to Blinton than we ought to be at that hour. However, I thought it did not much matter, for the line was signalled clear in front of us, and the damage done was, as yet, simply a little waste of coal. In a few minutes, our speed increased enormously, and I calculated we were travelling at the rate of seventy miles an hour. I thought it was time to remonstrate; and turning to Morgan, I noticed that the indicator showed full speed. I called his attention to the fact, and begged him to reduce the speed, or we should run into Blinton without being able to stop.

'Ha, ha!' he cried in reply. 'Stop! I'm never going to stop again! I told you I'd make her travel. What do you want to stop for?—Get on, old wench, get on!' Then he burst into a hideous peal of laughter.

A cold sweat of absolute terror broke out on me as I realised the state of things. Here was a raving maniac, a far stronger man than myself, in charge of a train full of people. I bit my lips and clenched my hands, and tried to collect my scattered ideas and decide what was best to be done. Meanwhile, Morgan sat on a rail near the boiler flourishing a shovel and shouting uproariously. The train rushed on with incredible speed, not steadily and evenly, but with leaps and bounds, that threatened to cast the engine off the line at every yard. There was no doubt the man was as mad as a man could be, and he was also master of the situation. I made one effort to reach the handle by which the steam is turned off; but the madman was too sharp for me. 'No, you don't!' he shouted. He brought his shovel down with a tremendous blow on the rail at my side, just missing my head. It was plain I could do nothing by force. Would stratagem be of any use?

I looked out to the country; time was running short; we were not more than twenty miles from Blinton Junction; and if we did not stop there, the whole train must inevitably be wrecked, and probably not one passenger would escape uninjured, and but few with their lives. I looked back to the train. Outside the windows were hands gesticulating, and frightened, alarmed faces. At the end of the train, the guard was waving a red flag. Something must be done, and by me, or we should all be inevitably lost. I made up my mind. I turned to Morgan with a smile on my face, and I said: 'Old boy, you're quite right; this is a fine pace; but it ain't quite fast enough. Look here!' and I caught him by the arm and led him to the side of the engine next to the double rail. 'See!' I cried; 'there is another train coming up faster than us, and she will pass us; we must go faster: but let's see first who is driving her; lean forward and look. Can you see?'

The poor maniac stepped outside the rail and leaned forward to look for the imaginary train, when I gave him a sudden push, and he fell in a heap on the side-rails and was killed on the spot. With a gasp of relief I sprang back to the engine and turned off the steam. It was not a moment too soon. We were well in sight of Blinton Junction before I had the train properly under control. I pulled up at the platform all right, and then I fainted.

When I came to, I was lying on a bench in the waiting-room, and the inspector was standing over me, with his note-book in his hand, prepared to take down my statement. What I stated

was, that the engine-driver had gone mad, and that, to save the lives of the passengers, I had knocked him off the engine just in time to get the train under control before running into the station. This was corroborated by the guard and several passengers; and the case was brought before the solicitors of the Company. I gave my evidence at the inquest, and heard no more of the matter until one day the passenger superintendent handed me ten sovereigns and a letter appointing me station-master at Little Mudford. It was evident the directors condoned my conduct; and I hope that my readers will agree with them, and, in consideration of my having saved a train full of people, will acquit me of murder, and bring in a verdict of justifiable homicide.

POPULAR LEGAL FALLACIES.*

BY AN EXPERIENCED PRACTITIONER.

DEEDS OF GIFT AND WILLS.—II.

The making of a will is a much less formidable affair than the preparation of a deed of gift. It requires no stamp; the rights of the beneficiaries do not arise until the decease of the testator, and therefore it does not in any way interfere with his power to manage and dispose of his property as he thinks best in the interval during which he retains physical and mental power to make a new will. In a case of extreme simplicity, the testator may even dispense with professional assistance altogether; but this is seldom advisable. As, however, some testators *will* make their own wills, it may be useful, while adverting to the danger of that practice, to point out how the risk may be lessened. It is always dangerous to use technical expressions—such as 'heirs,' &c.—because a gift to the heirs of a testator has the effect of cutting out the younger children in the same way and to the same extent as if he had died intestate. In some cases, it may even be worse than intestacy, depriving them of their shares of their father's personal estate. The intentions of the testator ought to have the simplest form of expression possible applied to their setting forth in the will. The names of the children who are to benefit ought in most cases to be inserted, this having certain legal advantages in case of death over the description of the children as a class. When property is given to a child of the testator who dies before his father, the gift takes effect as if he had survived his father and then died; while in all other cases, if the beneficiary should die in the lifetime of the testator, the devise or bequest in his favour lapses, or becomes altogether void. Of course this might in any case be provided against by express directions that in case of the death of the beneficiary, the benefit intended for him should go to his children; but such provisions are to some extent inconsistent with that simplicity which is essential in home-made wills.

Other points requiring special attention in some cases are that the subsequent marriage of the parents does not (in England) render bastards legitimate, or capable of taking under the description of 'children' of the testator; and that the marriage of a man with the sister of his deceased wife, or of a woman with the brother of her deceased husband, is absolutely void, and the children of such void marriage are illegitimate. In such cases, the difficulty may be overcome by the use of appropriate words and full and clear descriptions of the persons who are to be included in the will. In many home-made wills, the distinction between the effect of the two disposing words 'devise' and 'bequeath' appears to have been unknown. Now, there is a real distinction here, the former word applying to real estate (land), and the latter to personal estate (money, furniture, &c.); and in cases within our own knowledge, the use of a word which was not appropriate to one class of property, without any sufficient description of what was intended to pass by the will, has occasioned a partial intestacy, and to that extent has defeated the intentions of the testator. The word 'give' is always sufficient, and has the advantage of being safe. A common mistake is the omission of the appointment of executors; and an equal impropriety is the appointment of a tenant for life as sole executor. When everything which the testator possesses is given absolutely to one person, that person may well be appointed sole executor, in order that the power and the beneficial interest may be combined in one and the same person; but if an executor has only a life-interest in the income to arise from the property, some other should be appointed to act with him as joint executors.

The Wills Act, 1837, requires that certain formalities should be observed as to the attestation of wills and codicils. The latter instruments, however, scarcely come within the scope of this, as it is very rare to find a conjunction of circumstances in which it would be advisable for a testator to attempt to alter the effect of the will itself by adding a codicil thereto. Although the Act does not require the adoption of any special form of attestation, still it is very desirable that a well-designed form should be used, because it draws the attention of the parties to the statutory requisites, which cannot be neglected without danger of the will becoming mere waste paper. Such a form is the following, the insertion of which may be allowed to supersede the necessity for a long explanation: 'Signed by the said A. B. C. as his last Will and Testament in the presence of us, present at the same time, who, at his request, in his presence, and in the presence of each other, have hereunto subscribed our names as witnesses.' Each witness should sign under this clause, and add his address and occupation. Formerly, if any witness had any interest in the will, the effect was to render the will void; but the inconvenience of this led to an alteration of the law, whereby in case of a beneficiary—or the wife or husband of a beneficiary—being one of the attesting witnesses, the will remains valid, except that the witness

* It should be understood that this series of articles deals mainly with English as apart from Scotch law.

cannot take any benefit thereunder; nor can the husband or wife of such witness.

Much misapprehension exists as to the effect of the marriage of a testator on a will previously executed by him. It is generally known that a will may be revoked by the making of a subsequent will; whether the revocation be express—which it ought always to be—or merely by necessary implication, the new will being inconsistent with the old one, and not merely a codicil which is intended to be supplementary thereto. But it is very difficult to persuade some people that *when a man gets married, he ought to make a new will*, the marriage operating as a revocation of the former will. There is no need to insist to any great extent upon the fairness of this rule of law, for it scarcely requires a moment's consideration to see that a will which would be quite proper for a bachelor, would be altogether unsuitable for the altered status of the same man when, by his marriage, he had taken upon him new duties and responsibilities. Few men would be so cruel as to wish their wills to remain unaltered when their position had so materially changed. Sometimes mischief is done by over-anxiety to provide for an intended wife; a man makes a will before his marriage, in order that his intended wife may be provided for in the event of his decease before marriage; and in ignorance of the rule of law as to revocation, he neglects to have his will re-copied, and then to re-sign it, and have the new will duly attested after the nuptial ceremony has been performed; in consequence of which neglect or omission, he ultimately dies intestate; and his wife only becomes entitled to the provision made for her by the law, although her husband intended her to have a much larger share of his estate. It is only requisite for this peculiarity to be known in order that the remedy, which is so easy, may be applied.

As to the revocation of a will by destruction, the legal distinctions often give rise to questions as difficult of solution as any which affect the original validity of wills. A testator who is of sound and disposing mind may cancel or revoke a will which he has previously made, without making another will to supersede it; and the usual mode of effecting this object is by the destruction of the will with the intention of revoking it. Here, however, all the necessary conditions must exist, or the will would not be revoked; and even if it were destroyed so utterly that its contents were undecipherable, and so destroyed by the testator himself, yet, if he did not intend to revoke the will, or was mentally incapable of disposing of his property, if the contents of the will could be proved in some other way, as from a draft or copy, probate would be granted of such draft or copy, although the expense of proving the will in that indirect manner would be considerably more than an ordinary grant of probate would cost. A very curious case was before the court some time since. A married man who had made his will in favour of his wife, in a moment of passion arising from his displeasure at something which she had done—nothing of any importance—tore up his will and threw the pieces at her before leaving the room where the quarrel had occurred. She was a wise woman, for she gathered the fragments together and said no more on the subject until after her husband's decease, when probate was granted of the pieces, the court being of opinion that the deceased had not seriously intended to revoke his will, but had simply torn it when irritated to the verge of madness; and in this view the fact of his not having made a subsequent will was an important consideration.

The following brief observations as to the capacity of testators must bring us to the end of our present subject. A married woman who possesses any separate estate may dispose of it by will or otherwise as if she were single. An infant cannot make a valid will, nor can a person of unsound mind. But there are many cases in which a person may be capable of transacting all ordinary business, and yet be so much under the influence of some other person that his will may be set aside in consequence of the undue influence which has been brought to bear upon him. It is impracticable for us to enter at any length upon this part of the subject, as we have already trespassed by exceeding the space allotted to us. The simple rule is, that the will must be—as its name implies—an expression of the unbiased will and mind of the testator. Whenever the validity of the will of any deceased person is disputed on any ground, the due execution and attestation thereof have to be proved in court; but in ordinary cases the witnesses are not called upon when the will is proved, unless there is some irregularity or incompleteness in the attestation clause, or some erasure or interlineation in the will.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

'ATLANTIC GREYHOUNDS.'

The wonderful results achieved by the great Atlantic liners are only stimulating men's minds as to how the voyage may be still further accelerated. There are torpedo boats that can steam at the rate of twenty-two knots an hour, and enthusiasts now deem it possible to build passenger vessels which would double that speed. Professor Thurston proposes a steamer eight hundred feet in length, eighty feet beam, and twenty-five feet draught of water, as the best form yet known for quick sailing. The fast ships of to-day exert about one and a half horse-power per ton to reach a speed of twenty sea-miles per hour; but he anticipates some slight improvements which would reduce this figure. Though his leviathan may be expected to demand thirty-five thousand horse-power to make twenty knots an hour, he aspires to forty, and at this speed the horse-power required would probably amount to nearly two hundred and fifty thousand. The question is, whether the time saved would compensate for the expenditure of so much extra fuel. It appears that a vessel having a displacement of ten thousand nine hundred and sixty tons, and an indicated horse-power of ten thousand three hundred, consumes two hundred and five tons of coal per day; while a smaller vessel, having only nine thousand eight hundred and sixty tons displacement, and fourteen thousand three hundred and twenty-one indicated horse-power, consumes three hundred and fifteen tons

of coal per day, and yet the larger vessel has accomplished the passage in about eighteen hours longer than the smaller, and burned about six hundred tons of coal less. The present difficulty of naval architects is how to give greater speed with a low consumption of coal and the same carrying capacity. If passenger vessels relied solely on passengers, quicker voyages would be at once possible. However, there seems a growing tendency towards divorcing goods from passenger traffic, as railways have already done. Then light, yacht-like vessels of modern size would, for speed, safety, and economy, probably meet all the requirements of the passenger traffic. A high rate of speed, it may be presumed, will not be overlooked, whatever else. Some sanguine people believe that less than forty years will suffice to reduce the seven days of an Atlantic trip to three and a half, and Professor Thurston mentions about eighty hours. There are several arguments which point to the possibility of a great reduction. If we go back forty-one years, the *Great Britain* made the passage from Liverpool to New York in a little less than fifteen days, and though this was considered good, in 1871 the *Britannic* and *Germanic* placed Queenstown and New York within eight and a half days' sail of each other. The *Etruria* and *Umbria* have since made the voyage in six days six hours. Again, of the seven vessels engaged in the transatlantic trade which have made the passage in seven days or under, not one has been fitted with those latest aids to economy, triple expansion engines and forced draught. As a matter of fact, there is enormous waste; and an authority estimates that only one half of the total power exerted by the engines is effective in propelling the vessel. In addition to this, a very considerable portion of the heat energy of the fuel escapes through the funnel, instead of producing steam. Something might be done here towards securing greater economy; and by using high-pressure boilers and triple expansion engines, there is said to be a saving of as much as sixteen per cent. One thing seems to be pretty clear, that the fast steamers of the future will owe their speed to the engineer more than to the naval architect. The lines upon which modern racers are built are scarcely likely to be much improved. When the engineer gets the space at present devoted to cargo, for engines, boilers, and fuel, swiftness will ensue, but at a greater cost, as a matter of course, as may be gathered from the fact that on the Atlantic voyage a gain of eighteen hours between two ships, in all respects equal, necessitates an expenditure of five hundred tons of coal extra. As, however, we have already predicted in these pages, oil may yet take the place of the bulky and unwieldy coal.

'ARMY PANICS.'

With reference to the article which appeared in a recent number of this *Journal* (No. 144), a Forfarshire parish minister sends us an incident copied from the diary of his father, who was in the 92d Highland Regiment, and which incident bears some likeness to that quoted from Napier's *Peninsular War* in the article above referred to. The 92d formed part of Lord Hill's division, which seems to have included also the 24th, the 50th, and 71st regiments, and a regiment of Guards. The incident is told as follows:

'Our division marched to a place within five leagues of Madrid, called Aranjuez, where the king of Spain has a grand palace on the banks of the Tagus. At this time, Lord Wellington was closely investing Burgos; but the French, bringing a large army into the country, forced him to raise the siege, and the whole of the English, Portuguese, and Spanish troops had to fall back upon the frontiers of Portugal. Our division, under Lord Hill, coming past Madrid in the course of our retreat, had to cross a large bridge at midnight. It was then that a very extraordinary thing occurred. In a moment and without any cause for it whatever, all the troops were struck with a panic and driven into great confusion. Some were thrown on their backs, and others had their legs almost broken. Bonnets flew one way, and muskets another. This unaccountable panic extended to the rear of the whole division. A regiment that was lying asleep by the roadside was roused and thrown into confusion at the same instant. It so happened that next day the French came up to the bridge and a sharp contest took place. Our artillery was at one end of the bridge, and the French at the other. There was a very sharp fire on both sides with field-pieces and small-arms.'

THE TWO SEAS.

'When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee.'

Each night we are launched on a sea of sleep;
No doubts disturb us, no fears annoy.
Though we plough the waves of the darkened deep,
We know we are safe in the Master's keep,
And the morning brings us joy.

What dread, then, should daunt us, what doubt distress,
When on Death's dark sea we are launched alone?
In that deeper sleep, should we trust Him less?
Shall we limit to earth His power to bless?
Will the Father forsake his own?

He made us His children; He bears us to bed;
And whether our sleep be the first or last,
What matters it where our souls are led,
If our trust in the God of the living and dead
Should only hold us fast?

J. B. S.

The Conductor of CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL begs to direct the attention of CONTRIBUTORS to the following notice:

1st. All communications should be addressed to the 'Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2d. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3d. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

4th. Offerings of Verse should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

If the above rules are complied with, the Editor will do his best to insure the safe return of ineligible papers.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

All Rights Reserved.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL
OF
POPULAR
LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART
Fifth Series
ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832
CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)

No. 156.—Vol. III. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1886. Price 1½d.

THE UNSEEN REGIONS OF A THEATRE.

That part of a theatre which is concealed from the view of the audience is always a subject of interest and speculation to the uninitiated, and most playgoers experience a desire to explore the mysterious region. When, therefore, some years ago, an opportunity presented itself to me of gratifying my curiosity in this respect, I did not fail to take advantage of it. Since then, I have been behind the scenes of various theatres, and my experience has convinced me that the public is not aware how small a portion of the house behind the curtain is exposed to the view of the audience, the regions both above and below the stage being more extensive than is usually imagined. Indeed, when, several years ago, the Opera House in Paris was burned, it was with surprise that the public learned from the newspapers that the edifice had no fewer than four separate underground floors.

At the present day, in most first-class theatres in London and New York the subterranean portion of the building consists of at least two or three distinct stories. The fact is, it is now quite impracticable to meet the requirements of a grand spectacular piece without ample space being provided for the scenery underneath the stage. Many, too, of the finest plays are so constructed that several changes of scene are required in every act; and each scene must be a masterpiece of the stage-carpenter's art, to satisfy the exacting demands of a modern audience. The old system, when an alteration of scene was necessary, was primitive enough. In some instances, there descended from the 'flies' a large curtain, on which was painted a landscape, or the interior or exterior of a building, as circumstances might require. In other cases, wooden frames, termed flats, with canvas tightly stretched upon them, were pushed upon the stage from either side, meeting at the centre, and frequently presenting an ugly seam at the place of junction. No little skill was demanded in handling a huge frame many yards in height and width; for if it once lost its perpendicular, it became unmanageable, and fell—then requiring the exertions of several men to restore it to its proper position. The scenes also had a tendency to stick in the grooves in which they ran, and when this occurred, the disapprobation of the audience was incurred. It is said that a mishap of this kind having once taken place at one of the transpontine theatres, a spectator in the gallery called out: 'We don't look for grammar at this 'ere 'ouse, but we think yer might see that yer "flats" jine properly.'

All this is now altered. At the London theatres of the better class, when a change of scene is requisite, it is effected in a few seconds and in an admirable manner. An extensive landscape, or a lofty battlemented castle—so strongly constructed that it seems as if it were built of solid masonry—or a spacious apartment completely furnished, is, as if by magic, placed before the audience.

It has often struck us that playgoers scarcely adequately realise the extraordinary mechanical ingenuity displayed in the production of many of the pieces of late years presented to the public. Take, for instance, the fairy spectacle entitled *Le Roi Carotte*. In it there was a scene in which an old magician was dismembered in the presence of the audience. The situation was this: an aged sorcerer, in order to be rejuvenated, requests his friends to cut him into pieces and throw him bit by bit into a red-hot oven; after which process he expects to come out a young man. His wishes are complied with; he is put piecemeal into the furnace without his leaving the stage or ceasing to talk. Seated in an armchair, the old man asks that a large volume shall be brought in and laid on a table in front of him. The book, on being placed in the required position, becomes immediately vivified; living gnomes issue from the pictures on its pages and skip about the stage; after which they re-enter the book,

and it is closed and carried away. Then the legs and arms of the magician are cut off and thrown into the furnace; next he is decapitated, and his head is placed on the table, where it continues talking, giving instructions with regard to the trunk. After this the head is cast into the oven, which bursts open with a loud report, and a young and handsome man comes out of it.

The transformation is so ingeniously effected that the manner in which it is executed is incomprehensible to the ordinary spectator. This is the way in which the feat is accomplished: when the volume is placed on the table, the sorcerer, seated in the armchair, quietly withdraws his legs from sight, placing them on a trap beneath the level of the stage; at the same time he slips his arms under his loose gown, *papier-mâché* limbs being substituted in both instances for the real ones. This is done whilst the attention of the audience is diverted to the book and its animated pictures, which are little boys who come up from underneath the stage, through holes in the table and book, which is furnished with india-rubber springs, which close directly the gnomes have emerged from the volume. After the magician's legs and arms have been taken off and thrown into the fire, nothing is left but his trunk and his head. The latter is a mask which fits the actor's face, leaving nothing visible but his lips and eyes. One of the persons on the stage tugs at the magician's head until he pulls it off—that is to say, he removes the mask. As this is being done, the sorcerer has sunk down a trap, and he rises again through the table. The performer, with his head inserted in the mask, continues to talk, giving instructions with respect to the disposition of the trunk, which remains in the chair. Finally, the artificial head and the trunk, which are also of *papier mâché*, are thrown into the furnace. The magician in the meanwhile has reascended by means of another trap farther back, slipping on a rich dress on the way; and when the oven bursts, the old man steps forth rejuvenated.

The reader must now see what skill and ingenuity the feat demands—what careful attention to every detail, what precautions against the slightest error, what rapidity in working of the traps, and what accuracy of movement on the part of the actor who plays the old magician. But, indeed, the skill and dexterity demanded of those to whom are intrusted the mechanical arrangements of some pieces, are far greater than are supposed by the public, who content themselves with admiring the results, without reflecting upon the care and labour they have involved.

In an opera called *Les Amours du Diable*, produced in Paris some years ago, there was a curious scene which puzzled all who saw it. A slight palanquin—constructed in such a manner that it was obvious that there was no possibility of its having a double bottom—was brought upon the stage supported on the shoulders of slaves. The actress, who occupied it, withdrew the curtains and gave some orders to her attendants. Then the curtains were closed for an instant, and again re-opened. But the occupant of the palanquin had disappeared. What had become of her? The feat had been executed close to the front of the stage, and under a brilliant light; and the spectators could plainly see that it was certain that the lady had not gone down a trap. The mystery remained for some time unsolved. The explanation of the puzzle was simply this: the pillars of the palanquin appeared to be very slight, but instead of being wood, they were hollow metal tubes. Through these tubes, ropes ran on pulleys at the top of the palanquin, descending in the inside, and fastened to the frame, on which was placed the silk cushion on which the actress reclined. To the other end of the ropes was attached a heavy weight which exactly balanced that of the lady. One of the slaves was impersonated by an expert machinist. So soon as the curtains were drawn, he pulled a cord which released the counterpoise, and the frame, together with its burden, rose to the dome of the palanquin. There the actress lay quite comfortably, a wire-gauze overhead enabling her to breathe freely. Pains had been taken in the constructing of the palanquin to make it appear frail, whilst in reality it was very strongly built, that the roof might bear the strain upon it of the weight it had to support. The bearers were men selected for their muscular strength, and they were drilled in the practice of taking up the palanquin—after the disappearance of its occupant—and carrying it off the stage at a sharp trot, as if it were empty.

Of recent years, great improvements have been made upon the old plan of representing the motion of the waves in a sea-scene. When, some years ago, a comedy called *Surf, or Summer Scenes at Long Branch*, was brought out at the Arch Street Theatre in Philadelphia, there was a scene in which the heavings of the ocean and the breaking of the waves upon the shore were imitated with excellent effect. Miss Logan, the authoress of the play, has described the ingenious mechanical appliances that were made use of on the occasion; she says: 'There was a large cylinder, reaching across the stage from wing to wing on either side, and garnished with curling stiffened canvas, running around the cylinder after the fashion of the threads of a screw. This was put in revolution by means of a crank at the end, which was turned by a man behind the wing. The curling canvas was painted to represent the foamy surf. Behind the first cylinder were two others of similar character which revolved in like manner. When the three were in motion together, with a peculiar arrangement of light and shade upon them, the effect was strikingly like the rolling in of the waves upon the beach. There were various other appliances employed to heighten the illusion, such as a large box of pebbles tilted to and fro behind the scenes in a manner to closely imitate the sound of the waves; a gauzy painted cloth worked up and down an inclined plane, and represented the thin wave that rushes up the sands and retires again; rows of broom-corn, painted green, simulated the seaweed. The characters of the play, who are supposed to go in bathing at Long Branch dressed in the usual costumes, sprang through openings made of india-rubber—painted like the rest—which closed behind them as water might, could, or should

do; and a little later, the actors, having passed under the stage by means of traps, reappeared at the back of the scene between the revolving cylinders, and jumped up and down, as if disporting themselves in the surf.' The scene was very effective, and conduced largely to the success of the play.

Conflagrations on the stage are now so realistic as occasionally to alarm the spectators, who can scarcely believe that some portion of the scenery has not taken fire. But the precautions taken against danger are so thorough that there is no likelihood of an accident happening on these occasions. In a piece entitled *La Madonna des Roses*, which the writer once saw in Paris, there was the best representation on the stage of a conflagration he has ever witnessed. A fire was supposed to break out suddenly in an apartment in a ducal palace. Smoke and flame in a few moments poured forth in volumes from the windows and doors, and extending quickly to the walls, they fell in. They were constructed of two layers of wood, held together by thin cords, passing through holes. At the proper time, certain portions of the scenery were removed, leaving the others apparently burning fiercely—an effect produced by small gas jets arranged in rows around the edges of the frames. Behind the heavy set-piece at the back of the stage was a transparent curtain, on which flames were painted; and when the wall tumbled down, this scene being lit up, glowed with a lurid light in a very natural manner. At the same time, burning naphtha projected sheets of flame four or five yards in height, and large funnels overhead poured out torrents of black smoke mixed with sparks. It was indeed difficult for an audience to realise that the fire was not real, and that the whole of the scenery was not a heaving mass of flame.

In the description of the various mechanical contrivances resorted to in order to produce the scenic effects, the writer has been in some measure indebted to the theatrical reminiscences of Miss Olive Logan, an American actress.

BY ORDER OF THE LEAGUE.

CHAPTER XX.—CONCLUSION.

TURNING into Holborn, he ran on blindly, never noticing another figure following in his footsteps. It was getting very late now, and as he hurried into the Strand, St Clement's Danes struck midnight. Through the crowd there blindly, on to the water-side, the snaky figure close behind never off his track; on to the Embankment, and towards Waterloo Bridge. Then he stopped for one brief moment to regain his spent breath and think.

The following footsteps halted too; and then some instinct told him he was followed. Turning round again, full under the lamplight, he encountered Paulo Salvarini, determination in his face, murder in his eyes. In an agony of sudden fear, Le Gautier ran down the steps on to the Temple Pier, standing there close by the rushing water. A second later, with a clutch like iron, Salvarini was upon him.

'Ah!' he hissed, as they struggled to and fro, 'you thought to escape me, you murderer of innocent women, the slayer of my wife! Now I have you. Back you go into the river, with a knife in your black heart!'

The doomed man never answered; breath was too precious for that. And so they struggled for a minute on the slimy pier, Salvarini's grip never relaxing, till, suddenly reaching down, he drew a knife. One dazzling flash, a muttered scream, and Le Gautier's lifeblood gushed out. Footsteps came down the stairs, a shrill shout from a woman's voice. Salvarini started. In one moment, Le Gautier had him in a dying clasp, and with a dull splash, they fell backwards into the rushing flood. Down, down, they went, the tenacious grip never relaxing, the water singing and hissing in their ears, filling their throats as they sucked it down, turning them dizzy, till they floated down the stream—dead!

Some boatmen out late, attracted by the scream, rowed to the spot; and far down below Blackfriars, they picked up the dead bodies, both locked together in the last clasp of death. They rowed back to the pier, and carried the two corpses to a place for the night, never heeding the woman who was following them.

Next morning, they saw a strange sight. Lying across the murdered man, her head upon his breast, a woman rested. They lifted her; but she was quite dead and cold, a smile upon her face now, wiping out all trace of care and suffering—a smile of happiness and deep content. Valerie had crept there unnoticed to her husband's side, and died of a broken heart.

For a few days people wondered and speculated over the strange tragedy, and then it was forgotten. A new singer, a noted poisoning case, something turned up, and distracted the frivolous public mind from the 'mysterious occurrence,' to use the jargon of the press.

Maxwell lost no time in getting to Grosvenor Square the following morning, where his greeting may be better imagined than described. He told Enid the whole story of his mission, omitting nothing that he thought might be of interest to her; and in his turn heard the story of Le Gautier's perfidy, and the narrow escape both had had from his schemes.

'I do not propose to stay any longer in London,' Sir Geoffrey said. 'After what we have all gone through, a little rest and quietness is absolutely necessary.—Enid, would you care to go down to Haversham?'

'Indeed, I should. Let us go at once. I am absolutely pining for a little fresh air again. The place must be looking lovely now.'

'All right, my dear,' the baronet replied gaily; 'sooth to say, not sorry to get back to a part of the world where Sir Geoffrey Charteris was some one.

'Then we will go to-morrow, and Maxwell shall join us.'

'But Isodore? I have not seen her yet.'

'Oh, she can come down there some time, directly we are settled.'

Later on in the same day, Maxwell heard the strange tale of Le Gautier's death. He did not tell the news to Enid then, preferring to wait till a time when her nerves were more steady, and she had recovered from the shock of the past few days. So they went down to

Haversham, and for three happy months remained there, 'the world forgetting, by the world forgot;' and at the end of that time, when the first warm flush of autumn touched the sloping woods, there was a quiet wedding at the little church under the hill.

Gradually, as time passed on, Sir Geoffrey recovered his usual flow of spirits, and was never known to have another 'manifestation.' He burned all his books touching on the supernatural, and gradually came to view his conduct in a humorous light. In the course of time, he settled down as a model country gentleman, learned on the subject of short-horns and top-dressing, and displaying a rooted aversion to spiritualism. It is whispered in the household—only it must not be mentioned—that he is getting stout, a state of things which, all things considered, is not to be regarded with incredulity.

Nearly two years later, and sitting about the lawn before the grand old house, were all our friends—Salvarini, mournful as usual, little altered since we saw him last; Maxwell, jolly and hearty, looking with an air of ill-disguised pride at Enid, who was sitting in a basket-chair, with a little wisp of humanity in her arms, a new Personage—to use the royal phrase—but by no means an unimportant one. Lucrece was there, happy and gay; and Isodore, glorious Isodore, unutterably lovely as she walked to and fro, followed by Salvarini's dog-like eyes. The baronet made up the party, and alas! truth must out, looking—but we will be charitable, and say portly.

'How long are you going to stay with us, Isodore?' Enid asked. She would always be Isodore to them.

'Really, I cannot say, Enid. How long will you have me?'

'As long as you like to stay,' Maxwell put in heartily.—'By the way, I suppose I am still a member of the League?'

'No, not now. Conditionally upon your promising never to reveal what you have seen and heard, you are free; Sir Geoffrey likewise.—Luigi here has resigned his membership.'

'I am so glad!' Enid cried. 'I must come and kiss you.—Fred, come and hold baby for a moment.'

'No, indeed'—with affected horror. 'I should drop him down, and break him, or carry him upside down, or some awful tragedy.'

'You are not fit to be the father of a beautiful boy; and everybody says he is the very image of you.'

'I was considered a good-looking man once,' said Maxwell with resignation. 'No matter. But if that small animal there is a bit like me, may I'——

They all laughed at this, being light-hearted and in the mood to laugh at anything. Presently, they divided into little groups, Isodore and Luigi together. All her cold self-possession was gone now; she looked a very woman, as she stood there nervously plucking the leaves from the rose in her hand.

'Isodore—Genevieve'——

At this word she trembled, knowing scarcely what. 'Yes, Luigi.'

'Five years ago, I stood by your side in the hour of your trouble, and you said some words to me. Do you remember what they were?'

'Yes, Luigi.' The words came like a fluttering sigh.

'I claim that promise now. We are both fr[illegible] heaven be praised! free as air, and no ties [illegible] bind us. Come!' He held out his arms, [illegible] she came shyly, shrinkingly, towards them.

'If you want me,' she said.

With one bound he was by her side, and dr[illegible] her head down upon his breast. 'And you are happy now, Genevieve?'

'Yes, I am happy. How can I be otherwise, with a good man's honest love?—Carlo, my brother, would you could see me now!'

'It is what he always wished.—Let us go and tell the others.'

So, taking her simply by the hand, they wandered out from the deepness of the wood, side by side, from darkness and despair, from the years of treachery and deceit, out into the light of a world filled with bright sunshine and peaceful, everlasting love.

DIAMOND-SMUGGLING.

In accordance with rules of concealment laid down by Edgar Allan Poe, some 'clever things' have of late years been done in the smuggling of precious stones into the United States of America, the philosophy which pervades Poe's story of the *Purloined Letter* having evidently been studied to some purpose by the professional diamond-smugglers, who are known to form a comparatively numerous body.

Poe's tale, the scene of which is laid in Paris, the characters introduced being of course French, contains what may be called a novel theory of 'hide-and-seek,' which, stated briefly, is, that the greater the importance of the article which has been stolen, the simpler should be its mode of concealment. On the assumption that an important state document, or criminatory letter involving serious consequences to some one, and the possession of which would enable another person to make use of its contents for his own benefit, has been purloined, the more conspicuous the place chosen to conceal it the better, till it can be made use of. Should the recovery of the stolen document be a matter of importance, which may be assumed, it will, of course, be carefully sought for, and those searching for it will no doubt pry with care into every secret hiding-place, with the hope of finding it; whilst—to put the case in a homely way—it is 'all the time staring them in the face,' those in search of it overlooking it because of their idea that, in consequence of its great importance, the utmost care will have been exercised in its concealment.

Much incidental and curiously instructive information is contained in Poe's *Purloined Letter* as to the modes of criminal search adopted in France, where magnifying-glasses of great power, and microscopes, play a part; where beds are dismantled and chairs are disjointed to see that what is wanted has not been concealed in some part of them; where libraries of books are turned over leaf by leaf, and picture-frames are tapped to see that they contain no foreign material. As Poe points out,

that is all in the way of routine, and is traditionary among French criminal investigators in the matter of every-day crime. It requires a master-mind, however, to fathom the doings of a really well-educated thief who purloins an important document in order to hold it in terrorem over a political enemy or social foe.

Of late in the matter of diamond-smuggling. Artists—if we may profane the word—have come to the front, men far ahead of the original stereotyped smugglers, who were contented to carry on their business in old-fashioned ways; ever cudgelling their brains to find out modes of concealment so elaborate as to make sure they would be discovered. All the more extraordinary devices of concealment, as they were thought to be at the time, were one by one found out and battled with by the custom-house officers of the United States. Some of them were thought rather remarkable, as, for instance, those managed by means of artificial teeth—a set of these useful implements of mastication being fashioned in such a manner that every tooth possessed a cavity which contained one or more diamonds or other precious stones: the hole being deftly filled up with cement, discovery was thought impossible. By this ingenious mode of procedure, a large number of the rarer gems were at first smuggled into the States without paying duty (ten per cent. on diamonds), chiefly by means of female aid. Waxing bolder by long-continued immunity from any discovery of their fraud, the officers on duty began to wonder why the same ladies had so often occasion to cross the Atlantic; and one of their number surmising that it was 'for no good purpose,' determined to have a particular female carefully watched during the voyage. A stewardess with whom the officer had a friendly acquaintance was enlisted in the service; and this person did all she could to find out why the suspected ladies so frequently visited Europe, but to little purpose, as she thought, all she was able to discover being apparently not of much consequence. One day, however, whilst carefully examining the berth in which the traveller slept, she found a broken tooth, which was hollow and exceedingly fragile. As the stewardess used artificial teeth, she naturally enough felt interested in the matter, and spoke to the voyager about the circumstance. The lady at first looked embarrassed, but then said she had been cheated by the dentist. At the end of the voyage the stewardess reported the circumstance to the officer, who, after thinking it over, came to the conclusion that there was more in the affair of the hollow tooth than met the eye. New York, in fact, is celebrated for its dentistry; and on consulting one of the professors, the officer discovered that teeth of the sort had been made in quantity and from different moulds to the order of a very 'cute man, who said they were wanted to be sent to Europe. This statement afforded a sufficient cue; and accordingly, at the termination of the next voyage, two ladies, sisters, were respectfully but firmly requested to take out their artificial teeth. Remonstrance was unavailing; the teeth were made to disclose their hidden treasures; the result being that thirteen valuable brilliants were confiscated, much to the chagrin of the fair smugglers. That little episode put an end to that mode of smuggling diamonds.

There is a never-ending demand throughout the United States for these gems; and several of the earlier adventurers were known to have made money by means of the smuggling business. In reality, diamonds are a passion with many American ladies, who must have them, no matter what they may cost. These gem-loving dames, in their eagerness to 'trade' for jewels of all kinds, are not unfrequently cheated by persons who sell them 'bogus' diamonds, made of paste, at a comparatively cheap rate, under pretence of their being smuggled stones, and that, having escaped the payment of duty, they are a bargain at the sum demanded. Wealthy American ladies vie with each other at the various fashionable resorts of the United States in their displays of costly jewels and gems. It was stated a few months ago in an American paper that a rich man's wife wore upon her neck and breast every evening precious stones of the value of forty thousand pounds; other ladies displaying jewels to a lesser amount. Nor are American ladies free from the charge of smuggling; many of them, indeed, are adepts at the business, able to impart a secret or two to 'the professionals.' During a recent Saratoga season, one lady was heard to boast that she had brought over a suite of diamonds in the heels of several pairs of slippers which she had made on purpose to contain them. These dainty articles were ostentatiously displayed, and taken notice of by the searchers; but the heels were not suspected to be hollow or to contain diamonds. Hollow-heeled boots were at one time greatly in use as a part of the smuggling machinery. That mode of carrying on the illicit traffic was ultimately discovered by an under-steward of an American liner, who, for 'a consideration,' communicated the secret to the custom-house authorities. Then followed a series of contrivances in the shape of double-bottomed trunks, valises with secret pockets, desks with hidden drawers, and guns and pistols which were so contrived as to contain a few of the much-coveted gems. All these contrivances were in turn discovered: they were just the kind of concealments which the officers had their thoughts fixed upon. For a time, we believe, the professional diamond-carriers were discomfited; but their discomfiture was not for long; the business was too profitable to be easily relinquished, however great the risks might be.

Just as the customs' authorities were under the impression that they had suppressed the illicit traffic, a new era in gem-smuggling was inaugurated, and more diamonds reached the United States 'duty free' than before. Smuggling, it may be said, developed into a fine art; at all events, the incidence of the trade for a brief period became so simple as to seem like child's play; indeed, children were made to play an important part in the business. A story which lately became public shows how well the modern diamond-smugglers had laid to heart Poe's precepts. 'Please to hold my baby whilst my husband helps me to open my trunks; he will be quite good if you will shake his rattle,' said a lady passenger to the officer who was waiting to look over her travelling gear. And that officer good-humouredly did as he was requested, shaking the rattle, to the great delight of the little one. The rattle in question, which,

fastened to a ribbon, was tied to the child's waist, was filled with gems of great value, a mode of smuggling that at the time was too too simple for detection.

A clever female attired in the costume of a Sister of Mercy was passed over by the officers because she had no luggage worth examining. She possessed, however, a fine string of beads, which, with downcast eyes, she kept telling. Safe on land, she was affectionately welcomed by two persons dressed in costumes similar to her own. Need it be told that she was a smuggler, and that her beads were so constructed that each held a diamond weighing seven or eight carats. Another ingenious person hit upon the plan of placing a few precious stones in a toy kaleidoscope which had been given to a child, who carried it ashore in safety. A number of homing pigeons kept in cages, and purchased at a village in Belgium, and brought to the United States by way of Paris and Havre, also played a profitable part, each of the pigeons being freighted with a cargo of exquisite gems, concealed in quills, and carefully fastened to the message-bearing dove. An extensive system of diamond-smuggling was at one time carried on from Canadian ground by the aid of homing pigeons. The discovery of this illicit trade was made accidentally by a farmer, who happened to shoot one of the birds, and on examining it found that there was fastened to its leg a quill containing a number of diamonds! A clue being obtained, the local habitation of the pigeon proprietors was discovered and their mode of business put an end to. The scheme, stated simply, was to fly every week or ten days a flock of a dozen or fifteen pigeons, each carrying about half-a-dozen gems. As the duty on diamonds amounts to ten per cent., the trouble taken to smuggle these gems into the United States does not seem so very remarkable. The value of the precious stones honestly imported into the States is between eight and nine million dollars per annum, and it has been calculated that gems to half that sum escape payment of the duty.

Many tales have been circulated with regard to diamonds, some of them of a rather curious kind. We have read of faithful messengers who, rather than yield up the stone they carried, swallowed it. The owner of a slave who had done so, and who had been killed by robbers, was so convinced of his servant's fidelity, that he gave directions for the opening of the body, and found that the honest fellow had swallowed the precious gem. Dishonest servants employed at the diamond mines frequently display wonderful ingenuity in concealing stones which they have purloined while at their work. About a year ago, a rough diamond weighing four hundred and fifty-seven carats was stolen by a person in the employment of the Central Diamond Mining Company at Kimberley (South Africa), who sold it for the sum of three thousand pounds to four persons who dealt in stolen stones. It was then sold at Cape Town to a firm of illicit dealers in diamonds for nineteen thousand pounds; and was ultimately purchased for forty-five thousand pounds by a syndicate of London brokers in precious gems. The means by which this magnificent brilliant was smuggled from the mines and ultimately got to England was never made known. It is notorious enough, however, that a large trade in fraudulently obtained stones is carried on at the South African gold-fields; and stories are told of buyers around the diamond mines who have made large fortunes by purchasing stones at nominal prices from labourers who possessed the cunning and the courage to successfully brave the authorities and bring to the resetters their stolen goods.

It has been calculated by persons engaged in the business that twelve per cent. of the fall in the price of rough diamonds, which has taken place within the last few years, should be set down to the sale of stolen gems, which, to the value of more than half a million sterling, annually find their way to the markets. These stones are the direct fruits of theft, those selling them having made no contribution whatever to the cost of obtaining them. When first the work of diamond-seeking at Kimberley began, there were no thefts of any importance, because each man was then working for his own hand, or as one of a limited but friendly partnership. It was not till the work of diamond-mining required the aid of hired labour that the work of systematic robbery commenced, and 'I. D. B.' (illicit diamond buying) became an institution of the Diamond Fields. Many of the persons employed, soon fell into habits of peculation, not being able to withstand the temptation presented by the appearance of a little bit of stone that might be worth, perhaps, a thousand pounds, if they could succeed in carrying it away without being detected. In every branch of the process of gem-finding, valuable diamonds, it has to be explained, are always at the mercy of the men employed, some of whom are never slow to take advantage of any chance that may present itself of securing a stone. Such thefts during the last few years have proved a source of serious annoyance and trouble in connection with the industry. The 'I. D. B.' trade, as it is locally termed, has tended to sap the morality of the place, and given rise to the many evils which result from resetting. There is an old adage which says that 'if there were no resetters, there would be no thieves.'

Great precautions are taken by the various diamond-digging Companies at Kimberley to prevent the theft of stones; whilst the crime of reset is always punished with much severity. A license to deal in rough diamonds costs a sum of fifty pounds per annum; and dealers, in addition to procuring this authority to trade, are required to find security to a large amount. Dealers are bound by the terms of their license to make exact entries in their books of every parcel of stones they purchase, and also how they dispose of them. Large diamonds must be described in detail and minutely. Should the detective department suspect any dealer of illicit traffic, that dealer may at any moment be visited, and have his books and stock overhauled and compared; and should he possess a few stones which he is unable to account for, he is liable to have his whole stock seized. Upon a late occasion, a friend of the writer's, while on a visit to the Kimberley Diamond Fields, was informed that two well-known diamond dealers had just been visited by the detectives; and one of these persons having about eight hundred carats, and the other about seventy carats, not accounted for in their books, the police seized

their stocks—upwards of ten thousand carats in all; and within one month from the date of the seizure, both dealers were tried, convicted, and sentenced; and if still alive, they are now working out their time on the breakwater at Cape Town. One of these men was reputed to be worth over a hundred and fifty thousand pounds. At the present time, there is quite a colony of convicted 'illicits,' as they are sometimes designated, working out their sentences on the harbour-works at Cape Town, a goodly proportion of the gang being worth large sums of money.

Although there is a considerable and clever detective staff on the Diamond Fields, there are those at Kimberley who can outwit the police, at anyrate for a time, and so it happens that such a number of stones is annually stolen as to prove a factor in disturbing the market price. The chances of detection are no doubt great; but the hope of securing a few hundred pounds by a little peculation is so tempting, that there are always hundreds of men at 'the game.' Some of the thieves—that is, the men who steal the stones they are paid for unearthing—display great ingenuity in carrying away the gems. The business of diamond-digging is naturally of a rough-and-ready kind, and presents opportunities for fraud which are not available in other industries. When diamond-stealing first became a business, those interested, suspecting no evil, were easily cheated. Stones were then carried away concealed about the person of the labourers. But, as the thefts increased, greater precautions were taken to insure the detection of the thieves. Some of the 'dodges' which have been resorted to in order to carry diamonds from the diggings have been not a little remarkable; we have only room, however, for a sample or two. Upon one occasion, it is related that an ingenious labourer wrapped the stones in a small piece of soft bread, the morsel being greedily snapped by a dog. The dog was carefully looked after till the mine was left behind, when it was ruthlessly killed, to obtain the hidden diamonds which were contained in its stomach. Domestic fowls have been trained to swallow the smaller stones, which have afterwards been cut out of their crops. A parcel of stolen gems has been known to have been got out of a well-watched digging by having been ingeniously fastened to the hair of a horse's tail!

Any individual suspected of being an 'I. D. B.' may expect, on leaving the Fields, to be overtaken on his road to the coast by detectives, who will search him in order to find if he be in possession of any stones. Many devices have been resorted to for the concealment of the diamonds. A Dutch Boer who had been for some time under suspicion, on leaving the Fields with his wagon was followed by some detectives who had determined to search him. Just before he was overtaken by the officers, he was seen to detach one of the bullocks from his team and deliberately shoot it. By the time the police came up the Boer was busy removing the hide. A thorough search was made by the detectives; but no gems were found. The phlegmatic Dutchman had placed the diamonds in the barrel of his gun, and had fired them into the body of his bullock, from which of course he had to extract them; and he did so as soon as the police turned their backs upon him.

The various modes of diamond-smuggling revealed in the foregoing narrative present no peculiar features of endurance or romance; but cases have occurred in which pain and suffering have played a part in the business of diamond-hiding. There is, for instance, the story of the magnificent gem which in its rough state formed the eye of an idol in a temple near Trichinopoli, and which was stolen by a Frenchman, who escaped with his prize to Persia, and who, fearful of being discovered, was glad to dispose of his ill-gotten gear for a sum of about two thousand pounds sterling. The man who bought the stone, a Jewish merchant, sold it to one Shafras, an astute Armenian, for twelve thousand pounds sterling. Shafras had conceived the idea that by carrying the stone to Russia, he would obtain from the Empress Catharine the Great a princely sum for it. How to travel in safety with the stone, the theft of which had of course been discovered and proclaimed, became a grave consideration. It was too large to swallow, and no mode of concealment presented itself to Shafras that seemed secure from discovery. The way in which he solved the problem was remarkable. He made a deep incision in the fleshy part of his left leg, in which he inserted the stone, closing the wound carefully by sewing it up with silver thread. When the wound healed, the Armenian merchant set out on his travels quite boldly, and although more than once apprehended, rigorously searched, and even tortured a little, he was obdurate, and firmly denied having the stone in his possession. Having at length reached his destination, he asked from the Empress the sum of forty thousand pounds for the gem, an amount of money which Catharine was unable to raise at the moment. We next find the Armenian at Amsterdam with the intention of having his diamond cut. Here the stone was seen by Count Orloff, who determined to purchase it for presentation to his royal mistress, the Empress Catharine. The sum ultimately paid for the gem was about seventy thousand sterling in cash, together with an annuity of five hundred pounds, and a patent of nobility. Shafras flourished exceedingly, and died a millionaire. Such, in brief, is the story of the Orloff Diamond.

'DOUBLEWORKS.'

A STORY OF ATHLONE.

WHO has not heard of the old historic town on the Shannon called Athlone, believed by its inhabitants to be the exact centre of Ireland; celebrated at one time—for it has been now some years removed—for the old bridge built in the reign of Queen Bess, whose arms and monogram, E. R., were engraved on a stone built into a kind of monument on the parapet. Celebrated also for its old church bell, bearing in relief the inscription—THIS: FOR: ST: MARY'S: CHVRCH: IN: ATHLONE: 1683—this being the identical bell which, at six o'clock in the afternoon of the 30th of June 1691, clanged the signal for the attack on the forces of King James, commanded by the French general, St Ruth, and holding the castle, &c., by the troops of the Prince of Orange

under Ginkell. The old house occupied by him as headquarters during the siege is still in existence, having the date of its erection, 1626, carved on the doorway. We might go on detailing many other things for which the old town is celebrated, but *cui bono?* Enough that it is celebrated in song as the residence of 'The Widow Malone, Ochone!'

Often as we have been reminded of the existence of Athlone by hearing the above-mentioned humorous ditty trolled forth at mess by one of Ours, who, being a genuine son of the soil, was fully qualified to do it ample justice, it had never been our good fortune to cast eyes upon it until some forty years ago, when, one fine afternoon, we found ourselves, with some thousand or so other candidates for martial glory, marching guily through the by no means sweet-smelling town, over the beautiful new bridge which spans the river, and under the walls of the ancient castle, to the merry strains of the *Lass o' Gowrie.* These forty years are a long time to look back upon; many a long march under foreign suns have we made with the old regiment, and in many a stirring scene and hard-fought field have we accompanied it since then; but somehow our memory recalls few things more vividly than the appearance of that long column of dusty, travel-stained men, who were finishing their hot day's march that summer afternoon, tramping along briskly and cheerily to the old familiar air of the regimental quick step.

We quickly settled down in our new quarters, and before long, had formed many pleasant acquaintances, all only too delighted to show us every civility in their power; and jolly nights at mess followed fishing and boating parties during the summer, while, as the days began to shorten, there was good hunting and shooting; and dinner-parties and dances were by no means unfrequent.

In most garrison towns in which we have been quartered in Ireland, there were generally one or two peculiar hangers-on loafing about the barracks, queer nondescript bipeds, ever ready to run messages all over the country, or carry a fishing-basket or a game-bag, who eked out a precarious existence by tips from the officers and others who employed them, and picking up odd meals at the different barrack-rooms of the men. Athlone was not singular in this respect; and you constantly met, shambling across the barrack square, at a kind of half-trot, or lurking in rear of the officers' quarters, an odd, half-witted, but quite harmless creature, who went by the curious appellation of 'Doubleworks.' Who gave him that name, or whence it was derived, we are unable to say; we only know that he answered to it, and we had it from the regiment in whose place we had come. There was a kind of sporting air about this poor creature; he always wore an old hunting-cap and a shooting-suit, evidently the gift of some former patron of far burlier proportions than the poor attenuated frame which they now enveloped; and an ancient pair of Wellington boots, much down at heel, into which the ends of the trousers were shoved, completed the costume, which, however, was varied on hunting-days, when the hounds met in the square or neighbourhood of the barracks, when, in honour of the occasion, an aged and much stained, once scarlet hunting-coat took the place of the shooting-jacket.

Like the other hangers-on of the Athlone barracks, poor Doubleworks subsisted, as we have said, upon the benevolence of his military patrons and friends; but, unlike the others, he was possessed of an accomplishment, not an elegant one, perhaps, or suitable for very refined society, but nevertheless one that brought him by its performance many an odd sixpence or shilling—he could hunt the badger! or was supposed to give a truthful representation of the 'drawing' of the above-named quadruped by a canine foe. This performance was vocal, and commenced by a series of whines, growls, and impatient barkings, mingled with grunts and low savage yelps, which we believe were meant for cries of rage and defiance from the badger; these, after lasting with variations for some time, gradually increased in intensity, at length culminating in an unearthly din, perfectly indescribable, but which was stated by the 'fancy' and capable authorities to be quite true to nature. For ourselves, not having had experience in such matters, we are unable to offer a personal opinion, and can only observe that the din was marvellous as the production of a single pair of human lungs, and once heard was not likely to be ever forgotten.

His performance was not confined to any particular part of the barracks; it might be heard at any hour of the day in the artillery square, the cavalry square, the infantry square, or amongst the barracks occupied by the scientific arm of the service, the Royal Engineers; but it took place most frequently at the officer's guardroom; for in those days there used to be an officer's guardroom and an officer in it at the main barrack gate, which led directly from the infantry square into the market-place of the town. This guardroom was in the centre of a small block of buildings to the left of the gate as you went out, having on its right the regimental orderly-room, where the colonel administered justice every morning, and where the orderly-room clerks smoked strong tobacco, and filled in forms and sketched caricatures of regimental and other authorities every day. The men's guardroom adjoined that occupied by the officer, from which it, as well as the orderly-room, was separated by a partition wall, the end wall of the men's guardroom being next the street. In front of these rooms was a small veranda, and beyond this the guardroom sentry paced his 'lonely round.' We are thus particular in describing the locality, as it pleases us to recall it after so many years, because it will give our readers a better idea of what is to follow.

The guardroom—we mean the officer's—was in those days a kind of club or place of call for all officers going out of or coming in to barracks. It was considered incumbent on every passer-by to drop in on the officer of the guard and help him to while away the tedium of his confinement

by retailing any news there might be going; while he on his part provided alleviation for any thirst accruing from dry narration. By night, the guardroom was generally pretty full until a late hour. A recent order of the Duke of Wellington, then commander-in-chief, and which procured for him the cognomen of 'the Tobacco-stopper,' prohibited the use of tobacco in the precincts of the mess; and though this order was afterwards so far modified as to permit smoking in the anteroom, it was confined to cigars; so those who preferred the luxury of a pipe had either to indulge the propensity in their own rooms or seek the shelter of the guardroom. Needless to say, the latter alternative was the one most generally followed, and the hospitality of the subaltern on guard was accepted as freely as it was offered. Altogether, the main-guard was not a disagreeable place to spend twenty-four hours, especially if it rained, which it can do in those parts, and we ourselves preferred it to the duties of regimental orderly-officer.

One day in the mid-winter of 1846, it came to my turn to mount this guard. The weather had been unusually severe—it had been snowing for a day or two, and the ground was covered to the depth of several inches, while a smart frost had served to make the snow hard as a brick; so that, as I marched my guard across the square to where the old guard was drawn up, waiting our arrival, the men's tread made no more track than if we had been marching on the surface of the square itself. The preliminaries of relieving guard having been got over as quickly as possible, we paid the parting compliment to the old guard of presenting arms, as it moved off in slow time; and then dismissing our own, we visited the sentries, to ascertain if they had the orders of their respective posts correctly, and then gladly dived into our own den, and doffing our cloak, proceeded to make ourselves as comfortable in front of a huge peat-fire as it was possible to be, braced up in a high stiff stock and tightly fitting coatee and epaulets, as was then the regulation.

The day passed like most others on guard; but, owing to the weather, the passers-by were fewer, and our after-mess visitors didn't stay so late as usual; by eleven or half-past, all had taken their departure for their respective quarters; and about midnight we proceeded to go round the sentries. There was a bright moon, with a clear star-studded sky. It was not unpleasant walking over the hard frozen snow, and we were not long reaching the farthest-off and last of the sentries, who was posted at the hospital gate. Besides the usual orders, he had special directions to look after the dead-house, a small building situated close inside the hospital gate, to which the bodies of deceased men were conveyed until interment, and to allow no one to enter it unless passed in by the hospital-sergeant. The sentry, when giving up his orders, added that a man had died in the hospital late that evening, and that his corpse was now lying on the table in the dead-house. Accompanied by the corporal of the escort, we walked over to the window, and by the bright moonlight could see something extended on the table, as the man had said, covered with a sheet. After this, we came back across the square to the guardroom, and lighting a pipe, were soon deeply interested in a book that we were reading. Gradually we began to nod, and the book to slip from our hand, and the grand-rounds having already visited the guard, and there being but little danger of having to turn it out again before the morning's reveille, we were about to go to sleep in earnest on the guardroom sofa, when we were startled from our semi-somnolent condition by hearing the loud challenge, 'Who goes there?' from the sentry who had been pacing up and down in front of the veranda. We could hear the rattle of his arms as he threw his firelock to the 'port,' and the rapid tread of some one running towards the guardroom and crunching the frozen snow. Presently the challenge was repeated in a quick peremptory tone, but, as in the former case, without obtaining any response; and then there came a kind of half-articulate gurgling cry, followed by the sound of a heavy fall, and the crash of arms and accoutrements, and the shout of, 'Sergeant of the Guard!'

Fearing that something bad had happened, we jumped up and dashed out of the guardroom, and saw lying on the snow, close to the sentry, who was standing at the 'charge,' the figure of a soldier clad in his greatcoat and fully accoutred, and a little way from him his firelock with fixed bayonet lying on the snow, as it had escaped from his grasp in falling. The sergeant and all the men of the guard had rushed out at the same time as we had, and were now engaged lifting the prostrate figure, who at the moment we feared had been run through by the sentry for not replying to the challenge, and trying to run past him. Such, however, happily was not the case; the sentry hadn't touched him, and said that the man had come rushing towards him from the far angle of the square, and instead of answering the challenge, had continued to approach, making the queer gurgling sound which we had heard, and falling as if shot when he came to where he now lay.

The sergeant of the guard now reported to me that the man was alive, though quite insensible and making a moaning noise, as if in a fit. He further stated that he was the sentry who had been posted at the gate of the hospital. We at once sent a man of the guard for one of the assistant-surgeons of the regiment whose quarters were close at hand, and had the insensible man carried into the guardroom and laid on the guard-bed, his stiff leather stock removed, coat, &c. unbuttoned, and water sprinkled on his face; but all, seemingly, to no purpose: he remained unconscious, and kept up the moaning noise, while now and then struggling hard with those about him. At last the doctor arrived; and having administered some restoratives, after a while the poor fellow became sensible, and sufficiently calm to inform us why he had committed the serious offence of deserting his post. He stated that he had continued to walk about on his beat at the hospital gate for some time after we had visited him, and that all was quiet, when suddenly sounds as if of chairs being upset and knocked about appeared to come from the dead-house; that he had gone up to the window, as we had a short time before, and looked in, and that he saw the corpse off the table, and standing up close inside the window,

and that it, as he said, 'jeered' at him; that this fearful sight had so unmanned him, that without more ado he had taken to his heels, and had no recollection of anything else that happened until he returned to consciousness on the guard-bed. He was evidently suffering from a terrible shock to his nervous system; and it was only with the greatest difficulty that, mingled with heavy sobs and shudderings, we could manage to get the poor fellow to speak: he was driven nearly demented by the ghastly sight which he was persuaded that he had witnessed.

As soon as he could be left with safety to the care of the guard, who were directed not to pester him with questions, the surgeon and I with a corporal and file of men set off for the hospital; and as we crossed the square, strange noises began to reach us, the growling, snarling, and other sounds of canine conflict mingling with the unmistakable howls with which Doubleworks interlarded his performance.

'Hillo!' we said to the doctor; 'do you hear that? What an hour for Doubleworks to be hunting the badger; we thought he was never allowed in barracks after tattoo.'

As we neared the hospital, the badger hunt, which had ceased for a few moments, broke out afresh, this time mingled with shouts of wild unearthly laughter, and proceeding unmistakably from the dead-house, in which the corpse of the dead soldier had been deposited. We roused up the hospital sergeant, who, good quiet man, snored serenely through it all, and got from him the key and a lantern, and opening the door, found that with the dead man the wretched Doubleworks had been locked up. How he got there unnoticed, no one could tell; he had not been observed by any one about the place; and the only conclusion that we could arrive at was, that he had slipped in when the body was being placed on the table, and had ensconced himself behind the door until it was pulled to and locked upon him.

However true this theory might have been, there was no means of verifying now, for, from whatever cause arising, it was but too evident that poor Doubleworks had become quite insane. He had removed the sheet from the body of the dead man, which lay there in its solemn stiffness before us, in strange contrast to the mad pranks of the lunatic, who, having, no doubt, wrapped himself in the sheet, had presented himself so disguised to the sentry, when he looked in at the window, thereby almost driving him as mad as he was himself.

Why he didn't favour us with a similar exhibition when we went to look in at the window, we can't imagine; perhaps he may have objected to the presence of more than one spectator, for he must have heard the steps of the corporal and file of men who were with us when going our rounds. At anyrate, he made no objection to leaving the dead-house now, though he seemed in no way in dread of the other occupant of it. He was next day made over to the civil authorities, and was afterwards transferred, we heard, to the district lunatic asylum; and what was his subsequent fate, we do not know. The sentry he had so horribly frightened, after several weeks in hospital, returned to his duty; but we don't think he ever quite got over the shock, and he was discharged from the service within a twelvemonth after. Perhaps he may be still alive, and if so, we will bet a trifle he has not forgotten Doubleworks.

RUSSIAN PETROLEUM.

Mr Charles Marvin, who has already done much to familiarise English readers with the Russian petroleum industry and the extraordinarily prolific nature of the oil-wells at Baku, on the Caspian, has again returned to the subject in a pamphlet entitled *The Coming Deluge of Russian Petroleum* (Anderson & Co., Cockspur Street, London). As these wells, when transport facilities are more perfect, may seriously affect the home and American oil-trade, the facts brought out in Mr Marvin's pamphlet are worthy of attention.

We learn that of the five hundred petroleum wells at Baku, the majority are situated on the Balakhani Plateau, eight or nine miles to the north of the town. The latest 'spouter' of Tagieff's is, however, in a different locality, being situated on a promontory three miles to the south of Baku. Here Gospodin Tagieff began boring about three years ago. At first, the oil was slow to come, and at its best had never yielded more than sixteen thousand gallons a day. On the 27th September last, having touched oil at seven hundred and fourteen feet, the well began to spout oil with extraordinary force. 'From the town, the fountain had the appearance of a colossal pillar of smoke, from the crest of which clouds of oil-sand detached themselves and floated away a great distance without touching the ground. Owing to the prevalence of southerly winds, the oil was blown in the direction of Bailoff Point, covering hill and dale with sand and petroleum, and drenching the houses of Bailoff, a mile and a half away. Nothing could be done to stop the outflow.' It seems that the whole district was covered with oil, the outflow being at the rate of thousands of tuns a day, which filled up cavities, formed a lake, and on the fifth day began to escape into the sea. The square in front of the town-hall of Baku was drenched with petroleum. On the eighth day, the outflow reached the highest ever known—a rate of eleven thousand tuns, or two and three-quarter million gallons a day. 'Thus,' says Mr Marvin, 'from a single orifice ten inches wide there spouted daily more oil than was being produced throughout the whole world, including therein the twenty-five thousand wells of America, the thousands of wells in Galicia, Roumania, Burmah, and other countries, and the shale-oil distilleries of Scotland and New South Wales.' By the fifteenth day, those in charge had got the outflow so far under control as to restrict it to one quarter million gallons a day. It was certainly a misfortune that of the ten million gallons of oil ejected from Tagieff's well, most of it was at first lost for want of storage accommodation.

The yield of oil at Baku is thus much ahead of the greatest product of the American wells. Nobel Brothers' No. 18 Well has yielded, from a depth of seventeen hundred and twenty-one feet, nearly thirty million gallons of oil; and

their No. 9 Well, from a depth of six hundred and forty-two feet, forty million gallons. Some of these wells are kept closed while oil is being sold at so cheap a rate. Against the assertion that the product of these wells may dry up and will not last very long, Mr Marvin says that there is ample historical evidence that petroleum has been flowing from the Apsheron peninsula for two thousand five hundred years, and that there seems more likelihood of the American wells drying up than those of Baku. Besides, the petroleum region of the Black Sea has scarcely been touched, and there the oil seems as plentiful as in America.

Owing to this prodigious outflow without a ready market, oil was selling there, in the beginning of October last, at *one penny per sixteen gallons*. The best refined petroleum or lamp-oil is sold at three-farthings a gallon. The production of crude petroleum last year exceeded four hundred and twenty million gallons; there are now one hundred and twenty firms with oil-refineries at Baku, which last year turned out one hundred and twenty million gallons of refined petroleum. The production in 1878 was only one and a quarter million gallons. The bulk-system of transport, as distinguished from carrying in barrels, first adopted in 1879, has had a tendency to revolutionise the trade, and now there are one hundred oil steamers on the Caspian. Some of these steamers have a capacity of carrying eight hundred tuns of oil each trip.

After extracting thirty per cent. of lamp-oil, and allowing ten per cent. for waste and dregs, the remaining sixty per cent., out of every hundred gallons, is used for lubricating and other purposes. Large quantities are imported by certain firms in London, for the manufacture of lubricating oils. Although thus exported, the supply of this waste or residue is so great that it has become the principal fuel in South-east Russia. Steamers purchase it at Baku at fourpence a tun, to be used as fuel. When sent by rail to Batoum, the price rises as high as one pound per tun, which is still cheaper than English coal. More than two hundred and fifty tank and many passenger steamers and locomotives now use this waste oil as fuel in place of coal. A tun of liquid fuel is said to do the work of two or three tons of coal: the chief advantage of its use consists in the fact that it can be turned off and on like gas; it is clean, and takes up very little bunker-space, a matter of great importance to steamers travelling to long distances. The Black Sea Steam Navigation Company, owning seventy-six steamers, intend to commence using this oil-refuse.

The chief outlets for the transport of Baku oil at present are by the Volga and the Transcaucasian Railway. A concession has been granted by the Russian government for laying down a petroleum pipe six hundred miles long for the carrying of the oil from Baku to a point on the Black Sea. The pipe must be large enough to carry one hundred and sixty millions of gallons of oil a year; and it is expected that three years will elapse before it is in working order. Meantime, the North Caucasus Railway will be completed in 1887, and it is expected that it will convey at least one hundred million gallons of oil to the port of Novorossisk, on the Black Sea. Thence it can be shipped in tank steamers to Europe.

We learn that a huge iron reservoir is being built at a remote spot in the outer harbour of Amsterdam for the storage of petroleum. It will be nearly thirty-three feet in diameter, and of the same depth, and is calculated to hold nearly one million seven hundred and forty thousand gallons. The petroleum will be brought direct from Russia in these tank steamers, and will be pumped out at Amsterdam into the tanks, thus saving the expense of filling and emptying casks, besides diminishing the risks of accidents.

Mr Marvin is of opinion that the world is consuming more oil yearly, and he calculates the daily consumption at two million gallons. Along with the cheapening of the oil have also come great improvements in the make of lamps, such as the Defries Safety-lamp, in which the receptacle for the oil is formed of brass. Mr Marvin makes the sensible suggestion, that as Russia is flooding the surrounding countries with oil, our manufacturers might supply the south-east of Europe with lamps, and thousands of cooking and warming stoves. It appears that there is not a country in Europe to which Baku oil is not now shipped, and the figures quoted show that American petroleum is being driven from the Black Sea and the Mediterranean. Mr Marvin is of opinion that the shale-oil industry of Scotland already shows signs of yielding to the competition of America, 'and unless special circumstances should arise, must eventually be crushed by the rivalry of Russian petroleum, when imported in bulk.' And apparently he has written his pamphlet in order to rouse British ship-owners, manufacturers, and capitalists to secure a share in the expansion and development of the Baku oil-trade.

[We have on more than one occasion advocated the use of oil in calming *broken* billows at sea, and thus saving a ship or boat which otherwise might succumb to the fury of the storm. Might it not, therefore, be worth while to make further experiments in the abandonment of costly coal, and fit up steamers with this comparatively cheap material, which, while driving the ship, might in a heavy seaway save her, if the oil be allowed to ooze from bags made fast to windward? The use of oil at sea during rough weather *cannot be overestimated*.—Ed.]

TOBACCO-CULTURE IN SCOTLAND.

It is quite right for agriculturists to do what is possible in the direction of introducing new kinds of crop that may possibly turn out remunerative; and in this view, some interest is attached to recent experiments in the culture of tobacco. If the North Americans can compete with British farmers in the production of good beef and mutton, Britain may possibly maintain the equilibrium by cultivating the weed of which the New World has long had a monopoly. Potatoes were introduced into this country from America, and have proved to be a rich benefit. It is just possible that tobacco also may turn out to be a not less lucrative gift to the producer. More than a hundred years have elapsed since a trial was made in Scotland, principally, but not exclusively, in the south-eastern counties. It failed

at that time, through the combined influences of a bad season, the interference of the government—believed to be at the instance of Glasgow merchants—and ultimately of a rapid fall in the price of imported tobacco, a combination of circumstances not likely to occur again.

Of the trial made towards the close of last century, a detailed account has been left on record by the Rev. Dr Somerville of Jedburgh. In consequence of the war with America, tobacco had continued to rise in price, till, in 1781, it reached the unprecedented price of two shillings the pound. Dr Jackson, a gentleman who possessed a small estate near Kelso, had for two years previous laid out a few acres in the culture of tobacco, the science of which he had learned from long experience in America. In 1781, his whole crop had been sold at the extraordinary rate of two shillings and sixpence a pound. His example and reputed success led others to follow in the same line. Even the minister of Jedburgh had five acres of his glebe laid out as a tobacco plantation; and his statement is that, in 1782, many thousands of acres in the counties of Roxburgh, Berwick, and Selkirk were planted with tobacco, nearly every farmer in these counties having devoted some considerable part of his arable land to this adventurous speculation. In Berwickshire, complaints were made that many acres of the best land were occupied with tobacco instead of being cropped with grain.

The year 1782 is notable as having been one of the most inclement seasons either in the eighteenth century or the present. Snow, which had fallen plentifully during the winter, remained so long on the ground that the sowing of grain was delayed at least a month after the ordinary time. The summer was uncommonly wet and cold; the harvest was so late that even in early districts corn was not cut down till October, while a great part of it was reaped only in November; and much of it in the higher grounds never ripened at all. Tobacco, like other crops, suffered from the cold rainy season; and its destruction was completed in the month of August by a thunderstorm of unusual violence, accompanied with a great fall of hail. The succulent leaves were riddled; many of the most luxuriant plants were destroyed; and the prospects of speculative farmers were seriously blighted.

The discomfiture of tobacco-planters, begun by the unpropitious season, was completed through the interference of Glasgow merchants. The tobacco trade in that city had gradually grown to large dimensions. It had begun in a small way soon after the union with England in 1707. At first, Glasgow merchants had no ships of their own, but were dependent on English vessels; and not till 1718 did the first Glasgow ship cross the Atlantic. Gradually the tobacco trade of Glasgow increased, till it roused the jealousy of merchants in London, Liverpool, Bristol, and Whitehaven, who made strenuous but unsuccessful efforts to crush those enterprising Scottish traders. The traffic continued to flourish till in 1775 there were fifty-seven thousand one hundred and forty-three hogsheads of tobacco imported from Virginia, Maryland, and Carolina. At the instance of these Glasgow merchants, the government officials came to understand that the revenue would suffer if tobacco grown in Scotland were carried free of duty into England. Accordingly, an Act was passed in 1782 permitting the use and removal of tobacco, the growth of Scotland, into England for a limited time under certain restrictions; but liable to duties similar to those due and payable on the importation of such tobacco, the growth and produce of the British colonies or plantations in America.

By a subsequent Act, provision was made for granting relief to the proprietors of such tobacco, in consideration of the inferior quality thereof, or any accident or defect that may happen in the growth or culture of the crop so as to render the same not marketable or worth the duties imposed thereupon. For this purpose, it was enacted that the Commissioners of Customs at Edinburgh might allow, and order to be paid to the owner or proprietor of such tobacco, out of any revenue under their management which is applicable to the payment of incidents, at the rate of fourpence for every pound-weight thereof, for which the owner or proprietor thereof shall refuse to pay the full duties imposed by the said recited Act, provided the commodity shall be given up and *burned*, the owners being compensated at the rate of fourpence a pound. Even at that moderate figure, it was said that thirteen acres in the parish of Crailing brought one hundred and four pounds sterling, or about eight pounds an acre. The return would have been three times as much, but for the Act of Parliament which fixed the rate of compensation so low. Altogether, the county of Roxburgh was believed to have lost fifteen hundred pounds by the arrangement. The experiment was not renewed in 1783, one reason for which is doubtless indicated in the announcement made on the 21st of March that year, that 'tobacco has fallen fourpence a pound this week.'

The more recent experiments of growing tobacco near Kelso were, we understand, quite successful so far as plant-production of a good quality was concerned, but excise difficulties prevented the utilisation of the crop. It only remains for us to assure our readers that a tobacco plant, grown in a pot, is a pretty household ornament.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE Japanese sanitarium, Kusatsu, possesses such important remedial properties that it is believed that when its reputation becomes more widely known in Western countries, patients will flock to it from all parts of the globe. Here, in the volcanic soil, are a series of natural baths of different temperatures, the waters of which are charged with sulphur, arsenic, copper, alumina, magnesia, in various proportions. To these baths come the halt, the maim, and even those who are as far blind as that too common disease ophthalmia can make them. They bathe here in waters which are described as caustic and evil-smelling, some of which consist of little else than dilute sulphuric acid. This treatment, owing to the great temperature and searching action of the different chemicals dissolved in the water, is often most agonising to the patients,

who can only bear it for several minutes at a time. But its efficacy in various species of disease is said to be most thorough, even incurable maladies being mitigated by these wonderful waters.

The *Builder* calls attention to the careless construction of flues and party-walls in houses, which constitutes a common cause of houses being burned down. The evil is best described by showing what occurred at a private house in London not many weeks ago. A smell of fire was detected, luckily in the daytime, when people were about and able to seek the cause. Upon examination of a certain flue, it was found that ties of fir covered with lead passed on each side of it. These ties had ignited, and had communicated their fire to a library bookcase. Although the Building Act forbids this mode of construction, there are many houses which were built before it became law, and doubtless a large proportion of them have wood in dangerous proximity to their flues. Although at the time of building, such woodwork may have been partially protected, the modern method of sweeping a chimney is apt to knock off projections and to move bricks out of place, thereby giving a ready means of access to fire.

At a recent meeting of the Academy of Sciences, Paris, a paper was read by M. Pasteur on his Treatment of Hydrophobia. As Pasteur's work has recently been much criticised, sometimes not too kindly, it may be as well briefly to state the results which he has recorded after inoculating nearly 2500 patients. Of these, 80 were English, 52 Austrians, 9 Germans, 107 Spaniards, 10 Greeks, 14 Dutch, 165 Italians, 25 Portuguese, 191 Russians, 1726 French and Algerians, and 54 of other nationalities. Confining his remarks to the French cases, as being, we presume, those only the subsequent history of which could be followed, M. Pasteur said that out of the large number stated, the inoculation had proved ineffectual in ten cases only. Six of these ten were children, and one a woman seventy years old. As a result of studying these failures, M. Pasteur came to the conclusion that for deep wounds his treatment was insufficient. He has now modified it by making the action more rapid and energetic for all cases, and he considers that this alteration has already been productive of very favourable results.

A Russian doctor says that he has successfully treated with cantharides some patients who were bitten by a rabid wolf. Three men were badly bitten by the animal in various parts of the body, and cantharides plasters were applied to the wounds. At the same time, powdered cantharides was administered to each in doses of one grain each day, until certain well-known symptoms were exhibited. These patients have now been in perfect health for eight months since the bites were given, and it is hoped that cantharides has thus proved a successful remedy to the dire disease with which they were threatened.

A petroleum engine has been invented by Herr Siegfried Marcus of Vienna, and adopted by the German government as a motor for torpedo boats. It is said to be far more powerful than a steam-engine of equal bulk, while its fuel takes up much less space than coal. The engine is said to work well and without any risk of explosion.

We are always glad to note anything new in the way of utilising waste products, for such saving represents a distinct gain to the country. The last item of this kind that has been recorded is a method, which has been patented, of making use of spent dye liquors for the manufacture of writing-ink. The spent liquor of bichromate of potash, or soda, such as may have been used for mordanting wool, &c., is boiled with the waste logwood liquor from dyeing-vats. The result, after certain additions have been made, is a non-corrosive and permanent ink.

A successful attempt has recently been made, near Liverpool, to acclimatise a beautiful variety of carp called the 'Golden Orfe,' a fish which comes from Bavaria. The ornamental gold-fish which are commonly seen in aquaria in our own country will not, as a rule, breed here, and if they do, their descendants are black rather than golden. But these Bavarian fish, while quite as beautiful, will breed freely, and their young will retain the colour of the parents. The fish is about one foot in length, and is said to attain a weight of six pounds. It will be valued by anglers for the reason that it will rise to a fly in waters which are inclosed, so that by its help fly-fishing may be still further enjoyed in landlocked waters. Some ponds near Liverpool have been stocked with this hopeful fish; and if present anticipations are realised, its culture will no doubt be taken up in other parts of the country.

The experimental crop of tobacco grown at Sydenham, close by the Crystal Palace, by Messrs Carter & Co., has, so far as cultivation and preparation for market are concerned, proved a decided success. The experiment shows that the fragrant weed can be produced and prepared by hands unused to the work, in an uncertain climate such as ours. The total crop raised by Messrs Carter covered only three-quarters of an acre of ground, and its estimated weight is about fifteen hundredweight, having a market value of forty-two pounds, or at the rate of fifty-six pounds per acre. This estimate is of course the value of the raw material free of all duty. The operations involved in tobacco-growing are such as could be undertaken by small cultivators, and it remains to be seen whether the government will allow this new kind of farming to be tried on a more extensive scale. Their decision should come quickly, so that farmers may have time to prepare their ground for the new crop.

A new method of preserving polyzoa and other low forms of life has been discovered by Dr A. Fottinger. Crystals of chloral hydrate are dropped into the vessel of water in which polypes have been placed, and in a short time the creatures become insensible, when they can be placed in alcohol. The advantage claimed for this method is that the polypes will remain expanded, and can therefore be preserved when exhibiting all their beauty of structure. The chloral acts, it would seem, in much the same manner as it affects higher organisms—that is, as a narcotic.

The extended use of the electric light in America seems to be by no means an unmixed blessing. It is said that in every town over a certain size the Companies are stringing their

wires over the streets to the danger of the inhabitants. But this danger does not arise from the risk of broken wires, so much as from wires which are so imperfectly insulated that the electric energy can escape to neighbouring telephone and telegraph lines. This is especially the case in storms, when the wires are swayed to and fro in the wind, and are often knocked together. The result of this is often a fire at the telephone or telegraph offices, sometimes leading to loss of life. It is said by telephone operators that it is not an uncommon thing to find, upon opening the office in the morning, that a telephone has been burned up during the night, its charred remains having fallen on the floor. It is evident that such accidents are preventable; but special legislation may be necessary to compel the Companies to adopt proper precautions against their occurrence.

Last month, we noticed certain improvements which have been made in the Electric Safety-lamp invented by Mr Swan of Newcastle. Another lamp of the same type has been contrived by Mr Miles Settle of Bolton. Mr Settle's lamp is an incandescent electric globe which floats in another glass globe of water. Should the glass, from any cause, break, the electric connection is broken too, and the lamp goes out. It is made in two sizes—one for main roads, and one for ordinary use. It gives a brilliant light, and is adapted for use in powder-magazines as well as in mines. Mr Settle is also the inventor of a water-cartridge which can be exploded in a fiery mine, or in one charged with coal-dust, without any fear of the surrounding medium catching fire. Both inventions have lately been subjected to experiments, which clearly prove their efficiency.

In view of the wonderful advances which have been recently made in the field of astronomical photography, it has been proposed by the Paris Academy of Sciences that an International Conference shall be held in the spring for the purpose of making arrangements for obtaining a complete chart of the heavens. This photographic map would be combined from many hundreds of photographs taken at ten or more observations in different parts of the globe. We shall have occasion again to refer to this important and deeply interesting subject.

It has long been admitted that if Britain is to retain her commercial position among the nations of the world, her workmen must have the advantages of technical education. Much has been done in this direction in recent years, but much more remains to be done. It would be as well if the various Institutes throughout the country were to follow the lead of the Finsbury Technical College, London. Here, a course of lectures on Electric Bells has been so well attended that it will shortly be repeated. Another course on Electro Deposition of Metals, with special reference to Nickel Plating, has been commenced. Following this will come the subject of Solders and Soldering. The intelligent working-man comes to these lectures, for he knows that he must learn something more than his father was master of, and that 'rule of thumb' must in these days give place to something more definite.

It is to be hoped that the conduct of an official at Bedford in deliberately handing to the public analyst a sample of beer which had been purposely doctored with a poisonous drug, with a view to showing that customary analysis would not discover the addition, will not lead the unthinking to assume that chemical analysis is valueless. In examining a sample of beer, the analyst looks only for such ingredients as are liable to be used for its sophistification, such as sugar, added water, &c. In examining bread in like manner, he would look for alum or potato; in coffee, for chicory; and so on. But it would be quite outside his province to look for a mineral poison, unless he were told beforehand that the presence of such a poison was suspected. If it were the duty of the public analyst to search every sample of food submitted to him for all the poisons known to the world, each analysis would be an affair of many weeks, and his work would practically come to a stand-still.

At the beginning of the year, a certain number of the new Enfield-Martini rifles were issued to our troops, and several adverse reports concerning their efficiency were the result. The weapons were returned to headquarters, and have now been reissued to Portsmouth, Aldershot, and the School of Musketry at Hythe. Those into whose hands they are placed are required to answer several questions as to the efficiency of various parts of the weapon, and general observations upon its merits or demerits are invited. It is thought in many quarters that it is now time that a magazine or repeating rifle should become the arm of the infantry. But it has long become the fashion for Britain not to lead, but to follow the lead of other countries in these matters. The plan has the advantage of benefiting by the experience of others, but it can be carried too far.

It was recently pointed out in an article which appeared in the *Times* how little we are indebted to native talent for the more deadly and exceptional implements of war. The Gatling, Gardner, Hotchkiss, and Maxim machine guns are due to American ingenuity, and the practical conception of the turret ship comes from the same source. Nordenfelt with his machine gun and his submarine boat is a Norwegian. But what will prove perhaps the most deadly thing of all is the dynamite cruiser, which is about to be built for the American navy. This is a boat two hundred and thirty feet in length, with engines which will insure a speed of twenty knots. She is to be built of steel, and furnished with twin screws. Her armament is to consist of three guns, seventy feet in length, to fire dynamite shells, propelled by compressed air. This form of gun was invented and tried with success some months ago, and at the time we described its construction as being similar to that of a pea-shooter. The cartridge of the gun is a copper drum containing two hundred pounds of dynamite, and its flight of two or three miles through the air is rendered steady by the attachment of a wooden shaft, which acts towards it as a stick does to a rocket. It is certain that no ship afloat could withstand the explosion of such a terrible projectile.

The Germans have found a new use for Professor Hughes's microphone in the detection of leaks in water-mains. The apparatus required consists of a steel rod, in addition to the microphone, telephone, and battery. The rod is placed upon the stopcock in the neighbourhood of which a leak is suspected; and by listening to the telephone placed in circuit with it and the microphone,

the slightest leakage is detected. If the stopcock is a good one and there is no leak, no sound is heard; but the least leakage causes a vibration, which is rendered audible by the microphone. The operation is so simple that it is readily acquired by unskilled hands.

As Mr Watts, the eminent Academician, has announced his intention of bequeathing his valuable paintings to the nation, more than ordinary interest must centre round the nine pictures which he has sent to the Kensington Museum as what he calls 'samples' of his work. These include several of his more recent productions. We may mention, too, that the collection of fifty-five pictures by the same hand, which for some months have been exhibited in Birmingham, is now removed to the Museum galleries at Nottingham Castle. Mr Watts' works will thus be rendered familiar to many thousands of people.

We hear of a very ingenious and valuable improvement upon the construction of the steam-engine, for which various patents have recently been issued. This invention, which hails from the Dunfermline Foundry Company, N.B., consists of a steam-valve of entirely original design, which can be moved with the greatest ease, as there is no steam-pressure on any of its working parts, causing considerable friction, as in the case of the slide-valve at present in use. Apart from the simplification of the steam-engine, where quick stoppage and reversing are important considerations, its great value lies in the certainty of its preventing various kinds of accidents of a mortal character. Thus, where miners are being hoisted to the pit-mouth, there is always a danger that the engineman may lose control of the stopping arrangements, and a case of 'overwinding' is the result. The new valve, however, is so easily stopped, that the 'indicator' can be adjusted, so that when the cage reaches the platform at the pit-mouth, the steam is instantly cut off and overwinding rendered impossible. At sea, also, this valve will be most valuable, as the most powerful engines can be stopped and reversed with the greatest ease, and this cannot be said of the engines of the present day. The same remarks apply to locomotives. The valve has also been adapted to steam-winches, and here another advantage presents itself, inasmuch as, should the winch be stopped while the load is upon the chain, the load remains suspended without the application of a brake; in other words, the winch does not run away, because the 'exhaust' steam does not leave the cylinder, but is inclosed as a steam-brake, keeping the piston immovable.

In the neighbourhood of the mining village of Broxburn, about twelve miles west of Edinburgh, are several large shale oil-works. In making a new bore in connection with one of these works lately, a petroleum spring was struck at one hundred and fifteen fathoms from the surface. In driving a mine at a later date, petroleum was observed coming out of the rocks. In a deep bore made in 1884 the same appearances of petroleum oozing from the rock were observed. It was the discovery of a petroleum spring at Alfreton, Derbyshire, by the late James Young, which set him thinking and experimenting, and led up to his famous discovery of the distillation of oil from shale. In Scotland, this industry has flourished in recent years, the annual output of shale for this having reached the enormous quantity of two million tons.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

MILK-DIET FOR INFANTS.

In an article on 'Infant-feeding,' contributed to the *Lancet*, Dr E. Paget Thurstan, M.D., publishes an interesting discovery that he has recently made. It has been very generally admitted that, inasmuch as salivary and pancreatic secretions are practically absent in new-born children, all farinaceous food should be avoided in their dietary. Dr Thurstan's discovery entails a departure from the letter, if not the spirit, of this axiom of child-rearing. Mothers are well aware that very young children cannot drink pure cow's milk, because it curdles in a lump in their stomachs. Certain chemical substances—notably lime-water—must be blended with the liquid to make it digestible. These auxiliaries, however, frequently produce sickness; and it is obviously undesirable to doctor a child with medicine for months together if it be not absolutely necessary. Some persons imagine they solve the problem by using condensed milk as infant-food. But Dr Thurstan points out that, though its curd is undoubtedly more digestible than that of uncondensed milk, the cane-sugar with which it is prepared, itself produces indigestion in a new form, while the condensation robs the liquid of much of its saline constituents, and removes material required for bone-formation. Hence he sought a new method of making cow's milk digestible to young children; and his final solution of the question is as simple as he declares it to be efficacious. He mixes with the milk a small quantity of farinaceous food, to secure a mechanical as opposed to a nutritive action. The particles of solid intermingle with the curds as they form, and thus prevent their coalescing into one large mass. Dr Thurstan suggests as appropriate agents the crust of bread—when free from alum and large quantities of potato starch—or any one of the many well-known infants' foods. He points out that they should be added to the milk in such small quantities and in such minute particles that it will easily pass through the tube of a feeding-bottle. Dr Thurstan mentions in detail the case of a weak and ailing child whose life was saved by this method of feeding.

WOOD-PULP.

A report comes from Norway of a discovery just made at the Sognedal Pulp Factory, after years of experimenting—that wood-pulp can be used for the manufacture of all kinds of building ornaments which are usually made in plaster of Paris, the pulp readily taking painting or gilding to great advantage. The material also seems to be remarkably tough, and not easily broken, as shown by the fact that a bar a foot long, an inch thick, and five inches wide, was thrown with great violence against a wall and sustained no injury. Pieces have also been dropped from great heights with the same

result. The material is lighter than plaster of Paris, is impervious to wet, and therefore admirably adapted for ceilings, ceiling ornaments, friezes, and such-like, both outdoor and indoor. It can easily be fixed either with nails or screws. One more advantage is claimed by the inventor—that ornaments made from this material cost half the price of similar ones made of plaster. If this discovery is really all that it is said to be, it will prove a useful adjunct to all kinds of ornamentation and architectural decoration, and ought therefore to be specially acceptable in the building trade.

M. DEPREZ' ELECTRICAL EXPERIMENTS.

A series of interesting experiments have been lately carried on by M. Deprez at Creil, at the sole expense of Messrs Rothschild, with the view to ascertain whether certain results can be obtained from one generator and one receptor. M. Deprez now finds that with these appliances he can transmit to a distance of thirty-five miles a force of fifty-two horse-power, and that the machinery is now working regularly and continuously. The maximum electro-motive force is 6290 volts, which is all the more remarkable; for before the construction of M. Deprez' apparatus, the maximum force did not exceed 2000. The transmitting wires may be left uncovered on poles, so long as they are high enough to be out of the reach of the hand. The cost of this arrangement to provide a circular line of seventy miles, for a fifty-horse power of transmission, is estimated at five thousand pounds; not a high price, when all the circumstances are considered; and a cost that would be lessened if the machines were to be frequently manufactured or brought into general use, which is much to be desired, as a new and very practicable motor-power will thus be made available for industrial purposes.

SWEET DAY OF DAYS.

On the moss-grown bridge I stand,
Where you gave me once your hand,
Where a story, new, yet old,
Once without a word was told.
Still the daylight slowly dies,
Ebbing from the tender skies;
Still the river creeps along,
Crooning yet its wistful song.
Day of days, sweet day of days,
Years their shadows round us raise;
Happy they who, looking on,
Still remember days agone!

Ah! of all sweet days that day,
Gone from sight and reach away,
Even as this flower I throw
Down the old gray stream will go.
Nay—it lingers—prisoned lies,
Where the swaying willows rise,
Out of reach, love, like sweet days
Lingering yet in memory's gaze!
Day of days, sweet day of days,
Years their shadows round us raise;
Happy they who, looking on,
Still remember days agone!

G. CLIFTON BINGHAM.

Volume III. of the Fifth Series of CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL *is now completed, price Nine Shillings.*

A Title-page and Index, price One Penny, have been prepared, and may be ordered through any bookseller.

An elegant cloth case for binding the whole of the numbers for 1886 is also ready.

Back numbers to complete sets may at all times be had.

The First Monthly Part of the New Volume will contain the opening Chapters of an original Novel, entitled:

RICHARD CABLE

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MEHALAH,' 'JOHN HERRING,' 'COURT ROYAL,' ETC.

Also an interesting Novelette, entitled:

TOLD BY TWO

BY T. W. SPEIGHT

10248
981

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

Printed and Published by W. and R. Chambers,
47 Paternoster Row, London, and 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

All Rights Reserved.